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LOYAL ENEMY

By the same Author :

GEORGE ELIOT

(Great Lives Series) 1932

THE WYNNE DIARIES

(in two volumes) 1935-36



MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

Aged forty-two.

P

ANNE FREMANTLP

LOYAL ENEMY

With a Frontispiece

HUTCHINSON & CO.
(Publishers) Ltd.
LONDON

NOTE



As Colonel T. E. Lawrence said : "Arabic names are spelt anyhow, because the sound of many Arabic words can legitimately be represented in English in a variety of ways," and added that he spelt them anyhow "to show what rot the systems are." Marmaduke Pickthall used the following variations :

QU'ARAN	QU'IBLAH	SULEYMAN
CORAN	KIBLA	SÛLEYMAN
KORAN		
KHALIF	CADI	JIHAD
KHALIFA	KADI	JIHÂD
CALIPH		
KHALIFAT	MAHOMET	MUSLIM
KHALIFATE	MUHAMMED	MOSLEM
CALIPHATE	MOHAMMED	
MUSTAFA	MAHUMED	
MUSTAPHA	MOHAMED	AGA
		AGHA

If there are others I have not noted, what Colonel Lawrence said applies to them too.

A. F.

PREFATORY NOTE



THE primroses were almost over, and the long lime avenue leading to the lake was pale green with sticky buds. These, as I walked, I stripped off and nibbled, filling also my companion's hands. Politely, without evident relish, he ate what I provided. At last we reached Oxpasture, a fair-sized wood of oak and chestnut, with scrub of nut-bushes, maple, honeysuckle trailers, and what we were come to find—bluebells: a sea of them, mist-blue as a sun-drenched horizon, or as autumn bonfire smoke, stretching away on every side. Here, where a few young bracken shoots sprang up to show a clearing, light caught the flowers and whitened: there, under a tangle of traveler's joy, they grew wine-dark, an indigo stain on the prevailing green. We checked, and breathed deeply, as though we could take in, with their scent, something of the very essence of what lay about our feet. Then we went on, knee-deep in hyacinths, to where, between high banks, flowed the young Cuckmere, its iron-saturated stream red-gold as any faery river. My short legs refused the jump, and Marmaduke Pickthall lifted me across. Undeterred, I went on talking even in his arms.

"It's death frightens me so," I complained, "I daren't even scrub my legs with my loofah in my bath at night in case I burst a blood-vessel." And he, unsmiling, "Death is never as terrible as you imagine. Allah always makes it easy for one. It is written in the Qu'aran: 'Whosoever surrendereth his purpose while doing good, his reward is with his Lord, and there shall no fear come upon them, neither shall they grieve.'"

I was seven when so comforted, and the friendship which began with my confession of cowardice ended only with his death, which abundantly redeemed his promise. He was

granted the swift ending that is every Muslim's desire, and which is for him the highest visible guerdon of a good life. The words he had used to calm a scared child were the last he wrote, as he finished an essay on tolerance, the night before he died.

His widow has done me the very signal honour of asking me to write something of his life. To produce a straightforward biography would be nearly impossible, for two reasons. First, because he kept few records even of his outward life—and, being shy, confided to no one his reminiscences. He was, indeed, quite extraordinarily sensitive, armouring himself equally against inquisitive and critical, and merely admiring, fellow-creatures. He lived continually a dual life : outwardly essentially gay, easy, good-humoured, witty ; inwardly still, disciplined, almost stern, looking always towards that ' other goal ' of complete self-surrender and utter detachment from all human bondage and ties, which was the end of his faith. ' Not to kill the senses or to hate them,' writes Charles Morgan in *The Fountain*, ' but to discover an inviolable ghost in the sensible body, is the highest and most difficult art of the saints.' For Marmaduke Pickthall that discovery and that reconciliation were complete. *L'homme moyen sensuel* that he was, that we all are, he transmuted, as few have succeeded in doing, into pilgrim and paladin.

Secondly, the man I knew left me still a child when he went to India, and during the last twelve crowning years of his life I saw him only through his letters and on his brief visits. My knowledge of him narrowed, as other people came into my life and crowded it : but a man sees a woman always as he first saw, and for him I remained the child he had comforted at Possingworth.

So of all who find this ' Life ' lame and inadequate, and of the many who would have written with greater knowledge and understanding of the man and his work, I ask alike forgiveness.

Pacing towards the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.

MILTON : *Comus*

CHAPTER ONE



SPEAKING of Marmaduke Pickthall to Lady Evelyn Cobbold one day, the late Aubrey Herbert called him 'England's most loyal enemy.' "There is only one thing I deplore about him," she assented, "and that is his absurd name." "I delight in it," Herbert answered. "I have never known another Marmaduke, but I am so fond of Pickthall I shall always love all his namesakes and their name because of him."

It was an old family Christian name, inherited from his North Country ancestors, together with the 'Daleman's legs' which to the end of his life were seven-leagued boots to him. I used to chaff him, as a child, on his Pictish blood, on being a mere Pict's thrall, and a dwarf, like all his race. Actually, though not tall, he was over five foot seven, and his ancestry was French, and Poitevin, not Pictish. He could trace his ancestry directly back to Sir Roger de Poictu, appointed warden of the Cumberland Marches by William I—the Conqueror himself.

Sir Roger chose to settle at Broughton on Furness, in the centre of his property, where in time the Pickthalls formed a colony of their own, refusing to have anything to do with their neighbours, who, for their part, 'hated a de Poictu rather more than they hated Satan.' Their coat of arms, adopted during the Crusades, was a shield sable, goutté or, bearing a lion rampant d'or surmounted by an Eastern crown, and carried the canting motto 'Vir Tutus'—recalling family prowess in the Holy Land. Marmaduke was very

glad of his armorial bearings, as of their Oriental allusions, when, in the nineties of last century, he was land hunting in Syria, and had to bargain with farmers and Druse chiefs, for in Palestine, signature and seal were not enough : a man's bond was his coat of arms. Once, on an old coach in a museum in Naples, Marmaduke found emblazoned the de Poictu arms, which he recognized as his own. He tried to find French cousins, but the de Poictous are now extinct and he could trace no descendants.

The Pickthalls were 'out' in the '45, and Charles, and Charles Edward, were thereafter family names, but the first individual member of the Pickthall family who left any record was a William Pickthall, of Craig Hall, Cumberland, who married Ann Cockayne and subsequently came south. The Cockaynes were also a Northumberland family of remote antiquity, and were famous at one time for having nailed a Dane's skin to the door of their parish church. William and Ann's son, Thomas, entered the Church, and was accounted, in the golden age of squarsons, the tallest man and best shot of his cloth. He was chaplain to George III, on whose death, feeling himself, no doubt, out of place in a court where 'Prinny' was King, he left town and was appointed by the Bishop of Rochester to his living of Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, as successor to William Jones deceased.

There he exchanged the ardours of the chase for those of matrimony, and in 1828 his wife, Eliza Reeves, produced a son, whom he named Charles Grayson, and subsequently another called Wallace. Thomas and Eliza seem to have fallen on times far removed from the splendours of Craig Hall, for both boys became clerks in the Bank of England—walking daily from Broxbourne Rectory to Threadneedle Street to save their fares. With their economies they reached Cambridge, although when there the younger had to serve as 'sizar.' Charles, after taking his degree, took also Holy Orders and, returning to Hertfordshire, became curate to his father.

Broxbourne was a pleasantly social neighbourhood, and amongst the families settled there were the Christifs, who

lived at nearby Hoddesdon. They were brewers, a branch of that East Coast family which had ruled the town and electorate of Woodbridge so long and so masterfully. Young Charles Grayson successfully courted Ellen Louisa Christie, doing very well for himself, for thereafter he never lacked money or comfort, in spite of a quiverful which must have seemed goodly, even to a Victorian curate. Caroline, Constance, Dorothea, Ethel, Arthur, Josephine, Adelaide, Charles, Neville, and Grace : it took all the fingers of both hands to count them.

Charles was given as a wedding present, by his wife's people, the living of Chillesford in Suffolk, whose advowson became his absolutely. Thither the Pickthalls moved : to the roomy vicarage, whose nurseries were capacious enough to contain the whole brood. Ample, white, with green shutters and a brown veranda, the house had a faintly southern look. Potted plants galore stood out to catch the rain or enjoy the sun : squelchy houseleeks, with variegated leaves : a selection of prickly cacti ; the ubiquitous aspidistra, as much at home here, on a draughty Suffolk porch, as in a Florentine Corpus Christi procession, a Japanese university (where the arranging of its leaves qualifies for a degree) or a Harlem slum ; and maidenhair ferns with discovered roots and lank stems as tangled and matted as the slatternly maid-of-all-work's hair.

The village snuggled low, trying to crouch in its vegetation, but no hare ever found form so skimpy ; over the bare straight furrows and even rows of beet that marched relentlessly up to it, blew the bitter North Sea winds. Yet in that winter-long uninterrupted gale the vicarage was a cosy enough place. Noisy, untidy, it was yet very much of a home, a focus. When Mrs. Pickthall died, worn out with childbearing, the comfortable feeling of security went with her. Although Arthur was already at South Lodge, Lowestoft, under Miss Ringer's care, Neville, Charles, and Grace were babies still. The elder girls took charge valiantly : Caroline, Constance, and Dorothea coping masterfully with the housekeeping, the infants, and their bewildered father. They enjoyed their authority.

Nearby, in Woodbridge, was their uncle's spacious and important house, with the noise of rolling casks from the adjoining brewery a pleasant and perpetual rumble. The great wistaria that serpented, grape-flower laden, impartially over yard and garden walls, the big sloping garden, the atmosphere of leisure—solid, not luxurious, but 'of a competence'—have been well described by Marmaduke Pickthall in his *Brendle*—although he knew these glories only from his half-sisters' boastful accounts, and never himself visited the formidable Peter Charles Christie. The girls used Woodbridge as their shopping town, dropping in for eleven o'clock tea and biscuits or two o'clock dinner at Uncle Peter's, and sometimes giving the shy curate a lift in their dog-cart. They found it all great fun: mildly flirting, bossing the little ones, feeling that their 'playing at houses' was become, by some white magic, true and real, and the pious knowledge that 'poor papa has only us now.'

Two years later the Rev. Charles still managed—or was managed by—his ten children, single-handed, and perhaps would have continued to do so 'for the term of his natural life' but for a chance encounter. He was on his way to Broxbourne, to visit his own brother and his dear dead wife's relations, when getting into the train rather late in London he found himself, as they moved out of the station, in a first-class carriage alone with a lady. Flee he could not, since corridor trains were as yet a continental luxury, so he hid behind his *Times*. He was aroused by a "Charles!" and, looking up, saw his companion was addressing him. "You haven't forgotten Mary O'Brien?" He would never have recognized her: twenty years of tropical sun had fretted her lovely Irish skin and long wearing of a topee had dulled and dispirited her once glorious hair. Yet the name recalled so much.

Mary's father, Admiral Donat Henry O'Brien, the hero of Marryat's *Masterman Ready* and author of an amusing chronicle of alarms and escapes entitled *My Adventures during the Late War*—Boney's war, of course—had settled in Hoddesdon. His children—Hannah, Donat, William, and

Mary, were taken to Sunday worship at Broxbourne. The Admiral's wife, Hannah Walmsley, was a most long-suffering woman, whose husband ruled her and the children with true nineteenth-century tyranny, his habit being to ring once for his butler and twice for his wife. But he had a streak of Nonconformity unusual in the Navy at that date, for if a guest got drunk at his table he was never asked again.

Mary O'Brien, of the Inchiquin clan and descended from Irish kings, was no bride for a penniless young curate; she had married one William Hale, with whom she had gone to India, twenty years before this chance encounter with the Rev. Charles in the train. William had been dead two years—they had no children—Mary told him. She was going to stay with Hannah. (Mary's sister, the widower remembered, had married another Hoddesdon neighbour, by name Hoskins.) The Admiral was dead, and William had got a wife. Charles expressed surprise that she should be travelling unattended, but Mary explained Mrs. Ward was with her. Mrs. Ward, who had been her nurse (and something more to Mary's father than his children's nurse, the Rev. Charles reflected) now had a son who was in love, Mary told Charles, with her maid. She had promised them they should marry as soon as she was settled in England, and hoped she would be able to have the boy as her gardener.

That meeting was a prelude to others. Mary and her sister Hannah came to Chillesford, and Mary, though a little overawed by so much noise and bustle, could screw up her eyes and laugh and joke and enjoy it all as though she were herself a child again. The vicar delighted in her company: to his children, he was 'poor papa,' to her, a man in the prime of life. When she returned to town, he followed, and they were married shortly after.

It was a love match for them both, though it was foolhardy to take on such a burden for his sake, and Mary found her stepchildren resented her bitterly. Her coming was for them the end of their brief, enchanted reign: she was over forty, childless, with no experience of young people or of English life and ways, and with her came Mrs. Ward and

Jones, now wedded to his Fanny. The children loathed the bossy old nurse even more than their stepmother, for she was a duenna, whose malevolent vigilance—in spite of her age and immobility—was almost inescapable. Jones, on the other hand, who could make a catapult from an ash prong and a rubber band, or a bow from a yew stick and a piece of string, or a whistle from an elder stem, was almost an ally.

Mrs. Pickthall soon found herself unaccountably ailing : sickish, dizzy, uncomfortable. She ascribed it to change of climate—of air—of life—to everything, indeed, but to the real and obvious cause. But at her age, after a consummated and childless married life of twenty years : could it indeed be ? Mrs. Ward, whose new daughter-in-law was by now in the same interesting condition, assured her it was.

Caroline, Constance, and Dorothea—(the others were too young to know)—were bitterly shocked. Like their great queen, they disapproved their father's middle-aged transports. But Mrs. Pickthall sat nursing herself, oblivious of their hostility, their disgusted, inquisitive stares. She read to herself all day : not improving works, as became a clergyman's wife : not nursery lore nor medical textbooks, as would have become a woman well into middle age about to embark on a new career of which she was utterly ignorant. No : she read always that same inimitable book, the *Arabian Nights*, in a funny old-world translation—not even the grand new one made by the famous Burton—but an old copy bound in a lovely Russian leather binding, that smelt somehow Oriental and outlandish. Always these Paynim stories, in the same scented book.

When her time drew near, she went to London, taking Mrs. Jones with her. Both were glad to escape from the country, to return to the familiar noises : Mrs. Jones could not sleep 'for the quiet' in Suffolk, she complained. On 7 April, 1875, Marmaduke William was born in Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Mrs. Jones's son Frederick saw the light about the same time.

They returned to Chillesford, where life went on as before though it was still more crowded. When about six months

old Marmaduke fell desperately ill of measles, complicated by bronchitis. During the course of this illness he was circumcised, which made his conversion to Islam in late middle age less painful than is the case with many adult male converts. Caroline, her bitterness vanishing at sight of a sick baby, nursed him devotedly. For Mrs. Pickthall was once more in 'the family way,' and bore, less than a year after Marmaduke, his brother, Rudolph George.

Soon the little boys were trotting about the lawn in long-sleeved, high-necked galateas. Marmaduke was early in learning to talk. But he had certain peculiarities in his vocabulary—for instance, he would never call a bird a bird, or starling, thrush, lark, or whatever it might be. The whole genus of flying things were for him 'Gok-kok,' and he would insist, in the face of all corrections or ridicule, that 'There's a Gok-kok,' as any feathered thing flew by.

Not until he learnt Arabic did he realize the true inwardness of his seemingly unreasonable insistence: for the Arabic for bird is in sound what his childish imagination knew it was. He had, too, another curious habit that seems either an echo of a former existence, or an 'experiment with time' after the heart of J. W. Dunne: or some rare race memory derived from who knows what remote Crusader's Eastern bride. If he were scolded, out of doors, he would sit down, plonk, on the ground, and with two hands grub dust or earth or mud and pour or smear it on his head, to the consternation of nurses and elders. Merely, perhaps, an early apprehension of the '*memento, homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris,*' or some foreknowledge of his fate? Who shall say? He was a precocious baby, very musical and early distinguishing people, sounds, names, words: indeed, one half-sister declares that at six months he knew all ten of them apart. (Though how he displayed his knowledge she could not tell me.) One of his chief delights as a baby and little boy was a strange native hat which Mrs. Pickthall's aunt, Mary O'Brien, who had married Edward, brother to Fletcher Christian of the *Bounty*, left her niece: a Pitcairn Islander's hat.

Arthur had already been promoted to Great Yarmouth

Grammar School, where Dr. J. J. Raven was headmaster, and so was out of the house, but in the holidays he added to the crowd his friend, Ernest Cooper, later to become a writer of Suffolk lore and a lifelong friend of Marmaduke's. When Marmaduke was five his father fell ill, and Mrs. Pickthall found the only way to nurse the invalid and give him even comparative peace in that noisy crowd was to forbid the sick-room to all others than herself. But even this precaution proved unavailing, and the Rev. Pickthall died.

His widow, her stepchildren, her own two sons, Mrs. Ward, and her various dependants moved together to London shortly after the funeral. Ninety-seven Warwick Gardens, where they settled, was a steep house, and Mrs. Pickthall, to save Mrs. Ward's legs and the endless grumbling caused by carrying of trays, installed the nursery in the basement. It was, to all accounts, a cold, comfortless house, perpetually gas-lit and linoleum carpeted; full of the smells—frying onions, stewing scrag-end-of-neck, damp sprouting souls of housemaids and a continuous etiolated haunting aroma of perspiration—that Mr. T. S. Eliot has immortalized.

It is hard to understand why there need have been such implications of poverty, for Mrs. Pickthall had been left £900 a year by her first husband, and her stepchildren contributed each £90 annually towards the housekeeping expenses. Yet the poor girls with chilblained feet and chapped hands suffered continually from cold and hunger. Dorothea, indeed, covered like Job with an outcrop of boils, was told by her doctor that she was undernourished. "You tell my stepmother," she urged him, "I dare not." Once, too, when Suffolk friends sent a hamper of country fare to the famished girls, they wolfed it down, first offering propitiatory tit-bits to Mrs. Ward: but in vain; when Mrs. Pickthall returned next day the wicked old woman, full of lovely fresh eggs, told on them and they were properly punished.

The dreary fog-bound existence did not affect Rudolph, for since in each child the whole history of man is repeated

da capo from gill-breathing tadpole to arrow-carving savage, an infant is as naturally at home in a smoke-blackened Kensington villa as in the stale-smelling cave that was its prototype. It is when it grows beyond such escape as the false artificial parks provide, that the growing organism needs to feel real soil under bare toes, running water against naked legs, tree branches under hands, pony's muscles under knees.

For Marmaduke, leaving Chillesford was a casting out from Paradise. He hated the grey confining streets, the puny patches of trapped sky, after the wide horizons, the infinite air of Suffolk. All his life he had an insatiable passion for empty skies, bare landscape, and a hatred of towns and of all urban life. The sky was to him something infinitely more than

‘ . . . that inverted bowl . . .
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die.’

For him, as man, it remained what it had been to the boy : an earnest of infinity, the most important part of every view, the ultimate expression and excuse of earth.

His greatest friend and comfort in London at the age of six, was the nursemaid. The daughter of a local game-keeper and a gipsy mother who had soon wearied of conventional wedlock and left both husband and infant daughter, Enid satisfied, in the noisy, unlovely city, all Marmaduke's childish craving for beauty. She was a gracious, gentle, merry creature, with vitality that neither Mrs. Ward nor Kensington could diminish. One day, as she was shaking her duster out, a rich man, passing, looked up, fell madly in love, and insisted on marrying her. He was an aristocrat, yet treated her always as his equal and that of his friends, though to the end of her life she spoke with a broad Suffolk accent.

This entirely happy and successful experiment was heartily approved by Mrs. Pickthall, who was oddly blind to class distinctions, a failing her son was later to describe as ‘ far from unbecoming in a woman of assured position.’ He both inherited this trait and imitated it from her, and for

him Enid's romance was one of earth's happiest love stories. One of his novels is actually based on it, whilst in many there are allusions to such social misalliances, some happy, others the reverse. His great tenderness for all subject races may well be due in germ to the gratitude he felt for the kindness and affection of his nursemaid, who never made him feel, as his stepbrothers and sisters did, how infinitely inferior he and Rudolph were to Christies and to Pickthalls of the first bed. Marmaduke adored his brother, and was the most unjealous of children, never resenting his mother's preference for Rudolph (or 'Bob' as he was always called), which later turned to fear of him.

Mrs. Pickthall was a quiet and undemonstrative woman, finding in her faith, and in her memories of India, and her work there, a citadel into which she fled from her stepchildren's bitterness, and her own incompetence. Yet she was very popular with all her Pickthall in-laws, as well as retaining always the affection of her first husband's people. Soon after the move to London the three elder girls went off and lived by themselves, and the younger stepchildren divided their holidays and their loyalty between stepmother and real sisters. Marmaduke was no trouble to her: she declared him born with an Eastern mind: he was ever content to play alone, quiet and self-absorbed.

He went at first with Grace, and later with Rudolph also, to a little day-school, kept by a Miss Wüstli, where he much enjoyed the dancing and the learning poetry and the acting of little scenes—he had an absurdly retentive memory and need read a thing but once to know it by heart. He may have been infected there by his real passion for languages: his German was perfect always, and he had the rare gift of liking impartially Teutonic and Latin tongues.

Neville and Charles had already been some time at 'Ringers' when Marmaduke joined them. His first cousin, Fred O'Brien, to whom he was always devoted, was there too, and Bob soon followed. Marmaduke found the Rider Haggards there, together with plenty of other East Coast neighbours, and seems to have been happy, though it may be permissible to wonder if the following, written

in his commonplace book in 1898, refers to 'Ringers.' 'The master of a private school. He had the conciliatory purring manner of a great black cat when any of our parents or guardians came to visit us. These found him charming. We, poor mice, saw in him only the beast of prey.'

Marmaduke was precocious and brilliant, overworking himself from the first. His special joy was 'mental arithmetic,' at which he was constantly being 'shown off' to visiting parents. In the holidays he stayed with his mother or his many cousins, which latter found him 'to our thinking a curious little boy. He had no love of games which we were always playing.' As he grew older, his violent distaste for competition became more and more marked: he never wanted to compete or contest. Such sports as team races he simply could not begin to understand. Nor did he care for shooting, snaring, fishing, or kindred schoolboy delights. "You know, Field, I must be the wrong sort of Englishman," he once said to a friend. "I have never wanted to kill anything."

After a short time at 'Ringers,' when he was only nine, he got brain-fever and had to be sent home to Chillesford, whose then incumbent, the Rev. E. Patrick, let him run wild. This kindly parson taught the boy good Latin and some Greek, and inspired him a little with his own two passions: roses and astronomy. He is, in Marmaduke's novel, *The Myopes*, the unwilling author of the young people's misery—and therein is charmingly remembered. It was one of the happiest times of Marmaduke's life, and for ever after he had a very warm corner in his heart for country clergy-folk, and numbered parsons amongst his best friends, in memory of the gentle eccentric who let him loose in his own garden and library.

Coming home to his father's house, yet finding a strange master there, taught him early the vanity of possessiveness, and he had always the rare power of enjoying without any wish to grab, to collect, to arrest. Though he recovered quickly from his brain-fever, Marmaduke found he had lost for ever his capacity for arithmetic, mental or otherwise;

henceforward he could barely keep accounts, and his inability to do 'maths' was a continual stumbling-block. But he found leisure to devour Byron, Swinburne, Meredith, Thackeray, Scott, and Dickens, whilst Disraeli's novels introduced him both to the East and to an attitude towards our Eastern Empire and peoples which he was to make entirely his own. And living that retired, yet fully active life, he became a good swimmer, a competent horseman, a tireless walker.

Always deft and agile with his hands, he had at his fingertips all the lore then rare, now happily made proletarian through the Boy Scout movement: of fires and strings, compasses and winds, sails and kites, tools and mortar. It was at this time, when he was just nine, that he suddenly became bitten with the idea of learning Irish—ancient Irish, and 'did in a very short time master that tongue and called me names in it, which I well remember,' his youngest stepsister, Grace, wrote. The end of this gloriously savage, or rather perhaps Rousseauesque, existence, came when his mother took a house in Harrow, and entered both her sons as day boys at the school.

How bitterly the iron then entered into his soul can be guessed from a letter he wrote to my mother, forty years later, when I first went to Cheltenham; 'poor darling—she will call herself *misérable* when she means *malheureuse*. I remember my own first day at school sufficiently well to know what she is going through.' It was not the bullying he minded. 'Picktooth the Homebug' they called him—but by now he was used to the despision and contempt of elder brothers, 'gamey' cousins, and seniors in school rank. Physical pain, roughness, cold, vile food—these he accepted: what repelled him was the stable-boy language, the bantering obscenity, and the constant infliction of what he himself, in his novel about his Harrow days, *Sir Limpidus*, calls 'the greatest insult manhood can suffer.'

Always a romantic, an idealist, he disliked having to allude to his fags' mothers in terms he was naturally reserving for tarts, and that his equals in length of residence, and, of course, his superiors, should so apostrophise his own now-aged only

remaining parent, was a source of continual irritation. He soon learnt that only one thing was required of him : the utmost idleness compatible with avoiding punishment ; this was the first essential of conduct. There were a few miserable saps who had scholarships and were obliged to work, but, otherwise, swotting was regarded as the gravest abnormality by both masters and boys.

Of course, working at a fad or hobby was different—chaps who regarded it terribly *infra* to do a stroke in school hours did hard reading in the library or made experiments in the school laboratory for their own pleasure, and Marmaduke, who was devoted to geography and languages, found every encouragement to follow these bents ; even swells honoured him by allowing him to coach them five minutes before a class was due in either of these, which were admitted to be his subjects, for that was the custom—captains and kings stooped to question the expert when the shadow of the cane crept near. But neither captains nor kings nor their fags ever worked at ‘ lessons.’

It was before the days of games-worship : sport was not the universal evacuant it is now, and, as he explained, ‘ we were not keen on games unless we happened to be good at them ’ : public opinion did not then reprehend the boy who frankly said he hated violent exercise in wind or rain or the sun’s heat. But nearly everyone had some sport he was keen on : it might be fencing, rackets, or the rifle corps. Boys who slacked at school were often good horsemen or crack shots. ‘ Yet we all liked football in moderation, or to lie on the grass in summer and watch cricket, or swimming if the pool were not too crowded.’

Mrs. Pickthall had obtained from her London doctor a certificate saying Rudolph was not to play games, because of his eyesight—his father had died blind. A cousin of Marmaduke’s wrote to me about him, ‘ His going as a day boy always seemed a pity to us, and I think that doctor’s certificate affected their whole lives and made them feel they were different from other Englishmen. Duke had his Eastern interests and made friends through his writings, but Bob remained painfully self-conscious with a strong inferiority

complex to the end of his days.' Yet Marmaduke fielded at cricket and belonged to the Harrow Volunteers. Indeed, he quickly became, outwardly at least, a fairly typical schoolboy.

In his day there were fewer Public Schools, and few boys at any of them had any reason to suppose they would ever need to earn their own bread and butter. So he idled with the best, was constantly reported for inattention in class, for truancy, for stravaging about during school hours with no lawful object, and was very proud, when caught, of his ingenuity and the brilliance of his entirely mendacious excuses—a pride so strong that years later he was to boast, before a thousand boys whose headmaster he was, of his Harrovian fibs. He has pictured himself well: 'not sociable at heart. The crowd of boys rather appals him. He prefers to be alone. He responds immediately to overtures of friendship made by individuals and thus is particularly liable to drift into bad company.' His hero at school, whose praises he sang each holiday, was the idlest boy in the whole of Harrow, 'who had a perfect genius for idling,' he declared once, prophesying a great future for one so adept. Nor was his faith vain, for before Marmaduke was forty, Winston Churchill had been Cabinet Minister.

There was much in the school he grew to love: the solidarity of the boys against the masters 'our opponents in the game,' the freedom of the higher forms, a goal sufficiently near to be worth striving for, sufficiently far to inspire such awe as one was never to feel for mortal man again, and the sense of continuity—the knowledge that greater men than he could even dream of emulating had undergone the same experiences in the school before him. The system was indefensible: the life lousy: but there is something about every institution where men have been young that pertains to the '*mortalia quae mentem tangunt*,' and he never forgot the Harrow songs. Years later, thousands of miles from England, he would quote:

'Byron lay
Lazily lay
Hid from lessons and games away,
Dreaming poetry all alone,
Up on the top of the Peachey stone.

All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil too,
Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood,
Steadily stood,
Just by his name in the carven wood,
Reading rapidly, at his ease,
Pages out of Demosthenes.
"Where has he got to?"
"Tell him not to!"
All the scholars around him cry:
"That's the lesson for next July."

Byron lay, wearily lay,
Dying for freedom far away,
Peel stood up on the famous floor
Ruled the nation and fed the poor.
None so narrow the range of Harrow,
Poet and statesman are welcome too
Doer and Dreamer! Dream and do.'

Yet he was a realist for all his memories. He could not help reflecting that what it really boiled down to was that one's mater was spending £400 a year that one might learn a few swear words, be encouraged to the greatest imaginable idleness, and inspired to do as one's father had done, i.e. beget a son to send to Harrow in his turn. In his later life he admitted and preached the value of this idleness, admired the example (which he regretted being unable to follow), and even found the swear-words useful—when he enlisted as a private in the ranks in 1916.

Being a day boy was not entirely the misfortune it appeared to his relations. It was relief, in the evenings, to escape the circumscribed monotony of school 'shop,' to be saved the dormitory life, and to sleep alone. It meant when prep. was over one could really open a door and walk out: into books, into pictures, into talk, into sleep. On the other hand, home reminded one of such forgotten things as poverty, widowhood, dead father, ordinary class distinctions, difficulties of communicating with grown-ups—all of which school extinguished, or more truly engulfed in a blinding,

all-embracing, pitiless light : the light of seven hundred small sharp eyes seeing and judging as one.

Marmaduke tried hard to win the acceptance, if not the respect, of his schoolfellows by attaining that bland indistinguishability from the herd which is the secret of success in Anglo-Saxon countries, and which, as *Sir Limpidus* shows, remained an amazement to his sardonic humour until his life's end. He kept steadily to the safety of the *via media* : on the one hand, neither 'boozed nor kept a harem,' on the other, refrained, in the summer holiday, from leading revivalist meetings on August beaches—extremes the 'none so narrow' range admitted of in his day ; but his sacrifices, his abstentions, and his efforts were doomed to failure. He never became a typical Harrovian : the gallic quality of his wit, that made him discover the pose under whatever humbug or hypocrisy of disguise, and make merry over his discovery, even when the object of it was himself, marked him out as queer, as . . . not . . . quite . . . quite, and kept him from becoming a real public-school man.

Besides, he was potty about poetry, and though not a bad little fellow was obviously a bit gone : yes, of course, that was it, he was absolutely bats. Yet he enjoyed ragging the masters, and delighted in all the traditional class-room gambits : such as keeping a ball going from hand to hand : or throwing well-chewed pellets of pink blotting paper on to the blackboard, or leaving one day a fictitious and the next a real pool of spilled ink on the master's desk, or filling notebooks with hallucinatory diagrams. Harrow neither corrupted nor cured him : he left, after only two years, owing it nothing.

The one really live influence there—the personality of John Farmer—he seems to have missed, although he was not unmusical and had a lovely baritone voice. He adored shouting hymns in chapel 'the utmost of which British lungs are capable' is his description of the noise. And he wrote once to me, from India, when I was thirteen, 'I do not in the least wonder at your passion for hymns—indeed, I share it. The tunes are so pathetic that they make me weep. But they seem to me palliative, a soporific like

strong drink, which also I gave up when I became a Muslim, though I like it very much. Hymns plunge one into a sort of hot bath of sentimentality, which is not quite healthy, do you think?' At Harrow he regarded with distant awe the building 'specially set apart for instrumental music, whose disciples, a few queer-looking boys, considered cranks or foreigners, made squeaks and moans which caused saner and more manly youths to class that kind of music as a beastly row.'

When he was just sixteen he left. He wanted to get into Woolwich, and his mother, a little horrified by his worship of idleness, thought if he were removed from the home of this cult and sent to a crammer's, he would more likely succeed in passing the ordeal of examinations. His languages had deteriorated: "You can't expect me to talk differently from the others," he complained when she suggested the words he once knew as 'mignon, allons voir si la rose' could not have been intended by the *deus qui gestat per Francos* to be transmuted into 'menjong allong voir see lar rose.'

She had found little margin of money for holiday amusements whilst both were at school, but after Marmaduke left, she could afford an occasional excursion, leaving Adelaide in charge of Bob and the Harrow house. (Bob remained his full four years at school and then passed on for another four to Oriel College, Oxford.) She took Marmaduke travelling with her, to improve his languages. Of all human rationalizations, perhaps the one that has been most conducive to happiness has been this necessity for learning languages. What golden hours in Paris, what evenings on Lido's sands, what sunrises over Alps and sunsets over Fuji do we not owe to our parents' desire that we should perfect our French, our Italian, our Japanese? Babel was not the least of God's miracles and is still one of his kindest mercies.

Marmaduke and his mother stayed with a Pasteur Gauvain at Neuchâtel and walked the Jura; there Marmaduke had his first taste of mountain climbing, which was always one of his greatest delights. In Florence with Donat Orsi, one of the great banking family, he spent all his pocket money

on photographs of antique statues. He loved and revered human beauty all his life—especially male beauty on the large scale—somewhat pathetically, for he was himself somewhat birdlike, and insignificant in appearance. Walking the Welsh hills, attending Welsh services, he mastered that language: duck-shooting with O'Brien cousins in Ireland he practised his Gaelic: one holiday he had a Spanish, another a German, tutor. Always his desire was to get under the skin of the people he was amongst; to smite himself into their very souls, as Tennyson's Grail smote itself into the bread: this was the driving force that inspired his talent for languages: this the compassion that made him first a great novelist and later a great teacher. Often Marmaduke, his mother and brother made no plans, leaving the choice of holiday till the time came, and deciding on places because they had names which pleased them—as Marazion, Dolgelly, Aberdovey, and Stranraer.

But these delights were but interludes—peeps at heaven from behind muslin curtains. He lodged in Pembridge Square, with an old crammer called 'Tommy.' London seemed as dreary to him as it had when he was six: only now he could better appreciate its unpleasantness. From his window he looked out over uneven slate roofs, relieved only by an occasional flutter of grey undergarments drying on a line. 'Tommy' himself was an old dear: completely ga-ga, but kind. "Have a cigar, sir, have a cigar," he would offer, whenever one of his pupils came for advice or correction. He would reflect aloud, 'nice gentlemanly chap, Pickthall is,' and repeat, whether the need were money or forgiveness, "I say, have a cigar, sir!" Here Marmaduke met his first Oriental: a delightful, idiotic, creature nicknamed by all 'Brown Geegee.'

Marmaduke's great friend at 'Tommy's,' however, was Frank Buller Robinson, who remained devoted to him until his death, and may well have been the original of the baronet in *All Fools*, Marmaduke's first novel. The identity of 'Bunny'—the hero of that work—still remains unknown, unless he flayed himself in that character. Marmaduke was both very shy and very homesick, with far too much

courage to admit to either. He spent a great deal of time leaning out of his window, or out of Brown Geegee's, from whose room one could watch, with palpitating heart, the 'bits of skirts' come hurrying by. How much time he spent doing this, and how devotedly, who wades through *All Fools* may realize.

The land beyond Exhibition Road was as remote then from London as Ruislip now is, and with suburban 'naicety' gloom descended on young Marmaduke. He broke down completely from overwork and lost his memory. Although sent down to Tonbridge to a famous coach when he recovered, he failed outright in maths., and so in the whole exam., which ruled Woolwich out completely. His failure sent him once more to the country.

Throughout his life, whenever depressed or ill, he had only to go to the country, and, hey presto, he recovered. Antœus-like, it seemed as though the touch of earth cured him, was to him holy and healing as Jordan or Ganges to a pilgrim. He went first to his relations at Broxbourne, until he was entirely restored, and then, early in 1892 (the winter before his seventeenth birthday), he entered St. Catherine's School there as boarder. The headmaster, the Rev. H. P. Waller, coached him for the Consular Service exam. There were three vacancies in the Eastern Department, and since Marmaduke showed such early interest in the East, it was hoped that he might carry off one of these prizes.

It was at this time, when he was just seventeen, that he met at a party a Miss Muriel Smith, whose father, Mr. Cadwallader Smith, had been first a schoolmaster, then an inspector of schools, and now worked for a firm of educational publishers. Marmaduke proposed to her at once, on the way home in a hansom, and was accepted: he confided his engagement only to his best friend at the Rev. Waller's, one Fatty Smith, who kindly wrote to me the details of that confidence—how the two boys went together to the theatre in London two nights running, to see Miss Decima Moore, in whom Fatty was deeply interested. Coming home after the second visit to the theatre, Marmaduke confided his news to Fatty, who was so moved he wrote the

lovers an ode, which, happily, has been lost. Summer came, and with it the exam. But Marmaduke, though top in languages, was only seventh on the list. Feeling himself an all-round failure, he went down to Hollinghurst, to his cousins, the Wallace Pickthalls, a large, gay family, three of whose members he specially adored : Ettie, Ella, and Maud.

‘ À Paris je sais trois filles,
Londerirette, lou, lon, la——
Toutes les trois sont fort gentilles
Londerirette, lou, lon, la——
L’une coud, et l’autre file,
La troisième c’est Pétronille
Londerirette, lou, lon, la.’

One of these cousins he was most deeply attached to : but she repelled his advances, treating him as a silly boy. He bore her no ill will, for she is the gracious and lovely Gertrude of *The Myopes*, who, brought up with her cousin and adoring him, by a foolish marriage loses him, and realizes too late that ‘ She knew him now to be the only man she could have endured for husband without shame or weariness.’ Though they escape for an enchanted fortnight, resulting in a child, there is no help for them : time, in complicating their relationship, and encumbering it with better or worse halves, has blurred and coarsened the fine edges of their love. The dew is off the grass, revealing it, no longer April tender, but stubbled, leathery, and parched. It seems as though Marmaduke was ‘ through ’ with his falling in love by the age of eighteen : his English novels are all concerned with his adventures before that date : in *All Fools* the proposal is in a hansom to a young lady met for the first time, who lives in a remote suburb ; in *Brendle*, the lovely Jenny, the carpenter’s clever school-teaching daughter, marries the rich brewer’s rebel son, in spite of the protests of his indignant and snobbish family, to realize too late that he adores, and always will, the rich and wayward Stephanie, his near neighbour. In *Enid* there is the enchanting nursemaid, and the foolish girl who romantically and quixotically is forced by her parents to marry a

young man with whom she went off platonically to escape her family. She, too, makes a loveless marriage and finds 'A wind-flower for Adonis, a shower of cold white bloom instead of fruit, moonlight for warmth upon a winter's night, ah! ah! the poor exchange. She was self-frustrated, a thing to toss, and moan and yearn eternally. For her there could be no fruition, only famine and regret beneath the flouting, triumphant banner of conscience. She hated conscience as men hate a bloodless tyrant.'

In his last English novel, *Larkmeadow*, which is set in his beloved Suffolk, the evocation is even more obvious. Marmaduke describes a callow young man, coming to the country with no knowledge of it but a real love that saves him from the more dangerous vices of youth; he is the eldest son of pretentious parents, who have grand ideas for him: he, however, finds true happiness in marrying, very young, his first cousin and near neighbour, the daughter of a simple yeoman farmer, whom her future father-in-law describes, not untruthfully, as 'that maypole, that great, long-legged, staring hoyden.' It is not necessary to be either a Father Brown or a Freud to see, in this medley of fact, and phantasy and wish-fulfilment, the portrait of a man who, as a lover at least, 'by backward steps would move.'

Maud's rejection of him, her failure even to take him seriously, was very bitter. 'I was eighteen years old,' Marmaduke wrote in the preface to *Oriental Encounters*, 'and, having failed in one or two adventures, I considered myself an all-round failure, and was much depressed. I dreamed of Eastern sunshine, palm trees, camels, desert sand, as of a Paradise which I had lost by my shortcomings.' (Here is a curious echo of Richard Crashaw's 'Shady City of Palm Trees.') Whilst he was thus utterly cast down, his mother heard from her ex-sister-in-law, Miss Caroline Hale, to whom she had written when there was still hope of her son passing into the Consular Service. Miss Hale wrote that a friend of hers, a young parson called Dowling, was going out to Jerusalem to become chaplain to the Bishop, Dr. Blythe, whose retiring chaplain, William Hastings

Kelk, had been promoted to a cure of souls upon Mount Lebanon.

‘ Since my longing for the East seemed to indicate a natural instinct with which she herself, possessing Oriental memories, was in full sympathy,’ Marmaduke explained, his mother offered him the choice between joining his brother at Oxford and travelling out to Palestine in the company of Mr. Dowling. Marmaduke unhesitatingly chose the latter, and his mother comforted his family by explaining he might, after all, if he learnt the languages and studied the people, find some consular employment on the spot, or even some sort of honorary attaché-ship.

Through his despondency his troth to Miss Smith shone out for him a beacon light. He had not seen her again, as both her parents and his thought better not, but she, she only, had neither rejected him nor scorned : he would come back for her, he vowed, and come back worthy of her. •

He first set his face towards the Qu’iblah—though as yet he was unaware of its existence—one day early in 1894 when he joined his ship at Marseilles.

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CHAPTER TWO



IT is delightful to lie in a deck-chair and slide on over this blue ruffled sea, always in the centre of a perfect circle. Al Mutanabhi (an Arabic poet of the third Islamic century) talks of camels in the desert moving always in the centre of a circle, and though always hurrying forward, making no advance because the circle on the sand always moves with them. The same description would apply to this blue halcyon sea. A tumbled summer sea is the very picture I would choose to indicate pure joy, ideal joy.' So Marmaduke wrote to me from the Mediterranean in 1920, when on his way to take up a strange and uncongenial job in an unknown and generally hostile country.

In 1894, on the ship that took him from Naples to Port Said, his joy was as much more perfect as youth is than middle-age, as holiday adventure than hard and unappetizing work. Then Marmaduke, gifted with that youthful white emptiness of mind that is the prerogative of the pilgrim and the child, absorbed new impressions with the virgin receptivity of unused blotting-paper. Mr. Dowling proved an unburdensome chaperon and faded tactfully out, and while on board ship Marmaduke met a man considerably older than himself, with whom he struck up one of those shipboard intimacies that are mushroom-sudden, inexplicable, and so often indigestible as well. His mentor, it appeared, knew most of the folk to whom he had letters of introduction, and, as he himself was obliged to stay in Cairo for some weeks, suggested Marmaduke should also.

Marmaduke needed no coaxing—the more that, since his new friend would be very busy on shore, he would be left to his own devices and have a chance to explore, uncramped by another's Englishry. For, from his first glimpse of the sun-intoxicated harbour at Port Said, Marmaduke

duke knew that this was the beginning for him : that all experience, all study, all emotion, he had ever felt, had been leading up to this, preparing him for it. Here, in these utterly carefree crowds, for whom time 'is not a dimension, but merely a state of mind,' he found happy people for the first time. They were, as he, uncompetitive by nature, and like himself, without class consciousness : money they lacked, yet never felt the loss of that which they had never had, and every one, from the scurviest fellah to the richest bey, had two inestimable gifts : humour and imagination. Marmaduke could listen from morning to night to their stories, and never fail to be both enchanted and amused : whether they were of evading authority in the shape of tax-collector or medical officer, or merely such fables as those of Mansur and Musa.

At the end of his life he wrote : ' When I read Alf Leylah wa Leylah (*The Arabian Nights*) I see the daily life of Damascus, Jerusalem, Aleppo, Cairo, and other cities as I found it in the early nineties of last century. What struck me, even in its decay and poverty, was the joyousness of that life compared with anything that I had seen in Europe. The people seemed quite independent of our cares of life, our anxious clutching after wealth, our fear of death.

' And then their charity ! No man in the cities of the Muslim empire ever died of exposure at his neighbour's gate. They undoubtedly had something which was lacking in the life of Western Europe, while they as obviously lacked much which Europeans have and hold. It was only afterwards that I learnt they had once possessed the material prosperity which Europe now can boast, in addition to that inward happiness which I so envied.'

Before he left Cairo, he had already decided that his mother's suggestion, that he should struggle into the back regions of the Foreign Office by some local tradesmen's entrance, could never be realized. It was not as representing England that he could get to know the East : every European seemed to him out of place in that smiling, sleepy landscape, a tactless anachronism—either a Lilliputian in Brobdingnag, or a Brobdingnagian in Lilliput : he was not yet

sure which, but bought a fez and determined to find out. Already he felt better : more secure, in that un-English head-dress, a little removed from the we-are-carrying-the-white-man's burden pomposity with which a topee shadows even the most kindly face. But how penetrate the gay-coloured world, from which he was excluded by the very salaams of fawning dragomans, he, their prey, their daily bread, how was he to become their ally and equal? The change could not, and did not, take place in Cairo. Indeed, he confessed once to a friend from whose house he later learnt more of Egypt than at this time he thought possible, that he never really got under the skin of the Egyptian fellahin, as he had done with Arabs and Syrians and Turks. The well-to-do, the effendi, yes—these he came to understand, but not the peasants. Yet these first weeks unchaperoned in Cairo were certainly not wasted : he found an old khôja to teach him Arabic, and he visited the poorer parts of the city, and watched the shadow plays—the Kheyyul-el-Zull—and made the acquaintance of the immortal Karakash.

These shadow plays are a combination of our Punch and Judy shows and puppets. Direct representation of human beings is forbidden in Islam, and drama has always been disregarded, as it is considered to be beneath the dignity of a Muslim to dress up and pretend to be what he is not, and of course unthinkable for a Muslim woman. But the shadow plays, performed at all public and domestic festivals, and brought to such perfection that even the most intelligent could take delight in them, created, before the cinema was thought of, that curiously faery and remote illusion which is only obtainable by restricting vision to two dimensions.

As for Karakash, he is the Emir Beha-ed-din, ' the learned judge ' *par excellence*, and remains always one of the most essential figures of the Near East, a faithful lieutenant of the great Saladin. He was a wise judge, and based his pronouncements always strictly on the evidence in each case with which he was called to deal. Curiously, these judgments inevitably savoured of the ridiculous, as in the

famous case of the thief who put his eye out on a weaver's needle as he was entering his shop after dark to burgle it.

"This poor man," said Karakash angrily to the weaver, whom he had summoned before him at the thief's demand, "lost his eye through your carelessness: so you must lose yours." "But he came to rob me: he had no right to be in my shop," protested the indignant weaver. "Did you find anything damaged or missing?" asked Karakash. "No." "He has done you then no harm, and it is adding insult to injury to cast his profession in his teeth."

In vain the miserable weaver offered money to both robber and judge—the righteous and impartial Karakash refused to be moved, until the weaver brightly suggested that as he had a wife and children and a profession which depended entirely on his eyes, surely it would be fairer to put out the eye of his next-door neighbour, who was a bachelor, and, moreover, a gunsmith, who, of course, only needed one eye at a time for looking down the barrels of his guns. This reasoning convinced the upright judge, and the gunsmith's eye was accordingly put out.

Karakash, like the legendary Turkish *khôja* whom Mrs. Ewing last century translated so amusingly, is a half-national half-mythical figure—a mixture of Dr. Spooner, Horace Cole, and Mr. Justice McCardie seen through the mists of seven hundred years, and beatified by people for whom humour is more important than bread, nearly as precious as water.

The best Karakash of all, perhaps, is that of the carpenter, the builder, and the girl in the red dress. A carpenter was fitting doors into a newly built house, when a lintel, over one of the windows, fell and broke one of his legs. He complained to Karakash, who cited the owner and charged him with culpable negligence. "Not I, but the builder, was at fault," pleaded the landlord, so the builder was summoned. He said he could not help it because as he was laying that particular stone a girl passed by in so red a frock that he was momentarily blinded and could not see what he was doing. The girl was sent for by Karakash, who said: "O veiled one, that red dress you wore; on such-

and-such a day, has cost this carpenter his leg : therefore you must pay damages." "It is not my fault, but the draper's," said the girl, "when I went in to buy stuff for a frock he had nothing but that bright red which, perforce, though it does not suit me, I had to buy." "Fetch me the draper," said Karakash. But when the draper came he said it was not his fault, because of all the materials he had ordered, the English manufacturer had only sent the red. "Son of a dog," said Karakash. "You deal with the heathen ! You shall be hanged from the lintel of your own door." But when the soldiers were going to hang him they found the door of his house was too low, for he was a tall man. "Idiots," said Karakash to his servants, when they came back to ask him what to do next, "go quickly and hang the first short man you can find."

Marmaduke may have, at this time, wandered beyond the city, but I can find no evidence that he did and no trace of such excursions. Certainly, after a short stay, he took a ship again and arrived at Jaffa. There his mentor deserted him, leaving him in a comfortable little guest-house run by Germans, in the heart of the German colony. Poor Mr. Dowling, who had not dallied with them at Cairo, carried tales of Marmaduke's vagaries to the Bishop of Jerusalem.

The German colony at Jaffa, amongst whom Marmaduke found himself, was extensive, composed for the most part of respectable and respected merchants and agriculturalists. Many of these were Swabian Protestants, from South Germany, believers in the Second Coming, who had arrived at Jaffa to wait the arrival of their Saviour, and, whilst waiting, filled in the time with such occupations as orange farming, bee-keeping, and small trading. The orange growing was a very live industry : the little oasis of Jaffa, only five miles wide, produced at that time over thirty million oranges annually. The place enchanted him : all around, as far as eye could see, the grey sands that lay far off beyond the blossoming orange groves were white-starred with narcissus (quite possibly the true rose of Sharon), a little flower which year after year covers the desert's dusty

face as with snow, and lasts, not an hour or two, but a couple of weeks, and then is gone. The scent of the oranges round the city was so strong that he was sometimes forced to get up in the night and shut his windows, lest he suffocate, as some Roman victor, choked in their blossoms' sweetness. The fact that in the city the narrow streets were muddy in winter and dusty in summer, that 5000 people were compressed into hovels, the natural nests of disease, did not depress him ; nor streets steep and paved in steps, terraced houses, roofs rising tiered above each other, bare brown and burning. The sun, against whom the mud houses huddle together, envious each of the other's shadow, excused and exonerated pestilence and famine : so disinfectant its action, so cheering its aspect. Besides, for Marmaduke, already a novelist in embryo, the individual was all : the crowd nothing.

In Egypt, Marmaduke had found the annexation of North Africa, begun by the French conquest of Tunis, and completed by the recent Italian victory over Abyssinia, in full swing. England, as a result of her excellent and speedy handling of Arabi's revolt, had assumed the protectorate of country and Khedive, and the latter now was subject to the power which had preserved him at Tel el Kebir and Alexandria, even against the power which had created him—the Porte—as events were soon to prove.

In Syria, the European Powers had not yet arrived so far : here Turkey, that 'living sore of European legitimacy,' as Karl Marx had described it, was still supreme, although her efforts to keep up the *status quo* were about as effective as trying to maintain the same precise degree of putridity in the carcass of a dead donkey.

The English, Marmaduke found, were not as entirely absurd as they appear when they claim synonymity for the British Empire and the Kingdom of God. In every case of conquest, annexation has always been preceded by the peaceful penetration of missionaries : Bibles have always been landed before troops, and, as inevitably, followed by them, when the native converts or their mentors come into conflict with members of the earlier faith. For the mis-

sionaries then appeal to their government to protect the Christian minority, and British ships are dispatched to the offending shore. The sequel is best told in the words of Abdulla el Rashid, who to Colonel T. E. Lawrence complained of the British soldiers daily landing at Rabegh : 'Soon they will stay nights, and then they will live here always, and take the country.' Already, in the 'nineties, English travellers to the Holy Land echoed the hopes of Aubrey Herbert and Gertrude Bell, whose diaries are full of such sighs : 'I confess I left . . . looking forward to the time when this country should be controlled and developed by Great Britain.'

In these far-off days, before that great Day was fully come, Syria was divided for administrative purposes into the province of Sham, the vilayets of Aleppo and Beyrouth, and the Sanjaks of Lebanon (this already under a Christian governor, and European protectorate) and Jerusalem. But in nearly every case authority lay lightly on the native populations. Despotism of the Oriental kind is a form of State Socialism, its rigours mitigated for the people by the patriarchal village government and by the liberties secured to many little corporations. For the first act of all Orientals is to appoint a sheykh. Even the gangs of workmen doing forced labour on public works, men more miserable than prisoners, elect each their foreman, who stands between them and their taskmaster. The very thieves have their headman, as Marmaduke found when his purse was stolen ; he went to the sheykh of the thieves to try and recover it. Unluckily, the thief had already spent the contents, but Marmaduke got the purse back ; for though individual thieves are pursued by the police and hated by all honourable folk, the thieves' headman is trusted and respected by all, including the police.

The Englishman coming to the East and doing a bit of building who thinks he can be his own foreman, has no idea with what intense horror such an idea is viewed by Orientals. *His* own foreman ! Why, the foreman is the men's, never the employers'. "How many times have I been mobbed in out-of-the-way places, and escaped

disintegration by the simple question : "Where is your sheykh?" 'At once the rabble became orderly and, curious to say, whatever their tribe or condition, a sheykh was always present in the twinkling of an eye.'

The civil population of the Turkish Empire was divided into three classes : freemen, subjects, and allies. The freemen were all Muslims ; the subjects, Jews and Christians of the various conquered races ; the allies, certain lawless Arab tribes, not conquered, but nominally brought into a loose confederation : and such exiles as the Circassians, or Jews who fled Russian pogrom and Catholic Inquisition to find the safe shelter of the Khalif's rule. Local government was controlled by three officials, with the mudir, at the bottom of the scale, in charge of a village, and at the top the Vali, governing a whole province.

The Turkish method of government shocked the doctrinaire English who visited Eastern lands with the one idea that natives of those lands have the same minds and require the same government as English people. It also shocked the resident English, who would argue that Arabs ought to be the same perhaps as Anglican peasants, but are not : they are a lower race, a generation naturally degraded, mischievous, and tiresome, who require the treatment one would give to naughty children. The Turk looked on and laughed at both these attitudes. He said, of the Arabs : "Their minds are altogether different from ours. Praise be to God—Who made them different." He never quarrelled with the fact of their dissimilitude nor sought to change it, but remembered it in all his dealings with them. The natives over whom he ruled were for him folk of his household whom he had known since childhood, and he knew the way to make his meaning clear to them. Being of the same faith he could employ religious language debarred to us, and even in his tyranny there was a sense of brotherhood. It was accepted, as all accomplished fact is, by his fellow Muslims, were they Arab or Albanian.

It was absurd, as Gertrude Bell saw, for foreign printing presses to issue inflammatory Pan-Arabic leaflets. 'There is no nation of Arabs,' she truly wrote, and Lawrence

echoed her with his : ' Patriotism, ordinarily of soil or race, is here warped to a language. Arab Government in Syria, though buttressed on Arab prejudices, would be as much imposed as the Turkish Government, or a foreign protectorate.' Lawrence goes on to say that the very *Akhua* itself, the ' Arab mother society ' preferred ' an Arabia united by Turkey in miserable subjection, to an Arabia divided up and slothful under the easier control of several European powers in spheres of influence.'

After a time, as no message came from Jerusalem, Marmaduke began to grow restive and, at the end of the second week, in spite of the kindness of the good Germans, since there was still no sign of any message, he was really bored. Then Mr. Hanauer, the English chaplain in Jaffa, hearing of his plight, came to see him, and changed the whole of life for him. He took him walks, and, being a famous antiquarian and also an enthusiastic botanist, folk-lorist, and Arabic scholar, taught Marmaduke much about the country and the people. He rescued him, in fact ; and, moreover, blessed his half-ashamedly admitted desire to get to know the natives and fraternize with them. Together they first explored the suburbs, visiting Colbert's farm schools, and the gardens of the Alliance Israelite. This school cultivated some seven hundred acres of market garden whereon Jewish children were trained, but it was a somewhat pathetic experiment, for, as fast as the children gardened, the sand made vain their toil.

The native Jews were mostly descended from refugees fleeing the Inquisition and other pogroms ; they often retained the speech of their country of origin—thus the Sephardim always talked an antiquated form of Spanish. Originally there had been only some forty thousand Jews in Palestine, but they were increasing tremendously from the beginning of the nineteenth century onwards. Marmaduke talked also to many of the decrepit Russian pilgrims who landed here on the last lap of their pilgrimage. They came from all parts of the empire ; creeping, crawling, in the final stages of disease and decay, for, if one had the good fortune to die in the Holy Land, they told him, at

the Resurrection one would be carried *instantly* to Abraham's bosom : if one died elsewhere, one could not rise immediately, but must burrow through the earth until one reached the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. At a later date he wrote :

' I carry, and shall carry, to my dying day, a certain picture in my memory ; on the outskirts of Jedda a crowd of Russian pilgrims was arriving : men, women, and children who seemed to have had their vitality crushed out of them, who seemed to have been deprived of earthly hope, headed by long-haired priests who treated them like cattle. They might have stood for a procession of the damned, if it were not for a strange dreamy look in pale blue eyes which suggested they saw some hope a long way off. The ancestors of these poor serfs had been free men and women : the yoke of Czardom had degraded them thus and chief among the instruments of their enslavement was the Russian Church. And skipping round them, chaffing them, caressing them, trying to sell them souvenirs of various kinds, there were the "persecuted" Christians of the Turkish Empire, clad in rich colours, with their fezes set at rakish angles, swaggering along, independent, laughing, full-blown to the point of arrogance. The contrast and the truth which it revealed were unforgettable.'

It was his first meeting with Russia, his arch-enemy, who all his life stood for the politics, the superstition, the tyranny he hated. The British Empire in the East : England as the leader, the guard and guide of the whole of Asia, this was the vision Disraeli had given him. As a child, he remembered his mother subscribing towards a tomb for Gladstone, in the hopes that a sufficiently heavy monument might keep him underground where he and his cant belonged, and here he was come face to face with the Power Gladstone hoped to see enthroned in Constantinople—Russia—and no doubt in India, Marmaduke reflected bitterly—since it had already crept to within twenty versts of our frontier there—(and a verst is less than two-thirds of an English mile !) without Gladstone or his successors showing any alarm.

As yet, Marmaduke had not come across Islam—a few Mohammedans he had, indeed, conversed with, but knew as little about their faith as a Nonconformist holiday-maker in Rome would have gathered of Catholicism from the ice-cream vendors. It was only when there came to his *Gasthaus* one of the most famous dragomen in Syria—a well-known joker and a very great character, that he began to know something of the working of the Syrian mind. This dragoman, Suleyman, who is the hero of *Oriental Encounters*, found Marmaduke as educable as Mr. Hanauer had done. He helped him to throw off the Englishman, and put on the Oriental. There are many people who maintain that no Englishman can ever be mistaken for an Arab, that his accent, his manner, and the texture and colour of his skin must inevitably give him away. But that is not always the case.

T. E. Lawrence, it is true, never entirely lost his original Jerablus accent, and, as Sir Ronald Storrs admits, ‘never could have passed as an Arab with Arabs’; but Marmaduke was, in later life, consulted by the highest Islamic ecclesiastical authorities on points of Qu’aranic spelling. As he wrote to his agent, ‘my knowledge of Arabic is better than that of most of the Muslim Ulema. I have even been asked to issue fetwas (or decisions) on what are considered moot points of Qu’aranic teaching and could, if I had wished, have been acknowledged leader of the Qu’aranic or reforming movement. Among Muslims, indeed, I find that I am so regarded in my despite.’

This was, of course, many years later: but his Arabic continually improved, for he never stopped working at it: ceaselessly reading and perfecting his grammar and pronunciation and losing no opportunity of speaking. As for appearance, though his skin was fair, he was small, as town Arabs often are, and had the merry, very dark brown eyes that are not unusual among the Arab aristocracy. The Arabs did not necessarily think him an Arab—they generally mistook him for a Turk, or perhaps a Persian: but once he had really soaked himself in the languages and the life of Palestine, few Orientals suspected him of being a European.

At Jedda, in the spring of 1894, however, he was as yet far from such metamorphosis. With Suleyman, who hired horses for them both, he now began to wander farther afield—beyond the reach of a day's walking, which had hitherto been the limit of his explorations. With Hanauer he had learnt the theory, as it were, of Syriac life and legend : now with Suleyman he practised it. Every morning, at dawn, before the inmates of the little *Gasthaus* were awake, they would set off, on horseback ; the dragoman, a saffron sash round his waist, a scarlet dust cloak streaming from his shoulders, a white-frilled shirt of lawn showing above a vest of fawn-coloured velvet, soft skeepskin boots, and a snowy turban twisted round his tarbush, leading the way on a superb stallion, that in very joy of life jumped and danced and curveted unceasingly. Marmaduke, for whom had been found a decent and serviceable cob, followed soberly.

One April day, there, as here, half storm, half sunshine (they say in Syria that on such a day the sheykh of the Haradin gives his daughter in marriage), they rode across the country along the edge of the sea marshes to Nebi Rubin—Reuben's tomb, where a great annual pilgrimage had gathered.

It does not matter that the Prophet of Islam forbade men to worship at his tomb, or at any other : monotheism is, in April, too hard a creed for any man, and the Syrian, as much as the Sicilian, longs then to 'go on pilgrimages.' There is, in that annual urge, a consecration of the eternal restlessness, in *statū viā*, of man. Whether we own one God or many, or none at all, after the long winter sleep and stagnation we must stretch our minds and souls no less than our limbs : must convert the stagnant ablative that follows the question *ubi*, where are we ? into the sharp accusative that answers *quo*, where shall we go ? We are indeed blessed if we can travel, as Suleyman and Marmaduke did, across the flowering plains around Gaza, without compulsion of return. No journey, unless undertaken as part of one's job, should have a specified moment of ending. For, seen framed in their

context of what-we-saw-yesterday, and where-we-are-due-to-morrow, places assume false values.

Each new mountain or village or monument should be judged objectively, *sub specie aeternitatis*, not as site or view or quaint custom, not at all, relatively to the traveller, who must submit himself wholly at each halt, be so persuaded and dominated by each place that he will stay as long as it requires, go on only when he is bidden. Thus alone can he learn, not what Jerusalem, or Cairo, or the yellow primrose were to him, but what they are. And Marmaduke could not only ride when and where he pleased, his own master, but he also was free from the daily clutter that besets all our travelling. The Mediterranean lay between him and such banalities as, have I packed my tails? shall I need my brogues?

Doctors declare all illness is due to faulty elimination : surely and unquestionably all failure is. If only we could slough our memories every spring, sulphur and brimstone and scrub out our hearts, rinsing off even one winter's caked and layered accumulations, Easter would be Resurrection for every one of us indeed.

As they cantered gaily along wadis fringed with oleander, gay with every sort of anemone, Suleyman told his pupil that this was the first moment such a ride was possible : earlier they would probably have found flood and torrent everywhere, legacies of the 'borrowed ones'—el Mustakrazat. These are the last two days of Shubat, or February, and the first three of Adar, or March : they are borrowed in order that February may kill off the old men and make the old women break up the wood of their spindles for firewood before March tulips signal spring.

Marmaduke found a most delightful company gathered for the pilgrimage, only too pleased to find him a willing, if as yet inaccurate, listener. And the handsome dragoman had the art of collecting a crowd : his voice 'attracted people like a drum ; and the matter of his talk had power to hold them. It was a weighty voice, of studied modulations, which promised wisdom on the brink of laughter.' On this occasion he, too, was content to question : to

account for this group and that, to persuade one man, then another, to explain to Marmaduke the reason of their voyage.

Talk was at first of the state of the road ; and the four sorts of Syrian road, each of which was to be found in those neighbourhoods, were passed under review : Balat, or roads of paving stones, which were unanimously condemned as the worst of all : hard, shapeless limestone slabs and sheet-rocks, set at almost every angle, flat, rounded, pointed, or inclined, they could be white or ochre or pink ; the second sort, watercourses, with worn channels, were safer, but a horse might catch its feet and trip and fall on the uneven stones, and when dry, the shining, slippery surface was as polished as glass. Then the chalk paths, burnt by the sun into molten streams, white as tumbling water, were discussed : these, though wearying to the eyes and hot cinders to feet, were dubbed good foothold ; lastly, the tracks of sandstone and basalt were unanimously acclaimed best for both man and beast.

The ways to Nebi Rubin were good, and around the mosque itself, standing up nobly on the desolate shore of the big marshes, booths had been set, and, as at a fair, sherbet- and coffee-sellers, and vendors of fried cakes and biscuits, sweetmeats and fruits, cried their wares. For the rest of the year the mosque would serve only a few peasants : now the approaches to it were crowded, and with rich men as well as poor, with merchants as well as countrymen. Everybody talked to everybody : with inequality they had a true fraternity. For the first time in his life Marmaduke saw a happy crowd, not grumbling and grouching, not riling nor reviling those above or below, but free from such worries as rent or wages, entirely content to live from day to day, and to make the best of such holiday circumstances. The Arab, discovering impermanence to be the only virtue of existence, immobilizes the present by the intensity of his enjoyment, fixes, as a moving-picture camera, each enchanted moment on his mind's film.

The tiny village, when they reached it, was merry with thousands of chanting pilgrims : the sandhills were covered with tents : on the small harbour fishing boats were being

unladen, silvered with freshly caught fish to feed the multitude. It was an intensely hot day, and Marmaduke sat with Suleyman in the shadow of some rocks. The latter explained they came from Jaffa, and the fellahin around murmured, politely : " Ah, a lovely spot." " Cadi Abdallah el Mustakin, he was of Jaffa : a very wise man, may he rest in peace," said one, and " There are many of his descendants still in the city," added another. " For what was he so remarkable ?" Marmaduke ventured to ask. " He lived under El Mansur,"¹ was the reply, " and his strict impartiality won him the name of the Honest One."

" How came he by such an honourable title ?" " Once," said an old sheykh (sheykh, Marmaduke learnt then, literally means ' grey-haired,' and is a title of respect only when followed by a proper name), " as he was leaving his house early, he met a poor woman weeping bitterly, accompanied by a small boy, who was driving a donkey. On being asked what made her weep, she burst out, ' I am a widow, and, as my husband lay dying, he made me swear always to keep this piece of land we live by, and to teach my son to till it and get his children's food from it in his turn, as his forefathers have done for generations. But the Khalif, who is building a new palace near here, required my small field to round off his garden, and, after he had three times offered me a fair price for it, and I had thrice refused, he caused us to be driven thence by his slaves, and seized it for himself, leaving us with nothing but each other and this donkey and this empty sack that is upon it ; and none may now help us, for none is greater than the Khalifa.'

" ' Lend me your ass, and the empty sack,' said the Cadi, ' and remain here in my house for a few hours : I have the honour of the Khalif's acquaintance, and will do what I can for you.' The widow agreed, and the Cadi went on until he came to the widow's field and found standing in it, giving orders to his architects, the Commander of the Faithful. After due salaams the Cadi asked for a private audience immediately, and the ruler of El Islamiyeh, who had a great respect for the righteous judge, accorded it.

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¹ In our sixteenth century.

In vain, however, did the Cadi plead for the widow : nothing would move the Khalif. The Cadi finally said, ' Grant me, then, one small favour : that I may fill this one empty sack with earth from the widow's land.' ' Ten sackfuls if you will,' laughed the ruler, ' but I fail to see that it can help your client or yourself.'

" The Cadi made no reply, but loosened some earth and diligently shovelled it into the sack. Having filled it, he said, ' One more small request : be so good as to help me lift this sack on to the donkey. By all we hold sacred, I adjure you to help me yourself : the sack would lose all its virtues if other hands touched it, and you yourself would be immeasurably the loser.' ' Very well,' the ruler good-naturedly agreed, and seized the bag. But he found it was far too heavy : he could not even move it. ' In that case,' said the Cadi seriously, ' how will you, who cannot bear the weight of that sackful of earth that you are willing to restore to its rightful owners, support at the judgment day the whole weight of this land which you have stolen from the fatherless and the widow ?' The Khalif, stricken with contrition, gave the widow back her land, and to compensate her for the misery he had caused, remitted for ever all dues and taxes on it.

" Such a man was Abdallah el Mustakin, and such were his judgments." " Would he were alive to-day," said another, " now that our lands are molested by two ruffians who fear neither God nor man, who take what they will from all, and who have no fear of Turkish power." " Rih and Rihan are but miserable outcast Bedawi," grumbled a young man, " whose own sheykh cast them out, and since their own Hamadan will not have them, we must submit to their incursions as best we may." " Since they stole the saddle of the tax farmer, surely they have left the poor in peace?" queried another. " How did they that?" inquired Suleyman, winking at Marmaduke as though to say, Of course I know the answer, but let us hear it. " The saddle of the tithing farmer," explained the first speaker, " is interposed between the fattest region of his person and the horse's back."

“One day,” the second speaker took him up, “as Rih and Rihan were out in search of exploits, they met a man on horseback, armed to the teeth with every kind of weapon that could by any means be stuck or slung about his person, seated upon this monstrous saddle, which hung about with coins and jewels could in the sunlight be seen afar. He was attended by a troop of Turkish soldiers; but these, being ill mounted, were a mile behind when Rih and Rihan accosted him, inquiring in a friendly way how much the saddle cost, who made it, and why he was condemned to ride on such a cumbrous thing. For all reply, the horseman called them sons of dogs, and bade them haste away or they would get a beating from his armed attendants.

“Such language from a townsman being insupportable, Rih and Rihan seized the boaster, one on either hand, moving him clear out of the saddle to the ground. Rihan leapt down and sat upon him, while Rih removed the gorgeous object from his horse’s back. Then they reset him on his naked steed, and were themselves remounting when the soldiers, summoned by the great one’s cries, came within range. Then, for a moment, there was fear from bullets, and the cousins crouched along behind their horses’ creeks: but soon their thoroughbreds had borne them out of danger, and up before Rihan was set the saddle of the tax-farmer.”

“Yes, and it was for that shameless deed they were disgraced by the chief of their nation, for the townsman had a safe conduct.” “And moreover, they lied when the sheykh asked them where was the saddle, and that he cannot forgive.” “They grow daily more bold,” mourned another, hitherto silent; “they have to-day cut off the road between Jaffa and Gaza, hoping to take much grain from pilgrims.” “Over there, in Yebna,” pointed another, “dwells the wife of Rih, daughter to a poor fellah.” “That would be the way to take him, if the caïmmacams but cared.”

“Justice is then slow here, and unsure?” queried Marmaduke. “Nay,” said Suleyman, quickly, “it is not that, only our Government leaves us in peace, except on great occasions, when the public weal or the honour of our faith

is threatened. We are not like you Franks, who will not eat your dinner contented unless your Government has given you permission for every mouthful : Franks require a tezerah¹ before they relieve nature," he added, whilst approving nods greeted his remarks. A pettifogging Government that demands, scheduled and on a form, the very privacies of life, is utterly alien to the Oriental mind. Even Mrs. Burton, whose dislike of the Turkish Empire was only equalled by her desire that we should annex Syria, stated that ' the districts with the maximum of home rule and the minimum of interference by the authorities are peaceful and prosperous.'

The countryfolk, for the most part, minded little such rogues as these two gangsters, who although they required food and grazing for their horses and help in hiding from the *shadirmas* of the village where they pitched their tent, yet generally attacked not the poor, but the rich. The soap and oil merchants of Lydda, Jaffa, and Gaza, and the Christian usurers who lent seed and claimed the harvest as interest, travelling through the hill-side villages on mules, their purses so laden that the gold clanked, and it were a sin not to relieve them of such noisy and onerous a load ; these were their customary victims.

As Marmaduke and his companions talked, the sun set and night fell with the suddenness of tragedy, for where there is no twilight, evening is a daily reminder of death's certainty. Suddenly neglecting their guest, all the company stood, stooped and rose again in prayer.

That night, when the crickets in the stubble were silent, and over all the country from hill to hill the jackals called to each other, Rih and Rihan shot the son of the Cadi of Gaza, and though every man of Yebna heard the shot, and many moaned all night in terror of the ruffians, none dared be near the place till day dawned. And then, although they buried the young man with all honour and wailing of believers, the murderers were not called to account, for Yebna lies half-way between Jaffa and Gaza, so who was to say which caïmmacam was responsible ?

¹ Permit.

It was Marmaduke's first encounter with desert Arabs, for whom livelihood by any means except battle was still impossible, for no self-respecting Bedouin could be either farmer or tradesman. The cleavage between the town-dwellers, who were peaceful and 'lacking the fibre which responds to valiant deeds,' the farmers who lived in the rich valleys between the Lebanon and the sea, and the dwellers in the deserts behind the Jebel Hauran who were still subject to nothing except the most primitive tribal discipline, was complete. It is of these last T. E. Lawrence was to write: 'Since swords have passed out of fashion, life was grown too complicated for this childlike people.' Already the opening up of Syria to foreign emigrants was crowding out such types as Rih and Rihan, who were as unamenable as our gipsies to education or improvement, as we know it.

It was amongst such folk as Rih and Rihan's chief, the Sheykh Hamadan, that Marmaduke first heard talk of what would happen on the downfall of the Turks. The older men looked to Egypt, remembering the conquests of Mehemet Ali, and the gospel of an Arab empire under the Lord of Egypt which Ibrahim Pasha preached in Palestine and Syria. That gospel, he gathered, was still being preached in secret by missionaries sent from Egypt. Of such talk he wrote: 'It astonished me, at that early age when I had faith in all things English, to hear those Arabs ascribe the recent material prosperity of Egypt not to England, but to the action of Mehemet Ali. The English in their projects figured as a tool, and the British occupation was an incident which could be used to their advantage, a step towards the Arab Empire which they had in view. I gathered then, and subsequently, that the sherif of Mecca was to be the spiritual head of the reconstituted realm of El Islam, the Khedive of Egypt the temporal head.'

These views, which later became of such tremendous importance, he hardly then took seriously: seriously enough, however, to remember them twenty years after, when he heartily disapproved the plan adopted by the British and so passionately advertised by Colonel Lawrence

—of transferring the Khaliphate to Mecca and founding an Arab empire. This Pan-Arab scheme frightened him considerably. As an Englishman, it seemed to him fantastically unsound : to allow the spiritual power of Islam to be removed from a progressive Muslim country close to Europe to a Muslim country the reverse of civilized seemed folly : Egypt, strongly disaffected as soon as Lord Cromer's iron hand was removed, was the home of a race ' whose mentality,' he declared, ' is so different from us that it is impossible for them to understand us perfectly ' : and he added : ' Personally, I should incline to back an Arab Khaliphate against the British Government in a struggle lasting over fifty years.'

Sitting in the coffee shop of Ramleh, after the killing of the Cadi's son, Suleyman and Marmaduke heard the murder discussed, as also many other deeds of blood, and gradually, as he rode about the country—they went out, day after day, from dawn till dark—he became accustomed to seeing men dead and learnt to look as calmly and compassionately on a corpse as on a living fellow-creature. He began now to subtract from human life its Occidental, and credit it only with its Oriental value. By our intensifying of life for life's sake we have lengthened and stretched it in all directions, but we have lost in depth and vividness what we have gained in measurement.

Of our charity we patch up war victims so they may live in agony to die some eighteen years after the Armistice, of wounds received in action : we commute to penal servitude the more passionate or clever of our criminals ; but in our terror of death—which we regard as the greatest of all evils, postponing it with every possible excuse and thinking all else endurable so long as God lends life—we lose what dignity and what delight life may have. For it is from death's certainty, and by fixing our imagination on skull and tomb, that we can best teach ourselves the value of every instant.

The Arab finds his happiness simply and continuously : green trees, sweet waters, and a kind face, as his own proverb says, are sufficient to banish care, and there is no

sorrow which may not be eased by grass growing, water flowing, and the beauty of women. Dying is for them a question merely of chronology, and since 'the fate of each is tied about his neck and no one laden may bear another's load'—as is written in the Qu'aran—the respect for individual liberty is carried to what may seem to us to be extremes of *laissez-faire*.

For example, once, when Marmaduke was riding with Suleyman, on the seashore, a sudden storm got up: the wind, tearing through the sharp dune-grass, beat itself on to the churning sea, and both men, closely followed by their muleteer, galloped madly for shelter to a village on the nearest headland. This proved to be a stronghold of Circassian settlers who had fled from the Caucasus, to escape the yoke of the accursed Muscovite, and proclaimed themselves not subjects of the Turkish Government, but allies. There the three drenched riders were entertained by an old man. This old exile, when he heard Marmaduke was English, was very thrilled, and explained to them the secret of British influence in the East.

"An Englishman is good, any Englishman is good, and his word is sure. I remember the defence of Kars. My son, here, does not remember it; he thinks, when I tell him, that my mind wanders. But that day (during Shamil's revolt, in the Crimean War—an insurrection which we first encouraged, and then, conveniently, forgot) three Englishmen behaved like warrior angels, they fought like devils. And while they fought for us their Government betrayed our country. With you," the old man went on, "personal honour is everything: you will never, any one of you, lie or cheat. But your national honour is not: you may say one day one thing, and the contrary on the morrow. With us it is different. An individual may sometimes, occasionally cheat; but if a tribe or community or a country pledges its word in solemn conclave, you may trust that word for ever."

He set food before them: a bowl of eggs cooked in clarified butter, sour milk, Arab bread, and fragrant coffee, apologizing the while for the meagreness of the fare. Next

day he sped them on their way with 'zad'—food for the road—in the shape of two roast chickens. Yet hardly had they regained the shore when they found a group of Turkish soldiers surrounding a dying Englishman and his dead servant. These men, the soldiers told them, had been murdered by those same Circassians by whom they themselves had been so hospitably entertained—indeed, it was their host himself who had killed the camel-driver and wounded Marmaduke's young fellow-countryman: the latter had been taking a large company down to Lydia with the idea of setting up a business there.

As Marmaduke and Suleyman rode on to fetch a doctor, the dragoman made the following remarks on what they had lately seen: "It is like this, my friend, each man must see with his own eyes and not with another's! Whosoever sees, as the Qu'aran says, sees to his own profit: Whoso is blind, is blinded to his own hurt. People are as one finds them, good or bad; good to their friends, bad to their enemies. They change with each man's vision, yet remain the same."

Gradually they visited in turn all the three zones into which is divided the land that lies between the sea and the violet, snow-covered heights of the 'Mountain' and its satellites. The sea-board strip, or Sahil, on which the coastal towns from Tyre to Tripoli are built, is now flat, now broken: a piece of land in some places very wide in others narrowed down to a few miles. In pre-classical and classical times densely inhabited, it is now a happy hunting-ground for all digging and deciphering folk. In spring corn-fields stretch as far as eye can reach, stained with patches of scarlet tulips, and broken by sudden crops of mud huts, some round-topped, which are villagers' houses, others conical, serving as granaries and store-houses. In their midst rise generally one or two date-palms, crowned each with plumes of fountain-spreading leaves and clustering swarms of reddish ripening fruit.

The streets are narrow lanes winding between low mud walls, enclosing small courtyards. Each hut has two openings, a low door, and a hole from which the smoke escapes.

Generally, they found the inhabitants squatting in street or court, and hardly troubling themselves to move out of the way of the horses' hoofs. In the summer, all this land is desert, only the thistles, blue and yellow, survive the drought, and the white mosque of Ramleh shines like a mirage. Farther north, at Gaza, the fight with the sand is continual—every fruit tree has to be dug out, swept out, whilst the wind that sweeps the orchards and houses buries them daily afresh.

Dark, slim, hand-woven dresses, with a single bright stripe, white with blue, yellow with red, red with blue, with long, tight sleeves, a square waist-cloth and a long white head veil were worn by the women of these parts : by the men, a loose grey or brown coat, the abayeh, and under it the long striped kumbaz, or shirt.

After the Sahil, the Wusut, or middle region, might seem empty, so thinly planted are the mud huts, but it is even more extensively cultivated and fertile. Vast olive groves, English-willow coloured, that in this strident landscape are as effective as grey nuns in the pageantry of a medieval court, tapestry the gentle slopes, affording dappled shade to horse and rider. The olive tree is sacred in Syria, for when Muhammed—God bless and keep him—died, all the trees shed their leaves, as in winter, for grief ; but the olive did not, and when taxed with lack of sorrow, bade Gabriel cleave it with his axe : its whole heart was found to be in mourning, black for the prophet's loss. The kharrub grows here, too, but is a tree of which to be careful, for, together with the fig, the sycamore, and the caper-bush, it is used as a perch by various kinds of demon.

The villages are often enclosed with hedges of nubk or lote-tree, for is it not common knowledge that Paradise itself is so walled? And the little shrivelled apples set among the thorns are much prized as a delicacy. Above the villages there is often on the top of the nearest steep hill a sacred grove, sometimes of this tree, sometimes of tamarisk, which, when the wind blows through it, sighs the name of Allah. If the trees are more than forty years old they are often visited by saints whose spirits come and

sit in them, especially every Thursday, which is a weekly Muslim all-souls' day.

The high land, the Jurd, beginning at about four thousand feet, was the most exciting country of all, Marmaduke thought. Here, long-eared hares, with pale ash coats, ran across their path, and they saw plenty of foxes, a few lynxes, and hyenas (although luckily they escaped the sad fate of many travellers, against whose legs, of an evening, a hyena has rubbed itself; they are then bewitched, and must follow where the hyena leads, crying after it, "Wait for me, Oh, my dear, oh, my uncle," until, arrived at its den, they are eaten). Black and white duck rose out of the wadis, and when the travellers had climbed up into the woods of Syndyan oak, terebinth, and kaykab (maple), wild boar were to be met.

Marmaduke loved going out after them, and was content to pursue them all day long, but failed always at the end either to catch or kill—an unsporting attitude to the chase which was deplored by Suleyman, who was horrified at his lack of zeal. Once for a whole day amongst the rocks of En-Gadi he chased a solitary partridge, and here in the hills was willing to endure any amount of real discomfort, such as frost-bite, only to neglect to fire when his chance came, because dawn, too, was come, and in the face of the sun's rising he could only stand and stare and praise: "*Eum, qui omnem hanc pulchritudinem regit et tuetur.*"¹ He says of himself, 'it was lurking in wild places at unusual hours which pleased me, not matching my strength against the might of beasts.'

The air itself was heady—the pure 'yailak' to which the natives drove their flocks up into the highlands from their 'kishlak' or winter quarters. When Suleyman stopped for prayer, lizards would run out of their holes in the hot rocks; with red and green coats they had bright blue heads that bobbed up and down as though in mockery of his devotions. Often he and Marmaduke would eat their lunch under an overhanging mass of gishar—the wild white honeysuckle—

¹ 'Him who is Ruler and Guardian of all this beauty.' Cicero: *De Senectute*.

or under red mistletoe that hung in huge-acorned oaks, or under the Sinauber pines, light as larches but evergreen.

For breakfast they would stop and eat leben (curds) and Arab bread, and in the evening, if too far out from Jaffa to get back, would put up at the village guest-house. If it was feast day, or they were feeling rich, they would have sheep roasted and stuffed with olives and nuts, or pigeons fried with oily rice, but more often just a mess of lentils or a stuffed vegetable marrow, followed by hâlewêh—cakes of sesame and honey, or dibs—grape syrup and molasses, or baklâweh—a kind of fine pastry powdered with sugar. Coffee followed and a narghileh; then to sleep on the mattresses laid in rows in the long upstairs room, with a glimpse of stars seen through the lattice and the night air as cold to breathe as a drink of ice-water.

Marmaduke found in this life and in the Arab dress he wore as much release as T. E. Lawrence was to find twenty years later. But Lawrence always felt he had become a Yahoo, had 'bartered his soul to a brute master' and 'quit him of his English self,' wholly destroying the West in him, whilst averring he 'could not sincerely take on the Arab skin: it was an affectation only. Easily was man made an infidel, but hardly might he be converted to another faith.'

Marmaduke felt no such tearing; no such division. He had no axe to grind; nor knowledge of that grinding to destroy all his assurance, as, on his own testimony, it had destroyed Lawrence's. He never felt with Lawrence 'as for honour, had I not lost that a year ago when I assured the Arabs that England kept her plighted word.' His release was complete: the content of one, born in a foreign country, who, when he reaches home, finds that by some trick of race memory he has recognized the place.

Mr. E. M. Forster wrote of him in *Abinger Harvest*: 'He appears to be one of those rare writers who only feel at home when they are abroad. As a pose, such an attitude is common, and can easily be detected by the scorn with which the poser always treats tourists, Oriental Christians, and Levantines generally: they are on his nerves, because they

remind him of the civilization to which he really belongs. Unadulterated Islam alone will suit him, and he returns to Paris or London to say so. Mr. Pickthall is much too serious to be scornful : though Islam is indeed his spiritual home, his most charming novel is about an Oriental Christian and his most ambitious novel about a Muslim of the bad type : a cruel and treacherous swaggerer. He does not sentimentalize about the East, he is a part of it, and only incidentally does his passionate love shine out."

Plato's legend of the creation of man and woman as an entirety, split by Zeus into two, and thereafter condemned ceaselessly to search for the missing half, which is found in only one of every several thousand copulations, is not less true when applied to man and milieu. Very rarely—almost as rarely as he makes a perfect marriage—does a man find himself in the century, the place, and amongst the people where he is at home. Often, even were he so to find himself, he would not recognize nor realize the place ; alien habits of thought, constantly superimposed by education, environment, and convention on his original make-up, strange modes of dress, of speech, and of life, have so warped him that he is become nor flesh nor fowl nor good red herring.

Not so Marmaduke. From the first moment, when still little more than a boy, he woke up and found himself in the Near East, he knew himself come home. At first he thought it was Syria and the Arabs that were his long-lost, new-found country and people. But as he grew older he realized it was not perfumed Arabia

‘ where the princes ride at noon ’

that had ensnared him, nor any glamour of Eastern magic or Turkish delight—meretricious, glutinous joys invented by steamship companies, and ‘ the mysterious power called Kûk.’ This is the faked East of which Mr. Forster writes so bitterly as being an invention of the ‘ dahabiyeh school ’ : ‘ it is often sumptuous and skilful, but it exists to be the background of some European adultery. This faking began long ago, Cleopatra was the original excuse, and the Emperor Augustus (wishing to keep the Egyptian corn trade

in his own hands), pretended that the country would corrupt his pure-hearted Romans, and forbade them to land without a permit. It is a long cry from Virgil to Mr. Hichens, but the germs of the exotic fallacy may be found in the eighth book of the *Aeneid*. Adultery in the East is no more universal than the mummies with which the writers of the dahabiyeh school entwine it. Cancel it off against sin in England and pass on.'

Marmaduke's taste for this synthetic Orient passed. 'He was very fond of dressing up, but outgrew it,' as one friend of his wrote. He came to realize that 'notions of the country' bought for friends and people in England 'lose significance when taken out of their setting,' so, too, he learnt that 'living in Arab garb' à la Lawrence was to disguise oneself only, not to change. Play-acting emphasized separateness, as Lawrence knew and complained when he found 'the corroding sense of my accessory deceitfulness towards the Arabs' and the 'mental tug-of-war between honesty and loyalty' settling down 'expediently into deadlock.' Change is a chemical process, which can take place only under the influence of strong positive emotion: love only can 'find out the way,' and by the will to identify produce the necessary identification.

Marmaduke, when he found the real East, discovered what he had really found was the great brotherhood of Islam: a fraternity that has bound innumerable classes and many nations in a unity so strong that hostile armies, foreign conquest, and the whole efforts of all the capitalist Christian nations have not shattered it. And in that unity, which is without comparison, for it has gathered together in complete agreement and complete equality black and white and brown and yellow races, and created a solidarity of peoples which has survived the political break-up of the Muslim world, he found himself accepted, caught up.

All the peoples and tribes he wandered amongst, Lawrence said: "Lay open to us through the master key, Arabic"; but with greater insight, Gertrude Bell wrote: 'Islam is the bond that unites the western and central parts of the continent, as it is the electric current by which the trans-

mission of sentiment is effected, and its potency is increased by the fact that there is little or no sense of territorial nationality to counterbalance it.'

Marmaduke was accepted by Muslims as the young Dane, Knud Holmboe, was to be later, because he himself accepted the two only essentials of their faith: belief in God's sovereignty, and in conduct as the only test of faith. No wonder he grew out of 'dressing-up': for what he hated most in Europe was this instinct to escape into play-acting: the dressing-up in a different speech to persons of a different class: at different times of day: the continual refusal to face the facts either of life or of death simply, without affectation or pose.

For twenty years after his first journey East he remained a Christian: but he had already found, as Holmboe did later, that Muslims are, as their Prophet said, "as a wall, one part supporting another. Muslims are all one body." And he was not to be completely content until he was a stone in that wall, an integral part of the masonry. Other men have had more of that touch of Chanticleer which Mr. E. M. Forster so rightly considers necessary to a true understanding of the East, and which Wilfred Blunt so completely typified. But no one has ever more wholly fulfilled Mr. Forster's other essential: 'it is desirable to be young. Only in youth, or through memories of youth, only in the joyous light of the morning, can the lines of the Oriental landscape be seen.'

Marmaduke at nineteen was what the French call 'avrilieux': he was a perfect mixture of fool and philosopher—sometimes an ass, but always a Golden, Apuleian ass. And he was young as though no one had ever been young before—as though he were fresh out of Eden, archetypical of all youth, enjoying life as though no one had ever enjoyed it before. There was a continual naïveté about him which he kept to his life's end; and at nineteen he was always surprised and nearly always delighted.

Adventures he had in plenty; but in the strangeness of this new life each day was itself the best adventure. The danger from marauding Bedouins; the everlasting flies and

filth and other such trivial discomforts provided the necessary hardships, which are so essential, for without them can be no pretence of pilgrimage, and for lack of such make-believe a journey becomes merely a getting from one place to another. To the traveller hardships are the magic which, by some divine sleight of hand, transform and enchant even the most ordinary happenings.

To obtain the necessary handmaiden miseries, men will spend winters alone in ice huts, nauseating pemmican, or summers blown in Gobi sandstorms, or exposed, toes dropping off, ripe fig-like, on the slopes of Everest, and will show only annoyance when their strange antics are interrupted, their self-sought martyrdoms disturbed. Any objective—a saint cave-hidden in the perpendicular cliff face of Mount Kailas, a mythical colonel in a Brazilian jungle—is applauded excuse for adventure, whereas really comfortable travel cruises on super ships, blue trains, pullman aeroplanes, Rolls-Royce excursions, and de luxe hotels, are despised and ridiculed. Nor is this only the compensatory attitude of the have-nots—the tailless do not jeer loudest. Though Marmaduke had not yet acquired the wonder and worship that drives men of all ages across every continent to kneel beside an empty tomb, he was goaded already as by a spur, to go, it mattered not yet where; and as he moved he discovered around him obstacles to overcome.

‘How many miles to Babylon?
Three-score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes and back again.’

Suleyman introduced Marmaduke to the only Europeans who had ‘gone native’—the Baldenspergers, a French Alsatian family, with whom Marmaduke was to make life-long friends. They were the pioneers of scientific bee-keeping in Palestine, and Marmaduke travelled with them reviewing their innumerable hives all over the country. They parked these, in the orange groves of Jaffa, in the mountains south of Hebron, by Askalon and Edron, and from time to time moved them on camel-back to new fields

and flowers : from gardens to mountain meadows, thus securing several crops of honey in the year.

The three brothers, Emil, Samuel, and Henri, were young men after Marmaduke's own heart. They told him how the Government had, for a long time, ignored their activities : then rumour spread that their industry was 'extremely profitable, whereupon a special tax was imposed, a very high one. The Baldenspergers refused to pay it, but said the Government might remove the hives if they wished. Soldiers came, but the owners had taken the precaution of lifting out the bottom of each hive, so out flew the angry bees and away the soldiers, thereafter leaving owners and hives in peace. In the days when the young Baldenspergers grew up there was no European life in Palestine, so the young boys had lived in close association with Oriental Arabs, and in an Oriental atmosphere, and in closer association with Arabs than could any European of the present day.

Then one day Suleyman came sadly to announce the tourist season had come and he must quit holiday-making and go forthwith to Jerusalem to ply his trade as dragoman in earnest. Marmaduke decided it was the moment to present his introductions. To the walls of the Holy City they rode, and there Marmaduke, memory hot upon him, dismounted and walked into the town. (Years after, when Allenby was about to enter Jerusalem in triumph, his sister got special leave from the war office to wire her brother and ask him to enter on foot. And Marmaduke at that same time begged Lady Valda Machell to do what she could to prevent Allenby wounding Arab susceptibilities by riding where Another had walked. Allenby took their advice, though Sir Mark Sykes telegraphed back suspiciously to discover from whom it came.)

To Bishop Blythe, who had been expecting a Harrow schoolboy, Marmaduke, dressed in Arab clothes and cheerfully chatting in Arabic to the Palace servants, came as rather a shock. The boy found himself once more in the old reproving atmosphere, beset with social conventions as to 'done' and 'not done,' which were the only criteria of conduct and taste. In the good Bishop's circle he found

the only subject of conversation was religion : what scandal, news, gossip, and politics provided in Europe was catered for in Jerusalem solely by the various sectarian views of the Deity.

In spite of the kindness of the various English people to whom he had invitations, he found this life, confined within the city walls and to the society of missionaries, terribly tame. And he was shocked by the narrowness of Christianity. It was true that when the Crusaders took the Holy City the streets had run so deep in Muslim blood that their horses waded up above their fetlocks (as Suleyman said, "That was a glorious massicration"), but towards each other, surely, and in the nineteenth century, Anglicans, Catholics, and Orthodox might feel more benevolent?

He remembered continually the Emperor Julian, who invited representatives of all the leading Christian sects to wait upon him and endeavour to convert him, not, however, mentioning to the spokesman of any one sect which was individual that the invitation had been extended to any other than himself. The Emperor was purposely late for his appointment, and the various divines found themselves in each other's unwelcome company. At last, when they had come to actual blows on the finer points of the *flioque* clause, and blood was beginning to flow, Julian stepped into sight on the balcony from which, unobserved, he had been spectator of the whole scene. In a voice that could be heard above the din, he remarked to his entourage : "See how these Christians love one another."

The pettiness of sectarian snobbishness, which restricted the Bishop's visiting list to the European missions, and even whittled it down to the various Protestant communions, first bored and then shocked Marmaduke. Surely here, he thought, where Christ died that they might all be one ; Catholic, Anglican, Protestant, Orthodox, and Uniate might pass the time of day ? In the face of the infidel, could they not even make up fours at whist ? What must the Muslims think—they, whose prophet had said : 'Difference of opinion in my community is a manifestation of divine mercy,' and : 'Let there be no compulsion in religion' ?•

As he heard his *chers confrères* lamenting the converts made by other, older sects, he could not but remember the Qu'aranic texts : ' The right direction is henceforth distinct from error. And he who rejecteth vain superstitions and believeth in Allah hath grasped a firm handle which will not give way. Allah is all-seeing, all-knowing. 'And hold fast, all of you, to the cable of Allah, and do not separate. Verily, those who believe, and those who keep the Jews' religious rule, and the Christians, and Sabaens—whoever believeth in Allah and the last day, and doeth right—surely their reward is with their Lord, and there shall no fear come upon them, neither shall they suffer grief.'

It was Christianity, that had driven so many of his contemporaries into the arid wildernesses of Darwinian scepticism or Spencerian atheism, which finally led him to Islam. Partly his youth revolted against the prune-like consistency of mind of the good Bishop's satellites, but mostly his overwhelming sense of reality refused, in this holiest of all cities, either to limit the means of Grace or to arrogate to any one community the ownership of the places where that Grace had manifested itself most clearly.

Ruh' Allah, the spirit of Allah, was the Muslim name for Jesus, and this conception tallied better with his childhood's faith than did the ornate, be-tinselled mummy, whose worship was, to his passionate monotheism, idolatry, or ' bogey-bogey '—his name for it to me. He found Muslims, who objected to the idolization of anything (and even were afraid of music as an adjunct to religious worship, because it associated religion with something tending to produce illusion), were kindred spirits, for he held with enthusiasm their conviction that through disillusion only lies the path to truth. The adoration of one god, without mother or mystery, was the only creed bare enough for him. He was as sensitive as the Arabs, for whom ' each morsel which passed their lips might, if they were not watchful, become a pleasure. Luxuries might be as plain as running water or a shady tree,' yet their very rareness might lead to misuse and turn them into lusts. His God must be what he himself longed to become ' without body, parts or passions.'

Marmaduke never suffered from even the mildest attack of what Mr. Burton calls 'Holy Land on the brain.' He was the most naturally Protestant of men, and for him a place's identity was only the sum of its inhabitants. Mankind is ultimately divided into those who think dogs right in their insistent affection for people, and those who agree with cats that it is places which matter.

For Marmaduke, Tobermory was nothing without her fisherfolk, and he knew the Cannebière for dull when its crowds were abated: for him, too, Sinai, widowed of its ill-tempered, damp-cloud emanated deity, was an uninteresting mountain, and, but for the creaking of a wooden horse and the shadow of Creusa, he believed Troy powerless to draw men still. Jerusalem for him was its markets, its gay crowds, its childishly hostile creeds: bones and stones gave it no value in his eyes. Virgil for him created Mantua, not Mantua Virgil, and he had no use for those who insist that, citizen of a meaner city, Socrates had not so learnt to die; or that, walked daily on Clapham Common, instead of in Hyde Park, the scions of the English aristocracy would grow into lesser breeds.

All the influences that were to determine his life came to him in places both ghost- and relic-ridden, but nevertheless he always denied Barrès' contention that 'a race, a soul, an atmosphere, and a genius manifests itself as such only in proportion as it is closely linked with the land and its dead.' He carried this Frazerian¹ iconoclasm of mind very far, as is instanced by the fact that his chief delight in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre 'was another chapel cut in the rock, known as Calvary but under it. This is the traditional tomb of Adam, and round its walls are some quaint old Oriental frescoes which depict the whole long legend of the tree of life. I once spent a summer afternoon and evening listening to an old Arab telling me the story, which began with Lilith and somehow ended with Krûmer.'

Marmaduke managed, indeed, to find amusement and make some very close friends, even amongst the ministrants of the various creeds in the Holy City. For example, a very

¹ If one may use the name of the *Golden Bough's* great author adjectively.

learned Jewish Rabbi who would tell him legends of the 'evergreen one,' El Khadhr, mysteriously, also Elijah and St. George. Another friend, a member of the Orthodox Church, would enchant him with such ribald legends as the story of the Young Man who married the Sister of his Brother's Wife—a thing forbidden by the canons of the Greek Church, to whom such a marriage is incestuous.

The priest to whom the sinner applied for forgiveness at first declared that for so monstrous a crime there could be no forgiveness, then at length suggested the following atonement. The village was getting sadly slack : what it needed to revive its faith was a miracle. If the young man would consent to let himself be tied by cords on to the cross in the place of the great Christ during next Sunday's service and, whenever the priest made a point from the pulpit, nod his head vehemently as though in assent, he might, just possibly, be forgiven.

The young sinner gladly agreed, but, when Sunday came, insisted the priest must show him how. Safely tied to the cross, the priest was horrified when the young man picked it, and him, up and threatened to expose him and tell the whole story unless suitable forgiveness were forthcoming. This agreed upon, priest and sycophant changed roles and the young man made such a handsome living, what between performing and blackmailing, that he was able to have his son educated to become a priest in his turn. When Marmaduke went out to visit the teller of this tale in his suburbs, he had to stop every few yards and light matches, all the way, to keep the jackals, who crowded after him, from biting his heels, and in Jerusalem matches were not so easily come by as on the Lebanon, where there was always an open match-box in every Druze grave, to which non-Druze passers-by could—and did—help themselves.

Another of his friends 'without the City Wall' was an old khôja who, whilst teaching him Arabic from J. S. Wilmore's *Manual of Spoken Arabic*, also told him stories in the Darâjî, the dialect Arabic of Palestine. This khôja was very anxious to impress his pupil with the importance

of worldly wisdom, and, to encourage him, bade him make *Heylim* his rule of life. "What is this *Heylim*?" questioned Marmaduke, and was told that the English words 'flatter, insinuate, ingratiate yourself, and dissimulate' all together hardly expressed the full significance of the Arabic. As illustration of the proper practice of this difficult art, he would be told the following tale.

An impoverished poet, thinking to better his fortunes, wrote two odes in honour of the Commander of the Faithful. He then had to spend his little all on paying his way to an audience with the Khalif. The great one listened to his verses, smiled kindly, and gave him ten dinars. As the young man looked crestfallen, the Padishah, who was in a good humour, asked him the reason of his disappointment. Hearing it, he bade the young man make *Heylim* his rule of life. Still more depressed, for advice was to him insult added to injury, the poet left the presence, and, on his way home, met an Orthodox priest. Him he fell upon, and forced to change clothes with him. Then he lived in retirement long enough to grow the long beard and hair affected by the Orthodox clergy. When these were grown, he went to the Sheykh-ul-Islam, and asked for an audience, which was courteously granted. 'Three nights ago,' said the supposed priest, 'I had a most disturbing dream. A venerable old man'—and here he described the traditional appearance of Muhammed—'appeared to me, and, telling me he was sent to teach me true religion, made me repeat the following prayer after him. When I awoke, to my great surprise, I remembered it.' And he proceeded to recite the first chapter of the Qu'aran with great unction. The Sheykh-ul-Islam, after cross-questioning the visitor carefully, had to admit that here, to all appearances, was a very interesting convert—a Christian priest, to whom the Prophet himself had taught the rudiments of the Faith. He therefore housed him, and treated him with every possible care and consideration. Next day the convert electrified his host by saying the old man had visited him again, and taught him the whole of Chapter 2—the Surah of the Cow, which happens to be one of the longest in the whole Qu'aran:

he repeated it flawlessly, with every accent and vowel point correct.

Next night the third, thereafter the fourth, and every succeeding night yet another chapter was revealed to the pseudo-priest, until the Sheykh could no longer conceal his prodigy, and invited his learned friends to witness the marvel. Though, when they came, they did their best to confound him, they found him more than a match for all the lot of them, and soon the chief topic of conversation was the great Christian theologian who had been converted by the combined efforts of the Holy Prophet himself, and the highest living authority in Islam. But when it came to divesting himself of his habit, and submitting to circumcision, the priest insisted he had been forbidden by the Prophet to embrace El Islam except at the hands of the Khalif himself. Hearing of this mysterious Nazarene, the ruler's suspicions were aroused, and, when he saw the young man, confirmed, in spite of locks and beard. Bidding all others leave the room, the Commander of the Faithful heard the poet's story to a close, and was so delighted that he sent word to the Sheykh-ul-Islam to say he would himself, in future, be responsible for his pupil. Thenceforward the young man, shaved and dressed once again in believer's clothes, was one of his private secretaries, and by degrees worked his way up to ever higher posts in the Government.

Another of Marmaduke's delightful Jerusalem acquaintances was an old English lady, who, firmly believing the Second Coming imminent, climbed every morning the Mount of Olives before sunrise with a picnic basket and a thermos, and there waited, certain that when the Messiah arrived He would be glad, before the hard work of Judgment, of a hot cup of really good early morning tea. When she found He did not come, she quietly breakfasted and returned to Jerusalem for lunch.

One of the Baldensperger brothers turned up in the nick of time, when Marmaduke was rather languishing for lack of any contemporary companionship. They did many things together. Baldensperger took Marmaduke to all his childhood's haunts : together they slid down Zion—a little

snow fell that winter, a rare occurrence, happening sometimes late in February. Also, they went to the assembly at Mamillah where, under a big terebinth, was held the jousting. It was old Bedouins fighting : with palm branches stripped of their leaves for spears. The challenger first hurled his Jerid at the champion, who crouched along his horse's neck : then the latter would spring up and pursue the thrower. They went, too, out to Bir Ayub, which the melting snows and the heavy rain had caused to overflow.

Siloam fellahin brought the glad tidings, and, as it was a fine day, immediately there was a general exodus. All Jerusalem set off to Job's tomb (the Muslims do not appear to have heard of Joab, whose memorial it actually is). The rushing water was a rare and lovely sight for those accustomed only to see it still, in cisterns. Temporary coffee-stalls were set up beside the stream, for Ayub is a very popular prophet, and it is here he was cured of his boils. It happened thus. When his boils grew really very uncomfortable his wife decided to go and look for work, so she slung him into her abaya, and carried him on her back for seven years.

During their wandering, Iblis appeared to them in the guise of a handsome young man, and asked Mrs. Job to fly with him. She indignantly refused, but Job was so angry with her for parleying with the Evil One that he vowed to give her a hundred lashes. One day, when they were arrived at the spot where Bir Ayub now is, his wife set Job down whilst she went on an errand. As he waited there, Jubrail (Gabriel) appeared, and, striking the ground with his staff, caused water to appear. "Wash yourself," he ordered Job, "and drink of this water which now is red, but which will soon turn green, and then white, and then sink below the level of the ground." Job did so and at once became young and healthy. He was worried about his vow, but Gabriel, whom he consulted, said : "Take a palm branch with one hundred leaves and strike your wife gently with that," which Job did. His spring still cures boils, childlessness, and many other complaints.

The same Baldensperger also showed Marmaduke his old

school, and the dark stairs where the terrified boys thought Dr. Roth, a murdered tourist, lay in wait for them. For jackals had taken some of his bones before his body had been found in the Jordan valley, and he was reputed to try and snatch a rib or a bone to complete his skeleton. There were many ghosts in that country, for human blood, sinking into the thirsty ground, penetrates deep, and the spirit of the slain haunts the place for a hundred years. One of the Bishop's serving maids, coming home from shopping, saw on her doorstep a tall shape higher than a palm tree, and saw, too, the dim human face lamenting, its sighs dilating and contracting the whole figure like an accordion, its sad voice distinctly saying: "Ya Hasreti"—O, my torments. All ghouls, affrits and Mârids (these last commoner in Egypt, because at greater liberty beyond the confines of the Holy Land, where prophets and wêlis—holy men who were already in Paradise before they came to earth—are more scarce) could be exorcised by the mere showing of iron, from which one and all would flee, terrified.

Doubtless, Baldensperger explained, now able to laugh at his childish fancies, they were a memory of Bronze Age dwellers who must have survived in wild places long after their conquest by the men of iron. Baldensperger could remember when he was still young enough to be taken by his mother to visit the Muslim women, and whilst she and they talked 'fasâtin'¹ he would play with their tiny pots of flowers: their favourites were mantûr and rihân,² for though they idolized roses they could not grow them in their minute pots. As they talked the women would grind the day's burghûl³ and would sing melancholy songs. One told his mother that the only way to rid a room of flies and mosquitoes was to strip a new-born baby naked and smear it with honey: the flies would then collect and the baby be taken out of the room and dusted.

Marmaduke found the Turkish soldiers, who stood even in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, where they were

¹ From 'fastân,' a petticoat.

² Levkaja and basil.

³ A kind of dressed wheat broken into pieces.

essential to the keeping of the peace, far less offensive than he had imagined them to be. He went out prepared, with an English, or even more with an Irish, enthusiasm for subject races, to find the Turks loathed conquerors, aggressive bullies. He found, on the contrary, as even Gertrude Bell (who was to work against them no less bitterly than Lawrence himself) was forced to admit, that : ' There is no nation of Arabs : the Syrian merchant is separated by a wider gulf from the Bedouin than he is from the Osmanli.' And he found, as she had, that in Syria it was the Turkish Army which earned pity and praise : ' There is no more wonderful and pitiful sight than a Turkish regiment on the march,' she wrote. ' Ragged, half-fed, ill-clad, often bare-foot, pinched and worn, they are indomitable.' Of the peasants who made up that army : ' I am prepared,' she added, ' to lay tokens of esteem at the feet of the Turkish peasant. He is gifted with many virtues.' And for once Marmaduke agreed with her.

The merits of Turkish government, as Marmaduke saw it, were that it was rough in the hand, but genial in the head, allowing great liberty to the individual and furnishing rich material for song and story. But though he found the Turks both amiable and admirable, it was the Arabs whom he preferred above all races. At that time such a passion was quite incomprehensible : even when, much later, Lawrence was to put the Arab communities on the map in so many senses, his affection for them was understood by few and shared by fewer. (Smuts, for example, said : " We had forgotten that one could not do with hireling Arabs, however romantic they seemed to Lawrence—I never saw any romance in them myself—what one could do with one's own people.")

Whilst he was still living in episcopal circles in Jerusalem, Marmaduke led what he says ' might be described as a double life : until Suleyman, the tourist season being ended, came with promise of adventure, when I flung my discretion to the winds. We hired two horses and a muleteer, and rode away to the north together. A fortnight later, at the foot of the ladder of Tyre, Suleyman was forced to leave me,

being summoned to his village. I still rode on towards the north, alone with one hired muleteer, a simple soul.'

It was his final breaking loose entirely from Western civilization, from which, Mr. E. M. Forster says, literature has gained so much. 'As soon as we open Marmaduke Pickthall's cheerful pages,' he writes, 'the Western world vanishes without a valediction, like night at the opening of the day. We sell carpets in Damascus or visit Tanta fair with no sense of strangeness: it seems our natural life, when our compatriots do stray across the scene they seem quaint and remote, just as they must seem to an Oriental, so completely does the writer capture the reader that it is the West, not the East, that has to be explained.'

Marmaduke, now on his own, was entirely unmindful of Murray's most emphatic warning, in the famous guide-book: 'One must be careful against any undue familiarity, which is apt to lead to even worse results than bullying or force.' Never once, not only in Palestine, but throughout his life, did he find Murray's admonition come true, or his confidence abused by either Arab or Turk.

In the stuffy straitlaced immediate entourage of the Bishop, Marmaduke had found the Bishop's former chaplain, William Hastings Kelk, his one ally. Kelk, son to a friend of Marmaduke's mother, was, to quote one who knew him, a little yellow fellow—very queer-looking, whom Marmaduke praised as 'the most unparsonical of men.' Kelk had been on a visit to Jerusalem, having been promoted to the charge of a rich and eccentric female missionary, Catherine Worsley. She, married to a poor parson, had bullied him as of right, and when she set out for Palestine with a pantehnicon full of furniture to look for Hittite conglomerates, she had taken him with her. She landed at Beyrouth, the city El created out of lime, and made, in the words of the Dionysiac litany, 'fountain of life, foster-mother of all cities.' The harbour of this Paradise would not admit of the pantehnicon's landing; it had to be taken ashore on specially built lighters. Many, many mules were then hired to drag it up country. At one place even these failed. It was a small village to

which serpented upwards a pebbly road among terraces of fig and olive.

At the entrance to the group of stone-built huts grew a giant sycamore, and the elders of the place were gathered round it, peacefully smoking. When the mules stuck they got up and came to jeer. William Bennett, Mrs. Worsley's manservant, rode up to the *omdeh*, or head-man, and belaboured him with his riding whip, commanding him to set to and help, together with all his men. The Sheykh was so horrified that he obeyed, and the lady's reputation was made: if her servant were so great and powerful a man she must indeed be second only to The Widow herself! She throve on the legend, but soon after their arrival her husband died.

The southern valley of the Orontes was generally accepted as the headquarters of the Hittites, and Mrs. Worsley set up house in a Druze village, Ain Anoub, on the south-western slopes of the Lebanon. Here she displayed to all visitors one solitary piece of stone she had found, declaring it was a Hittite conglomerate; this meagre evidence proved her contention that the Hittites had their own conglomerates. Bennett, her cook, and chaplain made up her establishment, appropriately called Mizpah.

Kelt, on leaving to resume his duties, had warmly invited Marmaduke to visit him and promised him an amusing time. After Suleyman's desertion Marmaduke decided to make his way up to the Lebanon to stay with his friend. On his meandering journey he collected both a kurbaz—a whip of rhinoceros hide, mounted and ringed with silver, given him in gratitude for some imagined favour by an aged Arab—and a servant, whom he bought out of the Turkish army for five pounds.

Rashid, as this man was called, is one of the most lovable people in all Picktkall's books, and his affection for the whip is the subject of one of the best stories in *Oriental Encounters*. The whip itself also figures in *Saïd the Fisherman* and *The Valley of the Kings*.

Marmaduke stayed in many places. He first crossed the noble plain of Esdraelon, where 70 square miles and 120

villages were owned then by a single Greek merchant, one Sursuk, who made £40,000 a year out of farming and exhibited the worst characteristics of Oriental despotism and occidental capitalism : an absentee landlord who reduced the entire population to misery. Then from the Roman Road at Nawaran, Marmaduke looked down on the green, swampy plain where the Jordan flows into the blue tranquil waters of Merom ; at Kuneiterah he camped in the desert and ate 'semen'—curds of camels' milk (the Bedouins first boil the milk, then hang it, and finally it is churned in a sheepskin by the women and sent to all parts of Syria, where it is esteemed above oil, butter, or lard), and learnt the ritual, too, of Arab coffee-making. Men only are allowed to prepare it. The berries are first roasted in a shallow pan called a mahmash, and when half roast are pounded in a stone or wooden mortar with a great pestle (mahbash), the pounding being carried on to the rhythm, one, two-three, four, five ; one, two-three, four, five. The bukraj (coffee-pot) is then placed in the fire, and when the water boils the meal is put into it. The pot is then put on the fire again, taken off when it is boiling, then put on and brought a third time to the boil. Each cup is in turn warmed with the contents of the first, which is poured on the ground, a libation to the Sheykh-es-Shadilly, patron of coffee-drinkers. Always the most honoured guest is offered the first cup, half-full, for a full cup is an insult ; then each guest in precedence is served. A second cup is always offered and accepted ; but never a third : for the first cup is for the guest, the second for enjoyment, the third for the sword.

Amongst the desert Arabs Marmaduke found almost as many variations of Christianity as of Islam, in large measure due to the results of Western propaganda and of the widespread knowledge and acceptance of the blessed message of Salvation. One man, however, did puzzle him. Over the inevitable coffee Marmaduke asked him what communion he followed, and his reply was "Biramouzi, effendim." Although acquainted with all the four hundred and four divisions of Christendom, Pickthall had never heard of this

sect. As his host could only repeat the word, without definition, he set to work on philological principles.

'The Arab cannot easily pronounce "p" nor "th,"' argued Marmaduke to himself, 'and the terminal "i" is merely "follower of," or "denizen of": therefore, we will recast the word as Pramouth.' Aloud: "Look here!" he said, "just what message did your faith bring you?" "O, my lord, a most wonderful message! All Christians look forward to their Salvation, but we alone are assured of it, above all men." "Then I've got it," said Pickthall. "Do you mean, by any chance, 'Plymouth Brethren'?" "O, sayyid, wisest of all men, thou knowest all things," came the answer, "it is as thou sayest, 'Biramouzi Brezren!'"

On his journey Marmaduke found, too, every variety of costume, climate, and condition. From the snow-capped height of Hermon, 10,000 feet above, to the Dead Sea Valley nearly thirteen hundred feet below, sea-level the country offered every form of life and climate, from the tropical to the alpine. In the Moab desert he rode through a waste of sand, surrounded by piles of burnt red limestone rocks: the women wore long blouses, shapeless, and hitched two or three times round them with variously coloured sashes.

In Transjordan the smart girls had loose trailing sleeves caught up round the head, the dresses themselves being most often dark blue, stitched with red embroidery. The men, if they were Bedouins, wore a kumbaz, a garment, generally white, with long, hanging, pointed sleeves; and over all they wore the abaya, the loose coat that is common to all men all over Syria and Palestine, and is generally of black coarsely woven goats' hair. Their sandals had Louis XI long points before and behind. On his way to Hasbeiyah he found a village where the inhabitants thought, on the night of an eclipse of the moon, that their neighbours over the hill had stolen it: bravely they set forth with sticks and staves to climb the hill that divided them, but when they reached the summit, there, shining benignly upon them, was their moon.

"Praise be to God," they exclaimed, "the neighbours, hearing we were come out to attack them, have let go our

dear." But when Marmaduke arrived at the thieving neighbours, he heard a very different story. "They are such fools, those over yonder," he was assured, "they are always fussing about the moon. One night they saw its reflection in the river and rushed home for their nets and pails, thinking it had fallen in, and came running to pull it out. And any April morning you can see them crouching in their fields with their ears to the ground, listening to their wheat growing." Around here grew pistacia, with long clusters of white flowers, camphire, and the apple of Sodom, the poisonous egg-plant nightshade, and henna.

In Galilee the women went unveiled, their dark hair plaited, and over it they wore a heavy waka, or coif. In Bethlehem high and hood-like, in the Ramallah district the hair was decked with coins—local coins and heavy Spanish dollars. In the field their gay print trousers, of Manchester-made blue and white, pink, or pink-striped cottons, as full as the wearer could afford, and the fuller the smarter, gathered tightly at the ankle, gave them a ballooned look, so that they strutted, flamingo-gay geese, against the rich red earth and opaquely white rocks. When Marmaduke got into the really high hills he saw coins plaited into the hair and worn in the caps, and in each village a different cap, and a different way of wearing the square-folded waistcloth : now as a pocket, now embroidered as a sash.

At last he arrived at Ain Anoub. This village, on the main Beyrouth-Damascus road, lived up to its name 'Fountain of Palm Trees.' The way up to it lay through groves of olives and mulberries, and gardens of peach, apricot, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and fig. He found his friend Kelk had been installed in a pleasant little house of his own, built of white stone and rubble. Two-storied, set into the steep hill-side ; the flat roofs of the lower apartments formed terraces on to which the principal rooms opened, and where the friends hung their laundry out to dry.

Kelk had for a servant a magnificent old fellow, nearly seven feet high, a Druze, who remembered well the rebellion of the year 1860, and was Marmaduke's chief authority

for the happenings related about that rising in *Saïd the Fisherman*. He had killed, he averred, fifty Maronites in the slaughter, and then, hungry, had slaughtered a sheep and eaten it whole and raw and warm. Since that massacre the Lebanon had always been under a Christian governor, traditionally devoted, ever since Lord Dufferin saved the Druze nation from extinction, to the English. The Druzes were, Marmaduke found, a thrifty, energetic, and industrious people : for example, the high village of Shimlan, 3000 feet up, contained one of the largest silk factories in Palestine, employing 6000 souls—all the cocoons, even then, came from Japan !

The Druze faith had for him the immense attraction it has always had for Europeans. It is a very secret faith. "The gate is shut ; none can go out and none in," is their saying, though no people are more ready to welcome the stranger to see the externals of their belief. The Khalweh, the Druze meeting-house, can be visited upon request by Europeans, men and women equally : it contains a few mats, a few sacred books ; sometimes eatables and bedding for visiting Druzes. No one is ever refused admission to the Thursday meetings, and if the visitor is a Christian the Bible will be read, if a Muslim a few suras from the Qu'aran. Then, when he is gone, the real meeting will proceed.

This second meeting is very largely political : the organization and conduct of the various villages is discussed. It ends with the chanting of epic poems describing the destruction of the world by Druze armies led by the five ministers, who will come, as they believe, out of China. Whenever a Druze dies he is born again elsewhere : when one is born, another dies ; the number cannot vary. Whatever faith he may profess, matters nothing : a Druze may be baptized, can communicate, or can profess the Unity with Muslims. 'The colour of a man's shirt will not change his skin.' One thing they will never do is to marry outside the community. Their faith, a jumble of Egyptian legends, of Zoroastrianism with something culled from the Greek Plotinists, from Christianity, and from Islam, divides believers into three classes. Those who confess the Unity

first seek Him with their eyes, and with the testimony of the corporeal view ; the next strive to know Him by the use of words, reason, and sophistry ; the third, the fully initiate, confess him by the intelligence only, ‘ for all religions are but painted cloaks, the knowing say, which those who bear the Truth in mind may don and throw aside as seems expedient.’ Life is for them an endless wheel, and death, together with both good and evil fortune, and reincarnation itself, are incidental and purely transitory.

The *Akkas*, or Knowing, differ from the *Jahhal*, or Ignorant, even in costume : the *Akka* wear a tall cap, wrapped round turban-wise with a white cloth. The rather short and narrow abaya is sleeveless and the trousers are mere bags, with a hole at each corner for the leg, hitched plus-four-wise, to the knee. The women wear a black velvet crown-shaped head-dress, and a long black shirt, with a characteristic rounded neckline, over coloured cotton trousers.

Marmaduke “gained the complete confidence and friendship of the Druzes,” as one of his sisters tells me ; “he was pledged in blood brotherhood with a Druze chieftain, and actually initiated into their secret religion.” How far this initiation went no one, now he is dead, can say. If he knew their secrets he kept them. He certainly was conversant with their passwords, for in one of his *Tales from Five Chimneys*, *The Just Steward*, he describes the old Druze asking chance passers-by : “Do they sow the seed of halilaj in your country ?” But he may have learnt that phrase from other travellers, for the question (sometimes the seed is called *mysobalamus*) is a stock one, and the proper answer is known also : “It is sown in the hearts of Believers.” But his power of recognizing Druzes, and of persuading them to help him, stood him in very good stead when he was in Egypt in 1907 : he found a whole colony of them in Cairo, another provided him with much useful information about the state of the country and the extent of the discontent.

Whilst in the Lebanon Marmaduke travelled widely, from one Druze stronghold to another : to Baaklin, to Deir el Kamr (the Druze capital, although actually containing

more Maronites than Druzes), to El Bajada on the slopes of Hermon, to Homs and to Condor's newly discovered site, south-west of it, of the great Hittite city of Kadesh, the holy, where Rameses II in 1361 B.C. won the victory commemorated in the Rameseum of Thebes. Ibrahim Pasha had also stayed at Homs, and whilst he was there the groans and squeals of the mill-wheels annoyed him, so he gave orders that they should stop working—and none of the regular inhabitants could sleep a wink for lack of the accustomed rumbling.

Marmaduke went also to Hamah, where Hittite hieroglyphics, discovered in 1812, still defied deciphering. In the vast triangle formed by Hamah, Aleppo, and Antioch, there are, according to the Arabs, more than 365 buried cities. Mrs. Worsley, before Winckler or Hrozny had found the key to the Hittite language, did her best to unravel the affinities of those remote people and their script, and to interest Marmaduke in them. But no one can make a cucumber grow straight, and he remained profoundly unmoved by the possible or probable descendants of Heth, son of Canaan.

He and Kelk shared the house and the expenses, and Marmaduke remained there a considerable while, often entertaining friends. From Ain Anoub he went to Damascus: the train took nine hours to cover the ninety miles from Beyrouth. The sea mist hung about the long mulberry groves of the coast when he started. The train climbed and, panting and spitting, reached the level of five thousand feet, then stumbled along the sunny plateau between the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon. Next came a valley, smooth as an English squire's lawn, but surrounded by snow-capped hills. Past vines and farms the train ran into the rocky gully which is the stony prelude to Damascus, along the Abana, until suddenly, round a coil of the river, a foaming white ostrich-plume fan seemed flung open: the blossoming plain lay before him, and all around.

Julian had called this city 'the Eye of the East,' and though, numerically, it is second to Smyrna as chief town of Asia Minor, it is supposedly the oldest city in the world;

on the Karnak Stone it is enumerated as one of the cities paying tribute to Totmes III, 3800 years ago. Everything that earth can contain, lovely or desirable, is, for the Arab, contained in the vast garden that surrounds Damascus.

Marmaduke described the first sight of Es Sham as it appeared to a poor fisherman from one of the villages on the coast: 'White domes and minarets, mosques and palaces, loomed wanly in the heart of a vast grove, which stretched, far as the eye could ascertain, towards a smooth horizon which was the desert.' Saïd's heart leapt as he beheld the mistress of his dreams, set in her endless gardens, seeming the fairer and more desirable for the grim, treeless mountains which were her girdle. "It is paradise," he murmured in ecstasy. Such paradise that Muhammed, gazing on the city from a neighbouring summit, turned from it with the words: "Man can have but one Paradise, and mine is fixed above."

In 1897 the streets were still shut off at night by doors which divided the different quarters of the town from each other, and Marmaduke found the houses so tightly packed that to encompass the whole city was hardly more than a morning's walk. It was dotted with gardens, with little thickets and tufts of rose trees, the river murmuring through them, sparkling over pebbles in the sunlight of mid-stream, but willing enough to dawdle in deep pools under the shade of the great walnut trees. Without the walls it was ringed with orchards and still-green gardens, in whose depths reigned the most unbroken quiet: under the laced and laden boughs it was always cool; even in the hottest summer there are green deeps so profound the sun cannot fathom them.

Marmaduke would spend long hours, in the heat of the day, lying on the bed in his room at the end of a blind alley, up a flight of nine stone steps. From here he could look out into the narrow crowded street, bordered with shops and many-coloured wares. He would alternate between reading chap-books such as *The Rare Things of Abu Nawwās* and looking out at the colour and movement of that street, which, like all Damascus streets, 'was narrow,

cobbled, and perpetually seething with people. Once, as he lay and read, a thief came in and stole his belt, which had about fifteen pounds of English money sewn into it. Marmaduke, panting after him, saw him vanish safely into a bazaar, and went quietly back to his reading.

There are, luckily, in Arabic, many books containing nothing else but folklore: some Muslim, others of a Christian tinge, which have circulated amongst the people for the last thousand years. The best ancient work, Marmaduke found, was the *Unsu'l-Jalil of Majr-ud-Dîn*, wherein he learnt the legendary Muslim cosmogony: how the earth is supported on the shoulders of an angel, the angel on a great rock of emerald, the rock on the horns of a bull, the bull on a dragon which swims in a great sea, which is upborne by air, which is surrounded by darkness.

It was in Damascus that he finally acquired his great mastery of Arabic, and this, in turn, led him to the Qu'aran which is the greatest poem, the most superb achievement of all Arabic literature. What delighted him first about the book was its rationalism: here was a faith that drew no shutters down over the human soul, that refused to put the mind in blinkers, a creed that glorified knowledge. 'He is indeed successful,' he read in the Qu'aran, 'who causeth the human soul to grow aright. And he is indeed a failure who stunts and starves the soul.' The full development of mind and soul is the end and aim of every Muslim—'he is successful who groweth'—Marmaduke learnt now. Such was his own secret faith, which he had found in no practising Christian sect, only in such lonely seers as Gerrard Winstanley, whose *Law of Freedom in a Platform* was one of Marmaduke's favourite books.

Here, in Islam, he found, re-stated as a living creed, his best-loved quotation: 'To know the secrets of nature is to know the works of God: and to know the works of God within the Creation, is to know God Himself; for God dwells in every visible work or body. . . . For to reach God beyond the Creation, or to know what He will be to a man after the man is dead, if any other wise than to scatter him into his essences of fire, water, earth and air, of which

he is composed, is a knowledge beyond the line or capacity of man to attain while he lives in his compounded body. . . . God manifests Himself in actual Knowledge, not in Imagination.' Or, as Muhammed put it, 'an hour's contemplation and study of God's creation is better than a year of adoration.'

In the Qu'aran, men are bidden to observe the phenomena of nature, the alternation of day and night, the properties of earth and air and fire and water, the mysteries of birth and death, growth and decay—evidences of a law and order which man never made and which man can never bend or alter by a hair's-breadth—as proof that man is not the sovereign of this world ; his province of free-will, research, and fruitful effort is but a delegated power within an absolute sovereignty ; which absolute sovereignty belongs to Allah, the Creator and Sustainer of the Universe, the Lord of all the Worlds.

Man does not, as a rule, realize the marvels of his natural condition and of the providence encircling him. Surrounded by a wonder of creative energy which never fails ; placed in a universe subject to a code of laws which are never broken ; manifestly subject, being unable to inhale a breath, or lift a finger, or speak a word, or think a thought without obeying laws he never made ; man in general thinks but little of such matters, absorbed in the interests of his own restricted sphere of energy, like any insect. Idolizing this sphere, he looks for a providence which will back him in his special aims, oblivious of the needs of the whole creation and of the purpose of the Creator.

Obviously, once a Creator and a purpose is admitted, special treatment cannot be expected by any human being, but each individual must seek to conform to the definite will and purpose of creation ; then only can they hope for success.

' Nay, verily man is rebellious
That he deemeth himself
Independent ;
Verily unto thy Lord is the return.'

Whilst the Inquisition tortured Giordano Bruno by burning him at a slow fire for upholding the Copernican theory

of the revolution of the earth, the revolving terrestrial globe was already part of the equipment of the Muslim universities. "Seek knowledge though it be in China," commanded the Prophet, who further declared the ink of the scholar to be holier than the blood of the martyr, "he dieth not, who takes to learning." Spelling his way through one of the great traditional Muslim authors, Marmaduke further learnt that 'having thus created the world, Allah next called Mind or Intellect into being. And Allah said to it "Imbibe knowledge" and it imbibed knowledge. Then said Allah: "Receive the ability to manage matters," and it was so. Then God told it: "Of all things which I have created by my glory and majesty, I love none but thee. By thee will I deprive and by thee bestow, by thee will I confirm and by thee punish." Man's mind, Marmaduke discovered, is in Islam, God's vice-regent upon earth, with full liberty of judgment over everything which it is capable of understanding.

Islam brought religion back into its proper sphere of action, which is daily life. The light of Allah, spoken of in the Qu'aran, is known to everyone who follows Allah's guidance, for it is the light of every day transfigured and glorified by the knowledge of His immanence. The aim of religion is no far distant object, situated in a future life; it is present here and now, in service of our fellow-men.

Muhammed, Marmaduke read, said that a man may have performed prayers, fasting, almsgiving, pilgrimage, and all other religious duties, but he will be rewarded only in proportion to the common sense which he employed. And he said that he who has learning but knows not how to apply it to the conduct of life is 'like a donkey carrying books.'

'The first thing created was reason.' 'Allah hath not created anything better than reason. The benefits which Allah giveth are on account of it, and understanding is by it; and Allah's displeasure is caused by it, and by it are rewards and punishments.' He said: 'To listen to the words of the learned and to instil into others the lessons of science is better than religious exercises.'

‘ He who leaveth his home in search of knowledge, walketh in the path of Allah.’

‘ Acquire knowledge. It enableth the possessor to distinguish right from wrong ; it lighteth up the path to Heaven. It is our friend in the desert, our society in solitude, our companion when friendless. It guideth to happiness, it sustaineth in adversity. It is an ornament among friends, and an armour against enemies.’

‘ Lo ! the angels offer their wings to the seeker of knowledge.’

Only Muslims are forbidden to attempt to define the Deity in human terms, as that is a transgression of the proper limits of man’s thought. The sort of lethargy, comforting ignorance, and superstition, which has weighed upon Muslims for the last three hundred years, he saw as he read the Qu’aran, came not from their scriptures, but was the result of historic circumstance very like that which darkened Europe in the period before the Renaissance. It had little more than a geographical connection with the Mohammedan religion. With the revival of scientific religion it would end, he hoped, and he lived in daily expectation of the beginning of a great Islamic revival. The darkest hour is before dawn, and Allah had promised ‘ by the early hours, and by the night when it sheds darkness, thy Lord has not forsaken thee nor does He hate thee, and verily the latter portion shall be better for thee than the former, and verily thy Lord shall give to thee and thou shalt know His favour.’

This was what his mind, first awakening to the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century, yet unwilling to cast God overboard, whispered was the truth. He wanted passionately to become a Muslim : to profess a creed so progressive, offering so infinite a scope to human inquiry. Here was no distinction between secular and religious : lectures on chemistry and physics, botany, medicine, astronomy and jurisprudence were given in the mosque, and these were taught there on the same footing as the Qu’aran itself. The mosque and the university were one : and ‘ this unity and exaltation of all learning gave to the old Muslim writings,’ as Marmaduke wrote in his *Cultural*

Side of Islam, 'that peculiar quality which every reader of them must have noticed : the calm serenity of orbéd minds.'

The *New Statesman*, reviewing in 1930 his translation of the Qu'aran, said : ' Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall was always a great lover of Islam. When he became a Muslim it was regarded less as conversion than as self-discovery.' This discovery he made in Damascus : the light that Paul had found there was ever thereafter about him also dazzling, blinding, though at times he saw it through a veil of tears.

When I was a child, I wrote and asked him once if it were true that he had longed to become a Muslim in his youth, and memory of his mother had held him back. His answer was :

' The man who did not become a Muslim when he was nineteen years old because he was afraid that it would break his mother's heart does not exist, I am sorry to say. The sad fact is that he was anxious to become a Muslim, forgetting all about his mother. It was his Muslim teacher—the Sheykh-ul-Ulema of the great mosque at Damascus—a noble and benign old man, to whom he one day mentioned his desire to become a Muslim, who reminded him of his duty to his mother and forbade him to profess Islam until he had consulted her. " No, my son," were his words, " wait until you are older, and have seen again your native land. You are alone among us as our boys are alone among the Christians. God knows how I should feel if any Christian teacher dealt with a son of mine otherwise than as I now deal with you." Then, pointing to a candle burning near, he said : " Observe this fire. There is a shapely flame, the light that shines around us, and when I put my hand out, there is the heat as well. I blow, and all is gone. How many things? You answer three in one, I answer one. We both are right." If he had become a Muslim at that time he would pretty certainly have repented it—quite apart from the unhappiness he would have caused his mother, which would have made him unhappy—because he had not thought and learnt enough about religion to be certain of his faith. It was only the romance and pageant

of the East which then attracted him. He became a Muslim in real earnest twenty years after.'

From Damascus he rode across the Lebanon up to Tripoli, then down to Beyrouth, where he stayed in a little hostelry built on piers above the sea. He made great friends there with Drummond-Hay, the British Consul, and Gibson, the American representative. Then he went back to Ain Anoub, and after a time he and Kelk were joined by two other young clergy, Lestrangle and Walker. They remained together for some months, Marmaduke perfecting his Arabic and writing home to know if he could buy land and settle down in Syria. Consent came, upon condition he did not spend more than a certain sum of money, not a large one, and he and Rashid, assisted by Suleyman (whenever he could escape from his duties), began house-hunting.

Innumerable were the sheykhs who seemed to be in money difficulties and wished to sell their land: Milhem Bey Talhook, Sheykh Ali Abu, Naum Pasha, all befriended him, and suggested suitable estates; but Marmaduke had been warned; firstly, not to buy land from any relative of anyone he knew nor in any village peopled by the relations of anyone he knew; and secondly, to master the land code and be quite sure only to buy freehold land. So he sternly refused all land whereon the trees, for example, belonged to other owners than did the land. Sometimes the villagers owned twelve kirats of the olive trees, or fifteen kirats of the water supply, and such rights were liable to be extremely troublesome. A kirat is the twenty-fourth part of anything, and the famous story lately told of someone having a square foot in a Moscow room, after the Revolution, originated in this legend.

Johha inherited a small house, but, being in need of cash, he sold it, all but one *kirat*, driving a tent-peg into the wall to show the extent of his reservation. Some time after, when the new owner had moved in, Johha bought a bag of lentils, which he hung on his peg. A few days later he removed it and hung up a basket of cabbages, which in turn yielded place to a dead cat. This he left there until the occupants of the house, finding entreaties were of no

avail, and knowing that an appeal to the law would be useless, resold the house to him for a nominal sum.

At last Marmaduke found the perfect house, belonging to a great Druze chief, Nesib Bey Joomblat, who lived in the splendid Mûktana Palace. He required, for house and land, only that Marmaduke should pay off an Armenian creditor who was holding a small mortgage on the land. Marmaduke went down to Damascus to pay the debt, and while there had his seal cast in readiness to sign the purchase deed, for stamp and signature were not enough—he must produce his actual seal. The sad story of the British Consul's interference with his plans, because the house he purposed to buy was without title-deeds, is told in *Oriental Encounters*.

Marmaduke and Rashid rode back to the Druze chief to get the necessary transfer signed by witnesses before the caïmacam, but unfortunately the Druze chief and the Turkish Government were at loggerheads. The former offered Marmaduke that all the village, the chiefs of all his people, every head of every family, should witness the property was his, and promised to lay on them a solemn charge to defend his right. Such an obligation, laid by a chief on his people, 'would have been worth a good deal more than any legal document in that wild country,' Marmaduke knew. But the Consul thought otherwise, and forbade, and the English colony cried out in unison that the boy—for Marmaduke was still under age—was being 'had,' and for fear and shame of them he let their counsel prevail. But the bitterness of his disappointment and his shame remained with him all through his life. Writing in *The New Age* in 1915 he tells how: 'I knew a man who, having received a solemn promise from the Druze chiefs of the Hauran, asked for a written contract to confirm it. The document was given, but you should have seen their faces!'

Several of his relations tell me the reason he did not buy a farm was that some trouble arose between England and Turkey at that date, resulting in a law which forbade the English to buy land in Syria. But though I have searched thoroughly, I can find no evidence of such a prohibition. I find only a recurrence of the perennial Armenian question:

but with regard to that Marmaduke took Gertrude Bell's advice to her fellow-countrymen : ' One of the objects that the traveller should ever set before him,' she wrote in *The Desert and the Sown*, ' is to avoid being drawn into the meshes of the Armenian question.' Psychologists talk of ' accident prone ' individuals : they will find in the annals of Europe massacre-prone peoples, and of these Armenians are the best example. For all their real miseries, their doubtless estimable virtues, no single traveller, from Doughty to Freya Stark, no historian, from Herodotus to Gibbon, has a good word for them.

Whilst still smarting from his disappointment, Marmaduke fell very ill of typhoid, and was devotedly nursed in the German hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at Beirut, where the good sisters coaxed him back to health. In the next bed was a fellow-sufferer, a young American. Together, as they recovered, starved still on milk and soda, they planned banquets which would have made the most hospitable sheykh, or Lucullus himself, seem stingy.

When he was convalescent, his Arab friends flocked to see him, and his bedside was crowded with visitors. At last he was discharged from hospital and could travel back with Rashid to the mountains, where innumerable feasts were given in honour of his recovery. Not always out of the purest affection—one sheykh came daily to hospital and stuffed Marmaduke and Rashid with food—and all for the sake of Marmaduke's very ancient .210 gun—which he had borrowed and did not wish to return ! Marmaduke, in the kindness of his heart, gave it to him, stopping his profusion of thanks with : " Oh, it's only an old one and never was very good—you don't have to be so grateful." Rashid was horrified at this Chinese deprecation by the giver of his gift : in Arabic countries one should, on the contrary, laud one's own presents to the skies ! It was then Marmaduke learnt to sit, cross-legged, on the floor and sing Arab songs—a strange performance which delighted me when given after a dinner party in a London drawing-room, in obedience to my seven-year-old commands.

Kelk and he were later visited by two more clergy from

England—missionaries on leave—and the sister of one of them came, too. They were not altogether tactful guests, and Marmaduke was relieved when they proposed a sight-seeing expedition to last about ten days. His relief turned to horror when the reverend father suggested they should take Rashid with them—and Marmaduke's stallion. He demurred, but the only result was that they persuaded him to go, too. The caravan set off.

It was the maddest journey ever made, for Ibrahim, the cook, and Rashid had taken the measure of the missionaries : “ They are of those whom you can never please : having dwelt among the savages of Africa, they believe they know how to manage us poor Syrians. We must be kept in perpetual fear : we must never be allowed to do anything right lest the knowledge thereof should breed complacency, which in base natures is the same as impudence. They say repeatedly : ‘ Let me manage—I understand these people.’ May their homes be destroyed.” So the whole assembly, ‘ from the resplendent dragoman to the most ragged muleteer,’ bethought them how to please the English, or, failing that, how to get even with them. They resolved ‘ to be the filthiest of human idiots. They are accustomed to bad servants : they shall have them. They must be teaching everyone—let all be fools henceforward.’

The plan worked admirably—for all except Marmaduke, who, though he thought the joke a good one, would rather not have suffered for his friends' faults. The donkeys were persuaded to bray all night : no morning could the party set out without inspection by the Uganda missionaries : the luncheon hamper was not unpacked until they approved the spot chosen : the cook, bursting with laughter, feigned madness and tweaked the larger Khawâjah's red moustache. Finally the servants all fell sick, riding on the donkeys and in the litter whilst the English walked. Nor was their deception ever discovered, except by Marmaduke, who praised them for it.

But wasps have stings to their tails. No sooner were the missionaries home than they reported ill of Marmaduke to his relations : he was running wild : he was wasting his time and their money. He was nearly twenty-one, and his

fiancée waited : he should be made to come home. When the summons came, he was utterly wretched : ' *L'Asie est un mets délicieux, mais qui empoisonne que le mange,*' wrote the Comte de Gobineau, and Marmaduke had gobbled of the lotus-food. Richard Burton himself had said that ' for those who have gathered flowers in mid-December : who have for once seen and felt the sun, to the benefit of the physical man, whilst the moral man has felt and seen the attention and affection these people have to bestow, there is no charm nor memory to equal these.'

For one blessed moment he thought he had found a reprieve : he was officially offered the post of Vice-Consul at Haifa, without examination, but when his age was discovered he was told he was too young to be appointed, so there was nothing to be done but to pack. Whilst he was in Jerusalem he had been offered, by post, a job on the British Museum staff, without competitive examination, on account of his unusual knowledge of Welsh and Irish languages and antiquities, but the East had entered his soul, and, hoping still to stay, he had refused. Now, jobless, he must go home to no job.

Marmaduke foolishly bought everything he could lay his hands on that would remind him of the life he had so abundantly possessed. Years later, when my father died, and all his estates were broken up and sold, Marmaduke wrote to warn me against the snares of possession. ' I can see you,' he wrote from India, ' standing outside the gates of Possingworth, a peri at the door of Paradise. But do remember, and believe, that everything in the world is yours, until and unless you try to grab it and keep it for yourself alone.' At twenty-one he was far from such constancy of abnegation. He bought Arab costumes, Arab pottery, and every sort of souvenir. ' In after days, when leaving Syria for England, the one thing I would purchase for myself was a supply of reed pens for Arabic writing. But on that first occasion I wished to carry the whole country with me,' he wrote. His shopping took many days. At last he was ready : said, weeping, good-bye to the weeping Rashid and Suleyman, and embarked for Smyrna.

CHAPTER THREE



SMYRNA was a come-down after Syria : Levantine in an ugly, mercantile sense. It left him with no memories but with a very agreeable taste in the mouth : that of its many excellent sorts of pistachio-nut sweets, on which Marmaduke, who had a tooth for such delicacies, fattened.

He went up to Constantinople by land, and the nearer he got to the seat of Turkish government, the less he liked it.

‘Oppression seems to beget in its victims,’ he wrote, ‘a longing to oppress in their turn. The little boy at school who was so bullied, whose cries used to be so heart-rending, no sooner becomes a big boy than he is the greatest of bullies. Every subject of a tyranny is a potential tyrant, or, to make the epigram still more comprehensive, everyone who has suffered is not only capable but is desirous of inflicting the same misery. One sees that daily in Turkey, where the aim of everybody down to the meanest fellah is to hector it over some inferior, be it only a beast of burden or a woman.’

Yet there was much in which he delighted : the architecture, for example, and the gardens, which, like the old Greek ones, were planned architecturally, and were, he considered, one of the wonders of the world. He loved, too, the ‘vaulted buildings and great covered bazaars, whose beauty is like that of mighty caverns of the hills or the sea-shore : objects in them have the shimmer of things seen in depths of water. Coolness in the shadow, colour in the sunshine, strength, majesty, and power combined with grace and delicacy : these are the marks of Muslim architecture the world over. There were never such gardeners, nor such beautifiers of landscape as the Turkish Sultans.’

He loved the language, too, and the poetry which ‘is

usually sad, as is but natural to a race of men who, when they thought a little deeply, had always to reflect that death was near to them : but it is never despondent, and the passionate—almost desperate—love of nature it displays is really sincere, a characteristic of the people. From birth to death the life of every Turkish man and woman moves to poetry ; the inscriptions on the headstones of a Turkish village cemetery, no two alike, and most of them in verse, are gems not only of poetical expression but of thought. The Turk is thinking all the time of such serious matters as the origin of life, its transiency, the meaning and the worth of human life, the ordeal of life and death. His life is beautiful with this poetic earnestness, which finds expression in the work of his hands—white marble colonnades and domes and spires, rose gardens by the sea, and solemn cypress groves. Unfortunately for the Turks, they have a language that is more akin to Chinese than to any European language, and is quite extraordinarily difficult to master.' It is to Chinese again that Marmaduke refers, when discussing their poetry, which has that same power to dissolve, reduce, and crystallize emotion.

He admired, too, the story-teller of the 'Samar' or 'stories which delight the common folk.' The word itself means sitting up late at night, and Marmaduke loved so sitting in public coffee-houses, or at street corners. He was very impressed, too, by 'their beautiful home life' and insisted that it was their greatest contribution to Muslim culture. 'It has the nobility and depth which everything acquires for those who are prepared to die at any minute for a cause which they regard as worthy ; the way they go to death and the way their women bear it—the dignity, the grace of every action of their daily life, are achievements every nation may envy. They are an aristocracy, the aristocracy of the whole Muslim world, and its natural leaders.'

Those who have seen the Turkish soldier idling in his house can have no idea of his conduct in the field. In peace-time he is slow and somewhat indolent, considering he has earned the right to rest. But in time of war he is changed utterly. Some nations hire their fighting men :

the Turks have always hired their peaceful workers. In war they are alive : it is their business, their genius. A Turkish army without boots or proper clothing, subsisting upon olives and plucked ears of corn, can be invincible as long as it has good ammunition and artillery. These natural soldiers care for nothing else. That is why the Turkish Khaliphate commanded the loyalty and devotion of the whole Muslim world. For the first, and principal, duty of the Khalif was to be defender of the faith, and not in the sense Henry VIII gave the term.

Selim I did, it is true, conquer by violence, but the then Khalif, who had been living as a purely religious figure under the ægis of the Sultans of Egypt, of his own free will abdicated in favour of the Ottoman conqueror and invested him as Khalif, considering the highest rank in Islam ought to be vested in the greatest Muslim ruler. And thereafter, for over four hundred years, the House of Osman defended the faith and the liberties of El Islam, until, in 1914, the Sultan was the last independent Muslim ruler, and when he fell there could be no other, for the Protector may not be protected, nor rule only a protectorate or protected land.

Marmaduke adored Anatolia, the birthplace of most of the Turkish soldiers whom he so much admired. Scattered in all the corners of the Ottoman Empire as functionaries or soldiers, the Anatolian peasants were absentee farmers and tenants. Westerners still think of these regions through a quivering haze of Trojan legend or Oriental fairy tale. The reality was pathetically different. In the fundamentally Turkish vilayets there were immense stretches where only rank herbage and undergrowth upholstered waste lands dotted at intervals by little wooden villages and a few scattered cultivated fields. The forests had disappeared, sold by the Sultans to Greek charcoal-burners. Manure was unknown, as also was the law of alternating crops.

Although the birth-rate was high, mortality was enormous, due to the interminable wars. The peasant bore the full brunt of military service, for until 1908 the middle and upper classes and all the Christian minorities were exempted on payment of a fine. The apathy of agriculture in Turkey

was accounted for very naturally by the fact that hardly had the unfortunate soldiers got home and changed into civilian clothes than they were called up again. The coastal districts were in a less parlous state owing to the possibility of communications by sea : there were none in the interior by land. But the peasant himself was, and still is, a primitive, natural, essentially moral creature with a great sense of having inherited his tiny plot and of the continuity of his tenure. Sober, courageous, loyal, the Turkish peasant is in his rare moments of joy what he is in his even rarer moments of evil, simple, straightforward, infinitely patient, and as infinitely pathetic, with a dignity that is in striking contrast to the scum of the Levant which seethes around him.

Marmaduke's reputation preceded him, and he was offered the overlordship of a group of villages in the Troad, which he very much regretted refusing. He went on up through the Balkans, finding little evidence of Muslim fanaticism, but plenty of what Cantimir, Voivode of Wallachia, told Peter the Great, that 'profit might with patience be derived from a close study of the privileges of self-government enjoyed by Christians in the Turkish Empire.' The Christians were allowed to keep their own languages and customs, to start their own schools, and to be visited by missionaries of their own faith : they were exempt from military service : and the charter which Muhammed himself granted to the monks of Sinai was the model for all subsequent dealings by the Muslim authorities with their Christian subjects.

Amongst the privileges enjoyed exclusively by the Christians, one of the most profitable was the keeping of brothels. They are *strengst verboten* in Muslim lands, for Muhammed insisted most rigorously on every man making himself entirely responsible before the whole world for every woman with whom he has had intercourse. If he can afford it, a Mohammedan may have four wives ; even, under strict legal guarantees, he may have concubines ; but he must maintain them properly, and if a child is born—and there was no birth control in the East in those pre-war days—marry the girl and support the child, for in Islam the

man alone is responsible for the fate of every child he has, and of its mother, whatever the conditions of its begetting. But the Christians are bound by no such rules, and Marmaduke found Christian parents doing a roaring trade in daughters with the brothel-keepers.

The horrified Turks were powerless to close these houses, or stop these abuses, for the proprietors (in almost every case, foreign subjects) were protected in their privileges by some Christian power. Marmaduke found, also, everywhere Russian religio-political agents, stirring up Serbs, Bulgars, and Rumanians against Turkey, as they had stirred the Greeks in the War of Independence. The result of their propaganda, then, had been the wiping out of the whole Muslim population of the Morea—three hundred thousand souls, as well as many thousands in the northern parts of Greece: the results now Marmaduke was to see in his lifetime in the massacres of Muslims which followed on the Christian conquests of Adrianople and Constantinople.

As he travelled north he gradually lost the sun, which disappeared in Flemish fogs as he reached the northern sea coast. He felt the shutters he had lifted, with the whole strength of his youth, fall to again, trapping him. With a sinister definiteness, too, for he had failed to find a job out East: failed to establish himself in any way. What he brought back, apart from a few trinkets, were intangible things: fluency in Arabic, a thorough acquaintance with Arabic literature, and the fact of having been sunned through. Never, until after the war, had he a job out East; whatever his spiritual approach to it, actually, until 1921, he was a visitor only. Neither digging nor evangelizing, the two major non-commercial, non-political British avocations in Palestine, tempted him. Yet in every sense and with every part of him, after this first visit, he subscribed to the whole of the Chaldean hymn to the sun, written some four thousand odd years before he was born. 'I have invoked thee, O Sun, in the midst of the high heavens. The countries have called towards thee eagerly; they have directed their looks towards thee, O friend. I have taken refuge in thy presence, thou who annihilatest falsehood. Settle also,

O Sun, the light of the great gods right into my marrow, that I may rejoice, even I.' This passion, coequal with his life, he shared with every Turk. Even the Turkish women, he discovered, would hardly ever miss a sunset : shrouded or in closed carriages, they would steal out into their gardens or the city's suburbs, to watch it.

He found, at home, bitter weather, but a very warm welcome. In April 1896 he celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and that summer paid several visits to his brother at Oriol, where he met T. W. Hickes, who was to become one of his greatest friends, and eventually to marry a favourite cousin. He met Muriel Smith again, too : the years had not lessened her attractions for him, and he fell desperately in love with her all over again. Indeed, as he paced up and down 97 Warwick Gardens, his sister Grace ticked him off for being 'just like an old Tom cat.' His mother encouraged the young people to marry at once ; which, despite the disapproval of some of their relatives, they did.

Mrs. Pickthall believed in early marriages ; her Christianity was Pauline, and she thought to marry, however impecuniously, a lesser evil than to burn. Ever since her husband's death, without a penny of assistance from Marmaduke's father's family, she had paid the piper ; she was, therefore, entirely justified in calling the tune : and Marmaduke and Muriel were married on September 30, 1896. Marmaduke fasted until after the ceremony, which took place at St. Matthew's, Addison Road (which neither of them ever visited before or after), because marriage is a sacrament, and he thought thereby to show it more respect. But he did not care for mere conventions, and thought it no disrespect to wear, at 11 a.m., an ordinary old suiting. There were only relations and a few intimate friends present at that morning service. Immediately afterwards the young couple left for Paris, where they remained for a week, a very gay and memorable week as it happened, for the Czar and Czarina were also in the city, and there was much merry-making in their honour.

From France they went on to Geneva. They had decided to winter in Switzerland, partly from motives of economy,

partly because Marmaduke was still feeling the effects of his typhoid, and his doctors did not advise his remaining in England for the first winter after he had got back. They stayed in a pension, and Marmaduke joined a literary and dramatic circle, to which young Jacques Dalcroze also belonged. They led a quiet, ordered life, and Marmaduke began to write—short stories, some of daily, local interest, some based on his Eastern memories.

‘Es bildet sich ein Talent in der Stille, sich ein Charakter im Sturm der Welt’: and in the quiet of pre-war Geneva, Marmaduke digested the living of the past two years, and translated it into art. For very few, and very lucky people, are life and work simultaneous. For most, life is divided between the brief periods when they ‘hear the prayer from the minaret echoing over Arabia, moments of exaltation,’ which ‘have not been extraordinary,’ and those infinite stretches when :

‘nothing that matters will ever happen
nothing you’d want to put in a book
nothing to tell to impress your friends
the old old story that never ends,’

as Messrs. Auden and Isherwood put it so well. For many are alive only during their annual fortnight’s exodus to Brighton or Bognor : their spiritual lung capacity is stretched to the full by that one single taking aboard of fresh air. These are swimmers, doing a crawl stroke through life, taking their breaths as rarely as they can, and for the most part breathing out only under water. The occasional bubbles that break the surface are the one sign by which anyone may know there are human creatures present.

For Marmaduke, at least until 1914, living and working were alternative, rather than contemporary, functions. His natural rhythm was breathe in, breathe out : live an action, create an emotion : now an interval for excitement, now one for translating that excitement into words : for purifying and petrifying what had been experienced into what was to be written. Assimilation with him took always a considerable time, as did elimination : when he was the

editor of a great national daily, and his processes were inevitably speeded up, obliging him to reconcile emotion with action, he was acutely uncomfortable, and, indeed, suffered from spiritual dyspepsia.

Now in Geneva he began a novel ; purely English, based on happenings that had preceded his Eastern journey. He had, mentally, the constitution of a camel : he could carry, as it were, in two stomachs, or in two different pockets of consciousness, the ordinary memories of public school boy and squireen, and the accumulation of his Oriental experiences, seemingly unleavened, yet actually undergoing a slow continuous process of selective digestion, whose result was to be the splendid sequence of novels beginning with *Said the Fisherman* in 1904 and ending in 1921 with *The Early Hours*, in all of which ' the angle of vision remains steady, and not until *Veiled Women* is there a hint of fatigue.'

When the *bise*, whistling through the city, drove the Pickthalls to seek comfort elsewhere, they went up to St. Cergues, then unknown, and Marmaduke became, for those remote nineteenth-century days, very good at ski-ing. He was supremely happy to find a sport that called neither for balls nor blood, and it remained, always, his favourite exercise.

When the worst weather was over they returned to Geneva, and to the novel which Marmaduke, because of the extreme idiocy of its hero, dubbed *The Bunny Book*. They stayed in the same pension as before, chez Madam Guyler, 22 Boulevard Helvétique.

Marmaduke grew very fond of the dour city that, sans South American tarts, sans night clubs, sans international crises to come between English vice-consuls and their dinner, was a pleasant but provincial and sleepy place. For him it was a place of learning : here he steeped himself in French, writing to his friend Hickes : ' I have enjoyed latterly a succession of the rarest treats. Literature certainly flourishes on this side of the Channel, though virtue, perhaps, does not.' On the whole he was himself very happy, and to Hickes enthused about the town : ' I forget if you know Geneva. It has interests apart from Calvin. It is beautiful, for one thing, lying in a wide plain between distant moun-

tains, with the lake pouring the Rhône through it continually. It shows the perversity of human nature, that in such a place a hellish system¹ should have taken root and flourished, while dull places have been constant in their love of light and beauty.'

He seems to have soaked himself in the views, in the life, and in the country around, for his commonplace book—a fat black exercise book that took five years to fill—is full of such descriptions day by day. Never did he cease noticing, registering, thinking : whatever else he was doing, and his fixity of concentration argued a high degree of mental self-control. Sitting on the beach he watches a sunset : choosing his words to describe it as carefully as an artist his paints : cads red, vermilion, crimson lake are equalled by : ' Looking out into the west, there seemed a range of mountains behind the distant shore, and amid those mystic heights I thought I descried the domes and minarets of a city glorious in purple and gold. At the foot of the mountains was a lake of flame, red and burning, whose glory was reflected on land and sea. The ripples at my feet were threaded with red gold—a burnished path to the west broken only by the dark shadow of the distant shore. And a blue mist stole up in the shadow. Then all the sea grew black as ink, and only the path was fiery red : that faded to pink, then to white, and lastly, died altogether : the blackness with it ; and the world was grey under a pale green spirit light.'

He enjoyed it all : the morning, when a thick fog ' hung over the city, like a veil on the face of a plain woman, hiding blemishes and defects, softening all hardness of outline, soothing with the suggestion of a non-existent beauty. It is a law of nature,' he moralized as he walked out before breakfast to stretch his legs before the day's work, ' as it is of art, that half-revelation is more attractive than nakedness. Unhappily there is another law which forbids a man to rest content until he has stripped his ideal and beheld it naked. Hence the end of most men's dreams is disappointment. And this disappointment is proportionate to what the world calls success.'

¹ Matmaduke was suffering from a high church reaction.

Or market day, when under the plane trees every open space was crowded with booths. Some of the widest streets, he noted, 'are bright with fruit displayed in baskets along the edge of the pavement—a continuous jewelled fringe. There are huge pumpkins, mountains of grapes, heaps of great capsicums, red, green and yellow, tomatoes of gold and vermilion, dusky pears and rosy apples, piled in rare old baskets—warm brown and mellow, of the colour of a sun-dried apricot. The saleswomen—Savoyardes from the little villages across the frontier, have an old-world freshness in their broad-brimmed hats, quaint gowns, and bright ribbons. The faces of the young are brown and rosy as ripe apples, those of the old wrinkled as the same pippin after long sojourn in the garner. Here an old peasant dame, wearing her string of onions like a stole, exalts her stock-in-trade for the benefit of the passers-by. There, under a little awning, in the shade of a plane-tree, a young village beauty poses and ogles for custom amidst a glory of flowers—Arcadia is come to town. The river flows under a low bridge, and that, too, is covered with booths, as is the embankment on either side. Striped awnings, yellow and white, red and drab, blue and white, the throng of buyers and sellers, gay parasols and light summer dresses shimmer and fade in a mist of sunlight. The eye finds relief in the blue of the stream winding away through the far-away arch of a high stone bridge. There are pale mountains in the distance, coloured as the fading petal of a violet. I love to stand by the weir and watch them : the world-enduring river and the throng of a day. The one is so quiet, so deeply conscious of its strength, the other busy, humming as a swarm of bees, oblivious of yesterday and of to-morrow.'

The heat of the noonday sun, whose appreciation is the prerogative of mad dogs and Englishmen, was a delight to him. He described 'the sky, veiled in diaphanous cloud, faintly luminous, with the sun behind. The heat was intense. All objects—trees, houses, walls, men, and women—seemed black on the pale haze which blinded the distance. Earth steamed—the very birds twittered faintly from enervation. Geneva has taught me something of the value of

distance in a landscape. As I walked on the Quai du Léman to-day, the lake was fairy-blue, pale, illusive, and unsubstantial as the sky itself. The distant shore, too, was faint in haze. But the near promontory with its trees, its villas, and their shadows in the water, the boulders of the shore, stood out massive and dark as though cut in bronze.'

In the afternoons he would go out to Coppet or Crassier, or farther afield to the Savoyard side of the lake. Or would climb Salève, that most favourite of all Genevese excursions, from the top of which, 'on a lonely ridge, bare as a Scottish moor or Lebanon itself,' he would watch the sun sink upon 'the waves of the Jura, northwards across a wide plain on which the twilight began to gather like blue mist'; then, turning, he 'could see over a plain no less vast, and mark the flush on that mighty amphitheatre of Alps with Mont Blanc in the centre. Great heights are always more impressive from a distance. When one is among them, it is hard to realize their vastness, harder still to estimate their relative forms and height. But from a distance of forty miles or so there can be no mistake. The giant is recognized at a glance by the head and shoulders which tower above his fellows. The flush of sunset lingers on his snowy head, with a stain as of spilt wine, long after his companions are old and grey. As the sun, a golden, rayless disc, sank, the landscape swelled in sheen and shadow to the warm grey of distant woods.'

Home again, to see a 'pearly mist delicately flushed from the sunset, on lake and mountains. The twin sails of a barque and the hull itself seemed motionless, yet were surely slipping past the piers. There was something remote about the whole scene, or so it appeared to me. I was able to separate myself from the landscape: to stand back, as it were, and admire it as one admires a fine painting. I crossed a bridge: starless night on the one hand: dying day on the other. There was a mist about the city: a mist that glowed with a blue spirit light which burned everywhere or nowhere, out of which the yellow lights looked over their dancing semblance in the water watchfully, as

from a citadel. The distance of the streets was inundated with stagnant grey light, from which the last warmth of light had just faded. As I penetrated the city it had no other light than that which the street lamps gave it, and the glow from a lamp-lit window here and there. But the sky was still pale and green, with a softness as of velvet. The great round globules of electric light, rising up on the bridge against illimitable space, and their lengthened reflections, caught the eye and blinded it.'

When summer was done, Marmaduke and Muriel were summoned back to England, and wintered in London, in his mother's house. Though he never liked living in town, he was more reconciled to it now, and could bring himself to walk in the park and enjoy the children sailing their boats on the Round Pond. He despised the rich, who, dressed in velvet and point lace, had fine nursemaids in waiting, and perfect models of real ships, with spotless white canvas and every rope and yard of rigging correct. The ragamuffins, with cheap, queer boats of their own making, sailing their wretched fleet from pure love, aroused, on the other hand, his admiration.

Here, as in the East, it was light—or the obscuring of light—that fascinated him, and he struggled almost daily to describe every sort of fog and haze and diffusion or suffusion of sun. He loved the City and the docks: loved, too, Richmond Park and Kew, where, in great glass houses, he smelt the hot damp of his beloved Dead Sea cities. Life in London, with no job and a beginning only, as yet, made with writing, threw him more and more in upon himself. He, who had voyaged so far, during the winter of '98 made short journeys only; to Oxford, or to Twickenham. Instead he explored the 'deserts of vast experience' hinted at in his black exercise book. His two planes of consciousness were, as yet, entirely unreconciled, as the contrast between his letters—banal, trivial, frivolous, and childish—and his Keyserlingesque jottings show. The eight years of effort, which followed upon his Eastern jaunt and led to *Said*, were spent by him in experiencing, and from his own experience proving, the truth of Augustine's words: 'Noli

longa itinera meditari : ad Eum enim qui ubique est, amando venit non navigando.¹

He was already a little afraid of what his reading and thinking had discovered for him. For example, of the contrast between the confined medieval view of the universe and the infinity of modern scientific horizons, so horribly indefinite, he says : ' In old times, men thought the whole universe designed for them alone. The firmament with its countless stars was the roof of their palace—above it and beyond lay Heaven, their future home. They looked upon the daily change from light to darkness, from darkness back again to light : on the Seasons bringing divers gifts ; on the sun, moon, and stars ; as a pageant designed by an unseen Power for their delight and profit. They were lords of all this fair domain for the space of a lifetime. And, for the most part, they lived in the present—ate, drank, fought, loved, lusted, lied—yet in those days men were reverent towards the Unseen Cause. In our own time, we know the planet on which we live is but one of the least of many such spheres ; we know there are many systems such as that we live in ; and that the only reality is an eternity we cannot even conceive. Yet we live as they lived—eat, drink, love, lust, lie, seek present pleasure, and profess no reverence for the infinite cause and motive of all this order. Our greatness is in inverse ratio to the greatness of our surroundings. The ancients were justified in self-absorption : within their imagined limits they were lords. But we—that the faculty of wonder is almost extinct among us is the greatest wonder of all. Yet one cannot dwell long on such matters as eternity—that nightmare, that lurking darkness in the background of the mind—or madness would be the result. I believe our intelligence was made limited on purpose that it should not seek to sound the great infinites. Much pondering on them induces madness in some ; a reckless plunge into the "mud-honey" of life for others.'

Yet for all his fears he was no ostrich. Pleading for more

¹ ' Do not work out long journeys : He who is everywhere present, is reached by love and not by sail.'

tolerance towards the iconoclasm of the scientist, he wrote :

‘ Someone is trying to tune a piano. We stuff our ears, lest the discordant clappings and clangings drive us mad. Yet, when the man has done, the tone of the instrument is truer than before. The scientist is the tuner of the Universe, himself unskilled in its music. The instrument is never to blame. The tuner himself cannot improve it, can only clean it of the dust we have allowed or caused to accumulate within. He tries to place it as before in its original perfection, though he often makes a terrible din about it, and takes a good deal of honour to himself for the improved melody others, playing after he has finished, will know how to produce : no honour to either. Both are but mechanics : the music is the thing.’

He was one of the first to foresee in chimney and crane, in concrete and steel, the ‘ ordered beauty of a great machine ’ which Rupert Brooke was to praise.

‘ When stone tools were first used,’ Marmaduke wrote, ‘ their form was crude and unlovely. So with iron. Our nineteenth-century inventions are yet in the crude stage of novelty : all is for use. When wonder about them shall be dead, it may be that men will turn them to some artistic purpose : for beauty is in all things earthly, let the artist but show it forth to us.’

He had found in the East the release from his home circle, from the fetters relations, school, and society had put upon him. Now, since his journey there was to result for him, spiritually, in a mere straining backward after the unsure, ephemeral, and unrepeatable liberty of childhood, he had to translate that release into terms of European, nineteenth-century life. Except he become a Peter Pan, he must get a move on : forward through the tangled mazes of his own mind. As he laboured, he realized, too, that, like the recurrent sequence of emotion and action, any photosynthesis by which the sunlight he retained should metabolate to become his continual Viaticum, must, also, be a

dual process. He must think out, and travel in : must face up to such external conflicts as religion and science ; to such antithesis as faith, as he had seen it, both East and West, and conduct as based, here or there, on faith. He must simultaneously, however, work in : penetrate the onion-numerous layers of his own self, surface upon surface—underneath which lay those two only unassailable certainties : his soul and God.

His note-book reflects the difficulties of this transition period and shows him in a rare muddle. He senses duality—and writes : ‘ An enthusiasm for virtue hardly ever lasts long and is sure to give place to a reaction in favour of vice ; the happiest is he who takes both virtue and vice in such doses that he is always in a state of enthusiasm for one or the other. Action and reaction take place in moral and social, as in material, evolution. Often the man who promotes an attitude of thought or a cause most actively is but paving the way for a reaction which will sweep that cause from men’s minds for ever. History has more of the pendulum about it than the wheel.’

In such a whirl of problems he acclaims Marx’s ‘ Opium of the People ’ in no uncertain words : ‘ Religion under the Church’s rule is a Heaven-sent narcotic. Strange that our souls and bodies should be healthiest in ignorance. Wilful blindness—a bandage, or at least a coloured veil—is the resource of the wise man. Think of civilized life divested of all its mental narcotics and shudder with me.’

But he is too alive and too healthy, too young and already too free, to feel so unhealthily despondent long. He, for whom, when he found Islam, ignorance, and, above all, that wilful blindness he now vaunted, were the sin against the Holy Ghost, could not long remain deluded. A very little while after the defeatist entry he is writing : ‘ A man must have some scheme or theory of life to cling to, or he will be swayed by every wind that blows. In accepting preconceived notions of the world one obtains a certain laudanum peace of mind. One agrees as it were to abdicate free sight in favour of blinkers. But if you are a being addicted to thinking, strange doubts will arise often to make

you wretched. You will doubt : for a time you will believe in nothing.'

Then the everlasting process begins again—and man, God-starved, fashions Him anew after his own likeness. 'Man seeks his own image first in his study of the universe : peoples the spheres with beings of a like nature with himself—personifies trees, cities, rivers, mountains, ocean, sun, moon, and stars. We read : "God made man in his own image." But more probably the reverse is true.'

In later years, having passed this stage of inflicting his image of creature and Creator alike, Marmaduke was apt to forget he had ever suffered it : 'I remember altars I built to Apollo that he destroyed : candles I lighted to Mary that he put out.' However, at twenty-two a zealous High Churchman was he, to his wife's disgust, preaching the Apostolic Succession, frequent communion, and the necessity of fasting, to her in, and out, of season. Islam is laid aside : he is giving Christianity its chance, living it, believing it fully, seeking through it to recapture the light he found in the East. Nor does he abandon it until it abandons him : he did not become a Muslim until the behaviour of Christian Europe forced him to it.

But the trouble was, as his wise Damascene Sheykh had said to him, that : "Christ was a dervish, and you and I are not dervishes." The confusion and incoherence arising from this contradiction between a mystical Oriental idea, accepted grossly, i.e. literally, and the laws of human life, seemed to him deplorable. In one of his last writings—a story, published in the *Cornhill* in 1924 under the title of 'The Quest'—the young Indian seeker, who has come to Gandhi, and whom Gandhi has turned away, speaks of the Eternal Unity 'which is—which must be—beyond all diversity of creed or of interpretation,' in the following terms : 'I see a lamp, upon the glass of which men have painted pictures for remembrance. But people gaze at the pictures and forget the light. They think of it as far away, beyond the pictures, not as the blessing which enables them to see at all. Thus the light is here, but people are, to all intents, immersed in darkness because they see the lamp as

a restricted, distant object, and are unconscious of the light it sheds for them to use.' Such parables he used to clear his own mind ; here is another, one from his commonplace book : ' Time is as it were a little chamber in Eternity, lighted and furnished. Breaths from the unknown blow in through the keyhole of the door and take form : they are all important for a space, until their own draught drives them up the chimney and, the spell of the room gone, they dissolve again. The chamber is the box of Phantasmagoria, and it is used in the school of the sons of God to illustrate the properties of captive willingness. The results of the experiment call it Time or the Universe, and deem themselves gods for the brief term of embodiment. But they pass up the chimney and are not. Only that little breath of Eternity, which is the Spirit, remains to lose itself in the boundless nothing whence it came.'

In his *Allegory of Christendom* he captures something of the spirit of the great Parable of Truth in Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*. I give it in his own words :

' Once a great Master coaxed forth an air—grand and simple, the bare notes without accompaniment—from the great Music-chaos in which we live. After his death, the musicians said one to another : Here is a glorious piece of music : the master piece of all ; yet to the many it would seem of no account, for it has no accompaniment, is not scored for orchestra, has no words set to it. And they were divided, some preferring that it should be used as a song, others as a march. Some few preferred the notes as they stood, and hummed the air to themselves, desiring no accompaniment, no blare of instruments. The melody was perfect in itself. But these were very few. And the world was divided because of the piece of music. In one city it was arranged as a song and became popular, in another as a dance and became popular, in a third as a march and became popular. But when those who loved it as a march heard that in the neighbouring city it had been set to words and was admired as a song, they were scandalized. So they took arms and went out against the singers. On the way, the band playing their march, they fell in with the army

of the enemy, which was come out, singing the detested song, against them. For the singers had heard of the march and were scandalized. So a fierce fight took place and while they were yet fighting, appeared a third army dancing to the same strain, which fell upon them both. And there was great confusion. Before they could sort themselves, came a man by that way, humming the strain of the Master, neither singing, nor dancing, nor marching. Then they all, who beheld him, turned on him and slew him.'

At the same time as he was wrestling and writing thus, he was also working at short stories and at his novel. The novel is despicably childish, but the short stories very humorous : already spiced from his long reading of Arab wits, and savoury through his very successful conversion of Eastern idiom into English. Of his slow inward struggle to find some sheltered *via media* between pneumatic bliss and the 'heroic for Earth too hard' no outward signs appeared. But in a very sympathetic letter to Hickes he shows something of his mind.

'I had heard of your fresh trouble. The choice of a private asylum must be a terrible business for so dear a relative ; indeed, the whole tragedy is far greater for you outside than for the sufferer, who, by a merciful dispensation, is prevented from seeing it whole. Insanity is so terribly near to men like me who indulge imagination : the slightest blow on the head might produce it, that whenever I hear of trouble like this of yours, I naturally identify myself with the patient rather than with the relatives. And I believe, from much thinking about it, that for the patient it is made endurable.'

Again, later, reproached for not writing, he explains :

'If I have not written before, it is not that I was ungrateful, but ever since I came here I have been wasting paper trying to begin something worth writing, and have hitherto done nothing worth speaking of. At such times one has a grudge against the world, or against oneself, which is, perhaps, the same thing, and one's correspondence is

restricted to business communications, where one can hide any amount of spleen and boredom in the cold formality of "yours truly."

When Hickes is ordained deacon, he writes again :

'In some ways I envy you your calling, which will bring you ever more and closer in touch with all the varying types of mankind, and in every sense I envy you the qualities which make your vocation a true one. A clergyman's life is, I consider, or may easily be, the most artistic of which our modern life admits. Understand "artistic" here in its highest sense, as at once constant, beautiful, and for good.'

In the spring of '98 he went for a walking tour in Wales with Hickes. They visited Llanfairfechan, and scrambled on Penniaenmawr, tearing up it early one morning, and trying hard to find the Druids' circle, were caught in the rain coming home, horribly late, to lunch. There was 'Turner with a team of mules and a bell, and a holiday face,' and 'fine florid port winey sunsets, genuine English,' to be watched from the beach by the railway arch. A walk from Aber to Llanfairfechan late on an April afternoon, with primroses and celandines in the hedgerows, and hedges themselves 'here fluffy and soft with willow palm, there foamy with blackthorn' is remembered a year later. 'Anglesey and Puffin Island seemed a hippopotamus with a little bird perched on his black shoulder deep in ether.'

In the summer Marmaduke and Muriel went back to Switzerland and stayed at Champéry, in the Hôtel Dent du Midi, where they were joined by his mother and Bob, by Etta and several other Beasleys—cousins of his mother's, by Hickes and by some friends called Wilmott. They did a lot of scrambling and some serious climbing 'with a guide and the inevitable ropes and ice-axes.' There he met Welldon—Bishop designate of Calcutta—on the platform at Brigue and received a highly episcopal blessing from him at St. Maurice, also an invitation to go and stay as long as he liked with him at Calcutta, 'where,' he says, 'we can have half his house.' Later, when Kelk and the other friends were all gone, he becomes serious again : 'I have been

reading the Lessons in the conventicle the last two Sundays,' he tells Hickes, 'not without much shaking of knees and imaginary cries of "this is a Mass shop."' "

When he and Muriel went back to Geneva for the winter he finished the *Bunny Book*. It took three weeks to copy out, and Marmaduke started hawking it, sending it first to John Lane, by whom both it and its successor, *The Unraveling of Cyril Baldwin*, were refused. He kept Hickes posted regarding their fate, and tells him *Cyril Baldwin* took eight months to write. It was never published.

'It is rather a curious book,' its author wrote, 'I hardly know what to make of it myself. It came like that: that is all I can say. There are some passages in it which make me wonder whether I could have written them—a dash of inspiration here and there. All the characters seem alive. General Baldwin, the hero's father, whose death (his last words are, "Will someone give Roger his supper"—Roger being his dog, called after Hickes' dog) gives a pathetic touch to the book, is, in my opinion, a success; and a certain nobleman (very young) of the name of William George Portcullis Fitzscutcheon Blazon, Viscount Blazon by courtesy of the realm, by discourtesy of his friends "Little Billy" or simply "that ass," is ludicrous I hope. There are upwards of forty characters, all kicking, except the hero, who has come out a trifle insipid, in spite of the pains I took with him. Compared with *All Fools* it is rather a placid sort of novel. I've never read anything much like it, so perhaps it's good.'

For Christmas they went up to Champéry to stay with friends, and Marmaduke had some ski-ing. Then Muriel's sister joined them, and they found a flat, 5 rue de la Plaine, which they took for a year from 1 January 1899. They had no servant, and his wife or her sister or both did the cooking. Marmaduke was suffocated in a cloud of domesticities. 'Housework,' 'unseemly energy,' 'charwomanly activity' are key words in his letters, and he complained this 'could not go on, or I shall have to drop over the bannisters and fall to the bottom of the house, five stories, in self-defence.'

He is lonely, amidst such alien femininities, and despondent ; ' the sight of a real English friend would do us all a lot of good. Our acquaintance here is of the most motley description—Yanks, hybrid English, Swiss, Germans, Rumanians, French, and I know not what. It would have amused you to have seen me the honoured guest of the literary and artistic club at their annual banquet. Luckily I was not called upon to make a speech. I felt all the time as if I were there under false pretences : they seemed to think me such a very great man. At twenty-three, with only two little magazine stories behind me, I felt very in the nature of an imposter, not to say a fool, and had a lurking fear that some really great author might come along and expose me to general ridicule. It is sometimes trying to have friends too eager to blow your trumpet.'

The flat was a new experience for him. He found having a woman always about the place unexpectedly was fun. Almost as a painter might, he describes his wife doing her hair ' with arms curved out and upwards from the shoulders like handles of some exquisite vase. She managed to read a novel in the intervals of observing her pretty face in the mirror. The rapidity with which she turned the leaves threw light on her manner of reading. She read as an accompaniment to whatever she was doing.' The outlook, that was not very different from that of Pembridge Square days, is very differently envisaged. ' The chimneys, sun-illuminated, shone red and yellow above the blue slate roofs in whose hollows there yet lurked a shade and coolness of the night. There was a telephone wire close to the window to bear the somewhat peevish voice of the singing woman who lived underneath all over the town. A tall chimney, like the stump of a mast, rose behind a large black building with windows picked out in white like port-holes.'

Summer is one long continual delight. At last he achieves early rising : takes in the milk, opens the persiennes, and sets the kettle on the stove he has lighted before walking through the quiet streets, steeped in the fresh dawn shadow, to glimpse the weir. The water ' carven malachite ' makes him long for pine stems and solitude, and this Werther

sighs for a 'mossy seat, and a little solitude, a little peace, a little leisure apart from the world to muse, and dream and commune with oneself.' All before 'an hour's work': then breakfast and the morning pipe. His longings are satisfied when they go up to Ballaigues, for their 'summer's outing,' to a tiny hotel set amongst processional firs, 'near the bottom are the stragglers, who seem weary and listless, in despair of ever reaching the top. Then there is the dense crowd, elbowing each other in black waving mass: then along the topmost ridge, the winner standing on tiptoe in the hope of seeing farther.'

The Pickthalls overspent themselves on their jaunt, and were obliged, when they returned to Geneva the ensuing autumn, to live servantless and on a diet of milk, cheese, and bread, 'sometimes without the cheese and a peaceful saveloy instead. I never worked better or more steadily: a little effort of that sort seems to nerve a man all round and clear his head,' Marmaduke told Hickes.

The two published short stories were in *Temple Bar*: 'Monsieur le Président,' January 1898, 'The Word of an Englishman,' July '98. They were followed in January '99 by 'A Question of Precedence.' In March 1899 he writes: 'I had an offer this week from a Geneva friend, at present in Paris, who is anxious to translate my three short stories into French and says he is sure of placing them in first-class French reviews, my full name is to be put to them, with the pseudonym (E. Greck) in brackets.' In the same letter he announces that, despite some wire-pulling on the part of Hickes, for which the author is truly grateful, the *Bunny Book* has been returned by John Lane. It had been dignified with the name *All Fools*. Marmaduke repacked it instantly and despatched it to Fisher Unwin, 'with no hope, I am glad to say,' and his comment on the rejection is Panurge's 'Babillebabod.' For a last fortnight they went to the Hamiltons at Champéry: at the beginning of November they returned to London, 'going first to London lodgings with my mother, then on into the provinces a-house-hunting.

Said the Fisherman was already half written.

‘The second part, which I shall begin as soon as ever I get a peaceful day in England, will be rather more ticklish. My puppet gets to London and wanders about the streets till he swoons from cold and starvation. He is taken to a hospital whence, through the instrumentality of a missionary, he is sent back, convalescent, to the East—an idiot, more through general numbness than from any actual loss of faculties. He leads a happy life in Egypt, content to bask in the sun and forget all the darkness and cold of that Northern land, where he suffered, and is at last killed by the bursting of a shell in the bombardment of Alexandria, or else shot by British soldiers as taking part in a rising, I am not sure which.

‘That is somewhat the idea of my second part, the first part being entirely Syrian. The change to London may strike you as an inartistic break in the atmosphere, but I don’t intend it to be so. Part II will open in Syria, and of its nineteen chapters only four are concerned with London. Also, he will see London entirely from an Easterner’s point of view, as a sort of dark mysterious Ebleh, with Eblis himself lurking doubtless somewhere in the depths of it. All this gives you not the slightest idea of my plot, which it would take me too long to make clear. Let me say, however, that the book has an artistic motive as well as that of interest, and I hope it will turn out all right. During the three weeks or so we spent in London I mean to go about to the various regions Saïd visits, and by favour of a note-book and an Eastern eye, hope to amass a goodly mound of useful details.

‘Thanks to an old lady living here whose husband (deceased) was British Consul at the neighbouring city of Aleppo at the time Saïd took a leading part in the massacres of Damascus, I have been able to get my history absolutely correct. Of the various books she lent me I have extracted all the juice, all, that is, which bears of my subject, as well as sundry little items of more general information. Among other things I have noted a history of the Armenian Church—a mere précis, of course—as related by themselves with an account of some of their ritual and pious customs. I had

you in my mind at the time, and will impart that knowledge to you, as soon as ever I get the chance.'

After much search and a bad fit of gout in the form of eczema—'isn't the "sins of the fathers" a nuisance? If my great-grandfather, or some old codger whom I never knew, had been a little more sparing in the matter of port, I should have had a clear skin at this moment'—Marmaduke found a house, 'small, old, and inconvenient: but the grounds are really magnificent—an excellent garden, winding pinewoods, a paddock, a coachyard, small group of farm-buildings, tennis court, more pinewoods, and a fine stretch of heath on which is a picturesque windmill. There are eight acres in all, and the rent is £65. It is at Holton, only ten minutes' walk from Halesworth station on the Great Eastern main line. The present name of the place is Ash Cottage, but as it is such a big place I think I shall drop that title altogether and give my address as Holton, near Halesworth, Suffolk.'

All Fools was accepted at last by Swan, Sonnenschein and Company, and in February 1900 he is announcing 'another three weeks or four and it will be published. I only wish the war may take a better turn ere then: for in the present state of public feeling, novels seem rather out of place.'

Said was finished in rough by March. "It really seems good, and, I think, has more staying power in it than anything I have yet achieved. If only *All Fools* could wax popular and smooth the way for it. I hope to get it published in the autumn," Marmaduke told Hickes. In April, *All Fools* appeared, and was greeted 'with kindness' by the *Scotsman*; with 'a little cockcrow of enthusiasm, very grateful to the author's ears' by the *Glasgow Herald*, whilst the best notices he received were those in the *East Anglian Daily Times* and the *Dundee Courier*. His mother thought it coarse, its chief objection, in her eyes, being its repeated reference to 'an article of ladies' underclothing—namely stays'; his sister, Lina, 'prurient,' and a lady district visitor in the parish severely censured the author for degrading his talents and regretted 'she could not, in conscience, recommend the book to her friends.'

Marmaduke was very upset by these unfavourable comments from his nearest and dearest. "All this makes one doubt one's sanity: I regret that I have asked the Bishop of Jerusalem to order it," he confided to Hickes. Little wonder the poor young man—he was just twenty-five—wrote to consult a doctor about his nerves. What they could have objected to, other than its extreme banality and a schoolgirl tendency to giggle at least once in every chapter, is difficult to see. It is pretty dreary stuff, but there are glimpses of reality: 'Why, he wondered, did she always avoid his mouth?' And one very good Irish story, traditional in the O'Brien family, which is worth quoting:

'There was once an Irish gentleman, the descendant of a thousand kings, the son of one baker. He was a Member of Parliament, an orator, a poet, a novelist, a patriot, a Fenian, an anarchist, a socialist, and would have been a king if he had had his rights. He died, poor fellow, upon the terrace of the House of Commons, from mixing metaphors in his cups. One of his speeches has come down to us.

'The Secretary of State for Ireland, arch-enemy of all true patriots, had just made a statement.

"Lies," said the Irish gentleman, rising and glaring at the Minister, who, it is reported, quailed beneath his glance—"lies are as prolific as rabbuts; but although ye cannot do with less than two rabbuts if ye are wishin' to start a warrun, one single, dastur-rdly lie has power booth to begit and to bring forth a hool bivvy of hilty and robust prevar-rications, which strut abroad like paycocks, desavin' by the brightness of their plumage, impoosin' upon the beholder, and swellin' and growin', until he belaves them to be very lions of ver-racity. Ye will not shoot them like young rooks, neither will ye catch them with a lampoon like whales. They are vampoires suckin' the life-blood from the dry boons of truth. Like swine, they drag ye where ye were not wishin' to go, runnin' between your legs, hangin' on to your trousers, and causin' ye indless embarrassment, until at lighth they rise, and catchin' ye on their hor-runs, toss ye hidlong into the black abyss where there burrns thē fire of Hill!"'

‘The badness of this, and indeed, of all Marmaduke’s English novels is instructive,’¹ and it is lamentable that *All Fools* ever found a publisher. Its author himself grew to have a very poor opinion of it, for, after the success of *Said*, he withdrew it from publication, and destroyed all spare copies.

Whilst the new house was being set to rights, he and Muriel lived in lodgings in Southwold with his mother. Bob joined them often ; he was reading for the Bar, as he ‘likes the idea of rooms in town and classic brieflessness.’ Bob liked Muriel, too, more than she him : but Marmaduke, when she complained of his being in love with her, said gently : “I don’t blame him : he can no more help it than I” ; When they moved into Holton, their mother went with them and Bob, at first spasmodically, visited them : then, after his failure to pass the Bar exams, joined them permanently and became part of their establishment. Marmaduke, though such a life must have been the *via negationis* in all its bitterness for him, did not grumble : his letters are full of local gossip : great doings on Ladysmith Day, ‘speeches in the market-place, endless God save our gracious, and a patriotic sing-song in the evening.’

‘Holton is especially unfortunate in respect of its rector,’ he tells Hickes, and ‘the neighbours and I have been at loggerheads already, about a right of way and some clothes-props on my land. Suffolk folks are frightfully cantankerous and crusty with a stranger, but, once they get to know and like you, they’ll let you do anything you like with them, short of personal violence. So I bide my time and do my best to ingratiate myself with the village. I was invited to their Reading Room dinner the other evening, when, to my infinite disgust, I was called upon to make a speech, and was finally elected Vice-President of the Institution. Yesterday I saw a fine occasion for furthering a better understanding, so got up a sing-song, when I took the chair, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Afterwards I let them have a bonfire on my land, where all the village gathered to warm themselves, and we sang “God Save the

¹ E. M. Forster.

Queen" and cheered B. P. and Mafeking, and only wished we had "old Krewjer" for fuel. They did me the honour to cheer me pretty heartily at last, so I think we are getting on all right and, by the end of the year, shall have the clothes-props moved without a murmur and the right of way settled quite amicably to my satisfaction. You should have seen them round that bonfire, on a hill-top covered with whin-bushes, the fir-trees of our garden showing their tops in one direction just below a great black windmill, and night all round over a wide horizon. Jimmy Hamilton, a friend of mine, had a similar fire at Walberswick, about eight miles off. He evidently waited for the flare of ours, for no sooner were we fairly blazing than up shot a little tongue of flame in the far distance. That pleased Holton more than anything, I think, for naturally we like to take the lead. They gave three lusty cheers for the folks over yonder.

'From all this, you would scarcely suppose that I have been hard at work; but it is so actually.

'I have been copying away at *Saïd the Fisherman* like mad, but don't yet see the end of the first part clearly through the thicket.

'*All Fools* is described as "Mr. Pickthall's very successful novel" in our advertisement, but on inquiry I find that only 130 copies have been sold up to now, which is disappointing—on an edition of 1000—a small edition. However, I am told that it is too soon to give an opinion about its sale and that Mudie's have re-ordered, which is something.'

By September he had written five short stories, and was at work on a projected novel, *The Canker Poppy*, set in Suffolk. The dispute over the clothes-props simmered in his mind until, in 1912, it took shape and was published as *Lark-meadow*—dedicated 'for the sake of the grain of fact from which it springs, to a Suffolk Village.' The hero's escape from his father's office also arose from an incident which occurred when the Pickthalls were visiting the Hickeys at Draycot at this time—April 1900. *Cyril Baldwin*, returned by Lane, was sent to Hickeys, who did not like the use in it

of the word 'excrement,' nor punning on the name of Lucifer, nor a repetition of the love-making in a hansom.

'In *All Fools* the question was treated from the girl's point of view : in *C.B.* it is treated from the respectable or parents' standpoint. The episode, too, is subservient and not the keystone of the book, as it was in *All Fools*. It is not a weak point, for George Rashleigh paid me a compliment on it.'

Marmaduke answers him back, defending his own writing.

The 'stickiness of English Life,' which Marmaduke dreaded after 'Bohemian Geneva,' seems to have engulfed him quite at this period. By all accounts he seemed most ordinary and conventional : a young man, settling down to write and to play squireen : 'a good Churchman, reading the Lessons on Sunday,' his half-sister Caroline—now an Anglican nun at the Cape, reports him at that time.

Muriel, when the garden had been brought into fine fettle by old Daniel, the gardener, gave a 'lilac tea'—everyone must wear lilac, the tea-set, icing, and napkins were all of the same romantic hue to match the great bushes in the garden, hanging purple and white. The Pickthalls got up *The Mikado* locally : they bathed frequently, and one day, what a joke, Marmaduke had forgotten his costume and the machine attendant gave him a lady's bathing dress, purple with yellow frills, and loud were his lamentations.

The Queen died and 'yesterday and this morning we had memorial services for her late Most Gracious. Yesterday's was quite ritualistic. I lent our silver candlesticks for the altar. I never can quite make out the reason why of these memorial services : a long acrobatic performance, ours was, to avoid by skipping over, crawling under, writhing round in paraphrase, a simple prayer for the departed. At last the rector has given notice of a confirmation to be held in March (to Marmaduke's horror there had not been one for over four years) and without his moving a finger ten candidates have presented themselves.'

Marmaduke went as often as he could to fairs or circuses

—‘ merry-go-rounds had an irresistible attraction for him : he rode on them with great solemnity.’ He ‘ organized an agitation to get the new organ finished ere the damp of another winter ruin it ’ : ‘ Duke and Bob ’ presented Hickeys with a set of Communion silver that was their father’s : they put up a window in the Say Chapel in Broxbourne Church in memory of Ann Walmsley and her children. Marmaduke, as chairman of the Parish Council, was worried by a bad local case of cow stabbing and incendiarism. Where in all this dismal clutter of banality is the boy who walked into Jerusalem ?

Not far off. The commonplace book shows with what intensity even the daily round is lived. Every detail of his beloved East coast landscape is etched into his mind, ironed in ; the dike water crumbling in the wind, flowers in shade cool as reflections in water : the moon’s great illuminated clock-face striking midnight, whilst its light lies along the roofs like a fine dust of snow : a woman in a crimson cloak, set against the leafless russet trees : the Broads, with their waters broken by little islands, and beyond, in the distance, on one side a darkness of trees ; on the other, the purple sea, high as a hill : the numb harmony exceeding cold, of blue flowers of wild chicory about a heap of granite stones on a lowering day : all are stencilled, all *weg nach innen*. Errand boy, countryman in donkey cart, gipsy woman, bearded preacher at an empty cross-roads, lounging, swaggering bucks on Lowestoft pier, all are accepted, entered as petty cash might be.

The customs of Skyland, too, both horrified and delighted him. The native cruelty, that, when a dog had to be killed, took it to an out-of-the-way place and did it slowly to death, with ritual, and before a select gathering that gloated over its agonies : the ceremonies, when the bride leaves her mother’s house, to the tune of cans and kettle banged and beaten by the bridegroom’s friends : the drinking from Jeremiahs—chamber-pots as yet clean from the shop—out of which, at a cottager’s wedding feast, bride and bridegroom consumed gin and water, whilst divers smutty but immemorial jokes are made : the carrying of a corpse over

disputed land to 'make it common for ever more': these he notes.

He gives, in *Larkmeadow*, a description of the last of these three, which was the culmination of his dispute with the villagers. 'Ta dead be free and holy and kind o' haller what they pass acrost and makes that free,' was the opinion of the village; so, 'emerging from the fir-wood by the mill, the procession left the path and went up the boundary hedge, returned to the verge of the cliff overlooking the village, then back to the hedge again, drawing line beside line exactly as one does in ploughing, the intention being that no parcel of the heath should escape the liberating virtue of the dead. Despite the eccentricity of the proceeding, the men moved decorously, wearing solemn masks: the women hid their faces in white handkerchiefs.'

His second winter there was great excitement: fear came on all the neighbourhood, for rumour had it that a creature with long hair, matted like a beast's, and a face darker than a negro's, and a mouth larger than that of human kind, knocked at a cottage door and, when Joe Watling opened it, pointed to its mouth and to the food. Joe attacked the brute (which seemed to have a fish's tail, for the man was cased in weeds and slime from the waist downwards), but it pounced upon a quartern loaf and got away. 'It do be a Rooshian, a desperate bad creature,' the village said, and Marmaduke, remembering the Tsarist priests and pilgrims, was not sorry that in East Anglia the name for any wicked man was: 'a reg'lar Rooshian.'

The terrible creature established itself in Marler's Grove—a coppice of old beeches interspersed with modern firs upon the outskirts of a great expanse of heathland, crossed by sheep-walks clothed in a thick growth of whins. Here it built a little hut, and lived on chickens and other food that it could steal. Several times it approached people and talked to them in its gibberish, but they took up pitchforks or brooms against it—whatever was handy—and it fled. Then they found its hut, and the villagers hid upturned scythe-blades, sharp edge upwards, in the heap of sheep's wool upon which the creature slept, and

were delighted when, next day, they discovered stains of blood.

A farmer, coming from Saxmundham market, had seen the Russian: 'it sprang out at him from a group of trees beside the way, waving its hands about and grinning horribly. It knelt down in the road. The ghastly apparition in the gloaming caused the mare to shy and nearly upset the cart. The farmer, scared, laid his whip across the Russian's face.' The local squire went after it, thinking it some rare ape, with a net. At last it was caught, sleeping, and, luckily, the police arrived in time to prevent the villagers from transfixing the wretched Blackamoor, already half-dead from exposure. He had been shipwrecked on that bleak, inhospitable shore, and, somehow, had crawled over the wide, level marshland, intersected by a lot of dikes choked with dying reeds, towards the smoke rising from among purple woods. He died some weeks later in the workhouse infirmary.

Hardly better fared the French balloonists—a man and woman who landed, on Christmas Eve, about two miles from Southwold. They walked into the nearest village, and, going into the post office, asked in broken English for telegraph forms. The postmistress fled and, summoning help, drove the strangers to take refuge in a ruined cottage outside the village, where they were rescued, with difficulty by the police, from the big crowd which was come with pitchforks, scythes, and reap-hooks to 'make an end of sichlike kind of Rooshians.'

Meanwhile, the MS. of *Saïd* was travelling; John Lane sent it over to America, but returned it with a general verdict from both his English and American readers that it was 'of insufficient general interest.' It was then confided to 'a literary agent with whom I have entered into an agreement. I hope he may place it to advantage. At any rate I have to bother myself no more about it.' The agent was Pinker, and so successful was he that, late in 1902, Marmaduke wrote to Hicckes:

'Methuen has accepted *Saïd the Fisherman*. The terms are 10 per cent royalty on every copy sold rising at every 1000

to near 20 per cent where it becomes stationary. What makes me call this favourable is that my interest in the book is lifelong. In the event of the edition being sold to U.S.A. I get half the price, and the rights of foreign translation with any fees arising therefrom are my very own.'

He was proof-correcting all the spring and summer, working at the same time at *The Canker Poppy*. In July 1903 *Saïd* was published. It was an instant success. A. J. Dawson gave it a two-column review in the *Athenæum*, then under the editorship of Vernon Rendall, and 'James Douglas in the *Star* followed suit, and then it was nothing but a chorus of praise from the whole London and provincial Press,' Marmaduke wrote to a friend. J. M. Barrie wrote a congratulatory letter, asking to meet him. H. G. Wells, in a first letter, says: '*Saïd* reminds me (not a bit to its disadvantage) of Morier,' and adds: 'I wish that I could feel as certain about my own work as I do of yours, that it will be alive and interesting people fifty years from now. I wish Henley could have read this good live stuff.' In a second note he says: 'You were good before but if you are only twenty-four you are marvellous,' and asks Marmaduke to lunch with him in Clement's Inn.

Marmaduke met both Wells and Barrie in 1904: and stayed with the former for a week-end at Easton Glebe. He also stayed with Dawson in his cottage in the Hardy country, not only once, but several times. James Douglas, in his review of *Saïd*, had suspected Dawson himself of having written it, which, when Dawson heard, caused him to exclaim: 'He wished to God he *could* have written it.'

As Pinker had foreseen, *Saïd* had a 'literary (*id est* critical) rather than a popular success,' and two months after publication only eight hundred copies had been sold. But letters from 'many other well-known writers, congratulating me on having written what they called a masterpiece,' flowed in, and Muriel was able to fill a fat book with press-cuttings. 'Curiously enough,' Marmaduke wrote, many years later to his agent, 'it is the book of mine which Orientals like least. Or rather not curiously, for it does them

less than justice.' It was translated into French, German, and Danish, did very well in America, and by 1927 had gone into fourteen editions. Great Orientalists like Professor Browne and Stanley Lane Poole acclaimed *Said*, and it was given to British officials in Egypt to be studied as a textbook of the manners of the country.

The Canker Poppy was now finished, but was never published, nor can I find any record even of Marmaduke's having tried to dispose of it. Kelk, on reading it, exclaimed: "Here is something really interesting at last," but Marmaduke destroyed the MSS, though, from jottings in the commonplace book, he seems to have used a good deal of the Suffolk material he had collected in *Enid*, *Brendle*, and *Larkmeadow*. *Enid* was published by Methuen's in 1904, and is purely a Suffolk story. It is not unlively, but is overlong, and dates badly. It also suffers from a literary indigestion. The author confesses as much to Hickes in a letter:

'Being once more immersed in the shifting sands of Babylonish gold and human fate, this ego of mine, passive flotsam, reaches white supplicating digits forth towards the Land of Biscuits and seeds (not carraway) craving auscultation and the pale receptive ear' (Hickes was curate in Reading), 'my excuse for writing the above is that I have just been reading Henry James and lately studying Shakespeare, the two jingle-jangle together in my head to a tune of which the above is only a note, as it were.'

Enid was written entirely at Holton, as was also *Brendle*, which is completely local in atmosphere. *Enid* was published by Constable, but for *Brendle* Marmaduke returned to Methuen. He still corresponds regularly with Hickes:

'Seeing a sixpenny edition of *Aylwin* on a Lowestoft bookstall in Ketells Turn, and remembering your high opinion of it, I bought a copy. I like it very much, romanticism coming as a refreshment after the realism towards which I perpetually stray. I also purchased, on your advice, the *Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane.'

In the spring of 1904 he wrote joyously to Hickes that

there was 'every chance of my going Eastward in the autumn,' but when autumn came, his mother was found to be suffering from cancer. His brother had married recently, and it was Marmaduke who nursed her devotedly through her last illness, and for her sake gave up all thought of the projected journey. "Dominus non dixit, vade in Orientem et quære justitiam, abi usque ad Occidentem ut accipias indulgentiam,"¹ Augustine had said, and from his mother's room Marmaduke wrote *The House of Islam*, which reflects the daily anguish of his vigil. 'In death that which jars most is the voice of the undertaker,' he confides to his commonplace book. It was his first loss, and both his self-control, and the effort which it cost him, are transparent in this book, which Vernon Rendall thought his best. 'Like Kipling's *Kim*, it is an appreciation of the mystic life, and shows a new side of the writer's character.' Himself, he did not rate it so high.

'*The House of Islam* is not a great book, whatever the critics may say, don't heed them. It might have been made so, but I had not the requisite zest and energy, just after my mother's death, when it was written,' he wrote to Hickes.

Yet this grave book is entirely free from the somewhat childish and chirping facetiousness which here and there blemishes almost all his other works. In this first grief he came nearer being transfigured by the spirit of the East than ever before or after. This spirit is more than bazaars, coffee, minarets, muezzins, yashmaks, fezzed carpet-sellers, or shiny, smirking Arab boys proffering 'feelthee pictures.' It is the spirit of Islam: barest, sternest, emptiest, most non-attached of creeds. What his God promised Augustine: 'I am the food of the strong: grow thou, and thou shalt feed on Me, but verily not I into thee, but thou into Me shalt be converted.'² came true for Marmaduke whilst he wrote *The House of Islam*.

His story is of two Muslims, brothers, from a town in the

¹ 'The Lord has not commanded, go seek justice in the East, nor yet travel west to receive pardon.'

² 'Ego sum cibus grandium: cresce, et manducabis me: sed non vero Ego in te, sed tu in Me mutaberis.'

Syrian desert. The elder goes to court and seeks temporal advancement : the younger stays at home to find spiritual peace. The Sheykh Shems-ud-Din is old when the story opens, and of all his children only a daughter remains to him, and she falls ill. For her sake, whom he loves to the verge of idolatry, he journeys to Jerusalem, to consult the Frankish physicians there. His elder brother is now a high official in the city, but is ashamed of his brother, accompanied as he is by the sick girl in her litter and by a horde of lawless Circassians. The Frankish doctor cannot heal the girl, and at her death there is a riot, for he is thought by the Circassians to have killed her, though he had actually risked dismissal by allowing her to be nursed in the Jewish hospital.

Shems-ud-Din, who had wearied Allah with vain prayers, buries her calmly. Now he realizes his sin : ‘ Man prays for evil as he prays for good, for man is without understanding.’ He goes back to his desert ; but the last word is not with him, but with Camrudin in *The Early Hours*, Marmaduke’s last published novel. ‘ The goal of life can never be communion with a fellow creature. That search must end in disappointment always. The soul of every man is solitary from the cradle to the grave, unless and until it finds, by service, that communion with Allah for which it was created. When it has found that, it is at one with all the other servants of Allah, but not before.’

At the very end of his life, in his last years at Hyderabad, he repeated in a parable the lesson of *The House of Islam*. A fakir, renowned for his asceticism, goes for curiosity to visit another, not less famous for his sanctity. Both are desert dwellers, but the fakir travels on foot, miserably clad, and arrives at the other’s tent to find sumptuous silken hangings, priceless carpets, gold plate, exquisite food, scented sherbets, and many beautiful slave-girls. He cries out at such luxury, will eat only from his wooden platter, drink only water from his pilgrim’s mug, sleeps in his cloak on the bare ground. Next day his host asks him to accompany him for a piece of his way, and the fakir agrees.

When evening comes, the fakir’s platter and mug cannot

be found. He makes a terrible song and dance, keeps up a hue and cry all night long for the missing utensils, refuses food or sleep, and next day is still put out, though his weeping and raging have given place to sulks. As the caravan proceeds, robbers fall upon it and take everything, leaving host and guest in their shifts: the slaves are all fled or captured, and the two proceed alone together on foot. As they reach their journey's end the host, who has not shown any sign of annoyance or anger throughout, says: "My friend, you marvelled that I eat off gold, had silken tent hangings, ate the rarest foods; but is not your soul more burdened by your wooden mug and plate than mine by all my riches?"

When his next book, *Brendle*, appeared, in 1905, Marmaduke had a new ordeal to face. For though he had never met the bad-tempered and tyrannical old brewer, whose spineless son he makes his hero, his relations rose solidly against him. They declared brewer and son speaking likenesses, and swore never to speak again to the reprobate Marmaduke who had made capital—nay, income!—out of a long-forgotten family scandal.

At the end of 1904 he disposed of Ash Cottage, and after a few weeks in London he took another at Fordingbridge, Hampshire. Thence he writes despondently to Hickes: 'My life at home has narrowed down so much of late, I mean that I have quarrelled with all my relations except the O'Briens, and am tied to a beastly little villa with a garden the size of a pocket-handkerchief.' He escaped first to Casterbridge 'to an old-fashioned hostelry' recommended him by Dawson—the 'Phoenix Inn,' scene of Jenny's last dance in Hardy's Wessex poems.

There he first realized himself 'a childless man who loves children,' as he described himself to my mother, and wrote to Hickes of his landlady's daughter, aged eleven, 'whom I found crying in a dark room in the evening because, as I with difficulty elicited from her, her father could not take her to a show that was on at the Corn Exchange, as he had promised to do. I took her, having obtained leave, and we did the thing in style to the envy of little school-fellows,

some of whom partook of our bounty. The child seems rather lonely in a family of grown-ups and since then has taken to spending most of her time, after school, in my sitting-room. This afternoon I went at her especial request to a service at Trinity Church "to hear us answer," and afterwards was taken for a regular lover's walk, quite in the spirit of Peter Pan. To-morrow evening, my last but one, she is going to show me some scene of the deadliest interest on some kind of British camp where the children play.'

In the autumn, when he and Muriel returned to London, they took a flat in Maida Vale, where he wrote *The Myopes*, the gloomiest and worst of all his novels. It was not even a *de profundis*, being ill-written, silly, and without depth. He was very depressed. It seemed as though the success of *Saïd*, so hard-won, so long awaited, was a flare only, lighting up the prison bars, not a candle showing him the well-tried, now forgotten way of escape. One evening he came home to find a letter from Lady Valda Machell, who, never having met him, wrote praising his books, and inviting him to tea at St. James's Palace. He went, and so began one of the greatest friendships of his life. She was home on leave from Cairo, where her husband, Captain Machell, was adviser to the Prime Minister, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy. She bade Marmaduke come and stay with them there, and write a book about Egypt. He accepted, joyfully. Muriel went to stay with her father, and early in 1907 Marmaduke crossed from Marseilles to Alexandria. This time his journey was not an escape to an eagerly anticipated unknown, but a return to a beloved freedom.

CHAPTER FOUR



LORD CROMER has stated that ‘the maximum amount of harm is probably done when an Oriental ruler is for the first time brought into contact with the European system of credit. He then finds he can obtain large sums of money with the utmost apparent facility. The temptation to avail himself to the full of the benefits, which a reckless use of credits seems to offer to him are too strong to be resisted. He will rush into the gulf which lies open before him’ . . . this is what Ismail Pasha, the semi-independent representative of the Sultan, did as Khedive of Egypt in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The result of Ismail’s foregone bankruptcy was, to quote Lord Cromer once again, that : ‘it happened Egypt had to be Europeanized. The English were its main agents in this process of Europeanization.’ They did not desire the mentor’s seat—it was thrust upon them. “We do not want to have Egypt. We want to trade with Egypt, and to travel through Egypt, but we do not want the burden of governing Egypt. What we wish about Egypt is that it should continue to be attached to the Turkish Empire, which is a security against its belonging to any European power.” So said Lord Palmerston, and in the last sentence lay the crux of the Egyptian problem.

As long ago as 1815 Mehemet Ali confided to Burkhardt, whom he met in the heart of the Arabian Desert, that ‘England must some day take Egypt as her share of the spoil of the Turkish Empire,’ and Kinglake, in his *Eothen*, put the same thing, perhaps more poetically : ‘The Englishman, straining far over to hold his beloved India, will plant a firm hold on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seat of the faithful.’

Our difficulties began when Lesseps obtained his conces-

sion from the Khedive, in spite of Palmerston's opposition. Thereafter, the Canal became a matter of capital importance in British policy, and in a dispatch from Lord Derby to Russia on 6 May 1877 he declared that 'England would regard a blockade of the canal as a menace to India,' and Derby prophetically warned Nubar Pasha that by the very fact of its existence the canal rendered possible, even probable, a British seizure of Egypt; as later, the creation of the German Bagdadbahn was to render inevitable British mandates in the Near East.

Palmerston had brilliantly described our feelings towards Egypt: "We do not wish it for ourselves any more than any rational man with an estate in the north of England and a residence in the south would have wished to possess the inns on the Great North Road. All he could want would have been that the inns should be well kept, always accessible, and furnishing him, when he came, with mutton chops and post-horses." Unfortunately, neither the Sultan, who may, in the terms of the above metaphor, be described as the landlord, nor the Khedive, the pub-keeper himself, could keep the inns accessible or provide a sufficiency of chops.

The real reason for the British occupation is to be found neither in the constitutional movement of 1882, nor in the wish to re-establish the fallen authority of the Khedive, but simply in the existence of the Suez Canal. By the occupation we placed ourselves in the anomalous position of a Liberal nation, bolstering up an absolute and absolutely autocratic power, based on the three C's—the Courbash (a strip of hippopotamus hide tapering at the end, and used for the collection of taxes and the extraction of evidence from witnesses), the Corvée (forced labour), and Corruption—against a genuinely national movement, whose objects were a constitution, and some form of representative government on a European model.

In consequence of the revolt of Arabi, Italy suggested an international police force should be formed to patrol the Canal, and Turkey was ready to accept the suggestion. But the deliberations of the International Conference, summoned at Therapia on 23 July 1882, were interrupted by

the roar of the British guns bombarding Alexandria, and the expeditionary force landed under Sir Garnet Wolseley has remained there ever since. The constitutional evolution of Egypt was thus driven underground by the action of Great Britain, and it was this averted patriotism, these subterranean hankerings after liberty, these nascent but early stifled aspirations after freedom, which, when he arrived in Cairo, Marmaduke discovered were most interesting to his hosts.

“He was invaluable,” Lady Valda Machell told me, “he was a perfect barometer of the state of native feeling—most useful.” His investigating, and estimating the strength of discontent, was done merely by watching—for he had a gift of getting under the skin of Orientals—be they Syrian peasants, Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, or Indians. This was the extent of the ‘secret service work’ and ‘spying’ of which he has so often been accused. He never betrayed secrets, nor even solicited them, and his widow insists ‘he always paid his own expenses, so as to be quite free.’ He only volunteered to wander about the bazaar and study the trend of native opinion at that very difficult time, for he was devoted to the Machells, and tremendously grateful to them for their splendid hospitality, and, being a witty and delightful raconteur, he told them the stories he collected, the amusing things he heard, with no ulterior motive. He met, at the Residency, many interesting people, some of whom were to become his lifelong friends—Aubrey Herbert and George Hornblower, for example; whilst others, such as Mark Sykes, Valentine Chirol, George Lloyd (now Lord Lloyd), and Lord Cromer, were to play important roles in his life. It was, for him, as if the long years in England had rolled away.

‘I can’t think,’ Lady Duff Gordon had written from Egypt, ‘why Mohammedans are always gentlemen. They have a grave courtesy which contrasts most strikingly with European vulgarity.’ After the pandemonium of quarrelling relatives, here was cool friendliness as of a drawing-room, where people ‘gave hospitality with their faces,’ though, compared with his gay, colourful Syrians, Egyptians seemed

sad and still ; impassive, monochrome, infinitely tranquil. To most Europeans, the Egyptians are not real, 'only part of the scenery,' as Lady Duff Gordon complained : but to Marmaduke it was the English who were an interruption—he longed to escape from them and to get on with life. He saw small harm in the British occupation, so long as it left the inhabitants in peace : 'It matters little,' he makes one old man say, 'to quiet folk who rules in Masr, so long as he be less harsh than was Arabi, and gives us rest to live and die in peace.' But, on the other hand, he saw no reason why the fellahin should be grateful to the English for the material prosperity which benefited them, incidentally, whilst paying the foreign capitalist a handsome dividend on the money he had sunk in the country.

Lord Cromer was outraged at their ingratitude : 'The fellah is singularly wanting in the logical faculty. He is incapable of establishing clearly that . . . good administration and the exercise of a paramount influence by England are inseparably linked together. His sense of gratitude for past favours, under the influence of ephemeral passion, would disappear like chaff before the wind. At such a moment, the same man, who was but yesterday blessing the English engineer for watering his fields, might to-morrow, should occasion arise, brain his benefactor with a *nabout* in a fit of savage passion.'

Poor Marmaduke, suffering as he did from some strange complex caused by having been a day-boy and debarred from playing games at school, could never realize that we, 'whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,' have the right to insist on receiving, from men benighted, to whom we have never denied the blessings of civilization, a measure, heaped full and overflowing, of gratitude. For him, there was something in those quiet villages which neither topee could bestow nor quarterly dividend buy, however punctually paid with income-tax subtracted at source. For him, as for Mabrük in *The Children of the Nile*, 'it was a joy to feel free once more, to ride at ease among the palm groves in the cool of the morning, to exchange views with the fellahin and chaff the girls with burdens on

their heads—brown amber beauties, who passed with hips swaying and insurgent breasts.’

He was still, at this stage, single-mindedly a writer, and saw all things, good or evil, purely from the story-teller’s point of view. Would he had remained so! Indignation and political consciousness are, for the imagination, and for every form of art and literature, temptations which all but a few of the greatest men of genius are well advised to resist at any cost.

‘Artists,’ said Karl Marx, ‘are kittle-kattle,’ and he would have licensed them to remain the one type of citizen who has no part or share in politics and whom Aristotle called ‘*Idiotes*.’ For the divine folly, that is the stuff poetry and plays are made of, requires a tranquillity around and about the emotion which generates it, in which the artist may recollect and create. If he takes so to heart injustice and oppression, then he will violate his peace, and with it his power. How, when the catharsis is incomplete in the poet, can he induce it in his audience? The ‘poetry is in the pity’ only when it is denied its proper medium, and the exceptions—the white-hot works of such giants as Swift, Rousseau, Calvin, Tolstoi—only prove how much better Marmaduke Pickthall, as also Zola and Galsworthy, to take three very obvious examples, wrote when they achieved the detachment necessary to give their art perspective.

Lord Cromer might quote ‘a great Conservative statesman’ who declared: ‘The East is languishing for want of a revolution’; but Marmaduke, shaking Europe off him as a dog coming out of a pond shakes water, approved rather Bismarck’s: ‘La politique est l’art de s’accomoder aux circonstances et de tirer partie de tout, même de ce qui deplaît.’ He approved Lord Cromer, too, very much indeed.

After he retired Marmaduke wrote of him: ‘He never made the least pretence at understanding the Egyptians or of consulting them, but he did what he and his advisers thought needful for the good of Egypt. And he made Egypt prosperous, and I make bold to add, contented, in spite of the unrest of 1906–1907, which culminated in the

Denshawai incident. This affair had really nothing to do with British rule, but was the aftermath of the Akaba trouble, when Egypt was brought near to war with Turkey, a position which Muslims found intolerable. The Foreign Office, to judge what followed, thought that that unrest was due to something wrong about Lord Cromer's methods of government. That was not the case. The outcry over Denshawai was raised in England.'

Marmaduke had no use at all for Cromer's successors. 'Diffidence,' as Mr. E. M. Forster rightly says, 'will never succeed in the East. Unless I have a touch of the regal about me, a glint of outward armour, my exquisite qualities will be wasted, my tact and insight ignored. The East is a bit of a snob, in fact'; or, as Marmaduke put it, 'they dearly love a Man.' And Cromer was every inch a man.

The Machells' house was an admirable base. To bathe there, dine, and talk after, with men and women who knew the East and cared for it even as he did, who were nearer to him than ever Wells or Barrie could be, and yet were of the same intellectual stature, and the next day to go out, disguised as a Syrian, and mooch about, listening, watching, soaking in the sun, lizard-acute, was a perfect alternation. At first he remained in Cairo. He mixed with the soldiers, finding life in barracks tolerable; the Turks, and still more the Circassians and the Albanians being odious, but the Egyptians themselves kindly folk, though unconscionably different from either Turks or Europeans.

The shape of an Egyptian's head and body differs enormously from an Englishman's. Already the former has the thin African arms and legs, the little, brittle bones: and neither in Cairo nor Damascus could Marmaduke ever get a hat big enough to fit him, though he had not a large head, whereas he had no trouble in Turkish cities. He had a lovely test question, which he used to ask English and Orientals alike: 'Two ducks in front of a duck, two ducks behind a duck, and a duck in the middle: how many ducks?' Europeans at the first guess would invariably answer five; Egyptians equally invariably seven; Syrians also seven; Turks, Circassians, and Albanians always five.

An educated Egyptian doctor explained to him how it must be seven. Holding up both hands with fingers closed he showed 'Two ducks' (raising two fingers) 'in front of a duck' (up shot the thumb)—'makes three; two ducks' (last two fingers of that hand were raised) 'behind a duck' (the index of the second hand was raised), 'that's six, and a duck in the middle, makes seven. The answer can be nothing else. It is yourself, dear sir, and not the rest of us, who are in error.' The perfect Oriental is entirely logical, as will be seen from this story, and he can count extremely fast: when perchance his literal reasoning lands him in some evident absurdity, he praises God who has set limits to man's faculties. The letter and the spirit are, for him, two separate entities: a noble sentiment is a noble sentiment, however negligible may be its effect on the conduct of the speaker.

Dressed as a sweetmeat-seller, Marmaduke visited all the taverns with his tray of candies, 'and in his slow progress through the crowded markets he overheard the remarks of all kinds of men.' He went, also, often to 'a certain coffee tavern, the resort of quiet folk. Customers sat on stools in an open place beside the street, whilst the host and his assistants loitered in and out of a little chamber hollowed in the outer wall of a great mosque, where glowed the brazier.' Here he heard the merchants, peaceful citizens, complaining of the standing army and of the revolutionary party alike. "O, my dear," they assured him, "all such have a dangerous affection for bullets. And we have not. Knowest thou that there be three sorts of bullets? Nay? Our advice is that you avoid them all, and all men who are the fathers of bullets. The three sorts are named from the voice of them: 'Whirr,' and 'Whizz,' and 'Whinn.' 'Whirr' is tired and well-nigh harmless; 'Whizz' has still some mind for mischief; but 'Whinn,' I assure thee, by Allah! 'Whinn' is a perfect devil."

He learnt other things, too, from these merchants. Why, for example, French priests wear beards when in North Africa, though it is against the regulations of their Church. It began as a bad habit: they were slack, and it was a bore

to shave. Then one day a beautifully clean Bishop arrived at Cairo and was horrified at their beards and said they must be cut off at once. The priests temporized, and next day took the Bishop to visit some notable sheykhs in the vicinity. The Bishop was splendid in full regalia, feeling stout and important. But the sheykhs talked only to the priests, to whom they showed great deference. Eventually the priests made it clear that the sheykhs must pay attention to the Bishop, whereupon one turned, and, looking at him, said : " Ah, I see you have brought one of your wives, and that she is far gone with child." Since when the priests have been allowed to wear their beards as long as they liked.

There was a little eating-house, too, where, on one occasion, ' which all arose out of a handful of lentils,' as the Arab proverb has it, Marmaduke nearly saw murder done. It was kept by Ahmed the cook, a one-eyed man, in Egypt styled ' professor,' who was a wicked wag. An habitué of the little cook-house was another Ahmed, a stupid, good-natured soldier, ' for whom this world was a place of peril to the soul, whose chance of safety lay in strict adherence to the divine rules, observing which he felt secure as for himself.'

One afternoon Ahmed the soldier came in, tired and irritable after a long spell of fatigues. The usual guests sat out beneath the awning, upon stools. Across the street there glowed a stall of fruit and vegetables. Ahmed the cook embraced his soldier namesake, and made him sit up in the shop itself, a place of honour. He gave to him a mess of rice and wheat, winking as he did so to his cronies, who looked on with secret smiles. When Ahmed the soldier had made an end of eating, Ahmed the cook paid him the usual compliments ; and, pouring out a cup of coffee, added : " Thou art indeed blessed, O my brother. Thou art become, indeed, a marvel and a gazing stock, seeing there is in thy belly that which no one of the sons of Adam ever ate before thee."

" What is thy meaning ? " asked the soldier, spilling the coffee handed to him in his great concern.

“The meat I gave thee was the flesh of jackals.”

“O Son of a dog ! It is understood thou liest ! ”

“By my beard I tell thee ! Ask all these here present ! ”

“The curse of Allah on thy faith, O atheist, O evil-liver. May Allah cut short thy life for this foul crime.”

Springing to his feet, Ahmed the soldier spat at the professor, then fled the place, gesticulating like a madman. The audience remained, convulsed with laughter. “Saw man ever the like for simplicity of understanding ? ” gasped out Ahmed the cook in the intervals of his amusement. “Now he will curse his belly and go vomiting for days, for the sake of a little mutton mingled nicely with a mess of rice.”

Meanwhile, the soldier wandered about in the neighbouring streets, bemoaning his disgusting plight, adjuring Allah and all true believers to behold and succour him. At his cry of “Ya Muslimin,” men came out of their doorways. A crowd soon gathered round the wretch and questioned him. He told his story, weeping, and solemnly cursing Ahmed the cook, who, by a mean trick, had robbed him of salvation. Every listener expressed his horror of such wickedness.

“To the shop, O Muslimin ! to the shop ! We must teach this pig, this unbeliever, a lesson.” A dense crowd, whilst the cook and his friends still chuckled, came upon his shop, using religious war-cries as against the heathen : the stools, snatched up, were used as weapons, the brazier upset into the street, cups broken, pitchers, shîshehs, all smashed to atoms. The cook was held down and beaten, and would very soon have been bashed to death had not one of his friends, escaping, met two policemen, whom he summoned to the scene. They rescued Ahmed, but not before the shop was wholly wrecked.

Another time Marmaduke went to a mosque where, it was alleged, the preacher made seditious statements. The man, it was true, abused the Government, and said very violent things, which had, as Marmaduke explained to an English clergyman long after, no effect upon the congregation whatsoever. “It was just what would happen in

England were you to urge your parishioners to sell all they had and give to the poor. They would come out of church, saying, 'What a splendid sermon.' But your folk, nor you, would do anything about it."

He liked the Cairenes, and got to know them very well, but disliked the various hangers-on of Turkish and British government—the Greeks and Armenians, who fleeced the indigenous folk terribly, and the Levantines in general. He whole-heartedly agreed with the proverb: 'Ermeni Vizir, devlet dūsher'—'When an Armenian rules, the State decays.' He hated, too, the Europeanized Egyptians, "de-moslemized Moslems, and invertebrate Europeans," as Lord Cromer called them, whom he mercilessly derides in his story *Karakter*, the sad tale of the Egyptian boy whose father desired above all things that his son should possess this mysterious quality, and sent him to England to acquire it, with most disastrous results.

Whilst he was in Cairo there was one of those inter-religious quick flare-ups, so common in the East, caused by a Jewess of Damascus, who was come to Cairo after being a courtesan in Beyrouth, Damascus, and Alexandria. One night, a Muslim customer insulted her, swearing she was a low, smiling, Jewish sow, and that he would have her whipped and cast out of the city. She stabbed him, then flung him out of her window. Caught and questioned by the quick-collected crowd, she insisted another of her customers, a Christian, who had preceded the Muslim, and whom he had ousted, only some few moments before he died, had done the deed.

The people believed her, and, whilst she escaped, planned an assault upon the Christians whilst they were in church, and a massacre was only averted after several deaths, by the troops being called out, for the dread cry: "Din, din Mūhammed," had already sounded in the streets. So easy were they to inflame, so easy to pacify, a crowd as fickle and as mobile as the Paris mob. He learnt much, too, from the old women, the match-makers and go-betweens, who frequented the markets. They taught him of the hidden women's world, about which he wrote his *Veiled Women*,

which is quite uncanny in its knowledge. Can he ever have penetrated a harem, as rumour has it T. E. Lawrence once did, with such devastating results? Marmaduke always denied it, but there are some scenes in *Veiled Women*—the childbirth scene, the witch-scenes, the bath, the funeral horrors, the sweet singer—that ring convictingly true.

In April he left Cairo and wrote his plans to Machell from the Ophthalmic Hospital Camp, Benha, on Department of Public Health notepaper: 'I fear you will be thinking me a scoundrel for not keeping you and Lady Valda posted in my eccentric movements, and will form an even worse opinion of me when you see by the heading of this letter that I am still among the English. However, I have got into a *tarbush* and am seeing things. I had lunch to-day with McCullan's native assistants on a grand scale—a gramophone with Arabic songs included—and they believe they can find me a servant of the Abu Nawwas kind in Cairo, who will be a treasure to me on my tour through the provinces. If they can—and I shall know in three days—I shall probably cancel all my previous arrangements and start at once on a picaresque voyage through the Delta. The Gerida last night was stately on the subject of Lord Cromer's report. There is one thing, it is better written, better printed, on better paper, than the majority of those vile rags they call *garanil*. I went over the school here yesterday and heard a lesson on the geography of Egypt in English—too pitiful. I am glad it is to be done away with. The word seems to have gone round among the Syrians from Lebanon that Mr. Biktûl (*sic*) is in Egypt, and I shall have to change my name, I can see, to Bikattal or some other derivative, unless I want to be swarmed with them. Apparently I have been recognized by a clerk in the Bank of Egypt where I cash my cheques and another in the Cairo Post Office. At present I can't quite estimate the force of discontent. It is chiefly pride, the result of peace and prosperity. But there is something of iron under it all—or so it seemed to me to-day when probing a good type—and that is the pride of El Islam, which can only be compared, for exclusiveness, to that of the Jews of old. Happily I know enough about

the inner things of their religion to interest them and make them talk—of course, insincerely, but that doesn't matter, for one knows the animal under observation.'

Elsewhere he comments on that luncheon, 'I have "been" an Arab, and I know that the very words which Europeans use to carry their ideas in Arabic are calculated to perplex the native mind. The Arabic word, for example, for civilization has a flavour rather of "urbanity," and is expressed by such sayings as "How can he be a civilized man? He kicked me." I had a gramophone stuck right under my ear when lunching with some fellahin, with the glad cry, "It is the music of your honoured country: deign to hear it."''

The tour had for main objective the molid, or fair, held twice annually at the mosque of the sainted donkey driver, the Sheykh Sayyid Ahmed, at Tanta. As Christianity, so also has Islam taken over the native deities and the respectable Sheykh el Bedawee is but one form of Osiris, and at his festivals, in spite of British prudery, the 'objectionable' symbol of the creator of all things is still displayed. Even the sacred animals have adopted Muslim masters. 'Bubastis cats are still fed in the Cadi's court at public expense, and at Minieh a saint reigns over crocodiles.'¹

So to the fair Marmaduke rode in the spring sunshine, across fields of bright green clover, to eat his midday meals under a clump of trees amid the fields, 'where bullocks trudged round in the shade, turning a sakieh, whose groan and creak were heard afar across the plain.' Lazing after, he would look across the plains, where 'in the great sunlight, quietly active forms of men and cattle appeared like insects feeding on a wide green leaf.' The water buffaloes, ridden by tiny children, the white sails on the canal, the palm-trees striding bravely into the desert, then falling off, straggling on in ones and twos, to end suddenly, envious, in that oven-heat, each of his own shadow; the far hills of Asia, a smudge of dreary blue—he passed in turn, to sleep at night in some mud-village, surmounted by its protecting, white-washed dome of mud, fig-shaped and finely fluted—the tomb of the village saint.

¹ Lady Duff Gordon.—*Letters*.

At night, too hot to sleep, he would walk out into the fields, and has thus described one such evening : ‘ Peace was on all that scene, a peace which seemed the natural garb of earth, the guerdon of her faithful sons who till the soil. The chant of the village watchman, musical in the distance, “ I trust in Him Who sleepeth not nor dieth,” seemed a cry from the whole world’s heart.’

On all his journey he was delighted with the signs of hospitality of the people. They were no longer terrorized by brigands, nor obliged, as they had been in Ismail’s day, to bury their money and dig it up again as required. Every evening he attended a gathering in some elder’s house, or, as the nights grew hotter, upon some threshing floor beneath the stairs, where the men told jovial tales of Uncle Abu Nawwas and Hag Gohla. He found the Khedive popular. “ He is honest, and admires the Franks,” they told him. Only the dervishes hated him, for he had forbidden the *doşeh* (or trampling—the devotees lie down close together in a row, whilst some learned sheykh rides on horseback over their bodies). Such of the fellahin as were dervishes furbished up the badges of their order as they talked ; other men mended their *norag*—the harrow used for threshing corn. Others got out the banners of the blessed donkey driver, inscribed with the Belief and with sacred monograms, and unfurled and dusted them.

The country was still administrated after the pattern Mehemet Ali had given it : a Mudir at the head of each province, a Mamour in each Merkez (or district), and Omdehs as official headmen of each village. Yet, in the latter’s position and authority, great alterations had been made since the arrival of the English. Until the introduction of the legal code, the Omdeh was responsible, and the late Sir Mark Sykes, in his condemnation of the British conduct of the Denshawai punishments, thought that was the initial error. He said it was all wrong to hang the murderers, for the Omdeh was responsible, and although he was not present during the rioting, that he alone should have been hanged : but the British had taken his power from the Omdeh, with the result that any bad character with guts

could, and did, terrorize his own village or any other, and no one had the power to convict him : for the Egyptian fellahin are, Marmaduke said, “ a cony-like, faint-hearted people, easily ruled by any bully.”

Things got so bad that the Anglo-Egyptians had to make the Exile Law, which allowed for a notorious bad character to be kidnapped by the authorities and deported without trial—a startling admission of the failure of the British jury system and British justice. Indeed, the whole system of casting votes is wholly foreign to the Oriental, who dispenses justice, elects his representatives, and generally conducts all public business by acclamation, a method only possible in small communities. But in spite of such innovations the life itself did not change : old men died noiselessly, children grew unhindered : village life, with none ambitious enough to attempt to better themselves, remained continuously the same.

In Cairo he had watched the ‘ immemorial culture of the East, slow-moving with the weight of years, dreamy with centuries of deep meditation, accepting and annihilating, as in a moment of time, the science, the machinery, the restless energy and practical activity of the West.’ Here, in the plains, he was told by a very wise old man just how profound was the impression the West had made. “ O my dear ! He must be blind who sees not what the English have wrought in Egypt : the gates of justice stand open to the poor, the hand of the oppressor and briber is struck. Our eyes see these things and know from whom they came. You will ask ‘ Are you not thankful, men of Egypt ? Do you not bless those who have benefited you ? Very many of us—those who have free minds, and are not ruled by flattery and guile, are thankful. But thanks lie on the surface of the heart, and beneath is a deep well. While peace is in the land, the spirit of Islam sleeps. But if a time come when Islam is in danger, the Muslim turns from the things of this world, and thirsts only to serve his Faith, even though you think him worse than a dog, which forgets not the hand that fed it.”

As he got within sight of Tantah the long road—a dusty,

straight dike—seemed alive with people, all moving in one direction, a march of ants across the endless plain. Some wore red turbans, others beat drums : the women clapped their hands, and in the midst of each group rode a banner-bearer on a camel. When, at last, ‘ upon the summit of what seemed a little cloud, but was in truth the kom of a populous town, the mosques and houses appeared, eminent as on a mountain in that prostrate land, the multitude cried praise to Allah, and a man with a beautiful voice began to sing

‘ Tanta, on thee is light
 In thee a hero bright
 Ya ahl el ’adl.¹
 Balm to the soul thou art
 Rest to the weary heart
 Ya sahib fadl.’²

Within the town all was confusion, and Marmaduke advanced slowly, at the mercy of the crowd which choked the streets. At last he forced a passage through the full court of the mosque, and reached the alcove where was the saint’s tomb. After, he went out to the city of tents in the fields, held in mortmain by the saint, where canvas booths, wooden stalls, huts, and screens covered with palm fibre, made a second town about a mile in length. Pleasure in every form was offered cheaply to a pleasure-loving people. At one moment he was deafened by the name of Allah, bawled in concert by a moving rank of dervishes ; the next, he was ogled by a row of tinselled dancing-girls, shaking their breasts, upon the stage outside a shoe-tent, to an accompaniment of tar and darabukkeh.

“ In the name of the Sayyid,” cried the water-carriers, giving drink without payment to all who thirsted. “ In the name of the Sayyid,” cried the soldiers keeping order, when they beat back the crowd for the passage of some dignitary. “ O Sheykh of the Arabs ! O Father of Consolation ! O Lord of Kindness ! ” cried all who yawned, or found themselves at a loss for a word. The very harlots called upon the saint to give them custom.

When it was dark, he came to a part of the fair which was

¹ O race of justice.

² O Lord of kindness.

not crowded, a wide open space with a high pole in the midst, theatre of the great doings of the dervishes. Near one end of the square two cressets tossed their flames this way and that, lighting the face of a circle of onlookers. Within the ring a burly giant flourished a quarter-staff, calling for a man to match him at that weapon. A champion presented himself, but was quickly worsted, amid much laughter. In and out amongst the tent-ropes Marmaduke wandered, his disguise of sweet-seller making him not an onlooker only, but a participant of the gay happenings. He found a second square, where was much concourse before a large marquee very grandly illuminated.

‘From the tent-mouth came noise of lutes and zithers, cymbals and dulcimers, pipes and drums, blended together cunningly. In another marquee, hardly less illuminated than that of the mudiriyeh, a zikr was going forward. Some forty professed devotees of the saint, holding hands in a ring round one of the tent-poles, were gasping out the name of Allah, with sharp nods to left and right and convulsive jerkings of the whole body. Next day, in honour of the saint, Marmaduke became a sacca, and through the heat poured water for all who asked, in the name of the Sayyid. Bearing his burden, he carried a heavy jar on his back, and bowed at the request of the poorest, so that a jet of lemon-flavoured liquid poured over his shoulder into one of the cups.’

Amongst the crowd he heard some talk still of Denshawai, for it was hardly a twelvemonth since the five officers had gone to shoot pigeon and had themselves found death and violence. He had already heard a good deal about it, for his host, Machell, had been responsible for the investigation which followed on the affair, and the outcry which the public executions had caused in England, both in Parliament and in the Press, made the subject a sore one for all directly concerned. What had happened is best told in Marmaduke’s own words and with his own comments :

‘It was the custom for the Mounted Infantry stationed in Cairo, when they moved to summer quarters at Alexandria,

to march down through the country, camping by the way. In pursuance of this custom, on 13 June 1906 they were encamped on the right bank of the Bâgûrieh Canal, six miles from the pigeon village of Denshawai. It had been usual in past years for the officers to spend an afternoon shooting pigeons in the neighbourhood of that village. On this occasion they did so at the express invitation of a certain notable (a great friend of the Khedive, at that time the secret head of the unrest in Egypt), who sent his carriages to fetch them from the camp. This notable they supposed to be the landlord of Denshawai. As a matter of fact, he had no connection with the place. The drivers, when the officers regained the carriages, flying from the murderous attack of the fellahin, would not drive off at once, as they could easily have done, but let the officers be dragged out again and beaten. The signal for the attack upon the five British officers was the firing of the threshing-floors. This the villagers afterwards declared to have resulted from the gun-fire of the officers, though these were posted at distances of from 100 to 150 yards from the said threshing-floors. Everyone who examined the actual scene must know that this contention of the fellahin was far from plausible.

‘ Before the Mounted Infantry left Cairo the authorities had reason to suspect that some assault or insult was intended to the British officers on their march to Alexandria. The Director of Public Security had been sent for and charged to instruct the mudirs that the officers were never to be allowed out of sight of a police official. This order was scrupulously obeyed until the day of Denshawai, when the mulâhiz of police remained behind in camp. When charged with gross neglect of duty afterwards, his reply was : “ They were going to shoot. What need was there of me ? I saw the carriages of the notables.” He meant that, as guests of a notable of the district, he had supposed them perfectly safe. That mulâhiz was degraded for his breach of duty (to call it nothing worse), but has since, I learn, been the recipient of high patronage.

‘ The details of the actual assault are generally known.

All five officers were injured, one was killed to all intents and purposes, the immediate causes of death being shown to be heat apoplexy and concussion. But there was an aspect of the case which could not, from the nature of the evidence and the personalities involved, be emphasized or published officially. It has thus been allowed to pass for granted that the Denshawai affair was unpremeditated. I am certain it was nothing of the kind. The villagers, in fact, admitted having said, after the pigeon-shooting of the previous year, that they would stand no more of it. But that is not what I mean. They alleged that they had told their Omdeh (headman) to complain to the authorities. No such complaint was made, and it does not seem likely that an Omdeh, who is responsible for the good conduct of his village, confronted with the prospect of so great a scandal, would have neglected to warn the authorities immediately. The Omdeh of Denshawai went off to do so (as he said) upon the very day the officers arrived to shoot the pigeons !

‘ If I remember rightly, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the introduction to *John Bull's other Island*, seems to think that people who keep pigeons must of necessity be mild and amiable ; the pigeons are brought in to crown a picture of idyllic innocence. The fact is that the people of a pigeon village do not plant much corn, and what little they do plant they guard with loving care, with the result that they are cursed by their immediate neighbours, to whom they sell the guano from the towers in season, as it might be, to repair the damage done to neighbouring crops. They are the most turbulent among Egyptian villagers, having to protect their pigeons and themselves from angry farmers. Denshawai was, therefore, just the place where any outrage, if intended, could most easily have been arranged. When the news of the assault reached Cairo, steps were taken instantly to secure the punishment of the assailants. That punishment, awarded by a Special Court (the legal remedy provided for attacks on the Army of Occupation), was extraordinarily severe, but not excessive, when one considers that the British officers assaulted were in uniform.

‘ Now, for a section of the British public, an officer in

uniform is an object of disgust and ridicule : he is *prima facie* nothing better than an arrogant, offensive blockhead ; and all misfortunes which may overtake him are no more than his deserts. The very sight of him is as irritating to some people as a red rag to a bull. Their country's flag has just the same effect on certain people. It is natural that it should be so at the peaceful, rotting centre of an empire, where the flag and uniform seem flaunted vanities without significance, mere trappings of the cant of patriotism. Yet cant is but the empty form of words which once held faith, and still may hold it somewhere, for some people ; and there are regions outside England where the Union Jack and the King's uniform are not the empty show they seem at home.

' When Izzet Pasha, one of the late Sultan's favourites, was flying from the anger of the populace, he went on board a British merchant steamer at Constantinople, which did not start for several hours. A howling mob was after him. Soldiers in boats were all around the ship, waiting for the order for his extradition, which was half-expected. Fehim, his friend and colleague, had just been literally torn to pieces in the streets of Broussa. There was absolutely nothing between him and a most ghastly death except the little Union Jack the steamer flew. He got away. A scoundrel's life was saved in that case, but numberless innocent persons in those countries have escaped oppression, thanks to foreign flags. It is the best thing that the Powers have done in Eastern lands thus to provide a sanctuary. I myself have seen an Englishman, in a Syrian village, with no other weapon but a Union Jack held up before him with both hands, walk coolly in between a crowd of angry, well-armed men and their intended victims, thus preserving a whole family. I knew a man, a French Alsatian, Henri Baldensperger, in the south of Palestine, who, with a whole tribe bent on killing him, lived for a week in safety in a cave, across the mouth of which was stretched the tricolour. His foes, who would have killed him personally as one kills a rat, were every one of them afraid to touch the flag.

' The Army of Occupation stands for English rule in

Egypt ; and English rule in Egypt stood at that time for things which did not yet exist in neighbouring lands—things like religious toleration, personal security, and some attempt at even-handed justice. The uniform of ruling Powers throughout the East has the same quasi-religious sanctity as has the flag ; and its prestige is guarded just as jealously. Thus, though English people here at home may think an officer in uniform of no account, a murderous attack on one no more tremendous than a murderous attack on any other individual, the villagers of Denshawai were perfectly well aware, when they attacked those pigeon-shooting officers, that they were committing an unheard-of crime for which unheard-of punishment might be exacted.

‘ It has been claimed that the attack upon the officers was a purely local matter, possessing no more political significance than has a quarrel between private individuals. Those who would risk such an assertion can have little knowledge of the state of Egypt at that time. The instant it was known that a Liberal Government prevailed in England, Egypt began to furnish symptoms of unrest to those who held the reins of government. It is a simple question of demand and supply. If you are a person in authority, the Oriental public man only seeks to know what you require in order to provide it eagerly. It was known in Egypt that English Liberal Governments demand Nationalist movements ; so a Nationalist movement was at once inaugurated—or, rather, in this case, revived—with the Khedive behind it. This movement was reactionary, as resilient from English rule in proportion as that rule had been progressive. Opportunity is a great incentive in the East. It rouses men from lethargy to lively efforts. The advent of a Liberal Government to power in England seemed to offer an immediate opportunity for Egypt to shake loose the English yoke.

‘ The Akaba incident, when Egypt (through the English) very nearly came to war with Turkey, vexed the public conscience. That such a juncture could arise seemed rankly impious. Incendiary sermons were being preached ; reactionary doctrines everywhere found favour ; it was

murmured that to kill a Christian was no crime at all, or, if a crime at all, a very small one. It is not too much to say that the uniform of the British Army of Occupation stood at that time for the personal security of every Christian in Egypt. If that uniform had been violently insulted with comparative impunity—I mean with punishment as for an ordinary crime—at that time, the consequence would have been infinitely more horrible than was the punishment of Denshawai. The position was not understood in England. An outcry in the Press alarmed the Foreign Office, causing it hurriedly to reverse Lord Cromer's policy.

'Sir Eldon Gorst (who only acted on instructions) propitiated the Khedive in every way, and Egypt fell into so bad a state that Theodore Roosevelt, three years later, told the English here in London in his Guildhall speech, to "govern Egypt or get out," and was obeyed. It is to that period, during which the English ceased to govern Egypt, handing back official patronage to the Khedive, that most of the abuses must be ascribed. And the policy of that period was due entirely to a misunderstanding of the significance of the Denshawai affair.'

Marmaduke refers again to Denshawai in *Children of the Nile*—an old man is talking, telling how 'Greeks from the town, khawagat (unbelievers), had come two days ago with guns and destroyed several hundreds of pigeons for a pastime merely. They laughed when we asked them to stop, and said they had permission from the Omdeh. If they shot our pigeons on the lands of other villages it would be well, for there they fly scattered and are counted wild, but here, where they flock to rest and before our eyes, it is a shame.'

Many years later, in 1929, Marmaduke published, in *As Others See Us*, a story called "The Kefr Ammeh Incident," which is not only one of his best stories, but is extraordinarily helpful in shedding light on this obscure affair. It is an allegory, a composite picture, as it were, of all the 'incidents' with which he had come in contact in Egypt. It illuminates both the servile devotion which the "natives feel

towards the English, regarding them as a fetish, baneful and yet, in a way lovable, and the utter divergence of their minds from ours—they work at a totally different tempo—almost in a different dimension, ‘The Crimes of Clapham Chaste in Timbuctoo’ was never better illustrated than by this story.

He has analysed the difficulties of those officials who want to help and not to hinder, the evolution of young Egyptians, in *Between Ourselves*, which serves as an excellent commentary on these concluding remarks of Lord Cromer’s on the future of Egypt. ‘No effort should be spared to render the native Egyptians capable of eventually taking their share in the government of a really autonomous community. It should never be forgotten that . . . one of the main bonds of union between the rulers and the ruled . . . must always be the exhibition of reasonable and disciplined sympathy for the Egyptians by every individual Englishman engaged on the work of Egyptian administration. This sympathy is a quality, the possession or absence of which is displayed by Englishmen in very various degrees when they are brought in contact with Asiatic or African races. Some go to the extreme of almost brutal antipathy, whilst others display their ill-regulated sympathy in forms which are exaggerated and even mischievous.’

Marmaduke’s own conclusions, summarizing all he had learnt on this visit, were expressed in an article of his published in Egypt at the time, which I discovered in Lady Valda Machell’s scrapbook, and which she most kindly copied out for me.

‘It is a fact which cannot too often be emphasized,’ he writes, ‘that what people in Europe are accustomed to regard as high ideals—humanity, philanthropy patriotism, the thirst for abstract liberty, and so on—have no growth in the East ; for the Oriental they are pure illusions. If he seems to betray them in his intercourse with Europeans, it is for politeness, or because he sees his own account in it. Religious fanaticism, on occasion of some insult real or imagined—or worked up, it may be, by a few interested persons of rank and leading—alone is capable of fusing for a moment the multitude of callously separate

individuals who make up an Eastern "people," and producing a kind of outbreak, as futile as it is dangerous—in short, a massacre. In no sense can such an outbreak be regarded as patriotic, or in the cause of liberty; it has no aim beyond the slaughter of the moment.

' The Oriental has, it is true, respectable illusions of his own, but these are quite at variance with the fever-cries of Western Europe. Fact, our idol, is for him a senseless stone. He worships fiction, by which we mean, not that he is necessarily mendacious, but that he only appreciates truth in story form, authority in the display of power, and justice in the guise theatrical—as, for example, in the judgment of Solomon, where the babe in danger of bisection is a comic point. He dwells contented under cruel tyranny, indifferent to its cruelty till it touches him personally. Oppression weighs either upon the mass collectively, when it becomes the common lot and therefore bearable; or else upon some one unlucky individual, who—Allah knows!—may most thoroughly have deserved it. A good man looks for nothing else in life, his hope is beyond the grave; a bad one stands to profit by bad government. Life, under such conditions, abounds in strange adventures. Rapine, murder, and all wickedness throw up the constant flashes of sound sense, poetic justice, fervid devotion and true charity. There is licence for the individual, and no stint of rare material to furnish forth the song or twilight story.

' It is the pure artistic standpoint, held unconsciously, and the word "unconsciously" might be underlined in this connection, for it is the key to the whole mystery. The Oriental has hitherto escaped that dire self-consciousness which obscures the plainest issues for the European; he does not blush for himself, is no self-analyst, and is much amused when brought in touch with the sentimentality which seems correct to more lymphatic temperaments.

' In Egypt to-day much that he regarded as belonging to the common lot of man has become of the past, romantic. Reward and punishment, promotion and disgrace, are reserved, as far as may be, for the men who merit them—a prosaic state of affairs, which hardly lends itself to song

or story, pleasing only to the upright and industrious, a small minority.

Eastern Christians—Copts, Syrians, Greeks, and others of commercial genius—under the ægis of the impartial Frank, are waxing fat, nay, kicking, before the eyes of the true believer, who would like to take toll of them, but may not now. The Muslim tradesman is a merchant and assumes great airs. He has things to sell, and you may look at them while you gulp down a cup of his coffee, and buy, if Allah wills it so. But he is not on tenterhooks to clinch a bargain like the sharp, avaricious Christian. He has been accustomed to a recognized superiority, with many privileges, and sees injustice in a fair field where his own house-dog may win the prize from him.

‘The fellah is enriched beyond his wildest dreams, and enjoys a security quite unknown of yore ; but he sees his neighbour in as happy case, so misses the joy of contrast. He is ready to sigh with those who have genuine cause to regret the old régime—grandees and former functionaries who have lost their influence.

‘Then, noisiest of all, there is the small but growing band of “intellectuals”—persons of some education of the Western textbook kind, who, impressed by the power wielded by the Press in Europe, are become journalists in the hope to become great. They control the Arabic Press of the country, and daily publish libels upon the administration, which in Europe would be considered infamous past all belief, but here are mere exuberances of the artistic temperament. They have not been punished—a sufficient answer to their charge of tyranny ; but an error, we believe, in government, for the Oriental, in his soul, admires despotic action.’

After Tanta, Marmaduke made his way back to Cairo. On his way through the Nile Delta, he heard one Friday in the mosque the preacher airing the same pro- or pan-Arab propaganda he had heard in the Syrian desert. He declared the Khedive to be the true Khalif, and bade his audience rise and slay the English for his sake. But none of the congregation moved : not one of the hearers seemed particularly impressed. * Egyptians do not generally seek the meaning

of a sermon preached above the wooden sword. They are content to revel in the sound of holy words.'

At another place he came to Assiut, a city in upper Egypt, and found a Greek trying to rob a Copt. The Copt protested, whereupon the Greek cried "Ya Muslimin," and a crowd of poor Mohammedans ran up, supposing their faith had been insulted, and the Copt was almost killed before Marmaduke managed to extract his story from the poor fellow, and explain to the crowd that the dispute was not religious, but simply the imposture of a cunning rogue.

In one village, where he walked into the local court to hear justice being done, nine merchants were the appellants, and complained that they had been peacefully riding on their donkeys, carrying their merchandise, along the side of a dike in the Fayyûm. Two robbers bounced out on them from behind a patch of canes, exclaiming "Bo." At once the merchants got down off their donkeys and pressed their faces in the dust. The robbers took what they required, and bade the merchants go their way in peace on foot. The merchants did so, giving praise to God for their lives, until they drew near to the city of Fayyûm, when they became indignant for their lost merchandise, so now they were come before the judge to make complaint. "But," said the judge, when he had heard their story, "you say that your assailants were two men and you are nine." "But they had sticks," replied the merchants. "So had you," observed the judge. "But our sticks are to beat our donkeys with," answered the merchants, quite amazed. It had never occurred to them that those particular sticks could be applied to any other purpose. "Say," insisted the judge, "why did you offer no resistance, being nine against two?" "Effendim," they answered, with tears in their eyes, "we are civilized men before the Children of the Night." Marmaduke laughed aloud. But what those men really said was reasonable, and from the Arab point of view, not ludicrous. "We are urbane men, persons enervated by the life of towns, and robbers strike us with a supernatural terror," was the true gist of their complaint.

The Machells were delighted with his accounts of all he

had seen and done. He never kept a diary, nor needed to make notes ; for his mind held anecdote and adventure, landscape and language until it was required, when out it all came, pat, as crisp and fresh as lettuce from a frigidaire, although it might have waited unused for years.

He had a long talk with Lord Cromer, and told him his impressions : that the Khedive was anti-British, dreaming of an Arab Empire over which he would rule, but that the people were distinctly pro-British, so long as British policy respected the suzerainty of Turkey. ' I said that if Britain would but condescend to associate Turkey with them in the government of Egypt, the Egyptian people would be pleased and the Khedive made impotent. He replied : " I fancy it will come to that." '

Marmaduke had found, on his return to Cairo, a letter from his old ally, J. E. Hanauer, now Chaplain at Damascus, asking him to stay, and telling him that he had collected together a whole mass of folklore and legend, which did Marmaduke think he could put into shape, edit, and perhaps find someone who would be sufficiently interested to bring the stories out in book form ? Lady Valda, whom Marmaduke consulted, thought the scheme sounded a delightful one, and Marmaduke set off on a short visit to Syria, from which he returned manuscript in hand. He was already enthusiastic at the idea of making a book from such original and amusing material, and on the gentle journey from Alexandria to Marseilles, both Lady Valda and George Hornblower, who were fellow-travellers, agreed with him as to the unique value of the MSS. The result of their approbation was *Folklore of the Holy Land*, which Messrs. Duckworth published in 1907, and of which a new edition appeared as lately as 1927.

CHAPTER FIVE



WHEN the three travellers arrived at Marseilles they found, unexpectedly, Muriel sitting on the quay. Marmaduke had no idea she was coming to meet them, but at once said good-bye to the others and set off with her on a tour of Corsica, whose practical sequel was a long-short story—a very good one: *The Corsican Agent*. The Pickthalls went on into Italy, and spent some time travelling about there, but Marmaduke did not care for the country or the people: the ‘grandeur that was Rome’ left him colder than the stone steps of St. Peter’s; there was in him nothing of the Pagan, though much of the primitive.

When he got back to Fordingbridge he wrote to Hickee, ‘as I dare say you know, I have caught it pretty hot from reviewers this winter, and deservedly no doubt¹—which has rather hindered my work on the Egyptian book, which, however, is within sight of completion, praise to Allah.’ This was *Children of the Nile*, a lively tale founded on his ‘picaresque voyage,’ for though he lived in the East, yet never until he was back in England could he describe that life.

Lord Cromer, to whom he sent a copy, wrote in his own hand in answer: ‘Dear Mr. Pickthall, thank you for sending me your book. I have read it with the greatest interest. It is a faithful picture of Egyptian custom and habit of thought. I am glad you caused the wrong man to be flogged in order to extract a confession of guilt. It would have been quite contrary to practice to have touched the right man.’

He also sent his book to its Egeria, Lady Valda, and, in his answer to her letter commending it, is to be found his first mention of the Young Turk Revolution: ‘I am so

¹ About *The Myopes*.

glad you like my "Children." No newspaper has yet reviewed the book, it being outside the ken of the average journalist (the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Athenæum* eventually both reviewed it and approved), but I hope it is all right. . . . Not only does Effendina scoff at the Young Turks, but he has written a horrible, vulgar, jocose, open letter to the Sultan about them, at least so I judge from a rather hurried glance at a batch of Egyptian papers received this morning.'

The revolution of 27 July 1908, which was generally called the Young Turk Revolution, was what he had been looking for, but could hardly believe possible even when it became fact, and its consequences dominated his life and thought until he went to India in 1920. As Sir Mark Sykes, wise before the event, had said: 'The Turk has something in his nature which may astound the world yet.' On his brief visit to Syria in 1907 he had met some of the conspirators, and had been deeply moved by their sincerity, but had not credited their schemes with more success than that enjoyed by any other palace revolution. For, until 1908, all upheavals in Turkey were ephemeral: whichever side lost, the Sultan always won. His spy system, better even than the Tsar's, had reduced the splendid Turkish Army to what appeared to be a state of completely abject slavery, and gave an aspect of vassalage to the whole empire.

All was silent: it seemed the rule of a secret terror, of a fearful autocrat slipping in an armoured carriage to a shuttered selamlık, had annihilated everything that could have challenged his absolutism: as though in all his dominions politics were reduced to a scared Sultan listening-in to the palpitating heart-beats of his still more terrified subjects. And yet, in the very heart of his army, first in the Albanian regiments, then in the third army corps stationed at Salonica, a liberal and constitutional movement arose that owed nothing to Europe, nothing to intellectual ideas: a movement that was practical, military, patriot, and nationalist, which argued: the Padishah had been misled: it was the duty of his subjects to bring him back into the pure ways of Islam.

Following on centuries of apathy, anarchy, oppression,

corruption, and manœuvre, the bloodless revolution, organized all over the empire by a series of secret societies, none ever having more than four members, gained at once universal respect by the liberality of its aims. To Marmaduke it seemed less a revolution than a reformation, and he decided, shortly after the date of this letter, to hurry East again, and see for himself the enthusiastic Committee of Union and Progress at work.

In September 1908 the Pickthalls set off for Egypt, this time together. They stayed for six weeks in Cairo with the Hornblowers. The great pro-consul, Krûmer (as in his stories Marmaduke always spelt him, Arab-fashion), was gone, and Marmaduke found many changes, of none of which did he at all approve. "If you walk straight forward," an Egyptian nationalist told him, "we are powerless to stop you, nor should we really wish to, seeing you mean well. But if the game is dodging, we can dodge much better than you can, and the mere fact of your dodging makes us hate you." When Eldon Gorst succeeded Cromer, the 'game' rapidly degenerated into dodging. "Effendina," an Egyptian told Marmaduke, "will be happier now. He could not dine at Casr-el-dubbareh when the Lord was there. It was too strange. Now he will be able to dine there and feel quite at home. He will never feel quite sure his coffee isn't poisoned." In three years the whole seemingly solid structure slowly built up by Cromer had so far collapsed that it was in a state approaching anarchy.

"A ruler should have one word, with force behind it," Marmaduke said, "he should not stop to argue or explain. What the Oriental really admires is the heavy-handed tyrant of the type of Mehemet Ali's son, Ibrahim, who was humorous, and knew how to impart to his decisions that quaint proverbial savour which dwells in the mind of the people and makes good stories." Cromer had this gift and had been, if not of this type, at least in this tradition; with his departure Marmaduke felt the glory (what little there had ever been of it) was gone from our administration of Egypt.

As Sir Mark Sykes wrote in the *Saturday Review* of 1908 :

‘ Lord Cromer is a big, solid, definite Englishman. That he spoke no Arabic, and understood neither Arab nor fellah, were probably the secrets of his success. A strong, dominant figure, he was dreaded by the inferior race whom he knew not and who knew not him.’ Marmaduke found nationalism grown more bitter since the removal of the one really great man England had sent to Africa : the hundred heads which sprouted on his departure were each a target for young Egypt’s grumbles. The Anglo-French agreement of 1904, and the contingent of regularly recruited Anglo-Egyptian civil servants, who took the best places and blocked the chances of promotion of every ambitious young Egyptian, were but two of the dragon-teeth which, by 1908, were already showing promise of the crop which so effectively matured in 1919.

Marmaduke collected several more stories—‘ The Murderer ’—a tale of an assassin hired by one man and bribed off by his victim—is a good one ; but perhaps the best of all is ‘ A Study in Pure Nerves,’ where a village feud is settled by two hired murderers, who are required, one by the Sheykh Selim, who trusted in banks, the other by the Sheykh Mahmud, the village Omdeh, to kill the one twenty-five, the other forty, of the opposing party. Bâsim and Câsim, instead of doing their work, pocket the cash and tell the English judge, who arrives to find both sheykhs suddenly dead, apparently of plague, whilst the two rogues run the village. The English official is not so green as he is cabbage-looking, and announces he will attend the funeral, whereupon the hired assassins flee. ‘ I bequeath my donkey to this village,’ said Bâsim : ‘ And I my mule,’ said Câsim ; as they escape on their legs into hiding. The two sheykhs wake in their tomb to become reconciled and to mystify the puzzled Englishman still more.

Whilst still in Egypt Marmaduke was staggered, as was the whole East, by the news of Austria’s annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was a direct and open violation of the Berlin Treaty, and, surely, thought the Young Turks, England, herself the author of that Treaty, would chastise the aggressors ? When it became known that England

acquiesced in the injustice, and had advised the Turkish Government to be content with an indemnity, then friends of the old régime turned and said : " I told you so," pointing to this as the only result of the new order.

The Young Turks, who had hoped everything from England, were forced to admit that her attitude was cautious, critical, repressive : it seemed their new liberty embarrassed her. England had appeared so to rejoice at the revolution, had pressed good advice down the Committee's throat until they were as sated as Strasbourg geese, but, as her condonation of Austria now showed, the Liberal, anti-Turk policy had not been deflected by one centimetre, although she had always promised Turkey : ' Create but a Constitution and we shall befriend you.'

England was still in the same mind as in 1895, when Sir Philip Currie and M. Paul Cambon shared out the Turkish Empire between the Powers they represented, in a very secret pact. Only as lately as the summer of 1908, Lord Salisbury, clambering on board the Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, had offered to carve out the Ottoman world with him. When the latter refused, indignantly saying that such a partition would be as unholy, and visited by as great punishments on its perpetrators as the famous partition of Poland, England turned to Russia, and the English King met the Tsar at Reval. That had been the signal for the Young Turk *coup*—when the Power that fought beside them in the Crimea was turned over to their most ancient enemy, in a plot to destroy them, they needs must act urgently.

The Young Turk Revolution was England's big chance : Germany was in the dust after July 1908, and we were ' all ' to the revolutionaries. The Turkish Army, the finest in the world, was ours for the asking, yet we threw it away, and, as Lord Fisher declared gloomily to Lord Esher : " Our Turkish policy is the laughing-stock of Europe." England had turned to Russia, definitely, as soon as she realized war with Germany was inevitable : certainly not later than the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger. This had meant the throwing overboard of her old pro-Turkish Disraelian policy in the East, for Russia's friendship and support in the coming

struggle could only be bought at a price : and that price was a free hand in the East and help to suppress her own continually grumbling internal troubles.

We paid to the uttermost farthing : we stood silent whilst our new ally helped herself to chunks of Persia : and, but for our aid, the Russian Revolution would have succeeded ten years earlier. No sooner had our Liberal Government thrown Turkey, at bay and seemingly almost spent, to the hungry Slavs, than Germany hastily adopted our Pan-Islamic policy, the very minute we discarded it. Germany, at least, had been steadfast and consistent in her dealings with the Porte : all her bargains were relentless : she backed her subjects to the utmost in their commercial inroads, she had been first in the disgraceful scramble for concessions. But she was represented at the Porte by a man of rare ability : Marshall von Bieberstein—of whom Marmaduke wrote : ‘ I have heard it said by English diplomatists that we have not his equal,’ whilst we placed there a succession of more or less ineffective lay figures with vague ideas, worked by wire from London, and escorted them with one or two intriguing underlings and were content.

Whilst Marshall worked his country up again, the Young Turks were bewildered and annoyed. They could not understand England’s continued cherishing of Tsarist aims : their simple one-track minds thought only : ‘ Now we have the constitution, we have destroyed despotism, given charters of freedom to all our people : why then does England not love us as she promised if we did these things ? ’ Slowly they realized that Germany was the only country whose interest it was to wish them well. For Germany, building her splendid new desert railway, was to connect the Baltic with the Persian Gulf, and therefore, self-evidently, the conservation of the Turkish Empire, or at all events safeguards of the integrity of those provinces through which the line already passed, or was planned to go, was of vital importance to whatever country controlled the railway.

England continued to give the impression that she was Russia’s cat’s-paw, ‘ a fat tail to Russia and nothing else,’ as Talaat Pasha called her. For the railway, which was

one of Britain's lost opportunities, began as a British conception, financed by British capital, and the first miles of it were built by us ; but the original scheme fell through for lack of funds. The Damascus-Basrah section would have been ours, too, if our Government had supported the English company which had obtained the concession from Haifa to Damascus, with an option of extension. Only twenty miles of rail had been laid when the company failed and the Turks took it over and finished it roughly.

At the time of the annexation, angry Turkish journalists asked Pallavicini, Franz-Josef's ambassador to the Sublime Porte : " By what right Austria seized the Ottoman Provinces," and received the answer : " We have the right because we have the power." Similarly, Sir Mark Sykes, travelling in Syria before the outbreak of the first Balkan War, wrote to his wife : ' I dare say we are destined to be the masters of Turkey and *that* is why we are carrying on like this.' The narrow theological spirit of Gladstone had finally routed the wide humanity of Disraeli, and as the shadow of Tsarism lengthened over England's Eastern policy, Marmaduke shared the progress towards disillusionment of the whole Turkish race.

On leaving Egypt, Marmaduke and Muriel went to Beyrouth, where they arrived in a terrible storm on the day of the Messina earthquake, 28 December 1908. The whole bay was churned up, and in the city houses had rocked, though at the time no one knew of the catastrophic cause. In Beyrouth, they stayed first with some friends called Jolly, then for a few weeks in a hotel, where they heard a house was to let at Araya, on the slopes of Lebanon, and went up to see it. It was early spring, and from the many windows (for the Greek who built the house wished to make a show in the sunlight, and had assigned much space to glass in his plan of the building) there was a charming prospect of blossomed heads of fruit trees ' afloat like summer cloud below them in the vast sun-filled hollow of sea and sky.'

A path from the house ran cascading down the terraces, between flowering orchards and grey olive trees, to the town, which was easily accessible for shopping and visiting.

The terrace looked over to 'the serried growth of flat-topped dwellings' which covered all the narrow plain between hill and sea, and from which some red-tiled roofs devoid of chimneys stood out shining, like huge carbuncles. Here and there among the houses rose a distaff cypress, and these trees crowded round the principal mosque of the place, so that a single minaret alone was visible. Behind the house, as well as in front, the ground fell away in a succession of terraces.

Half-way down the inland slope, on a projecting knee, a small Armenian village hung like an eagle's nest. (It was about this place Marmaduke wrote *An Ordeal by Fire*—his one and only expression of sympathy for Armenians, a sympathy that even there is clouded by such unpleasing remarks as 'the ceaseless lamentations of the Armenians. . . . It was but charity to kill such shrieking brutes. . . . Their presence made the house obscene—he could not enter it. Would no one silence those mad women there?' etc.) House and panorama suited the Pickthalls exactly, and they agreed to take it furnished for some months. It was to be Muriel's first taste of Eastern life, and of coping with Eastern servants. There was already on the premises a gardener whose wife declared her willingness to sweep the house and make beds. The difficulty was to find a cook. And, since the gardener and his wife were both Maronites, Marmaduke insisted that the cook must be either a Muslim or a Fruze. The story of his search and of his success must be told in Marmaduke's own words, as it is a perfect example of his profound understanding of the Oriental mind.

'There was no lack of applicants for the position, thanks to the efforts of some friends to whom our need was known, but all the applicants were Maronites or members of some Church congenial to the Maronites. After rejecting about twenty of them I was growing anxious, for our mountain home was calling to us while this search detained us in the city, when one morning, as I sat in the hotel, a card was brought to me with tidings that its owner waited in the hall to see me. Upon the card, in Arabic, was printed: "Sheykh Hüseyn Hamdân."

‘The Arabic word sheykh has many meanings, but when prefixed thus to a living person’s name it generally has a value nearly equal to the old-fashioned legal use of our esquire. I hastened to the entrance-hall.

‘A handsome, rather rakish-looking man of thirty, who had been sitting talking to the doorkeeper, rose up at my approach, deposited his cigarette, straightened his fez, took three steps forward and confronted me.

‘“The Sheykh Huseyn Hamdân?” I questioned shyly; holding my hand out, but he made no move to take it.

‘“They told me that you want a cook,” he said indifferently.

‘“They told the truth. If thou canst indicate one who is not a Christian I shall be obliged.”

‘“I indicate myself,” he answered proudly.

‘The man was well dressed in the fashion of that country. His fez was new; his shoes were not dilapidated. He had besides an air of independence, near to truculency, due partly to a black moustache curled to the eyes and partly to the weapons which adorned his waistband, which had no association in my mind with cooking. This made me stare at him, and he returned my gaze. His eyes were bright and bold as a cock-sparrow’s.

‘“Thou art a sheykh?” I said.

‘“I am a sheykh,” he answered.

‘“And thou canst cook?”

‘He drew a bunch of testimonials from his breast and gave them to me. I pretended to examine them, but all the while I was considering the man himself. There was nothing insinuating in his manner; it was almost arrogant, seeming to say that he did not think much of me; and for that reason, oddly, I determined to engage him. When he asked for wages higher by a pound a month than I had ever dreamt of paying, I did not demur. I gave him earnest-money, as the custom is, and settled that he was to meet us on arrival in our paradise. Even the warnings which came afterwards from divers quarters of the danger of employing such a person failed to daunt me. I had heard them every time that I engaged an Arab servant, and had found them from

my own experience untrustworthy. One thing I learnt for certain : the man was a true sheykh, the poor descendant of a good Druze family. Owing a house and land in a small mountain village, he had earned the reputation of a scape-grace simply, in so far as I could judge, through love of change.

‘ When, after a long and agitating drive over rough earth and boulders and along the verge of precipices, we did at last attain our mountain home, the sheykh stood ready to receive us with all due solemnity. He had already imposed awe upon the Christian gardener, his wife, and children of whom, and of our city driver, he now took command ; superintending the conveyance of our luggage up three flights of wide stone steps, across two terraces, each with an arrangement for a fountain, around each basin being plants in kerosene tins—of which the gardener had been for years a great collector—and so into the house.

‘ He had tea ready for us in five minutes, and gave us for our supper a most appetizing meal composed of things which he had found about the place. It was a shock when, my wife asking me some question with regard to food, the sheykh replied in English. I had no wish for a domestic who spoke English ; it would spoil our paradise. Taking him to task, I was informed that he had learnt a little of that language in the Isle of Cyprus. He did not seem inclined to air it further.

‘ Next morning’s breakfast came as a surprise to both of us. It was delicious, yet made up of very simple “ native ” things. It was served and spirited away as if by magic. All his service in the house was clean and swift and silent. He was a first-rate servant. I myself asked nothing more, though he appeared distrustful of me. But my wife, on whom he deigned to smile, had her own notions of the duties of a mistress. She must needs go prying into kitchen purlieus.

‘ Our sheykh, upon arrival, had appropriated to himself an outhouse, one of many that were in the garden. That became his home. His kitchen he himself constructed, with forced labour of the Maronites, by laying stones and kerosene

tins one upon another and superimposing sheets of corrugated iron, forming a lean-to shed against the back wall of the house. His kitchen range was built of stones ; his oven and his boiler were two kerosene tins, and almost all his implements were of the like description.

‘ At the time when my wife first intruded on his privacy, the sheykh was in the act of kneading rissoles for our dinner with his fingers and (so she told me) spraying water on them with his mouth. Tied to one of the stones of the kitchen range by its leg was a live chicken waiting till such time as, in his culinary operations, he had need of it. To all his mistress’s upbraiding he replied with grateful smiles, and when she told him not to touch food with his fingers, he displayed with pride his home-made oven. When she pointed to the fowl with horror, he picked it up and simply wrung its neck, imagining that in so doing he obeyed her will. His knowledge of the English tongue was nothing formidable.

‘ The day was his. She fled into the house without conveying any hint of her displeasure to his courteous mind. But for some hours she had no appetite, and when her taste returned, the kitchen had a horrid fascination for her. She could not go into the garden without passing by that place of sin and peeping in, though never entering for fear of what might be there.

‘ The sheykh and I held council once a week, with an attempt at geniality on my part, and stiff reserve, which savoured of distrust, on his. He could not allocate me, that was the trouble. I did not in the least conform to his idea of what an Englishman should be. I seemed to him mysterious, so he was on his guard. He brought me every week his bill in misspelt Arabic. I looked it over, made a few remarks, asked a few searching questions, and discharged it. I had but vague ideas about the price of things, but did my best to hide from him my ignorance. One week in his account there was a charge against two chickens which struck me as excessive, and I said so. He replied :

“ That is the price demanded in this village at the present time. It seems too much, but it is less than they demand in Cyprus.”

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‘ I might have asked what Cyprus had to do with it had I not known already but too well. The sheykh had dwelt in Cyprus in the service of an Englishman with whose behaviour mine compared unfavourably. He had confided all things to the sheykh ; had made him housekeeper. He never asked for an account in detail.

‘ I paid the bill as usual and he went his way. But my remark about that chicken, which an English servant would have quite forgotten once the bill was paid, must have rankled in his mind, for two days later he came up to me when I came in from riding, and said :

‘ “ I have been thinking. About fowls. As your Honour truly said, they are extremely dear. The people in this village almost worship them, and so are loth to sell. They charge not only for the flesh and skin and feathers, but also for the love they bear to them. I have been thinking ; we have ground to spare.” He waved his hand around at the vast terrace made into a colonnade by trunks of trees and roofed with foliage, then full of colour from the setting sun. “ The world is wide and there are other villages where folk are not so foolish. Why should we not procure a quantity of chickens from some other village and keep them here alive until we need them. With iron netting we could make for them a house.”

‘ He paused, extending both his hands as one who could say more, but who has said enough to make his meaning evident. It was the first time he had ever spoken to me at such length or of his own accord. I welcomed the occurrence as a step towards intimacy, and replied :

‘ “ It is a very good idea. I will consider it.”

‘ Upon the following day a friend rode up to see us from the city. Remembering that good idea, I asked the visitor what was the market price of chickens fit to eat. He answered without hesitating, and having paper and a pencil handy, I wrote down his answer. It was about a quarter of the price extorted by our sentimental Maronites. When next I went into the city I would buy some chickens at that price, to please the sheykh. But long before I could amass the courage necessary to go down to that abode of noise

and stifling heat and evil odours, the sheykh came in one morning and announced :

‘ “ The fowls have come.”

‘ He pointed to the back part of the house.

‘ “ How have they come ? ” I asked in great surprise.

‘ “ My brother bore them hither on a donkey.”

‘ My wife, when I told her the amazing news, rushed out to see. I heard her scream and then denounce some person.

‘ Outside the back door, underneath the olive trees, held in a quivering filigree of shade and sunlight, stood a smiling youth in yellow robe and scarlet cap, leaning with one elbow on the neck of a white donkey. On either side of the donkey fowls hung swinging by their legs. Tied two and two, the length of string between each pair of them was laid upon the donkey’s back so that each couple balanced, while the young man sitting on the strings prevented slipping as they jogged along. This spectacle had been the cause of my wife’s scream. At once I had the fowls released. Each bird, when set upon its feet, was dazed at first, but, after sundry shakings, appeared none the worse for the experience. They were twelve. The sheykh had made a pen for them already, and there I stood and gazed my fill upon them.

‘ Never have I seen a more degraded-looking company. The only bird of sleek appearance was a cockerel. He at least had proper feathers ; but he, like all the rest, was very lean. It was their lack of feathers which dismayed me first, and then their leanness. I harped a little on those defects, when the sheykh replied, “ We do not need their feathers. We will make them fat. A fowl already fattened costs more money.”

‘ The answer seeming just to me, I said no more. But I looked forward to that week’s account with curiosity. At length the day came when it was presented. I skipped the items till I came to the twelve fowls. The sum against them came to two piastres less than that charged by the chicken-loving Maronites. It was about three times the current market price. But having made no stipulation as to cost beforehand, nor raised the question of expenses when

the fowls arrived, I did not see my way to an objection. So I paid the bill.

'But I was vexed. One does not like to be regarded as an utter fool, and I had now good reason to believe the sheykh did so regard me. Unfortunately I do not possess the gift of anger for material things like fowls and money. The only anger I have ever known has been for abstract things, or else a tempest of unreason due to nerves. And anger which makes some men happy makes me sad. I have thus no weapon against rogues excepting laughter, a weapon which they generally cannot face. But how to try the power of laughter on the sheykh I could not at the time perceive.

'Then it happened that the carpenter came up to cut my hair. There being no regular barber within a radius of ten miles, this carpenter did all the village hair-cutting. He worked on me that day religiously, omitting nothing of the proper compliments and little ceremonies while the sheykh and the gardener stood by and wished me health repeatedly. Their business was to sweep up every hair which fell from me and burn it instantly lest harm should come of it. When those helpers had departed and the carpenter was on the point of taking leave, a sudden thought occurred to me.

'“O Professor,”¹ I inquired, “did you ever in your life behold a chicken worth fifteen piastres?”

'“No, by my life,” was the astonished answer, “nor do I think that such a fowl exists on earth.”

'“Come, I will show you twelve of them,” I said. “The cook, you know, is not a common man. He is by birth a sheykh. He has inherited the secret of a breed of fowls, each one of which is worth much more than the small sum I mentioned—the price for which he deigned to sell them to me as a favour. Would you care to see them?”

'“Wallahi,”² said the carpenter, scratching his head.

'I led him out under the trees to the enclosure in which those wretched fowls were scratching languidly. The place was just outside the sheykh's abode of which the door stood

¹ Carpenters, barbers, cooks, and cabmen are always addressed in Arabic by the title of professor.

² (Lit. by Allah)—‘Rather!’

open. He was at home, for I could hear him moving plates and things.

‘ “ Well, what is your opinion ? ” I asked eagerly.

‘ He made a wry face and declared them not worth seeing. “ Fifteen piastres would buy four of them, the cock included.”

‘ “ That is because you do not know the points of this peculiar breed,” I argued warmly. “ If the sheykh charged me fifteen piastres for each bird, you may be sure that every one of them is worth a pound at least.”

‘ He shrugged his shoulders, muttering, “ The world is mad.” Then suddenly he caught my eye, and he became transfigured. With a guffaw he flung up both his hands, “ Praise be to Allah ! ” he exclaimed. “ Never—never have I seen such splendid fowls. Each one is as an angel shedding light.” He rolled his big brown eyes as if in ecstasy.

‘ Two hundred feet above us, up the terraced slope, appeared the figure of a labourer against the sky. My barber made a trumpet of his hands and bellowed : “ Hi, O poor man ! Come and see a show for nothing—the grandest sight on earth !—the greatest rarity ! Fowls at a pound apiece ! ”

‘ The figure up against the sky let fall its spade and came careering headlong down the terraces. The same shout brought upon the scene the gardener and his wife and children, who, when they knew the matter, ran and shouted, bringing other people, till by sunset half the village was assembled round our chicken-run, praising the appearance of those wretched fowls. My wife was angry, having English views concerning trespass. I had to tell her that those people were my own invited guests.

‘ The sheykh did not emerge from his retreat, where I could hear him banging things about as if enraged.

‘ The people went away in the blue twilight, in merry, chatting groups beneath the trees, as from a festival. I went indoors. The sheykh performed his work that evening with an air of grievance. He sighed occasionally, but I took no notice.

‘ Next morning, as it chanced, a Turkish soldier strolled up to the house, bringing a letter. There were no regular postal arrangements in that country-side. Our mail from England was fetched for us twice a week from the post office in the city by the village carrier, a muleteer. Letters for us posted in the country went to a railway station several miles away, where they were likely to remain until we called for them, unless some person journeying in our direction was good enough to bring them to us on the chance of a reward. Such a deserving person was this Turkish soldier. Having given him a trifle for his trouble, I observed :

‘ “ As a bringer of good tidings, thou deservest favour. Wouldst care to see the grandest sight on earth—domestic fowls worth several pounds apiece ? ”

‘ “ Aye, that I would ! ” replied the soldier heartily.

‘ I took him to the place. He looked upon the fowls and straightway cursed their ancestry and their religion. It was some time ere I could bring him to perceive their beauty, but when he did at length perceive it, he became delirious.

‘ The peasant was again at work against the sky. Hearing a sound of joy, and seeing people looking at the fowls, he dropped his spade and rushed down madly as before, shouting to all the world to come and see. Within a quarter of an hour there was again a crowd about the chicken-run. A coffee-seller came up with his brazier and his clinking cups, and offered men free drinks in honour of the fowls. Hawkers of salted nuts and fruit and sweetstuff cried their wares in terms of chicken praise, while a minstrel perched upon the low branch of a carob chanted a long eulogy of birds worth golden pounds to the music of a one-stringed lute.

‘ The sheykh did not appear at all until the coast was once more clear of everyone except the Turkish soldier, who lay snoring in the shade. Then he ran after me as I was strolling off, and kissed my jacket’s hem, beseeching :

‘ “ O, my master, spare me ! I have borne enough ! I only wished to make a little money ! ”

‘ He then collapsed upon the ground in tears, spoiling my triumph utterly by that proceeding.

‘ I had to put my arms about him and support him to his little house. When he recovered speech, he asked me :

‘ “ How was I to know ? The Englishman I served in Cyprus never noticed me when things went well. How could I know Your Honour was so different ? If anything was wrong in his opinion, he blamed me for it with cold anger instantly. If he had seen that I defrauded him, he would have cast me out. When Your Honour paid the bill time after time without objection I thought that all was well. It was machinery. I did not think you saw me as a man, so had no scruples more than a machine would have. The blame was yours since you had charge of me.”

‘ Weeping anew, he went and opened a tin box he had, and took from it a chaplet of fine amber beads with little sapphires here and there between them.

‘ “ O, my dear lord,” he pleaded, “ do a kindness. Accept this gift from me. It is the best I have. It is worth more than all I gained on those accursed fowls. Let me repay the money or I die of shame. How could I guess that you were one of us ? How was I to know you were—with all respect—a brother ? ”

‘ For all his pleading I would not accept the amber beads. But from that hour the sheykh and I were friends, and understanding reigned within our paradise.’

When Marmaduke and Muriel left for England, the former had to support his sheykh-cook from the steamer back to shore as he was weeping so copiously.

Marmaduke was very glad to get back to his beloved Mountain, for, as Gertrude Bell said : ‘ It is never without a pang that the traveller leaves the Druze country behind, and never without registering a vow to return to it as soon as may be.’ Now Marmaduke had returned he found life, if possible, more enjoyable than ever before. Every evening the village schoolmaster came up to talk Arabic. He was an elderly man, clad in a tattered silken robe and a soiled tarbush. The skin of his face was almost coffee coloured and seemed very dry, ‘ as if its vital moisture had all gone to fertilize the grey moustache, which was bushy, drooping,

and extremely prominent.' A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles lent to his deep-set eyes mysterious wisdom. He was a fund of good stories, such as Marmaduke loved.

Wallah, did not Your Honour ever hear the story of Afifeh, who, though she was a widow and old, won a great Pasha's love, and became chief amongst all his wives and mistress of his harim? No? Know then that Afifeh, when her husband died, was left very poor, with one tiny calf only, whose mother had died in giving birth to it. This calf was all her joy. 'O calf,' she would say, 'when thou art grown I will mate thee to a splendid bull, and thou shalt give me a calf as lovely as thou art, and much milk also. With the milk I shall make leben, and I will sell my leben in the market, and an old woman shall come and buy from me, for the Pasha's young son, who is fallen deeply in love, for leben, eaten with bread, is a known specific where the nerves are shaken. Did not the learned Abu Küseh say in a golden verse :

'A modicum of soured white juice of cow or goat in association with the produce of the oven
Engenders in him who engulfs it tranquillity of mind and equilibrium' ?

And Afifeh carried her calf tenderly, lest its feet get cut with the rough stones, or bullocks or camel frighten it and it would seek to escape her. It grew, but still she carried it, for she was become strong : as its weight increased so did her strength also. At last it was a full-grown cow, and still she carried it daily to seek pasturage, and in the evening home to her dwelling. One day, as she walked, the Pasha came by in his carriage, and, when he saw a woman carrying a cow, he bade his servants question her, why she did this, and they did so, and came back, saying : ' Verily the old woman is mad, for she is so fond of her cow she will not let it walk lest it cut its feet or be frightened ' ; but the Pasha asked her to come up to his carriage herself, and she told him : ' All my future is that cow, therefore it is no pain to me to carry it ' ; and the Pasha was so pleased with her strength and with her answer that he asked her to marry him.

When Marmaduke sighed over the difficulties of authorship with him, the schoolmaster would comfort him with reminders of the learned and polite Marcüc, the best of poets, who, having failed to gain preferment by his poetry, 'one day made laughable grimaces in the presence of his lord, with the result that the monarch filled his mouth with gold, and flung on him a robe of honour.' 'Never despair, if poetry win not approval, make essay with prose : if that is not acceptable there are always grimaces.' But as an instance of true resourcefulness, Marmaduke found the story of Camr-ud-din who, from being a destitute little boy that played knuckle-bones in the dust, became king of a country among the islands of Hind and Sind, hard to equal. This talented urchin stole a saucepan from a neighbour's house and sold it ; then, with the money, which was very little, in a purse, he repaired to a certain merchant famed for absent-mindedness, and begged him to take charge of a purse containing two dinars. The merchant at once consented, flung the purse into a box with other moneys, and called on the bystanders to witness the deposit.

Later that same day that clever one returned, and demanded his purse containing two dinars. The merchant flung it at him. He opened it : it contained but three dirhems. Then he cried so loudly that he had been robbed, that the merchant, though he saw through the fraud, made up the money for the sake of his reputation. With the gold thus obtained, Camr-ud-din purchased merchandise, which he sold again to such profit that in a week he had returned the saucepan to its owner, the gold to the merchant, yet kept much in hand. This story, so common in the West, where usury is not forbidden, but encouraged, was awe-inspiring caviare to the general East.

Marmaduke and his schoolmaster together bewailed the changes which had come over the people of the Mountain since last he was there. In those days children mocked at Frankish trousers, shouting : " Hi, O my uncle, you have come in two " : now they wore 'cheap German slops to show their progress ; they doff the fez when entering a house, an action formerly esteemed the greatest rudeness ;

they wear loud-creaking boots, which are the mode out there, to advertise the difference from old-fashioned slippers.' Only in the villages were the people the same, and even there modern invention was corrupting 'the ancient dignity and individuality of the people.' For example, the telegraph was universal, and no longer an object of wonder. Only the posts had to be of hollow iron, painted over, for the following reason : a new white carriage road had been made through a certain lonely glen, and beside it ran the telegraph, a line of poles which ran as far as eye could reach in both directions. As soon as the workmen had finished setting them up, and moved on, the people of the village, which lay concealed in the rocks, fell upon them, and in one night hewed down a very great many, for men, women, and children were enlisted in the good work, and every available donkey : the trees were reckoned to be worth two Turkish pounds apiece.

From a second village, on the opposite crag, came all its inhabitants to dispute the right of the first to the trees, and a great fight took place ; many were killed and their corpses carried home amidst wailings, carried on the trees they had won, back to their homes. Both sides expected reprisals from the Government, but all that happened was that the workmen came again and put up some more trees, and the villagers, who could hardly believe their eyes, hugged themselves for joy, and gave thanksgiving to Allah that such fools should live. When the workmen left for the second time, both villages rushed to the scene in all their numbers, and an even greater battle took place in which, after losing half their population, the men of the first village won, and one of their chiefs approached the trees as conqueror : 'Nerving himself with a tremendous effort, he threw up his axe, swung it above his head, then brought it down upon the tree. A shock went through his frame from head to foot. The pole gave forth a dull, metallic sound.'

It was only when he went down to Beyrouth that Marmaduke realized the tremendous change brought about by the revolution. There, in the city, he came in contact with the epidemic of strikes by which the workers demonstrated

their new-found freedom—strikes of railway employees, tramway functionaries, porters, schoolmasters. There he learned of the successfully organized nation-wide boycott, the answer to Austria-Hungary's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which cost the Dual Monarchy many millions of pounds. For the first time in the history of Turkey the army was paid up to date, was well fed and properly equipped : for the first time in the history of their country every soldier was provided with a pair of boots. The leaders of the revolution were, as Aubrey Herbert describes them in his *Ben Kendrim*, men of uncompromising honesty ; all their reforms were puritanical in nature : baksheesh was abolished, crime declined to a startling extent, and a general sense of revival was abroad.

The bloodless revolution was a nine days' wonder : never before, in the history of political surgery, had there been so major an operation performed without blood-letting. Some even doubted the wisdom of such mercy, holding that to allow tyrants to remain at liberty was to endanger that liberty without converting the tyrants. But Marmaduke, remembering Muhammed's mercy to Mecca, could not agree with them, and applauded the young, earnest, pathetically high-minded fedais¹ of the revolution. Whilst concentrating on the reorganization of the army, the Young Turks also undertook social reforms of infinitely wider scope than had ever been attempted before in Turkey.

' I myself,' Marmaduke wrote, ' personally became aware of these changes during the five months I lived in Constantinople, months of great difficulty and trial for the Turks whose country had recently become bankrupt. At the end of this period, the civil services had been working, though slowly, for about a year, even ministers were content with half, sometimes with a quarter, of their salary, and every penny saved was devoted to the army or to public works. In the cafés, no longer was the talk one good story capped by another : now all discussed change ; change of government, change of policy, even change of Sultan. Turkey,

¹ Men bound by a religious vow.

that autumn, was still living in the intoxication of one of those rare moments of brotherhood and unity when men, from having long carried hidden the same high hopes, celebrate in unison their joyful realization.'

Such hours, where all the good in man rises suddenly as in a ferment, occur seldom in national history, but they would be fruitful even if they were to have no tangible result, to leave no human trace, for their memory is a heaven, and from such days do whole peoples date their resurrection. Nothing can withstand such manifestations of a communal joy : they are the headlamps which cast a ray of light across the darkness of the political landscape. The triumphal car passes, the darkness may close in once more ; but the light has been, and even the owls and toads inhabiting the darkest depths of despotism have, if only for an instant, felt its power. Of these nocturnal animals, the one whose reaction was the most surprising was the Sultan himself : for the first time in his life he smiled, and, once assured of the triumphant Committee's personal loyalty to him, he moved freely, during all those first months, among the crowds, who had known hitherto as little of their Khalif as for centuries the Roman crowds of their Pope.

The excitement reached its height when the Constitution of 1876 was proclaimed. To celebrate the awakening of this Sleeping Beauty after thirty-two years' slumber, the people of Beyrouth ' mafficked ' in the streets. (Marmaduke explained to as many as he could that ' Dastoor ' did not mean liberty to annoy or harm other people.) For the most part, the rejoicings were harmless enough : the prisons were opened ; the Greeks came down from Thessaly to congratulate Hilmi Pasha, even the Albanians and the Arabs promised to live thenceforward in peace with their neighbours.

The very women unveiled and shouted : " YA SHASSUN HURRIET," and harangued the startled crowds, for during the anxious days that preceded the revolution had not high-born Turkish Hanoums of Salonika worked with courage and enthusiasm for the Cause ? They, who had acted as

messengers, carrying compromising papers on their persons and a revolver grasped in their slim fingers, shared in the victory they had so largely helped to win, for if the Sultan's legion of spies had been baffled, it was due in no small measure to the devotion of the female members of the Committee. The day of the formal opening of Parliament, crowds of unveiled women of all classes lined the streets and filled the balconies, some even standing on the roof of St. Sophia itself.

The Parliament summoned was a hard-working, anxious body, 'less frivolous than the House of Commons, more decorous than the French Chamber,' and meant business. As it settled down to tackling the job of undoing the evils of five hundred years of absolutism, the effervescence and enthusiasm which had greeted it died down, and the various nationalities within the Empire crumbled back into their accustomed fragments. The French Revolution came as the blossoming of the completed unity, already many centuries old, of the French people: the Turkish Revolution was the momentary uniting, against an insufferable bondage, of all the peoples in an Empire founded on the division between the House of Islam and the House of War—viz. the subject conquered races.

Over these Turkish domination was only outward, and did not reach the inner soul: some measure of alleviation conceded, they were as little interested in the work of the constitutional Government as they had been in the mind of the despot. '*Is fecit cui prodest*'—the revolution had been made by Turks for Turks, and, like the philosopher who proved the reality of movement by walking, they proved the existence of parliamentary government by constituting the Ottoman Chamber: but as far as the non-Turkish races within the Empire were concerned, that was all: and Syria and Beyrouth soon crept back into the bad old ways of rebellions and intrigue.

Marmaduke loved Beyrouth, with its glowing seashore, nearly the hue that Tyrian purple was—a ruddy splendour between rust and red. He was fascinated by the smelly serpentine alley-ways, where a foolish boy, running amok

in the heat of the sun for one of the many religions that festered in the crowded town, could shoot one, two, or sometimes three men dead and suffer nothing worse, if a Christian, than a penance of three Aves from his priest, or if a Muslim, of alms given or a slave released.

The suburbs of scattered huts and one-roomed houses among gardens and mulberry orchards, with high cactus hedges, and tall reeds feathering the boundary ditches, were the background for such stories as *A Champion of Christendom*, and *An Ordeal by Fire*, and so graphically are these described that, as one reads, one is walking down the sandy roads, sees there the sentry palm tree or umbrella pine, 'its shade drawn close about it like a mantle,' there the polished mulberry trees across the ploughed field, there the branching trunks of the olive trees which seem black and solid, a part of earth; 'their foliage the colour of thin moonlit cloud'; one even feels oneself a tree, intoxicated by a few drops of water, transfigured by sunset or cloud.

It is hard to imagine a livelier city than the Beyrouth of those days, but the life was always, somehow, misbegotten, a trifle macabre; the humour sinister, of the 'Max and Moritz' variety. Like the taste of the golden persimmon, the stories Marmaduke tells may be sweet, but the aftertaste is always bitter. If he saw two camel-owners stuck under an arch, each driver refusing, for his master's honour, to give way to the other, along comes a greater than they—perhaps the harim of his Excellency the Pasha, returning from the bath, and in the confusion the stall of the sweetmeat holder, which has been set up in that archway every day for thirty years, is overturned, the bottles broken, the sweetmeats scattered far and wide, a prey for the urchins of the quarter, the owner ruined. Other tales are even more sinister: of murder and torture.

All Oriental art suffers from a lack of any fear of death, for it is from terror of death that all our art is born, and it is very hard for us, and seems an anti-climax, to accept eternity as a fact, not as a pious aspiration. Death is our slide-rule, we cannot measure without it; and though we are attached to all our creations, we are so most of all

to our own bodies, which, puffed with pride of begetting, we imagine we have created, and we despise Orientals for their detachment, sneering: "They haven't the same feeling as we." Yet whoever lives amongst them grows to feel not contempt, but rather envy. This complex of feelings is manifest in the stories Marmaduke wrote at this time: he seems obsessed with the physical facts of death, revolted by them, and at the same time is constantly aping the Arab's lack of emotion. It may be argued whether to live in two worlds incompetently is a better thing than to live in one with supreme efficiency, but there can be no doubt that Asiatics generally do the former and Europeans the latter.

From Araya the Pickthalls paid several visits to Jerusalem, where the beloved dragoman, Suleyman, grown old and now almost completely blind, took them around the city he knew, sightless, yet by smell and feel guiding them better than Cook's sharpest cicerones.

Travel is, except only illness, the most expensive of all luxuries, and Marmaduke, in spite of his modest way of life, now found himself very broke. The last thing he wanted was to go back to England at this juncture: here was life and hope, here one of the world's most exciting experiments; there only fanaticism, misunderstanding, and a very lone row to hoe. Nothing is so agreeable as watching other people work: and this is what he could do in Syria: in England he knew he himself would have to work extremely hard, both for his bread and for his conscience' sake. A writer is, of all people, most dependent on time. If, as Professor Dirac has proved, time is individual, and varies from solar system to solar system, and even from atom to atom, and from child of six to man of sixty, then surely for writers it reaches its maximum of elasticity.

The time of writing a book is of one quality, that of hawking it of another, of proof-correcting another, and the fractional time in which there is money to spend and one's name is in the papers is of a quite other sort, of another reality. This last period is rare as a cactus' blossoming, brief as a moth's life, but it is the only carrot that ever varies the continual monotonous thistle diet of the man asinine enough

to be a writer. *Children of the Nile* and *The House of Islam* were still, it is true, doing well, but they had passed that brief blissful stage, and Marmaduke knew he must write again. For novels, like crumpets, must be consumed hot, and last year's novel is only a little more stale than yesterday's news. For the public, an author is like a cook, and must forever be at the job : as soon as luncheon is over he must begin to think about dinner. So, after an absence in the Near East of about eight months, the Pickthalls made their way to England again, visiting the Rev. E. Hanauer in Damascus, and passing the ruins of Messina on their way. In their absence the tenancy of the Fordingbridge house had come to an end, but after only a short spell of house-hunting they found exactly what they needed : a glorified cottage called Five Chimneys, in the village of Hadlow Down, near Buxted, Sussex.

Marmaduke, installed at Five Chimneys, sat down and wrote *The Valley of the Kings*, perhaps the funniest and deftest of all his books. It is deliciously light, this tragic tale of poor Iskender, the washerwoman's son who adored painting, and, because he kissed the Sitt Hilda when she pressed his hand at the Mission Bible class, forfeited his right to be made a clergyman, a grand English Khawâjah. Had he not by twenty years' attendance at the Mission School earned this as his right ? And now the son of Constantin the gardener was to be preferred above him, and he was to be scullion and a sweeper to ' that cold priest, those bloodless women : Carûlin, most ancient virgin, whose stalk is a crane's, whose heart is all gall ' (who was modelled on Marmaduke's own half-sister Caroline !) ; Jane, a fruit all husk ; half man, yet lacking man's core, half maid, yet lacking woman's pulp . . . and poor little Hilda, a ripe fruit that whispers ' Pluck me.' It was not to be borne, and Iskender finds a splendid young Englishman, surely an Emir, who encourages him in his passion for painting. The story of his worship for this rank, and of the misfortunes to which it leads him through his rivalry with Elias, a real, grown-up dragoman ; of his love for Nesibêh, daughter to Mitri, the Orthodox priest, and of his conversion from the Brûtestant faith to that of his bride,

is one of the gayest imaginable, entirely without bitterness, yet wholly malicious, the last story Marmaduke wrote which was pure, undiluted fun.

It was written whilst Marmaduke was still soaked through with the Syrian sun, and reads as a fig eats, that has ripened on a south-facing brick wall. The glory was still about him of what he saw as the dawn of a new Jihâd—the Young Turk Revolution, that for him seemed a Holy War waged by Islam, not against outside foes, but against the despotism, the ecclesiasticism, the ignorance within itself—and for the last time in his life he was intensely hopeful, confident of the future.

Those months in his beloved Syria, watching the revolution at last safely and sanely arrived, and the summer that followed at Five Chimneys, with friends such as the Hornblowers visiting him, were the crowning of the first period of his life—the time of travel and books, of experience and expression, alternating rhythmically, with increasing power : *Saïd*, *The House of Islam*, *Children of the Nile*, *The Valley of the Kings*, and *Veiled Women* are a harvest with which any writer could be content. The period which followed—the war years and after—was a time of politics and peril, of great suffering and great service, and removed him, spiritually as well as physically, far from the *Arabian Nights*' enchantment of his early years.

The happiness of man, said the Prophet, is a halt for rest beneath a tree beside the way : in its brevity lies its virtue. Too long sitting induces cramp, and when he was cast out from his peace into the maelstrom of politics, Marmaduke did not regret the past with more than a sentimental aside, whispered in some corner of his mind. 'For verily with effort goeth ease,' as the Qu'aran has it, and in the spirit of the Young Turk Revolution he was to find something he could not merely watch, but must share : an ideal worthy his whole devotion : a work beside which his novel-writing seemed a little plain sewing.

CHAPTER SIX



ALTHOUGH the Turkish counter-revolution of April 13, 1909, was successful in Constantinople only, and there but for a short time (it left the provinces unaffected in their loyalty to the Constitution), it had far-reaching consequences which, on inspection, show it to have been the material cause of the downfall of the Young Turks, who, Samson-like, brought down with them all that remained of the Turkish Empire, in their last heroic effort to save its fabric. For during their brief return to power, Abdul Hamid's friends had hit their hardest. There had been a pretty good purge of Young Turks. When the counter-revolution collapsed, naturally these hit back: the foreigners who supported the old régime were hated with exceeding bitterness and the plotters who had arranged the counter-revolution were, as many as could be tracked down, shot. Fitzmaurice was politely asked to go, and, as Aubrey Herbert puts it, 'if an end had not been put to all ideals, an end had come to the spirit of good temper and toleration.'

The leaders of the Young Turks, in their few months' absence from power, had been through the valley of humiliation, both as men and patriots. Some of them had been in prison in much peril of their lives: more than one of them had served unknown in the ranks of the Turkish army. Their return was marked by no massacres: a few of the chief conspirators were tried and hanged, and their bodies were quite unnecessarily exposed swinging upon gibbets in the streets. That was all. The Sultan was with due solemnity deposed and the saintly Muhammad Reshad was girded with the sword of Osman in his stead. As soon as the Constitutionals were safely back in the saddle, the Greeks began their customary tales of massacres. Philip Graves was greeted on his arrival in Constantinople by a

Greek with the remark : “ Would you like to see the famous correspondent of *The Times*, Mr. Philip Graves, lying dead ? He is in a gutter round the corner ! ” On another memorable morning full accounts were published in all the Tiflis papers of a terrible massacre of Armenians by Turks. The massacre had been fixed for a certain day, and the newspapers’ Russian owners had not been informed of the Turks’ successful frustration of their plan !

Following Aristotle’s division of ‘ causes ’ into their four types—formal, material, efficient, and final—it is possible to analyse the break-up of the Turkish Empire. The formal cause was the complex of hopes and fears of the Great Powers. England was afraid that Russia would descend on India through the provinces, nominally still under Turkish suzerainty, but practically independent, which lay athwart her route ; afraid that, simultaneously, she would realize her most ancient ambition—to capture Constantinople, and whilst Orthodox priests sang Mass again in Hagia Sophia, the Dardanelles would be closed against the British fleet. She was afraid, too, of the policy of the French financiers which, as Sir Mark Sykes said, was to produce, eventually, the collapse of the Ottoman Empire, ‘ which would be a frightful disaster to us.’ But her Entente with France hampered her in protesting against, or avowedly countering, this policy. Germany, on the other hand, hoped, by bringing the Bagdadbahn policy to a triumphal conclusion, to extend her sphere of influence from Berlin to Basra and beyond, to the Persian Gulf, without touching British territory, or making contact with the Suez Canal. France saw that England, by continual infiltrations, had so penetrated the countries of the Mediterranean sea-board, that she could count on Arabia, Syria, the Lebanon, and Mesopotamia being entirely hers to command, what time they would shake off the Turkish yoke. The French saw their schools, the capital they had expended, their careful nurturing of the Maronites, and all the roots their language and culture had acquired, threatened by the vast, all-over-laying bulk of the British Empire, and were in the jitters. Russia was seriously anxious lest her century-old policy of fomenting

discontent amongst the Balkan Christians be, at a blow, destroyed by the constitution and the proclamation of the equality of all the subject races with the Turks. But to those mercenary peoples the benefits of equality were more than counterbalanced by their horror at being subjected, for the first time in their history, to the same obligations of service—fiscal and military—as the Muslims.

‘The panorama of Russian aggression,’ as Aubrey Herbert called it, was disturbed by the Turkish Revolution, but not checked; though Russia grumbled, as a kite would, were the dead horse on which it was glutting itself suddenly to gallop away. Russia’s programme in the East was far from peaceful.

‘The Russian bureaucracy,’ Marmaduke wrote, ‘must have war. War is a necessity of its existence, for an era of peace would inevitably bring to pass the revolution which has long been brewing.’ England is deceived because, although ‘Turkey is threatened, a great part of Persia is occupied, and vast territories of China are coming under Russian influence’; yet ‘the Russian noble is perhaps the most charming figure in the world, socially. He has the best credentials for appealing to our ruling classes.’ Against the Russian peasant Marmaduke feels no animosity; ‘he is assuredly the most pathetic figure to be found in Europe, the most pathetic people in the world, deserving of all human pity. It was only England’s friendship and financial help which enabled the bureaucracy to suppress the revolution at its last outbreak.’

Of Russia’s ambitions in the East he had no illusions. “I have no hesitation,” he declared in 1913, “in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour. She will throw stones surreptitiously through your windows and rush in and claim the house on the strength of the stones—her stones—which may be found inside. A neighbour who corrupts your servants and then points to the uncleanness of your abode as proof conclusive that you are not a fit person to be a householder—is that the kind of neighbour one would seek? Such is Russia’s present treatment of Turkey, her continual treatment both of friend and foe. She cannot

help it—it is Pretty Fanny's way. But I admire the wisdom of our ancestors who sought to interpose some independent buffer state of military power at every point between our frontier and the frontier of the Russian Empire. An independent Turkey was regarded by our older, better-educated statesmen as just as necessary to the structure of the British Empire in the East as a safety-valve is to a steam engine: do away with it—the thing explodes."

Disraeli, in his speech at the Guildhall dinner as Minister of Foreign Affairs, nearly thirty years before, declared Turkey to be our essential ally against Russian imperialistic ambition, the neutral focus of all our Eastern policy. And his policy was not new. The Russian menace had already alarmed Palmerston, who declared categorically that the only chance of fair treatment for all the peoples dwelling in the Ottoman Empire lay in our support of an enlightened Turkish Government. Disraeli was a seer; his successors mere opportunists. For the seer, even a century seems no great while to wait: there was only one generation between Disraeli and the Turkish Revolution which justified his policy.

But for the revolution to prove successful Turkey needed ten years of peace. Although the rivers of enterprise, goodwill, and reform had been turned into the Augean stables, they were powerless unless the Great Powers, who were for Turkey the *dei ex machina*, lent life. Life and time and peace alone were necessary, in order to bring the revolution to its triumphant objective: the creation of a nation out of the crumbling ruins of an empire. But life and time and peace were instantly and absolutely denied. It was as impossible to draw off the Powers, who, for years, had beset the beleaguered Turkish Empire like a pack, their tongues hanging out, as to call off hounds at the kill.

The nations of Europe were terrified lest, by its own exertions, Turkey might arrest the process of disintegration, and save body and soul alive: thus escaping them. Everything but life and peace they offered Turkey: advice, criticism, contempt—even a telegram of congratulations, from King Edward to the douce Kiamil. Only the essential

breathing-space was denied: 'a flock of cosmopolitan harpies has swooped down on that wretched country, and now are preparing, in the most legitimate way, to rob the inhabitants under the guise of introducing them to the benefits of civilization. The Turkish Empire has survived disaster, but it cannot survive exploitation.'¹

The Young Turks, on their recovery of power, were obliged to grant enormous concessions to the various European nations, because they had nothing to barter except the very body of their country. They had to feed the army and clothe and equip it. They 'desired to see the great province of Armenia reformed,' but they had no men and no money: Russia was against their having men or money: yet they were told to go on with reform.² Concessions were wrung from them as a result of the financial boycott: and the traders vied with one another in a shameless scramble: yet there were places Turkey was still too proud to sell: when, in July 1913, the Turks retook Adrianople, Russia offered them a loan of seventy million if they would evacuate the stronghold—a loan to be floated in England and France—and Turkey refused.

Marmaduke was by no means blind to the Young Turks' faults. Indeed, until the assassination of Mahmud Shevket, he did not himself know whether, in Turkish politics, he was a Unionist (so-called because of their adherence to the Committee of Union and Progress) or a Liberal. The Liberals were the Old Turks, 'new presbyters but old priests writ large'—reactionaries busy staging come-backs off stage. Marmaduke enumerates the various mistakes made by the Unionists after their return to power: in dealing with the army there were two classes to consider, the *Mektebli*, who, before getting a commission, had studied in an army school or *Mekteb*, and the *Alaili*, officers whose military knowledge was derived from actual service with the army. The Young Turks preferred the former, and on several occasions offended the latter by making all officers below a certain age take an exam, and reducing them to a

¹ Sir Mark Sykes in the House of Commons.

² Aubrey Herbert in the House of Commons.

rank suitable to their age and attainments. This was very foolish, as they were useful for regimental work and generally popular with the men.

The removal of the pariah dogs from Constantinople, although a necessary sanitary measure, shocked many people, to whom their lingering death on an island on the Sea of Marmora seemed wanton cruelty. And the two hundred thousand spies, now out of work, were potential plotters against the revolution, every one. The Christian schools were outraged by the attempt to embrace them in the general scheme of patriotic education, which trespassed on their ancient privileges. The forcible disarmament of the Macedonians and Albanians was a ghastly mistake, for it left the Muslim populations entirely at the mercy of their Christian neighbours, a policy whose results were the Bulgarian and Serbian massacres of the first and second Balkan Wars. Ultimately Marmaduke decided to favour the Unionists, although he saw the wisdom of many of the older men in Turkey, who realized what would happen and were against the revolution, guessing reform would be the signal for the final onslaught, the *coup de grâce*. Turkey's only hope of prolonging her existence, as they saw it, was to feign decrepitude, to cultivate the symptoms of approaching dissolution, to trade on her agony as a beggar trades on his sores.

The material cause of the Turkish collapse was, as already stated, the unsuccessful counter-revolution of 1909. This had been backed by Fitzmaurice, the dragoman at the British Embassy, and was the eleventh attempt at the destruction of the Young Turks. Liberal England had not even threatened invading Austria with the war she had undertaken to wage by the treaty of Berlin. 'A good-sized scrap of paper, this,' Marmaduke says, 'which was torn in all directions without disturbing England's equanimity.' She had hampered the Young Turks at every step, forcing on them Kiamil Pasha for premier, an eighty-seven-year-old encumbrance, timid and senile, 'nervously conservative,' whose doddering inactivity was a clog on all the Committee's efforts, whose sons 'were very like the sons of Eli.' The

despotism of the Sultan was followed after his final overthrow by a military dictatorship which alienated England : as with every other revolution, so this one also, in order to defend itself, had recourse to censorship and the sword, to martial law and heresy-hunting. This new severity, coupled with the mistaken policy of enforcing the Turkish language, and proceeding too rapidly with a misunderstood unification, had a very reverse effect from that which was intended, and made that same spirit of nascent nationalism, which had caused the revolution, recoil upon its authors. This nationalism was a will-o'-the-wisp leading the Young Turks into the most disastrous marsh bogs.

Modern Muslims, to quote Sir Mark Sykes, 'are Western in culture, but not able to assimilate nationalism. To a Muslim, be he Syrian, Egyptian or Turk, this is literally impossible. There is nothing real, conscious or subconscious, which responds to the call of nationalism. A Turk is a Muslim whose language is Turkish.' Muhammed deliberately abolished nationalism, in the aggressive sense, and patriotism, as the English understand it. But when the gullible subject races, far more numerous than the Turks themselves, heard the cry of : 'Turkey for the Turks, Yeni Turan,' they took their cue and instantly, everywhere, handfuls of nationalities sprang up, vociferating their demands for freedom. As in a diseased body the infection will burst out suddenly in many places, so, as with a pox, the face of the Turkish Empire was blotched by every sort of Balkan and Arab revolt.

An insurrection broke out in Crete, another in Albania. Albania was, for the Turks, the Arabia of Europe, and it ought to have been obvious that the Albanians needed, at last, as careful and deferential handling as would the Irish by an English Socialist Government. The Sultans had made no such mistakes as did the Young Turks, who, by their high-handed pacification of Macedonia and Albania, caused ill-feeling amongst all the Balkan tributaries. This led to Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, and Bulgaria entering a league for the partition of those provinces of the Turkish Empire which they claimed in virtue of the new principle

of nationalism. They were encouraged by the English Liberals, whose great idea, since Gladstone's day, had been to re-christianize the Balkans (though Gladstone's oft-misquoted advice was to turn the Turks, bag and baggage, out of *Bulgaria* : not out of Europe as most people suppose). The whole Liberal Party was solidly and traditionally anti-Turk : from Fox via Cobden to Gladstone and his successors, a heritage of hatred for the 'unspeakable' was passed on, and, because Russia pure and undiluted made a strange bed-fellow for professing Liberals, they welcomed the Balkan League and blessed it.

The Turks were utterly unprepared for attack. They thought, in their simplicity, that their revolution had saved them from the waiting eagles, that the dust thrown up by Abdul Hamid's fall had blinded the hovering kites. So when Serbia, who had ordered new-type Creusot guns, had been refused transit for them by Austria, and had thereafter had the cheek to ask Turkey to let her take them through Salonica, the latter agreed, only to meet the same guns pointed at her breast a few months later in Macedonia. 'Gegen solche Dummheit kämpfen die Götter selbst vergebens !'

The Great War may be said to have begun for Turkey on 27 September 1911, for on that day Giolitti presented Italy's ultimatum to the Sublime Porte. Anxious not to be left out of the general scramble for African territory, Italy, without excuse of any kind, raided Tripoli, declaring war on Turkey, and sent an army to Libya and a fleet to the Dodecanese. From that moment the Gates of Janus were not shut in the Near East until after the Treaty of Lausanne.

Tremendous was the wave of indignation. In Macedonia there were hosts of volunteers, Christian no less than Muslim, eager to go and fight in Africa. For the moment all the Young Turks had done or left undone was forgotten ; the Italians had overpowered the local garrison, but they would not be able for a minute to face the Turkish army. The presence of their fleet forbade sea-transport of the troops, but they could march by land through Turkish territory. Italy, the Turks knew, must be outside the law

of nations, for had she not broken the Berlin treaty made by England? There was no doubt in anybody's mind but that at this juncture England, even if she remained neutral, would befriend the Turks. When it was known that England had forbidden Turkish troops to pass through Egypt, still a Turkish province, it was seen that she connived at the Italian crime, and there were cries of 'Treachery' since but for that injustice Turkey would have won the war.

Even Sir Mark Sykes, who was in Constantinople at the time, wrote, 'Italy's war must vex every Muslim. Of course, I always think of this country (England) first, because that is my business, but I am terrified at Grey's policy. It is getting us into the very devil of a mess. Italy's action, unless repudiated, must set the whole of the Muslim world against us, and if the Muslim world is against us we are done!' But what Lord Salisbury had encouraged, no Englishman might gainsay, and Salisbury had said that Italy was welcome to Tripoli, provided she waited until her prey was within reach, for it is a foolish hunter who is far from his prey. For perhaps then he only wounds when he strikes, and it may escape. So unutterably revolting was the behaviour of the Italians (readers of the daily Press during the recent Abyssinian campaign, and of Graziani's and young Mussolini's accounts are familiar with their methods) that several English newspaper correspondents left Italian headquarters after making a formal protest against the indiscriminate three-day massacres by the Italians of the inhabitants of the Tripoli oases. The mass executions of Arabs suspected—not proved—of having arms in their possession, the beauty of long-distance artillery mowing down the spear-carrying natives, the burning of the little Arab sailing boats in the Red Sea under the pretext that they might be used to carry soldiers, are all juicily described in the Italian and French Press of the day, which reads strongly like first-hand narratives of the 1935-6 campaign in Eritrea. But in this case Tripoli very nearly escaped. The war dragged on for nine months without much advantage gained on either side.

Grey was seriously embarrassed by the Tripoli adventure.

He wrote to Nicholson, 'It will be tiresome if the Italians embark on an aggressive policy and the Turks appeal to us. If the Turks do this I think we must refer them to Germany and Austria as being Allies of Italy. It is most important that neither we nor France should side against Italy now.' (Important because Grey wished to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance.) The Italian horror got so bad, as more news came in, that the Ottoman Government remonstrated to the European Powers that the Italian atrocities were a breach of the rules of war, but the Great Powers replied they were 'unable to take action,' and Grey, in order to distract attention from Tripoli, came forward with a statement in explanation of British relations with Germany, and the newspapers were soon well away after this new hare. It was an old trick he had played more than once, for he knew, none better, how to deal with the House of Commons.

At the time Grey became Foreign Minister there were four free Mohammedan States : Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and Morocco ; of these four States, only Afghanistan was able, during the interval that separated Grey's accession to the Foreign Office from the European War, to escape without damage from the consequences, direct or indirect, of Sir Edward's policy. Sir Edward Grey was consistently, as Professor Browne described him, 'russophile, germanophile, and anti-islamic.'

It was only in December 1912, when the first Balkan War had embarrassed Turkey at home, that the Turks finally left Tripoli, after Italy had expended a vast deal of money and of her soldiers' blood, for a result she might after all have got without going to war, by means analogous to those by which France obtained her position in Tunis and England in Egypt.¹

The object of the Committee of Union and Progress had been to strengthen Turkey by reconstructing it on a Western model, and to transform it into a unified nation. The Committee did not succeed, and as their failure became more

¹ But then, as recently, Italy preferred to fight for what she easily could have obtained by negotiation.

emphasized, and the provinces lapsed into anarchy, murders, abductions, and rape became daily occurrences. At Ketchana in August 1912 there was a massacre of Bulgarians by Macedonians ; in Beyrouth there was open insurrection and the inhabitants hung cards bearing the name of the Governor General, Ebn Bekir Hazim, round their dogs' necks ; and Macedonia was overrun with Greeks and Serbs.

In the early summer the Russian Foreign Minister had visited France and England and held conversations with the foreign ministers of both those countries on the subject of the Balkan alliance, supported by Russia. The Turks, in view of the increasing disorders in the Balkans, had brought a somewhat larger force than usual to Thrace, and after the visit of the Russian Foreign Minister the Great Powers presented a collective Note to the Porte, pointing out that this army, manœuvring now in Thrace, might be regarded as a menace by Bulgaria, and assuring the Sultan's Government that no attack on Turkey was intended or would be permitted. The reactionary Turkish Government (for as a result of the parliamentary elections, the nominees of the Committee, who were blamed for the Italian war and for the hostile attitude of England, had fallen from power) accepted this assurance and at once disbanded the said army, most of its units being sent to distant provinces. The troops had hardly time to make their way to their new stations when the posture of the Balkan States became so threatening that war was seen to be inevitable. Yet still the Government delayed, insisting that since England had signed the assurance given, she would protect the Turks.

Thus began, towards the end of 1912, the first Balkan War, which was both a struggle between Turkey and four foreign nations, and a revolution, in that the inhabitants of European Turkey rose both against the invader and against the Turkish army, too. The Turks were not ready, as the Allies had been for weeks before. Their new levies, hastily called up, were untrained peasants, and the Christian soldiers, hitherto exempt from military service and now for the first time, under the new régime, drafted into the army, deserted in vast numbers. Owing to the change of Govern-

ment, some 1100 officers had been suddenly cashiered, and the transport and commissariat broke down completely owing to the Government's expulsion of these men, who knew the work and could take responsibility.

The news came from Vienna that the Bulgars were in Kirk Kilisseh. Servia took Prisend. Then at Monastir, where they had 90,000 men and 100 guns, the Turks were completely routed. The Greek army came up and occupied Veria, and the Turks fell back before the Bulgarians.

Marmaduke was helplessly in England most of this time, trying frantically to rally such elements in England as were pro-Turk. Himself a Disraelite Tory, he clung to such men as Aubrey Herbert, who shared his views, and who, being in Parliament, could give tongue to them. Marmaduke plagued all the politicians he could, wrote in whatever papers would take his stuff, but as he himself said : " Partition has been practically inevitable since 1908, and all our efforts are so pitifully futile, all that I or any other individual or group of individuals can say or do in the matter, that I think the people who get angry about it must be deficient in a sense of humour." But it was agony to him to see England insisting that Lazarus must at all costs be destroyed. She would not interfere to prevent the Balkan States at their work of destruction ; though Austria and Italy dismember the still living body of Turkey, England with folded hands let them tear to pieces what was left of the Treaty of Berlin. But though she approved destruction from outside, England had refused to allow reconstruction from within to go on in peace : constitutional government, Parliament, the Europeanization of Turkey, the voice of the people in public affairs ; these unhallowed stirrings must be checked : Fitzmaurice had seen to that. It was for Marmaduke as for Hans Andersen's little mermaid : each step England took was a knife turning in his heart. He thought from very self-interest England must remember she had a Mohammedan existence, and that the Turks loved her.

As Leishman, the American Ambassador in Berlin, told Lord Fisher : " Your strength is Muslim, only you are too damned Christian to know it." The glory of the British

Empire in the East, as Marmaduke had known and loved it in former days, had been that England stood for universal toleration, for a nationality which was independent of religious differences, for a humanity and a wideness of sympathy which are the marks of civilization as modern man imagines it. The Turks had of their own free will expressed these same ideals, since when they were plundered and attacked on all sides, whilst England smiled upon their persecutors, and sacrificed her signature to a supposed Concert of the Christian Powers, whose natural inheritance was to be the Turkish Empire. This Concert of Christian Powers was the old Dreikaiserbund of 1873, engineered by Bismarck to prevent France getting allies in the East—a coalition of the Emperors of Austria, Germany, and Russia ; augmented by France herself.¹

Outwardly, Marmaduke's life at Buxted seemed a return to the conditions under which he had worked in Suffolk : he was good friends with the Vicar, a man named Griffiths ; Muriel taught the local hobbledehoys to dance ; they both country-danced enthusiastically, and schemed to take a Sussex team to Sweden to show Scandinavia what British folk dancers could do : they both gardened a good deal. But the resemblances were illusory, surface-deep only. Then, his books and his living were his life ; now, the vast complications of Europe harrowed and horrified him ; politics possessed him utterly.

Luckily he was near the station : ' We don't catch trains, we wait for them,' he wrote to a friend, and he was up and down to and from town continually. Exact dates are hard to come by for these hurried eventful years : between 1909 and 1913 the only sure dates are those of his books : *The Valley of the Kings*, in 1909 ; *Pot-au-feu*, a collection of short stories, most of which had appeared before in periodicals, in 1910 ; *Larkmeadow*, his last Suffolk story, in 1911 ; in 1913 *Veiled Women*. It is the story of a governess, Mary Smith, who marries a rich young Turkish-Egyptian noble, and ' Islamizes.' It is curiously sinister, a simple statement

¹ Already in December 1912 Poincaré declared that he regarded Syria as a French *perquisite*.

of harim life with no sermon and no moral ; but it is more useful as anti-feminist propaganda than a thousand pamphlets could be. Since women are so, the reader must think as he closes the novel, it is best they be kept and treated thus, and one is left sympathizing with Lawrence's Arabs, for whom woman was a machine for muscular exercise.

A few friends provide scattered reminiscences. Mr. Hornblower remembers staying with Marmaduke at Five Chimneys in 1909 ; George Raffalovich first met him at the time of the launching of the *New Age* by A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson, and saw a good deal of him ; subsequently Marmaduke wrote regularly for this paper : from 1912 until 1920 almost every single week. In it appeared, serially, the whole of his *With the Turk in Wartime*, also his *Oriental Encounters*, and six lectures on 'Islamic Culture,' which were later delivered again in Madras and published there as *The Cultural Side of Islam*. He wrote on all manner of Near-Eastern problems and politics ; and other contributors to this very remarkable journal were D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, Michael Arlen, George Lansbury, G. D. H. Cole, G. K. Chesterton, and Sir John Squire : amongst the illustrators were Augustus John and Gaudier Breszka.

Marmaduke and Muriel went abroad every year between 1909 and 1913, even if only for a short time. Sometimes in winter, as in 1911 when they went to St. Cergues, in the Jura, and Colonel Machell joined them for ski-ing. Oftener in the summer, when, after sleepy Sussex rusticity, the gaieties of mild mountaineering in Switzerland, of bicycling tours in France, of walking in the Black Forest, or of trips to Belgium, Holland and Italy were a pleasant change. In those days Europe was a necessity to all educated people (with the one exception of Lord Grey. He, sitting next my mother at dinner, assured her, with pompous emphasis, when she asked where he was going that summer, that he never went abroad if he could help it, for 'England is good enough for me.')

The Pickthalls also paid visits to their O'Brien cousins, who took a house each year at Seaton, in Devon, where

Marmaduke, in the presence of five unmarried girls, 'pigeoned'—as he described his conduct, i.e. strutted up and down and showed off like a pigeon. "He would even break off in the middle of story-telling or amusing us in other ways and say: 'Stop me—I'm pigeoning,' so great was his consciousness of this fault." He loved being with these cousins, and would go gathering wild strawberries with them, telling them hour-long Eastern tales, or would rise betimes to gather white violets before the mercenary tramps grabbed them for the London market.

Whilst they plaisanted, England, Germany, Austria, and Russia, costers, whose tower-high pile of baskets had begun already to sway, were forced to walk faster and faster, then finally to run, in vain effort to prevent their top-heavy loads landsliding to that total, complete, utter ruination and collapse which was the World War. 'Le jour où l'on croira résolue la question d'Orient, l'Europe verra se poser inévitablement, la question d'Autriche,' Albert Sorel wrote in 1878, and Sir Mark Sykes uttered an even graver warning in the House in 1914: "The disappearance of the Ottoman Empire must be the first step towards the disappearance of our own." England still stands where she stood: but Russia turned turtle directly after her infidel enemy had fallen.

During those agony-pregnant years that led to 1914 Marmaduke was a horrified spectator of the sultry impetus; mazed and distressed, as everyone else, to whom civilization was the only apology for existence, culture the one excuse of Empire, his efforts, no more impotent than any other man's, were continual, ceaseless, but difficult to follow because so completely obliterated by the succeeding avalanche. 'One must do something about it,' he pleaded, and his whole effort was directed to trying to make England see that if she would not befriend Turkey—would not accept her overtures—someone else inevitably would: and that someone was Germany. In the capitalist emporium there can be no spare rooms, no empty warehouses, no unguarded arsenals, no idle money: and Germany made no secret of her desire for a Turkish alliance. Turkey's entry into the

war, Mr. Lloyd George has said, prolonged it by two years. For the whole of the two years before the war Marmaduke, in a ceaseless passionate struggle with abhorred Liberalism, had one only aim and ambition: to keep Turkey pro-British and to make Britain pro-Turk.

The position of Turkey after the Bulgarian advance was desperate. Macedonia was overrun by Greeks and Serbs, and during the late autumn of 1912 (Salonica fell on 8 November) 500,000 Muslims were slaughtered. The victors took 'all our splendid roads, new schools, and public works of all kinds, all built with Turkish money, Turkish thought and energy within the last four years. We began our work with Macedonia that the Powers might see, and now they take it all'—so a desperate Young Turk friend wrote to Marmaduke that bitter Christmas.

He was made most miserable by the atrocities committed by the Bulgars: the slaying of non-combatants, the habitual cutting-off of lips, eyelids, ears, and noses, to take home as trophies, the constant burning and burying alive of prisoners, which reduced the numbers of Muslims with grim success. A high official in the British Foreign Office, in answer to Marmaduke's agonized query as to whether he regarded the present Balkan settlement as in any sense a step towards lasting peace: "Yes," he said, "and I'll tell you why. It is not generally known. But the Muslim population has been practically wiped out—240,000 killed in Western Thrace alone—that clears the ground." By August 1913 the Turkish Empire, in so far as its European possessions were concerned, was shattered, and Russia assured a scandalized Europe that the conduct of her protégé, Bulgaria, was 'only what is customary in all warfare.'

Marmaduke was miserable. That the revolution should have come had been so incredibly glorious: that it should have come too late seemed the saddest of anti-climaxes. The pathetic last-minute efforts the Young Turks had made to bring themselves into line with what Europe continually and increasingly required of them were so farcically useless—efforts as naïve and unavailing as those of the Abyssinian Negus twenty-five years later. The abolition of slavery

throughout the Turkish Empire cut about as much ice as Abyssinia's entry into the League of Nations. The Constitution, with its establishment of a free Osmanli Commonwealth, wherein equal rights were secured to all members of the Turkish Empire irrespective of nation or race or creed, was powerless ; after a century of Russian intrigue : it meant nothing. Already the Christian races were too far removed from their loyalty to return to it, although they were to experience, as the Arabs also, the deep wisdom of the question : ' Had Zimri peace who slew his master ? '

Marmaduke's hopes rose temporarily again in January 1913, when the Young Turks made their second *coup d'état* which he describes most amusingly.

' The reactionaries, though discredited and hated by the people, were still in power, only because the Committee of Union and Progress, which remained as strong as ever, wanted a good excuse to cast them out, but they were so little conscious that their tenure had become precarious that they still behaved with the extreme of arrogance to their opponents. One day a number of distinguished Unionists, who for weeks past had been living under a vexatious surveillance, were summoned to the Porte in order to comply with some new rule regarding registration of suspected persons. They were bidden wait outside the building until summoned. The place was windy, and the day was cold. Wrapping their cloaks about them, they walked up and down, stamping their feet and striking their hands together to keep warm. At length one, looking at his watch, exclaimed : " We have been waiting here an hour. It is too much. Are we then dogs, to be thus disregarded ? "

' They were all men well and honourably known, who had held power and still could boast of influence. They looked at one another and observed their goodly number.

" " Suppose we go in and demand an audience ! " someone suggested. " They can do nothing to so large a company. "

' No sooner said than done : they all trooped forward. A sentry challenged them, and when they took no notice

lowered his bayonet. One of them bared his breast and walked straight up to it, daring him to kill a true defender of Islam. The sentry recognized the speaker as a hero of the revolution, and brought his rifle up to the "Present" instinctively.

' Inside the building the attendants tried to stop them, but they still advanced, the scandalized ushers following them in remonstrance. The Government had sent for them, they said, and they had come. The clamour of this altercation, near the room in which the Cabinet was sitting, brought Nazim Pasha out into the passage in a towering rage. He was a cavalry officer, and had a cavalry officer's command of language when infuriated. Fixing his eyes upon a young man, whom he knew by sight, he called him a foul name, made an obscene remark about his mother, and bade him stop his noise or it should be the worse for him. In the twinkling of an eye the young man, thus insulted, drew out a pistol from beneath his cloak and fired. The Minister of War collapsed upon the door-mat.

' That accident, which cut off their retreat, decided them. A few rushed off to bear the tidings that a revolution was in progress to the adjacent mosques and to the university, while the remainder strode into the room and faced the Ministers, who strove to hide, as best they could, behind the furniture, except one Armenian, who threatened the intruders with the vengeance of the Powers of Europe if they but dared to touch a hair of his Armenian head. There was an anxious interval, which seemed an age to everybody in that room, but, in reality, did not exceed a quarter of an hour, before the noise of popular rejoicing informed them that the revolution was secure. One of the demonstrators opened a window in the passage and looked out. Khöjas and theological students were chanting praise to Allah, and haranguing a delighted crowd which every minute grew more dense and numerous. He closed the window and reported to his comrades, who, having locked up the ex-Ministers for the time being, were gathered round the corpse of Nazim Pasha with sad faces, for the man, though a gross liver, had not been disliked. ' There were

sighs of : " Allah have mercy on him ! " One exclaimed : " A bad day's work." This futile sympathy attacked the nerves of the young man who had performed the deed in vengeance for a foul and deadly insult. When someone said : " It is not seemly he should be left lying here," that young man seized the body roughly, and had dragged it some way down the corridor before the others realized what he was doing, and enjoined due reverence. Soon after that, having appointed certain of their number to keep going the machinery of government, most of the demonstrators went to their respective homes. The revolution was accomplished. The next step, the choosing of a Ministry, concerned not them, but certain thoughtful men who sought no office, the Committee of Control.

' It was no longer possible for the Young Turks to work with extinct luminaries of the old régime like Kiamil Pasha, who had shown themselves opposed to the ideals of the revolution. For the first time they had to form a Government from their own ranks. They had but one great man whom Europe recognized, and he, as usual, was averse to taking office. It is said that the Committee had to threaten him with violence before they could persuade him to accept the post of Grand Vizier, or even to admit their claim that he was eminently fitted for it. However that may be, it is quite certain that he accepted the supreme position most reluctantly, begging to be allowed to serve in one less prominent. But accept he did at last ; and when the name of Mahmud Shevket Pasha was published as the head of the new Ministry, the country breathed once more with hope and confidence.

' The State was bankrupt. The whole Civil Service had been unpaid for months. Yet somehow public credit was restored ; nor only that, but something of the first enthusiasm of the revolution thrilled the people once again. The change, if gradual, was rapid. In a very few weeks' time the chaos and confusion in the army and the public service disappeared. Rules which had weighed too heavily upon the people were relaxed judiciously, and edicts were promulgated, pending the consent of Parliament, which relieved

the suffering classes of the population of just grievances. Instead of crowds of ragamuffin conscripts, troops, well-equipped and drilled, poured steadily into the capital and on to Chatalja, while large, well-ordered camps were formed at Scutari, San Stefano, and other points upon the coasts of Asia and of Europe. Ministers agreed to take but one-third of their salaries. The Civil Service made no fuss about the arrears of pay ; the very poor subscribed a portion of their wages to the cause of national defence ; the people did not count its sacrifices, now that hope returned. Again there was the eager thirst for education and improvement, of public works and purity in the administration which had marked the birth of the new order. And the Young Turks were for the first time able to support this movement by effective legislation. After the revolution of June 1908 reform on certain lines became a popular ideal ; after the revolution of January 1913 it became law. And all these orderly and hopeful currents emanated from one man, but seldom seen, a quiet, anxious man, who worked both day and night, spending his time between his office at the Sublime Porte and his office at the Ministry of War.

‘ And Turkey looked once more to England, not with confident devotion, as at first, but with some expectation of purchasing effective help from that Power by great concessions.’

One of Turkey’s new rulers’ first actions was to sue for terms of peace : Turkey could not go on fighting, and the first Balkan War ended with the fall of Adrianople, Janina, and Scutari, soon after Mahmud Shevket Pasha became Prime Minister. He had to accept the Enos-Midia line. The various racial problems were tackled at once. In answer to the Greek accusations of Turkish massacres of Armenians, Djemal Pasha suggested to the ambassadors of England, France, Germany, and Austria that they send their first dragomen to conduct an inquiry into the Armenian massacres on the spot ; this committee established the true facts. As far as the Bulgarians were concerned, the problem was settled by an exchange of Turks and Bulgars, so that

by the beginning of 1914 there was not a single Bulgarian to be found within the frontiers of the Turkish Empire. This policy was begun also with the Greeks: the Greek populations of Iden were bartered for the Mohammedans of Macedonian villages now in Greek hands.

The army called in German advisers; for the navy, British experts were summoned. Both land and sea forces were in a very bad way. General Liman von Sanders was sent from Berlin to aid the recovery of the army from the disasters of the Balkan War. There was already a German tradition in the army, dating from the time of Von der Goltz. Russia asked France and England to resist the appointment. France would have done so, 'but Grey refused to see in the appointment a *casus belli*. He even went so far as to give recognition and even encouragement to German penetration in Asia Minor by agreements in 1913 with Turkey and Germany, the essence of the agreements being that Britain would not oppose the Bagdad railway system if Germany did not oppose British control of the Mouth of the Mesopotamian rivers.' So Mr. Ivor Thomas describes the reception in England of von Sanders' appointment. The navy was entirely in English hands. Vickers-Armstrong had been given the contract for the modernizing of the arsenal at the Golden Horn, and the establishment of an arsenal and floating docks in the gulf of Ismid. The English naval mission was under Admiral Limpus, and English engineers and workmen were employed to fix the torpedo lines of the Dardanelles and the Red Sea.

Aubrey Herbert was travelling in Turkey at this time, and George Raffalovich, who had just come back from a trip there, met him en route in Vienna and Rumania. Marmaduke, having got an advance on *Veiled Women*, decided he must go East also, 'for a few months, to escape an atmosphere which revolts and disgusts me. The English Press and public had, in this twentieth century, responded with fanaticism to the cry of a crusade against the Turk, raised by some cunning Balkan rulers, and that fanaticism had been fostered by British statesmen—not for their country's ends, but for the ends and in the interests of Russia, our great

Eastern rival.' The solidarity of Christendom against a Muslim Power was reckoned a fine thing, but it broke the hearts of Englishmen who loved the East.

'There was, besides, another aspect of the case,' he wrote. 'The East was waking; though the bulk of it lay still unconscious. It had been my lot in early youth to be immersed in the unconsciousness of the old East, to receive its spirit for a season and know its charm. Since then I had observed, with some annoyance, the various attacks of conscious Europe on unconscious Asia, and the stirring of the latter towards a consciousness akin to ours. It had been strange for me to see the men responsible for that awakening shrink back in horror as did Frankenstein before his Monster, trying frantically but in vain to wreck their work. To me it seemed unreason near to madness for the English even to attempt to stop a movement which owed its inspiration largely to the work of Englishmen and English governments. Turkey, a country in close touch with Europe, was the head of the progressive movement in the East, the natural head, the sanest head that could be chosen; for the Turk was capable of understanding Europe and acting as interpreter to those behind him. People in a position to be well informed assured me I was altogether wrong, because the Turks were hopelessly demoralized, the revolution had turned out a ghastly failure. They told me to go to Constantinople and see for myself. I had not been there for some eighteen years, my more recent knowledge of the Ottoman Empire, intimate though it was, being practically restricted to the Arab provinces. Accordingly, having been well supplied with introductions by the kindness of some friends, I set out to investigate the state of Turkey, as far as might be, from the Turkish point of view.'

The result of those investigations appeared in book form early in 1914, when Messrs. Dent published *With the Turk in Wartime*. Marmaduke travelled out via Berlin, where he stayed for a few days with the late Hakki Pasha, the Turkish Minister. He was horrified to learn there full details of the atrocities committed by the Balkan Allies

in their attack on Turkey—atrocities of which the German public was informed, whilst ours was not. The German newspapers were full of the reports of the atrocities, and ‘pamphlets on the subject had a place of honour on the bookstalls.’ The victims of the Allies numbered more than half a million non-combatants, but this news was generally censored by the English Press, one paper only, the *Manchester Guardian*, carrying the ‘story’ and some of the figures, which none of the Russian or Balkan ministers or newspaper correspondents in England or Germany in any way attempted to deny or disprove.

In the six years ending with the outbreak of the Great War Turkey lost over a million men, women, and children, and ‘it does seem strange that any European State should feel compassion for a country so afflicted, but Germany does,’ Marmaduke wrote, ‘and shows her feelings practically, by sending out help for the unlucky Muslim refugees from all parts of Germany and Austria Hungary. The ordinary people here are much incensed by the atrocities, and Germans have told me they supposed some kind of punitive measures would be taken against the massacres, and that Western Europe would unite for such a purpose. It seems to them—as I confess it does to me—a ghastly farce to treat people who habitually slay non-combatants, who cut off the features of living men and mutilate them most foully, who burn and bury alive the enemy wounded as the usual thing, with the diplomatic amenities customary towards civilized nations. But Russia is behind the Balkan States, and France and England support Russia.’ Whilst in Constantinople, during the first part of his visit, until his wife joined him, Marmaduke wrote to her constantly, and by her kindness I am able to quote largely from these letters written her between March and May 1913. The series begins on 8 March 1913 and the first letter is written from the Pera Palace Hotel, Constantinople.

‘. . . I arrived here this morning instead of yesterday at noon. The fog was so thick in the Black Sea that the steamer had to go extremely slowly, more particularly as

one approached the entrance to the Bosphorus and heard bells ringing and sirens hooting on every side. In spite of sending boats ashore at intervals to find out where we were and taking on board a local pilot, we failed to make the mouth of the Bosphorus before 7 p.m., the last hour at which ships may enter, so anchored on the spot. This morning, when I got on deck, the fog was drifting in the early sunlight, and one had fairy-like glimpses of palaces and mosques and cypress trees reflected in still water, and we slowly steamed past the foreign warships to Constantinople. Thanks to the fog the sea was smooth as ice, and I had not a moment's uneasiness all the way from Constanza to here.

' This morning I wandered in Stamboul chiefly to gratify a dragoman attached to this hotel, who, in despair at the dearth of travellers this season, offered to show me everything there was to see for five francs. I did not quite see everything, but went into Aya Sophia and another mosque, also the tomb of Sultan Selim, where I amazed the man in charge by reading aloud a page of a very fine MS. Koran he showed me. "Gyuzel! Gyuzel!" was all that he could say, and he stared me in the eyes as if he doubted my Frankishness. I, also as a result of that performance, was shown some very fine Arabic MSS. in a little shop in the bazaars. . . .

' How anyone can go imagining the Turks to be fanatical I cannot imagine! There was I this morning, with my guide, a native Christian, visiting their most holy sanctuaries and shrines, and crowds of soldiers everywhere also sight-seeing, everywhere received with smiles and nice remarks.

' We saw some volunteers marching through the streets with flags and music. They begin with nine or ten, but by the end of the day muster between two and three thousand, my guide informed me. Some we saw were men well over sixty. And every day fresh troops arrive from Asia, all good-natured, not a bit "fanatical." There is not, never has been, any danger here for Europeans: that is the opinion of everybody I have talked to. The rumours current in the West are due to the reports of Armenians, Greeks, and other Levantines—mostly women—who, on the

outbreak of the war, fled from Constantinople in a state of nerves. To see it now one would not call it a "Doomed City." The harbour is as busy as can be, the streets are crowded, and fanfares ring out gaily in the sunshine from the various barracks and military depôts.

'I am lucky to have a fine day for my arrival, as all last week and the first half of this they had a foot and a half of snow, which has left its traces in the street in mud. I am looking at everything with a view to showing it to you later. You will come in the very best season when the weather is set fair; and there will be flowers and fruit galore. I am certain that you have never seen any city half so beautiful, or any country so majestic as that on both sides of the Bosphorus. The minarets and domes are most imposing. One cannot help hoping that they may long remain.

'This evening I am going to the Club to present some of my introductions—rather nervous work; but no doubt I shall survive this ordeal as I have others. . . .'

10 *March.*

' . . . Rifaat Bey, to whom I had two introductions (from Pangiris Bey and Aubrey Herbert) has been extremely kind already, and seems inclined to spare no trouble on my behalf. He gave me dinner last night at the Club, where I met two Englishmen, one high up in the diplomatic world and the other, his nephew, a London newspaper correspondent. Both very pleasant, but not entirely of my views, which are here regarded as the Turkish not the English standpoint. However, I am in good company as quite a lot of old, experienced, Constantinople Englishmen are of my way of thinking and even more so!

'I begin Turkish lessons to-day with an instructor who speaks Arabic.

'Prince Said Halim, the Foreign Minister, a Turco-Egyptian prince, and nephew of Nâzleh Khânun, whom I met in Cairo, received me very nicely yesterday and hopes that we may "meet often and confer together." It is probable that I shall find a home on the Bosphorus and not at Prinkipo as Pangiris suggested, as Rifaat Bey can manage that for me.'

14 *March.*

' . . . For the last three days I have been working away at Turkish with a teacher. I am happy doing it, but it makes one rather tired in the long run ; and I feel the lack of exercise a little, though I do what I can in that line, walking morning and evening for an hour. Not a very interesting proceeding, for the streets are beastly this side of the bridge, and the language which one mostly hears is Greek. Considering the ideas concerning Turks which generally prevail in England, it is curious to see the different Christians here in Pera, having their Lenten processions with candles and crucifixes in the streets. I am told that when the Bulgarians first reached Chatalja, when everybody was afraid that they would take the city, and people in England, I among them, thought of massacres, the Bulgarian Prelate in Constantinople died, and was buried with great pomp, Turkish soldiers lining the streets and accompanying the funeral !

' The day before yesterday, in the morning, I was in Stamboul, at the Sublime Porte, and had my audience of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Prince Said Halim—who is like the German-painted Noah's Ark people to look at—very blue eyes, very brown cheeks, very white collar, very black frock coat, very red fez, which looks like a part of his head, and a cigarette in an amber holder stuck permanently in one cheek. Very neat, correct, and automatic in his movements—just like a toy. He was very amiable, and Rifaat tells me that he had described me as a "charmant homme." That seems to be his phrase for everybody. They say he is a very honest and decent man, but not very brilliant. (Marmaduke later translated much of Prince Said Halim's book on the future of Islam and published it serially in *Islamic Culture*.) Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the Grand Vizier, on the other hand, is said to be extremely clever, but so eager and excitable that he is in danger of working himself to death. I have not yet met him. It is not a time to bother them with my affairs.

' Rifaat talks of Erenkeuy in Asia, as a good place for me

to sojourn in. He himself has a country house there, so has Soubhy Bey, Shefik's cousin ; so I should be among friends. At this moment he is spending his Thursday to Saturday (the Muslim week-end) there, and will let me know to-morrow what he has discovered.

'Yesterday, again, I went into Stamboul, and in the middle of the city traversed a great tract of ruins where 7500 of the old wooden houses, rather like Swiss chalets only larger, of which the whole of Constantinople once consisted, with about twenty mosques, were destroyed by fire, a year and a half ago. Under a blue sky, and looking down upon the Sea of Marmora, the ruins were extremely picturesque, with little family parties camped among them. I then went on and wandered round outside the walls, among the cemeteries—then in at the Adrianople gate and so back through more of the wood Muslim quarter and past the Mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror, over the old Galata Bridge and so to this hotel.

'All the best of the horses and donkeys have been taken for the war ; only the aged and infirm do service in the cabs, but they are not so ill-cared-for-looking as they were in Syria, nor have I seen them anywhere ill-treated. The soldiers' horses look in splendid trim and so do all the soldiers that one sees about. But they are either men in garrison here, or Asiatics going to the front. The wounded and sick are sent straight to Asia Minor from one or other of the Marmora ports. The best-kept and most comfortable-looking beasts that I see here are buffaloes—black, white, and grey—which drag the country carts. They are little animals, standing not much higher than my hips, but give one the impression of unwieldy size. They have enormous up-curved horns like the moon-goddess, and eyes most curious to watch, like white onyxes. Generally a slab of blue glass beads adorns their foreheads. The peasant accompanying them carries a goad and sometimes uses it ; but there is no sign of its application on their hides, than which you can imagine nothing sleeker. They have enormous dewlaps reaching almost to the ground, and, if I remember rightly, a slight hump. On the ruined walls,

yesterday, I noticed plenty of small grape-hyacinths, and a large pink flower rather like a crocus but not so long and rounder, also lots of that pink dead-nettle which came first upon the terraces at Araya, you remember.'

17 *March.*

' . . . Yesterday (Sunday) Rifaat Bey came and fetched me, took me to lunch at Tokatlians in the Grande Rue (a hasty meal), furnished me with a paper written out in Turkish, which I was to show whenever I got hung up for want of words, and packed me off to Erenkeuy. I got into a cab, went down to the bridges, took a steamer thence to Haidar Pasha on the Asiatic shore, where there is a splendid brand-new terminus of the Anatolian Railway, got into a train that was waiting and was carried through smiling suburbs, where the fruit trees were in bloom, to Erenkeuy. There I had to show my paper to the stationmaster, who pointed out the house I wished to find. The paper (since translated for me) ran as follows: "English Ali Pasha of kiosque (country house) opposite to the late lamented Hasan Pasha's son, Hilmi Bey."

' Which Hilmi is the father-in-law of the man I wished to find, who was Shefik's cousin, Soubhy Bey. I found him at last and Shefik's brother, Basri, and some other great ones, who all seemed very pleased to see me. I was introduced to two quite charming little girls of eight and six (Shefik's nieces) who came in, evidently by their mother's wish as I heard whispering outside the door, tripped up to me, made a graceful little curtsey and then offered their lips to be kissed. They and their father had the big gentle blue eyes of Shefik and Rashid Pasha. One of them was the very image of the latter in features and expression. After coffee and much conversation Soubhy took me out, as Rifaat had arranged, to see the house where he thought I could find comfortable rooms and cheap—belonging to a German lady of canonical age! The house was a charming kiosque in a lovely garden, and the lady herself was irreproachable; but alas! she told me (what Rifaat had not understood apparently) that she was more or less under contract to a

German family, who were to let her know their decision about Easter Day. It was a considerable disappointment to me, as, from what Rifaat said, I had regarded the affair as settled ; and I do so long to get away from this hotel and Pera generally. Those Asiatic Turkish suburbs are perfectly delightful—what one imagines Japanese suburbs might be like ; and, besides, in the German lady's house I could have received you so comfortably later on. However, there is still some hope, though slight I fear. Soubhy Bey, as well as Rifaat, is now on the lookout for me. Panjaris has not yet arrived. They whisper that he is a timid man and waits for peace. Though anything more peaceful and indeed more gentle and child-like than the people of Constantinople, at this moment, one could not imagine.

‘ I have written this between my Turkish lesson and the dinner-hour. I work away at Turkish all day long.’

21 *March.*

‘ . . . There is not much news since last I wrote. All Shefik Bey's introductions have turned up trumps, as also Aubrey Herbert's especially to Rifaat Bey who is a host in himself. He has promised to arrange things for me at Erenkeuy, if not in the German lady's house, then in a little house he has beside his own. At any rate I am to have my luggage ready to be fetched from here by noon the day after to-morrow—Easter Day.

‘ To-day, being Good Friday, I went to the Crimean Memorial Church and have kept to the “maigre” menu (there were two provided both at lunch and dinner).

‘ Ali Haïdar Bey (whom I think I mentioned in a former letter) is the son of Midhat Pasha, the man who first began reforms in Turkey, and as a result was exiled and then murdered, his head being sent to Abdul Hamid by post in a box labelled : “Objet d'art Précieux.” Though certainly eccentric, as Rifaat warned me, he turned out most amusing and extremely kind. He, this evening, presented me with a copy of the Biography of his father written by himself in English, quite a remarkable book as regards its contents. He is taking me to see the Minister of the Interior

on Monday, about massacres, as the result of a letter forwarded by Philip Kenway from a man called Wallis, a Quaker, who is a strong pro-Bulgar. I—or rather we, for I hope for Government support—will answer it.

‘I saw a sight last evening in the Grande Rue de Pera which nearly made me sick. About five hundred sick and wounded soldiers walking to and fro, holding each other’s hands like tired children—such simple, pathetic-looking souls, and all the whores and dressed-up pimps of Pera—Greeks, Armenians, and all kinds of Levantines looking on and laughing. I expressed my indignation afterwards to Ali Haïdar, who said that he had complained about the spectacle a hundred times, asking that the soldiers should be sent to hospital and to the Pera Barracks by some other route ; and he would do so again. The army at Chatalja is, we hear, advancing steadily, entrenching each fresh post it occupies. At Bula-ir, things are at a standstill, owing to the plain which divides the two armies being under water.

‘This hotel is quite a hotbed of conspirators. In the inner salon there are always groups of fezzes close together, their owners talking earnestly in low tones. Ali Haïdar tells me who they are and what their probable desires, and laughs at all their doings rather bitterly. He thinks, as I do, that the only hope for Turkey is a truce to all these political lucubrations, and a union of all parties, for the time being, for national defence.

‘The assassination of the King of Greece caused a stir here. The Greeks all cried : “ a Bulgar ” immediately they heard the news. Then we heard that the assassin was a Greek ; but, after all, he proved to be a Bulgar, one of the famous band which ravaged all the Muslim villages of the Salonica district. The Turks grinned rather.

‘*The Times* review of *Veiled Women* was quite unexpectedly good, the book being put down as a serious “ study ” rather than a novel, which ought to attract the serious-minded. I had already seen the notice as Graves, the *Times* correspondent, had brought it round to show me.

‘I have made good progress with my Turkish, but am very shy of speaking still. At Erenkeuy (if I get there) I

expect that that will come quite naturally. We are having lovely weather, rare, in March, they tell me ; but there is not much pleasure in walking in these beastly Pera streets—not that they are anything like those of Beyrouth, but the people are as bad, or even worse. The low-class European settlers and the Levantines are the bane of Turkey.

‘ There is one very curious aspect of the situation resulting from this war. The loss of so much European territory sending Turks to Parliament will give the Arab races a permanent majority—an impossible state of affairs. The Government already talks of giving “Jeziret al Arab,” i.e. Arabia proper, a separate government after the manner of our Indian empire. In that way only can they keep the Turks in a majority.

‘ You are not to be the least bit anxious. Everything is absolutely peaceful here, and the police are splendid.’

Easter Day.

‘ . . . It is now quite settled (at least I hope so, but one must always say In sh’Allah in these parts, that I go to Erenkeuy to-morrow, to the house of the German lady—Fräulein Eckerlein—of whom I wrote before. Rifaat Bey has managed it for me. It seems that the lady, though no longer young, felt some concern as to what her neighbours might say of her having a lone gentleman for lodger. But Rifaat sounded the neighbours, assuring them that I was the pearl of honour and of high morality. They all seemed pleased to think that such an one should come among them. He promised Miss Eckerlein to assassinate anyone who gossiped. So I go. I shall tell the lady at once, on my arrival, that you, in sh’Allah, will be coming later on. That, I am sure, will lay her fears to rest. Rifaat, when I spoke to-day for the first time of your coming, assured me that the Turkish ladies, not of Erenkeuy only, but of the whole country, would be delighted to make your acquaintance.

‘ I went to the Crimean Memorial Church (where my old friend Dowling was once incumbent) this early morning, then came home, had breakfast in my room as usual, and

walked about till twelve o'clock, when I met Rifaat by appointment. He took me to lunch at Tokatians and afterwards for a drive to see the new monument, or rather memorial, of Liberty, under which are buried the officers and men who lost their lives defending the Pera Barracks during Abdul Hamid's counter-revolution, which, you will remember, happened while we were in Syria. It is not a lovely edifice, but the site is fine, dominating many miles of hilly country. . . . If Turkey accepts the terms offered by the Allies, people say that there is pretty sure to be another little revolution, involving the downfall of the present Cabinet, but what would follow no one seems to know. Everyone scouts the notion of anything like a serious disturbance. It would be merely an affair between the two parties in the city, both numerically few, which are not yet sick of scheming and of politics, and at any rate I shall be at Eren-keuy—a peaceful spot.'

25 *March.*

' . . . At last I have escaped from the Pera Palace Hotel and am in a quiet country place—or rather suburb—where the nights are silent except for the chanting of the frogs. Yesterday morning Ali Haidar Bey took me to see the Minister of the Interior, who was very nice and who promised to have a précis made for me of all official information relative to the atrocities; then Ali Haidar took me to his office in Stamboul. I do not quite know why he had an office, but he has a very sumptuous one and many male attendants standing around and bowing—gave me coffee and then helped me in the purchase of a fez. Then back to the hotel, had my luggage put on a cab, drove to the bridge and caught the steamer for Haidar Pasha. The day was glorious and the journey was much less of an adventure than my previous one, as I know the way already, and in the interval had learnt the Turkish words to do with trains and luggage.

'Fräulein Eckerlein is very kind indeed and quite embarrasses me with her anxiety that I should have everything I want. I have heard more Turkish in the thirty-odd

hours I have been here than I did in sixteen days at the Pera Palace. To-day I have not been outside the garden, which is large and shady, but to-morrow I intend to take a walk. The sea, I hear, is only two or three minutes distant, whereas I had imagined it to be two miles away at least. It is, of course, the Sea of Marmora, just where it narrows in towards the Bosphorus. Miss Eckerlein is charmed to know of your existence and no less pleased to think that you will come and join me. I shall go into town on Thursday and get letters, and after that intend to go in regularly thrice a week. The manners of the people here, both rich and poor, are something exquisite—a change from the awful Greeks and Levantines.'

26 *March.*

' . . . To-day I walked down to the sea, which was dead calm, with the Prince's Islands (Prinkipo, etc.) looking like monsters cooling themselves in a lake. It has been extremely hot these last few days. On the way back I heard continuous firing, which lasted all the evening. I thought it was practice merely, but have since heard that it was the guns of the Turkish cruisers helping to defend the Chatalja line, which is again being sharply attacked. May God give the Turks the victory !

' I must say that, from the specimens I have seen out here, the Union and Progress people seem to me more patriotic than the Liberals, the Kiamil Pasha party, with the exception of Soubhy Bey and all his people. All the other Liberals seem to be grouzers and seem to think that, because their party has fallen for the time being, Turkey may as well fall, too. But it may be that I have been seeing the worst of them. If only the Young Turks could win one victory, I believe the country would be saved—a lot of the divisions one deploras are owing to demoralization consequent upon attacks upon all sides. I am afraid now that the war has again reached the acute stage, alarmist news may be circulated in England. But there is no fear of disturbance on the Turkish side, and here, in Asia, none whatever from the Bulgars.

‘ On Friday I am sure to have a lot of visitors, that day being the Muslim “ Sunday,” when officials come out to their country houses. A very charming hojah, or religious sheykh, who speaks only Turkish and Arabic, has been appointed to instruct me in the former tongue. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies and is a shrewd observer of his fellow-countrymen.

‘ The Turkish ladies wear no face-veils in the country. It is strange to see them gliding about with black slaves in attendance. They so very modern-looking, and the slaves so ancient.’

29 *March.*

‘ . . . The noise of firing which I mentioned in my last letter proceeded from the attack on the Chatalja lines, which the Bulgarians undertook to mask the fact that they had detached a number of their troops to help in the last great assault on Adrianople. On Thursday, when I went to town, I heard from two Turkish friends, under bond of secrecy, that Adrianople had fallen. When I got back here in the evening I found my hostess greatly agitated. Shukri Pasha’s wife and daughters had just left her. They had somehow heard that Shukri Pasha, after setting fire to Adrianople, had committed suicide. When I told my news, which contained no such tragedy, she sent a maid after the ladies, who came back, and I had to tell them (in French, of course ; my Turkish does not run to long speeches yet) that, according to what I had heard from two members of the Committee, Shukri Pasha and the remnant of the garrison had surrendered. The ladies wept all the time and did not seem to hear what I was saying, but Miss Eckerlein tells me that they were rather comforted and no longer talked of themselves committing suicide as they had before. Yesterday the Turkish papers described in full the burning of Adrianople and Shukri Pasha’s suicide ; but, to-day they say, as I was told at first, that Shukri Pasha and the survivors surrendered to the Bulgars. Miss Eckerlein, who gives lessons to the Turkish ladies, tells me that many of her friends are in the most dreadful anxiety for sons, husbands

or brothers who were of the garrison. Eren-keuy is the aristocratic suburb of Constantinople, and all the neighbours here are people of importance in the country. Every day I am presented to fresh notables, and have the greatest difficulty in remembering their names and distinguishing one from another at a second meeting. Miss Eckerlein has lived here all her life and has no words to express the kindness she has always met with from the Turks.

‘When you come, one thing I can promise you, you will see more of Turkish ladies and their home life in a month, here, than you would were you to live in Pera twenty years. They all talk French or English. I shall probably postpone my trip to Broussa till you come. A longer trip in the interior with Hulusi Bey—ex-Minister of Public Works—can also take place then.’

30 *March.*

‘. . . The Imam at the mosque of the next village (Gyuztepe) is going to give me lessons by Rifaat’s arrangement and comes for the first time to-morrow morning. He seems a pleasant man and speaks Arabic correctly, though he pronounces it, as they all do, abominably, à la Turquie. After a fortnight of quite grilling weather, we are having a cold spell. I talked a certain amount of Turkish on my road to-day to perfect strangers and to servants at the house, and am glad to say that I was perfectly intelligible.

‘There is something extraordinarily sweet and gentle about the menservants and labourers here—all the poor people—the very opposite of the sanguinary character which English people commonly ascribe to Turks. I am quite sure that you will fall in love with the whole race. It is, however, eminently unpractical and has got its affairs in a mess which seems inextricable. The deeds of heroism which are here thought nothing of would startle into wild enthusiasm any other country. But, as aforesaid, they are utterly unbusinesslike and cannot speak the language understood in Europe. . . .’

On the 31st he wrote the following to his friend the Mustashar :

‘ Address

‘ c/o THOMAS COOK,
‘ CONSTANTINOPLE.

‘ EREN-KEUY,

‘ *March 31st 1913.*

‘ MY DEAR MACHELL,

‘ At last I have escaped from Pera, Levantines, café concerts, and all manner of abominations, into really Turkish surroundings. Rifaat Bey—one of the people to whom Aubrey Herbert introduced me—found a German lady “turned Turk,” and of mature years, willing to let two rooms in her house and feed me. It is rather luck, as I am thus in Turkish life much more than would have been the case had I taken a small house of my own. Turkish people—men and women—come to see my hostess every day, and all insist on seeing me. Eren-keuy is the fashionable Muslim suburb, and I am the only European living here—at all events in a house accessible to Turkish ladies, many of whom have asked me to call on them, with the full connivance of their lords.

‘ It is all absurdly different from the Cockney’s griggish dream of harîm life. Indeed the harîm side is very tragic at this moment. Everyone has lost some near relation, and the anxiety continues. Hasan Riza Pasha’s (the defender of Scutari) wife and children live next door and are always in the garden of this house, and (Adrianople) Shukri’s family are not far off. The sort of life is new to me, and very interesting.

‘ Soubhy Bey, Rashîd Pasha’s nephew, to whom I brought an introduction, and Rifaat aforesaid, have kiosques in the place and take me out to see the sights on Fridays.

‘ Affairs seem in a pretty hopeless mess—party spirit rampant and unpleasantly vindictive ; Ministers, with one exception—Mahmud Shevket—either pompous small automata, or playing their own game : and that with the enemy

so near that we can hear the cannonade like thunder, when the wind is that way, even here upon the Asiatic coast of Marmora. The reports of danger run by Europeans are all rubbish. The indifference of the Europeans and the Levantines to the whole tragedy would justify a massacre ; but the present weakness of the Turks is, they have no fanaticism, but are trying hard to be like Europeans. One evening, in the Grande Rue de Pera, I saw 500 wounded soldiers, walking two and two—poor devils!—dragging their feet along and holding hands, one or two of them trying to keep up a song to cheer the rest. The street was crowded in the usual way with Greeks and Armenians got up in their latest modes, and the beasts actually laughed and stood in rows to jeer the soldiers !

‘ I told Ali Haidar Midhat (whom you may have met in Egypt, he was there in exile) what a shame I thought it. He told me he had implored the authorities a hundred times to send the wounded round some other way.

‘ Another man of whom you must know something is Prince Said Halîm (Fazil), Minister for Foreign Affairs. I brought him a letter of introduction from Osman Nizâmi Pasha. He received me affably. I mentioned Osman Pasha. He said : “ C’est un charmant homme.” I mentioned one or two other people. “ C’est un charmant homme ” in every case. Had I mentioned King Ferdinand I am sure he would have said the same—“ Très honoré, Altesse ”—“ Enchanté, monsieur.” The interview was at an end. I have heard no more from him except that Rifaat, who ran up against him somewhere and spoke of me, was told : “ Ah, c’est un charmant homme.” ’

10 *April.*

‘ . . . I went this afternoon in a funny little covered cart with gay side-curtains—the usual hired carriage on the coasts of Asia Minor—to see the wounded soldiers in a temporary hospital at Scutari. It was a lovely day and the drive—a very inexpensive but jolty one—was interesting, through Kadikeuy and Haidar Pasha, and the big gay, shady, Turkish cemeteries. The temporary hospital was

very slipshod, and the wounded looked anything but well-cared-for. There is an undoubted advantage in having women in the house of sickness. I did not even see a doctor, much less a nurse. There were only soldiers looking after soldiers. The rooms were large and well-lighted and aired, with lovely views over the Bosphorus, but the beds were filthy and the floor likewise. The rooms—I cannot call them wards—positively stank and the men seemed, most of them, quite listless and without hope of getting well. My cigarettes were quite welcome, I imagine, for they all said “thank you” and a few even smiled. I was glad to get out again and escape from the profuse thanks of the officials—non-commissioned officers, one of whom spoke Arabic—and jog back in the country cart through clean fresh air. On the way home I met many hundreds of new recruits, trooping up to the camp on the hill above Scutari, singing patriotic songs and waving ragged flags—or rather rags on sticks to look like flags! Poor beggars!’

12 April.

‘ . . . Here we all have colds! The weather is so changeable. A day of rain and the temperature is shivery; next day the sun shines and one bakes!’

‘ The women here have tragic times just now. Madame Riza Pasha is still in doubt about her husband’s fate, the reports of his assassination being still unconfirmed. Her sister came and spoke to me in the garden the other day. You can imagine my surprise when a tall and very lovely woman with her veil thrown back came straight towards me, with a serving-woman ten paces behind. To flee was obviously the right thing to do and I began to do it, but was called back in the softest French. She apologized very much for the liberty that she was taking, but Mademoiselle Eckerlein had told her that I was an honourable person and a friend of the Turks and she had come to ask me what I really thought of the rumours with regard to Hasan Riza Pasha’s death. Poor thing! she had tears in her eyes, and was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands all the time. Hasan Riza Paşa seems very much beloved by all who

knew him. I could only tell her that I myself very heartily distrusted all news coming from Vienna—and as the Austrian Embassy denied all knowledge of it I thought, upon the face of things, that she and Madame Riza Pasha might account it false. I was thanked for that as if I had in truth made the man alive ! He may be. No one seems to know.

‘ An Albanian girl, one of our neighbours, heard to-day that her fiancé, an Albanian, had been hanged by Javid Pasha at Vallona for helping the Albanian volunteers to retire from Yamina. The poor little creature had never seen him, but for two years past all her hopes and projects had been connected with him, and she is much cut up. Poor tragic women ! ’

21 *April.*

‘ . . . Rifaat Bey has started off for Nice quite suddenly. Last week his doctor ordered him three months’ rest from his work at the Municipality and change of scene. I helped him to get his tickets and the necessary change of headdress and he left on Saturday by the Roumanian boat. Before going, he took me to see a certain Kheyri Bey, who lives near-by and there introduced me to the chief wire-puller of the Party of Union and Progress (so-called), notably Khalîl Bey, a very fat and pompous but benignant person. I complained that I had been waiting for four weeks for an answer promised me by the Minister of the Interior to my inquiry concerning authenticity of the Balkan horrors. Khalîl Bey at once appointed a khôja to bring me the very next day to the Council of State, which was meeting in the morning. Accordingly at 10 o’clock on Monday a gentleman in dark flowing robes and a white turban came to this house and led me gently to the railway-station (of course, I wore a fez, and not a hat), sat with me in the train and on the steamer, and led me through the streets of Istanbûl to the door of quite an ordinary-looking house. The door was instantly opened, though with some appearance of secrecy ; and we were shown upstairs to an ante-room of the hall, a little room in which the Council of State was in hiding and a bit afraid. Khalîl Bey came out at once to me. He seemed

annoyed with the Minister of the Interior, whose answer, as it seemed, had been that he was very busy and he had no further information to give beyond that contained in the report of the Committee of Inquiry. He might have said that at first instead of promising me interesting details, I said. Khalil Bey agreed. He seemed really put out, and offered to do anything in his power to help me. I asked him the exact number of mohajirin (refugees) from Thrace and Macedonia who have come to Turkey. He went at once and telephoned to the Sublime Porte. Within five minutes he was back beside me with the answer : 160,000, more, not less. Such promptitude is very creditable to so fat a man, and so immensely, metaphorically speaking, great a personage. I have not met the like in Turkey hitherto. He also told me that among the refugees are hundreds of girls who have been violated by the Bulgars and hundreds of men who have been mutilated. I asked about the number killed ; in a very little while he brought me Jevad Bey, the secretary of the Committee of Inquiry. All the information, as it reached the Government, was passed along to the Committee, it appears. Jevad is a very pleasant man to look at and a very honest person I should judge from face and conversation. He said that it was quite impossible to *verify* (in a strict sense) all the information he has handled. The Committee had done its best collecting and comparing the accounts of different witnesses at different times and unacquainted with each other. As to the number of non-combatants actually killed he said it was impossible to do more than guess the total, but of ten thousand they were absolutely certain and that was under- not over-estimating the number. He then had to leave me to appear on some committee. Khalil Bey escorted me to the street, still vexed with the Minister of the Interior, whom he called an ass.

‘ I parted from my khôja at the Valide Sultan Mosque, walked alone across the bridge, and took the boat back home.

‘ It is amusing to find how chance remarks of mine—criticisms of the state of things here—made to chance acquaintances or to friends, get into the newspapers. There

was one in the *Jeune Turc* to-day about the Turkish ignorance of Arabic, and how much better it would be were they to study that and other characteristics of their own Empire instead of looking to and aping Europe always.

‘I am at present “suspect” of my people here (in Eren-keuy) because of my supposed “conversion” to the Committee of Union and Progress. A meeting of about twenty leading Unionists in the garden last Friday surrounding me has caused the news to fly abroad. As a matter of fact I think the Committee hopeless, but some of the members worthy of a better cause.

‘To-morrow I go by invitation to lunch at the Pera Palace Hotel with Ali Haidar Midhat. He is the best of all the Unionists, socially speaking, and a most amusing card. Some of his relations here hate him poisonously, and if they knew I was a friend of his would cut me dead. It is a funny world. . . !

‘I don’t suppose after your first arrival you’ll want to wear a hat here in Eren-keuy. I shall have one of those mantilla kind of things made for you—in white—like the Turkish ladies wear. It will be much more comfortable and infinitely more becoming than the smartest hat.’

26 April.

‘. . . An officer from the front on two days’ leave—Mohammed Ali Pasha—called on me the day before yesterday with his wife and three big sons (the sons I had already met). They had walked from Kadi-keuy close to Haidar Pasha. He told me that the Bulgarian army is completely done for (which I had heard before), that it was the Bulgarians who had asked for the present Armistice, and as soon as it was granted came and begged for bread. He described the way they fell upon the bread—like wild beasts—and seemed to pity their condition. He said that most of the prisoners the Turks have taken at Chatalja in the last four weeks have been boys between 15 and 18, which means that the Bulgarians have finished up their men. There has been no serious attack upon the lines since the resumption of hostilities ; nor was an attack intended. The

Bulgarians, who won the day at Lula Burgas, got a most unholy licking at Chatalja last November, and were not likely to ask for it again. At Kirk Kilissa a most curious panic seized the Turkish troops one night. They had been winning up till then. They all ran away ; and the Bulgarians marched into an empty fortress, to their very great surprise.'

27 *April.*

' . . . All the jaunts and sight-seeings I am putting off until you arrive ! It has turned very cold again—at night one really shivers though the sun is hot by day. I wonder when summer will arrive in earnest. Just across the road from this house is a tall kiosque in a large garden. Its windows are all closely latticed, and except for seeing servants going in and out, and hearing the gate-bell ring, I should have thought it uninhabited. It belongs to an old soldier—Ishak Pasha. Well, yesterday morning about ten o'clock a servant came across to ask, with the Pasha's friendly compliments, why I had not yet been to see him, as we were close neighbours, and would I come at once without ceremony. So I followed the servant through the jealous gate, up a long avenue to the selamlik, which in country houses (kiosques) is a kind of summer-house apart from the main building. The dearest, most benevolent old Turk came out to meet me, clad in a kaftan and a purple fur-lined coat and yellow slippers—the first person "above the rank of a stockbroker" whom I had seen thus clad since I arrived in Turkey. He kept me talking for two hours—my Turkish is getting fluent—showed me all his garden, which is really lovely in a formal fashion, and told me much about the Russian War of 1878. He showed me to all his servants and told them : "Take note of this Bey Effendi. He is a son of mine, and as my son he can come in and out as he pleases and you will do him service." He told me also that his ladies were delighted to hear you were coming and hoped that you would come and see them often.

'That is all my news for the present—except that there was a glorious row in the Greek Church at Pera on Good

Friday ; four different factions fighting which was to carry the big Cross, and the Bishop hitting out right and left upon their craniums with his crozier ; many people wounded, women in fits. The Turkish mounted police had to come in force to stop further bloodshed. Goodness knows how it all came about, I don't.'

27 *April*.

' . . . To-day in all the Turkish papers there is a telegram from Albania via Vienna, stating that " without the slightest doubt," Hasan Riza Pasha, commandant of Scutari, was assassinated as he was on his way to Essad Pasha's house, by three persons unknown, as long ago as the 28th January. So I suppose that little Sâfat and her brother have lost their father, and Turkey, with her usual luck of late, has lost her best man. Mais, enfin, nous verrons. So long as the telegrams are dated from Vienna there is always hope.'

Muriel arrived mid-May and ' the flutter consequent on that event, the visits, counter-visits and unbounded kindness of the Turks, whether Unionists or Liberals, thrust politics into the background, when all at once came the tidings that the Grand Vizier had been assassinated. Mahmud Shevket Pasha had been going from the Ministry of War to the Sublime Porte, as his custom was at eleven o'clock each morning, when, in the open space before the Mosque of Sultan Bayazid his car was forced to draw up to let something pass. At once, as at a signal, certain men who had alighted from another motor car sprang on to the steps and fired on him at close quarters. An aide-de-camp who flung himself across his chief was killed at once ; the Grand Vizier expired some twenty minutes later in the lobby of the Ministry of War. The assassins had made good their escape.' Marmaduke's kindly hostess and he were both miserable : ' the devilish wantonness of killing Mahmud Shevket, the one man of his party who must, one would have thought, by all men, be regarded as superior to party hate, the most hard-working of men and sincere of patriots.' Thanks to the courage of the members of Mahmud Shevket's

government, who held firm, there was no sign of fear or weakness.

Marmaduke described the day of the funeral :

‘ Next morning, with the first sunlight, I was out walking in the maze of avenues which stretched between the village and the sea. The trunks of plane and mulberry trees red-stained in splashes by the sun’s first rays, the mystery of their enormous shadows joined to the heavy rolling foliage, made of the suburban thoroughfares a sacred grove, the haunt of nymph and faun ; while, beyond the twisted columns and the shade, the sea was visibly the sea which Jason sailed, the sea whose foam gave birth to Aphrodite. Strange as it may seem, such classical illusions flourish in the atmosphere of Turkey rather than in that of modern Greece. A veiled and shrouded woman flitting under the trees from one garden gate to another brought this home to me. She belonged to the unconscious, ancient world. The Turks preserve the old Greek’s love of beauty for its own sake ; his delight in seaside vistas, colonnades, white temples, solemn cypress groves ; his clear poetic gaze at love and death ; whereas the modern Greek’s romance is simply money.

‘ I walked a mile or two along the Baghdad road to open country, between the purple mountains and the shore. The world was well astir, for Turks are early risers. Peasants with bullock waggons, laden mules or donkeys passed me, going into one or other of the landing-stages on the Bosphorus. A new white mosque among some trees inland attracting me, I made for it across the fields. A poetical inscription stated that it had been erected by a Pasha of the neighbourhood in memory of his beloved wife whose name it bore. It was a lovely temple in a lovely spot, but for the Anatolian railway running close at hand ; and even that was more incongruous than ugly. A single line of metals ran along the middle of a broad rough road, busy with the morning traffic of the district, which road meandered among wooded gardens occupied by quaint kiosks. Men in bright coloured clothing, black and white

veiled women, horses, sheep, and oxen moved upon it. . . .

‘All the Turkish papers at the station had been sold before the gardener, who went each day to buy one for us, got there. Therefore I heard no further details till I went to town. . . .

‘Walking about the streets, I found them just as usual, except that the patrols were doubled, and that here and there at points of vantage troops were picketed. The business of the town proceeded just as usual. It struck me, I remember, as remarkable, that neither in my going or my coming, did I meet a single Liberal of my acquaintance. When I remarked to a man, who came and talked to me, upon the absence of some notable from his accustomed place, he laughed and said :

“They are all in it, from Kiamil Pasha, that high pattern of respectability beloved of England, to miserable hangers-on like Topal Tevfik. Well, they have brought it on themselves ; they had their warning. You remember what a fuss was made when Kiamil Pasha was forbidden to remain here. Many people thought it hard on the old man ; but Jemâl Bey had certain information, and he warned them then.”

‘He added gravely that the danger was by no means over, which seemed to be the general opinion. A group of military cadets with whom I travelled on the homeward boat, were in a state of wild excitement and anxiety. They had all been to the funeral of Mahmud Shevket. Most of them had known the blessed martyr (as they called him) personally in his capacity as Minister of War ; and their cry was all for vengeance on his murderers.

“They have slain the best hope of our country,” cried one youth, an Arab. “If they kill Talaat, Jemâl, and a dozen more, as they propose, there will be no one left to guide and save the nation.”

‘These young men, drawn from every quarter of the Turkish Empire, who, after eight or ten years’ study in the capital, are once again dispersed throughout the different provinces, are a valuable asset of Young Turkey. Their

rage on this occasion did me good. In Turkey one grows sometimes weary of resigned philosophy.'

Yet for all Turkey's sorrows, and the continuing sore of his futile compassion, Marmaduke enjoyed in Misket Hanum's garden (Miss Kate à la Turque) moments as exquisite as water splashing from a cool fountain on to crackling stones on a broiling afternoon.

It delighted him, for example, that on most days in the 'Season of the fires'—June and July—the quaint fire engines rushed into the streets in answer to the cry, "Yargh in Var"—"There is a fire."

Generally, these horse fire-engines, their drivers and attendants wearing a strange barbaric form of helmet such as Chinamen once wore, were escorted on their mad career by crowds of running firemen dressed in coloured vests and shorts like gymnasts. These all had wild eyes and a stern look about the mouth, for, maddened by a sense of duty, they did nothing with tremendous fury. He sentimentalizes over the pet lambs, which, at this time, appeared in every family, 'the cause of this phenomenon being the Muslim calendar. We had arrived at just that interval from a great feast required for the right fattening of lambs.' On the Bosphorus he notes the windchasers or 'souls of the damned, little sea-birds, ever flying up towards Beyros, skimming the sapphire water in an endless train. Legend would make these birds the erring souls of all the fair ones who have been thrown into those waters for their naughtiness.'

The views he found surpassed all others he had ever seen. He could find no word to match the blue water around which lay the city and suburbs; turquoise, periwinkle, amethyst, chicory, cornflower, he tried and rejected them all. Nor stone nor flower ever possessed such colour: the Sea of Marmora held its secret well. But above all things he loved the cemetery at Scutari. He visited it at all hours, for in Turkey cemeteries are well frequented; here on feast-days come folk to fête their dead: here, in the early dawn, 'when a sudden deepening of the shadows told me the sun had risen,' loose-robed figures flit silently amongst the tall

headstones, each with its carved turban, amongst the roses, the cypresses, and the white-domed mausoleums, where sleep small local saints : here, in the evening, women wait for sunset that is a release from day's boredom, a promise of love's joys to come.

He left Turkey on the eve of the Second Balkan War.

But his parting words were not political—they were almost poetry. 'As we sat out in the clear moonlight, the beauty of the night possessed us more and more. Four nightingales were singing in the garden underneath the balcony. The frogs quacked hoarsely in the lily pond, cocks crowed, afar off dogs howled. The light imprisoning the trees was like a milky gem. In clear Osmanli, the bulbul piped, "Rose, Rose, Rose, Open ! Open ! Open !" And the frogs, too, discussed their business in good Turkish, "Omar Agha !" "Neh var o ?" "Burjum var." "Ver da kurtul." "Omar Agha"—Yes, what's the matter ? I am in debt, pay and get free !'

CHAPTER SEVEN



MARMADUKE came home with one object in life : to prevent by all the means in his power the partition of Turkey. The partition of Poland had led to a series of disasters which had visited the sins of the fathers upon countless generations, and was still to lead by no means indirectly to the catastrophe of 1914 itself. The partition of Turkey, Marmaduke felt, would precipitate a chain of evils culminating in no less inevitable an Armageddon. He had become infected with the dangerous bacillus of chivalry towards an oppressed nation or individual which is a peculiar disease of the English and French peoples.

So Byron felt for Greece, so David Urquhart for Turkey, so Professor E. G. Browne (probably the greatest Orientalist England has yet produced) for Persia, Mr. Noel-Buxton for Bulgaria. To every one his pet Balkan, and against the whole might of Europe, Marmaduke felt he, too, must yet dare to sling his stones. But it is a symptom of injustice that it begets fanaticism, not in its victims, but in their champions, and as every tyrant conjures up a hero, so every hero becomes in his turn a tyrant. He still hesitated in declaring himself a Muslim : he had always strongly objected to converts from or to any religion, insisting that faith is absorbed with mothers' milk, and that, unlike the physical, the spiritual diet is best left unchanged. God, he felt, being the common objective of all mankind and the end of every faith, can bring whom He will to Him by any one of as many faiths as there are individual human souls. But he was to find in England, on his return, that which drove him to apostatize, and changed his mind for him.

Superficially, after the tension and agony of Turkey, England seemed soporific, almost disgustingly calm. For Marmaduke it was the return to a comfortable sty after ranching among stampeding bullocks. Clean straw, plenty

of rotten apples fallen within snout's reach from the old tree, a kindly farmer to scratch the back with the ferrule of his stick, and ample sun nicely cooled by fat white clouds. Vapidity of vapidities, all is vacuum, Marmaduke thought as he measured the depth of his well at Hadlow Down and gloomed with his two-day-a-week gardener over the drought. He felt out of place in the sun-cured, mellow country-side, gauche and awkward as an undertaker at a picnic, a funereal messenger in his blacks in that Sunday afternoon atmosphere.

The world where men were mutilated and women raped, where noses were trophies and ears spoils of war, seemed æons away. Between it and him stretched days of tree-lined avenues, days of stubbled geese-pasturing plains, days of battle-scarred, tree-furred hills. Here, if people worried, it was about the vile Irish : the strikes : the ridiculous suffragettes. The talk was all of the difficulty of keeping the chaffinches from the morello cherries or persuading the blackcurrant jelly to set in this heat. What's won at Goodwood? How did *Britannia* do that squally third day at Cowes? More people than ever at the Flower Show this year, don't you think? Mrs. 'Uggins 'as got a French bean full nine inches long.

Turkey was now for him a clutch at the heartstrings, a nightmare background to thought, no longer the whole landscape of his mind. Yet he was on edge, restless, found always something sinister in the news : serious rioting at Cawnpore, or, nearer home, an overturned motor bus at Hoddesdon, five killed, eleven injured. The cost of living rose almost daily and even the country people were grumbling. There was a spate of Peasants Art Industries, artificially concocted in Bloomsbury by serious women with straight partings and billowing Liberty-silk skirts, and the weeklies had constant articles on the Guild system. Employers were annoyed by the servant-stamp agitation and by insurance acts—"Can't be trusted to look after my own men! Why, they've always fared as good as we; and all this prying into how we conducts their lives ain't fair, t'aint decent somehow."

The second Balkan War was an unedifying spectacle for Christian Europe : that of Christian States falling out over their division of the Paynim's spoils. From 1905 to 1909 Russia had been too helplessly embroiled in the Far East to attend to her pet lambs in the Balkans : in the first Balkan War she and they had won all, and more than they had ever hoped ; but now Bulgaria, who had been for so long Russia's little darling, turned Goneril and crept out of her swaddling clothes inspired by her own vision of a greater Bulgaria, and against her marched Greece, Rumania, and over-weening Serbia.

The Greater Bulgaria movement destroyed one of Russia's best-laid Near-Eastern schemes, and she found herself obliged to throw the whole weight of those schemes upon Armenia, which from now onwards became their pivot and head. Gradually, except for Armenia, all the Powers whom Russia had called into existence became very jealous of their existence as separate units, and showed that they preferred, and greatly preferred, to live, even to exist, or to vegetate, absolutely independently of their creatrix. Bulgaria proved by winning that ingratitude paid, and Turkey took the opportunity of a general upheaval to recover a part of Thrace, including Adrianople.

Russia tried to bribe, and Grey to bully, Turkey out of the hardly re-won city : but the first victory of regenerate Turkey, paid for in blood, was not to be bartered to the Christian usurers. Then Grey, who had declared, emphatically, at the outbreak of the war that whatever might be the result of the hostilities, no party would be allowed to profit by its victory, hectored the Turkish delegates in his eagerness to obtain for the allies their whole demand. England was solidly pro-Bulgar, and the Bishop of London encouraged Canon Masterman to hold a service of intercession for the success of the Balkan allies against Turkey. The English had it fixed in their minds that the Turks massacred, the Turks were fanatics, the Turks were barbarians, the Turks were polygamists : ergo, down with the Turks. Although the Turkish massacres of 1876 had been proved to be immensely magnified, the memory of them

remained at the back of British minds : *Mentez, mentez, toujours : il en restera quandmême quelquechose.*

In the little Sussex church where Marmaduke worshipped the Bulgarian advance was compared with that of Christian souls assailing Paradise, the Turks with Satan. Remembering turbans set low to cover scars where ears had been, remembering the full horror of the Carnegie Commission's report on Muslim areas devastated and their populations destroyed entirely by Christian men, Marmaduke felt unable to rise when Wesley's hymn was sung. As the famous words rang out :

' The smoke of the infernal cave
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, thou heavenly light and save
The souls by that impostor led :
That Arab thief, as Satan bold
Who quite destroyed thine Asian fold.
O, may thy blood once sprinkled cry
For those who spurn Thy sprinkled blood :
Assert thy glorious Deity
Stretch out thine arm thou triune God
The Unitarian fiend expell
And chase his doctrines back to Hell '

he slipped quietly from the church and from Christianity.

The news got daily worse : Grey refused Chios and Mitylene to Turkey, though France declared the award of these islands to Greece to be against the Cyprus Convention, thus confirming the Turkish suspicion that England was acting as mouthpiece of Russia. ' Germany for the Alliance, Russia for the Entente ; to deal with any other Power is to waste time.' So a statesman of the old régime warned the Young Turks, and on this man's advice the latter approached Russia, who at once asked : ' How much will you give us ? ' For answer the Turks offered to settle several of the most obvious of the ' massayili m'allagh '—' questions suspendues '—in Russia's favour, and, in return, graciously, and without further reference to England, Russia allowed the question of the islands to be reopened. Thus we did toady to Russia. " I am ashamed for England," Talaat Pasha said, and Marmaduke agreed with him.

The next few months were very bitter for him. He knew the discomfort of a mother whose beloved child misbehaves in public, of a son whose mother let him down. His England, of whom he had boasted, whom he had believed to be without shadow of fanaticism, without *partie prise*, without petty time-serving, was behaving in a manner that was not only cruel, but stupid. The former he could find it in his heart to forgive : the latter never. For there was one certainty on which even Karl Marx and Benjamin Disraeli were agreed, that : 'The maintenance of Turkish independence, or, in the case of a possible dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, the arrest of the Russian scheme of annexation, is a matter of the greatest moment.' This sentence of Marx contains the whole substance of Disraeli's policy as outlined in his great speech at the Guildhall when Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Marmaduke and a few friends together founded, in the early autumn of 1913, the Anglo-Ottoman Society 'to advocate a political and commercial understanding between Great Britain and Turkey and firmly to oppose encroachment on the Ottoman Empire.' Marmaduke optimistically declared that the friends of Turkey in England numbered 'many thousands and were mostly to be found in the educated classes,' and certainly several successful public meetings were held, manifestoes were issued, the Press circularized, and general notice was attracted to the society owing to the presidency of Lord Lamington and the support of Lord Mowbray and Stourton, the Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P. (now Lord Moyne), the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, Professor E. G. Browne, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Keir Hardie, and C. F. Ryder. The secretary, Arthur Field, whom Marmaduke once described to me as 'calling himself an atheist, but, in reality, a faithful servant of Allah,' was tirelessly devoted and remained, until Marmaduke's death, one of his greatest friends.¹

The first meeting of the Anglo-Ottoman, on 13 August, 'emphasized the strategical importance of the integrity of the Turkish Empire to the British Empire and of the friend-

¹ I am very much indebted to his personal recollections of those days.

ship between the two countries,' and pledged itself to promote a cordial understanding between Britons and Turks. But it was too late and Turkey was too large. It is a curious fact that human sympathy works by the unitary method. Miss Douglas-Pennant, Miss Cavell, even the scoundrel Wilkes, or young Ralph Fox, are sure targets for our tears. Our hearts can compass slightly larger units such as Assyrians, Basque children, White Russians or *refujews*, but a whole empire in agony, a mastodon at bay, is beyond the limit of our imaginations. The massacre of 240,000 Muslims may be news (Reuter has a simple rule for killings: if it's hundreds, it's an incident; if it's thousands, it's news), but our pity is so diluted by the effort of envisaging such vast numbers that it is pity-and-water, mostly water, by the time it comes to taking any action, or even to making a national demonstration. One woman done for in a Surrey lane and the tongue of every housewife in England clacks in sympathy; a thousand women violated in Western Thrace—turn to the football news on page nine.

At the first meeting of the Anglo-Ottoman, Marmaduke said little. He sat biting the end of his pencil, his mind on the green mosque at Broussa and the hospital for storks there, where the Turks patched up any stragglers from the annual migration. How absurd they had looked, some on stilts, some with their broken wings in splints, and there was even an old owl, gaga and lame, who kept them company. He thought of the Islamic doctrine which imposed knowledge of the Pentateuch, of the Gospels, as well as of the Qu'aran, on all believing peoples. He thought of Mark Syke's appreciation of the good new architecture in Aleppo, of the new prosperity of Mosul since the Young Turks came into power. He thought of the absurd battles he had seen of old between desert Arabs, one of which was still a living memory where 20,000 people fought for two days and no one was killed; lances only were used and coats of mail worn. (Who fell from his horse was counted out.) He thought of all the pathetic ignorance and the pathetic enthusiasm of the young reformers of Islam: he thought of

Persia whose efforts to obtain a constitution and reforms had been for ever negated by the Anglo-Russian Entente of 1907 ; and on that hot August day, in the city, just a year before England entered the Great War, he saw Turkey already a ghost, and took the Red Queen's advice to Alice, to weep before one is hurt, as then one has courage saved with which to face the actual agony.

As the Persians say, enemies are of three sorts ; enemies, the enemies of friends, and the friends of enemies, and Turkey was suffering from the attacks of all three. The English, for instance, because of Russian influence, refused the help begged of our Foreign Office by our own consuls in Uskub and Monastir for the Balkan Muslims, and refused also to publish their reports proving over and over again all the findings of the Carnegie Report which declared the hideous cruelty of the Greek advance at Valona to be such that 'in a century of repentance they could not expiate it.' The same policy of suffocation prevented any attempt to publish the account of the proselytizing of the Pomaki by force.

From the moment of his return, Marmaduke sensed all his efforts foredoomed to failure, yet there was in him enough of the spirit of those ancestors of his who were out in the '45, enough, too, of that heroic acceptance of disaster which lies like a still lake at the heart of Islam, to make him carry on. It is better, he thought, to die in the last ditch than to knock off early, and the plucky little Anglo-Ottoman Society under his vice-presidency faced ridiculous odds, nor ever fully realized its own absurdity.

Marmaduke did everything for it except bath the members ; spoke for it, organized concerts, tea fights, wrote most of its literature, and generally, with his burning energy, inspired even the most menial tasks. And the Young Turks were grateful to the founders of the Anglo-Ottoman Society : three streets in Stamboul were renamed rue Marmaduke Pickthall, rue Arthur Field, rue Aubrey Herbert. But of all human emotions, gratitude is the most transitory, and when the Turkish Government changed, the streets changed labels, too, and now all memory of their English names is gone.

. During the late autumn of 1913 Marmaduke had started his *House of War*, a novel based on what he had seen of the behaviour of Christian missionaries in villages in European Turkey, and this, which he declared to be 'in its way one of the best books I ever wrote,' was published by Eveleigh Nash in 1916. He also put together at this time many of his short stories, all of which had originally been published in various magazines, and called the collection *Tales from Five Chimneys*. This Dent published in 1915.

He felt strongly that we were throwing away carelessly, and as a child petulantly pushes away a toy, with our influence over Turkey, the friendship and trust of all the Islamic peoples. Their faith in us was already shaken by the Boer War and the partition of Persia, and Marmaduke knew that he who rules over Constantinople, whether by the sword or by the heart, be he English, French, German, or Russian, holds the key of the continent of Asia. And the nation which allows that key to slip through its fingers, no matter how tremendous its Empire, or what vast areas in Asia it may rule, can never feel safe. He realized that the clash with Germany was coming, sooner than most people realized, and when that clash came, he wanted to have the Mohammedan East solidly on our side, for he was terrified of any challenge to the route to India. He did not, of course, know of our secret treaties with Russia, though the Tsar's meeting with the King at Reval was Damocles' sword to him, for he was emphatically an imperialist in that he believed that it was the mission of the British Empire to be Asia's and Africa's guide in their awakening towards 'modern progress.'

Yet his imperialism failed when put to the test of 'my country, right or wrong.' With the necessity of facing that issue upon him, he proved, by his fidelity to what he believed was the higher law, his faithlessness to his own country. His whole life, his whole outlook, altered under the strain—his loyalties were hammered and twisted by outside stresses: by the savage behaviour of country towards country, by the smooth, unctuous Pilatism of diplomats, by the epidemic of war fever which ravaged his own countrymen. His whole

mind was torn, wrenched out of its even tenour and forged into a new form. I remember the war only as saccharine for sugar, margarine for butter, Belgian refugees who fished our lake and made me toy boats, and men in khaki coming for a few days' pheasant shooting, and cannot realize how indelibly it marked those who endured it and survived.

Marmaduke had no use for those who wished to force any people or collection of peoples into a manner of life : no political entity, however civilized it may think itself, has the right to impose on any other its own formula of growth or spiritual salvation. British democracy had no more right he thought, to enslave or destroy stretches of Asia in the name of progress than the Belgian monarchy to torture and exploit the Congo. Everything, and here Marmaduke applauded the wise words of Professor Browne, has its own generic perfection ; as the Persians say, its own paradise, only obtainable by the realization of its highest potentialities, and not by any adoption of the attributes of something else ; the destruction of this distinctive type and distinctive ideal, either individual or national, Marmaduke thought a loss to the universe, a shuttering down of one of the windows by which humanity looks forward. As he wrote bitterly in 1916 :

' I have not been writing for the last three years merely to try and prove to *New Age* readers that Turkey would have been a better ally than Russia or Italy. Politics must have some aim or ideal or they become utterly pernicious. The goal of Turkey is progress on Muslim lines. Muslims look to Turkey as the morning star of the long-promised Renaissance of Islam, three hundred million of them. " A great empire and little minds," as Burke said of the way we treated young America, " go ill together." '

And of the Anglo-Russian Entente Marmaduke wrote, in December 1913 :

' The large placid boy at school, who is afraid to fight and therefore hangs on to the biggest bully, may have the kindest heart imaginable : he is forced to gloat on tortures

and abet the torturer : he gains nothing by so doing but contempt and hatred and in the end he always has to fight.'

Hold the cup crooked, but do not spill the liquor, was, in other words, England's Near Eastern policy, and Marmaduke was righter in his judgment and prophecy than he knew, for England was to find herself shortly caught up in the machinery of European disaster.

Indeed, the astonishing thing is not that war came when it did, but that it had not come sooner. The delay, not the event, is what needs explaining. How can we account for the fact that neither the first nor the second Balkan War degenerated into a general upheaval? There were two principal reasons : England was anxious for peace and Russia not yet ready for her war.

In an unpublished article, from which he kindly allows me to quote, Mr. Ivor Thomas, Sir John Simon's brilliant young opponent in Spen Valley, has put the problem with great clearness. 'Though imperialism bred war, never once in their policy of colonial expansion did the Great Powers come to war one with another. The danger of collision was almost infinite, yet the economic penetration into China and the partition of Africa was carried on without Britain, France, Russia, Germany, or Italy coming to blows. The story of the years between 1815 and 1914 is the story of the rise of nations and the fall of States. The rival European groupings are responsible for the fact that the war of 1914 could not be localized in the Balkans, and the growth of armaments in the preceding twenty years is responsible for the destructiveness of that war, though up to the last instant the localization was still thought possible by some of the belligerents.' As late as the spring of 1913 Bethmann Hollweg declared : "Je crois à la localization de ce conflit." Nothing in the East could sufficiently involve us, and Marmaduke was still almost hopeful at the end of the second Balkan War.

'Although she has had much to endure,' he wrote, 'Turkey will not keep for long the memory of her defeat. The wounds of her war will heal, for no poisoned barb has

been left therein, on the contrary, rarely has peace been concluded on a more honourable basis on both sides.'

He was comforted, too, by the sane outlook of M. Nicholas Politis, one of the wisest of Greek polemist, who described thus Greece's new relationship to Turkey : ' Greece becomes with the ending of this war to a certain extent a Muslim Power because hereafter the Mohammedans will be at least eight per cent of the total population of Greece. Greece cannot have in her relations with Turkey any territorial ambitions, for although there are two and a half million Greeks in Asia along the coast from Trevisond to Adalia, Greece has rightly observed that owing to her geographical formation, these people are for ever lost to her politically. At Constantinople the material and moral interests of the Greeks carry enormous weight. Three hundred thousand Greeks and fifty thousand Hellenic subjects, not to speak of the patriarchal chair, a quantity of churches, and numberless good works as well as a lion's share in finance, commerce, and navigation. Under no single foreign domination would these Greek interests be as safe or find such protection as is offered to them by the Turkish régime.'

In November 1913 Marmaduke attended the banquet of the Islam Society at the Hotel Cecil. Mohamed Ali spoke. He was then editor of the *Comrade* at Delhi and already one of the most active and best-known chiefs of the Young Mussulman movement in India. This was Marmaduke's first meeting with him, and his first glimpse of the problems of the Indian Muslims.

Marmaduke was now working closely with Aubrey Herbert. This remarkable man, a son of the 2nd Earl of Carnarvon, was traveller, writer, linguist, diplomatist, politician, one of those versatile, gifted amateurs, quarter crank and perhaps a third genius, who are a peculiar, fairly numerous, by-product of the English race. At their best they are a Lawrence or a Burton : often, like Wilfrid Blunt or Aubrey Herbert, they are meteoric sports of some great and ancient family, and nearly always they gravitate Eastwards—for at their heart they carry seeds of that

mysticism and poetic imagination which the Celt and the Oriental share, and which is unknown to Teuton or Latin. For it is without sensuality, having instead a simplicity that is at best childlike, at worst childish. Herbert was an enthusiastic worker, and Marmaduke often went down to the House at question time to hear him making Grey uncomfortable.

There was a little group of M.P.s—Sykes, Walter Guinness, and Herbert were its leaders—who constantly returned to the undermining of the Near East by Tsarist agents, and were immensely worried by the danger to England of Russia's Near Eastern policy. Her subterranean behaviour in Asia Minor, they declared, was the driving force of the whole Oriental crisis: on March 8 and July 1, 1913, and again on March 17, 1914, the matter was raised. On the latter occasion Herbert proposed the motion: "That, in the opinion of this House the strategic and political situation in the Mediterranean calls for increased vigour and independence on the part of His Majesty's Ministers, and demands the provision of an adequate available naval force for the protection of the route to India. . . ."

Sir Mark Sykes, seconding, declared: "In an Empire like ours you have to do sums in sentiment. You have to be as calculating in your sympathies as you are mathematically with your dreadnoughts. The British Empire," he went on, "has been formed to amuse and employ an aristocracy, the French to profit a democratic bureaucracy."

Herbert violently opposed the First Lord's proposal to Germany of a shipbuilding holiday: and declared it would result in nothing but "a rather melancholy half-holiday all to ourselves in the Mediterranean," which he called "the marriage ring of the Empire: by which we feed London and hold India." The British Empire was the largest Government of Muslims in the world, he added, and we had already antagonized our Muslim subjects in India by the humiliation of their fellow-countrymen in South Africa. By withdrawing from the Mediterranean and at the same time pursuing an anti-Turkish policy we were inflicting upon Turkey a risk we were repudiating for ourselves.

The debate proved conclusively how wisely well-informed was the Turkish statesman who had offered England a protectorate over Turkey, and who, when England refused, had said to Marmaduke : “ Alas : it is very muddling for us : in your country it is the Liberals who are the fanatics, the Conservatives the progressive and enlightened party.” Marmaduke (in spite of the Curragh) entirely agreed. His ‘ Collins ’ to Herbert is interesting :

‘ FIVE CHIMNEYS,
‘ BUXTED.

March 20th, 1914.

‘ MY DEAR HERBERT,

‘ I much enjoyed your speech on Wednesday night. It went, I thought, remarkably well. The whole discussion was extremely dignified, and had quite a decent literary tone. Who was the member on the other side who spoke for the Armenians and referred to the Cyprus Convention ?

‘ What was borne in on me as I listened, though no speaker mentioned it, is the fact that, in the nine years of Grey and the Russian incubus, England has sunk from the first to the second rank of Powers. She aspires to be the Chairman of Europe, and is in fact the butt, as the pacific chairman of a warlike meeting must be. And the principle, that you may deluge Asia—or Thrace and Macedonia with blood—and yet declare that peace has been preserved by the blessing of Providence seems to me too cynical !

‘ I should be deeply grateful if you could give a little attention to the Ottoman Association. It might be made so useful, but seems in a bad way. I can’t identify myself with it as I should like to do, having to work down here at home to keep afloat financially. But it will be a grievous pity if it gets to be a one-man show. It ought to have the most efficient working secretary available in London—someone of wide experience in the kind of thing, but devoid of “ amour propre.”

‘ Again thanking you for enabling me to hear your speech,

‘ I remain,

‘ Yours always sincerely,

‘ MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.’

· On February 20, by a ukase, the Tsar created 'le noyau d'un corps d'expédition contre Constantinople,' and Marmaduke realized Turkey's number was up. He did not know, though it seems he must have had certain information which led him to suspect, what now is generally admitted to be the truth : that Russia had transferred the whole of her Eastern army to her Western front as early as the spring of 1913.¹ By March Marmaduke was certain nothing now could save the Sultan's Empire. The Turks concurred in their own damnation. They made, for example, no attempt to woo the English Press.

'I happen to know,' wrote Marmaduke sadly, 'an English periodical whose editor was heard to say his paper would have been pro-Turk had the Turkish Government subscribed for thirty copies monthly.'

But the Porte was too sublime. Some friends of his, here on a Turkish mission of inquiry, asked him to find out whether there was any consideration in Turkey's power to offer for which England would forswear the proposed partition.

'I am not,' he wrote, 'politically in the swim, but I count among my personal friends two or three men in a position to be well informed on such matters, men who, if I put them a plain question, would not lie to me, at any rate in time of peace. From such I derived the clear impression that the partition of the Ottoman Empire was regarded as being quite settled in principle, the question of when and how being still, however, undecided. This did not surprise me, for at the time when I first began to champion Turkey in the *New Age* (1912) I had been receiving letters, friendly letters, and hints from those in the know, that the cause for which I was pleading was prejudged and therefore hopeless, and that I had better turn my thoughts

¹ Lenin, Trotsky, and Dr. Penatus confirmed these facts categorically to Mr. C. F. Spencer, the chairman of John Brown's, when the latter, on a secret mission to Berne on 3 July 1916, met the revolutionaries and had a long talk with them, whilst they were waiting for the sealed train that was to take them across Germany and into Russia. Again, in 1935, after they had both been dining with Herr Hitler, General von Markeson confirmed this fact in reply to a question from Mr. Spencer.

into some other channel where there might be some reasonable prospect of success and profit—there was none in this.’

As every Turkish general was aware, England had, some years past, been giving help, from Aden, to the Arab rebels : it was the advice of His Majesty’s Government which caused Kiamil Pasha to disband the 150,000 reservists, thus, therefore, jeopardizing the result of the first Balkan War from the outset : and Fitzmaurice’s intrigues had made the counter-revolution possible : three instances which, isolated, were but straws in the wind ; but which, together, might be taken as outlines of a determined policy.

May came to Sussex that year with peculiar glory, or so it seemed to Marmaduke. Not all the grape-hyacinths and wistaria of Turkey could compare with the hawthorn-whitened hedges, the fields, lace-bordered with hemlock and cuckoo pint, and the bluebell-crowded woods, whose carpet was here and there initialed by the suggestive, most supremely phallic lords and ladies. But Marmaduke was irritated by Nature, annoyed by the spring’s indifference to his terrors : it seemed to mock him, to ask, since seed-time had not failed, what need he fear ? The eternal sequences had not hesitated, would not falter : the great rhythms would not vary by one note, nor would the crescendo, whose climax was apple-laden September, be interrupted by what might happen to England in August. No disaster could check the corn’s quickening, and Marmaduke felt he must escape Nature’s aloofness, and flee the spring’s contempt. He wrote to Aubrey Herbert and told him of a charming compliment he had just received from Ali Haidar Midhat : ‘*Malheureusement je n’ai pas l’honneur de connaître O. Herbert, M.P. (sic). Ses sympathies à la Turquie m’obligent à rompre les étiquettes et à vous prier si l’occasion se présente de vouloir bien lui dire mon admiration.*’ (‘Midhat had just been talking to Talaat,’ Marmaduke explained, ‘and no doubt had heard some details of your work for Turkey : I know he would attach importance to the compliment, so send it on at once.’) Then Marmaduke asked for himself : whether Herbert could not find him some

job in Turkey, either in local or in British employ—anything to get out of England and right away.

‘ I don’t want you to put yourself out of the way at all,’ he went on, ‘ but when you have occasion to write to Talaat—or to speak to him—bear my petition in mind.

‘ If I were not so wretchedly impecunious, I would go out to Constantinople now and try my luck at cadging ; but I really must sit still and write a book this summer to repair a little of the damage done by last year’s jaunt.

‘ To ask any government to appoint an imaginative writer to an administrative post seems ridiculous, upon the face of it, I am aware. But imagination (working on the ground of understanding) is not perhaps so bad an asset as is commonly supposed in persons trusted with a little brief authority. I should like to have a chance, in some lost country district, and believe that I could get the people with me, whether in Turkey or in Syria.

‘ What does the rapprochement between the Porte and Russia mean? Always before, in Turkish history, it has meant a definite agreement to postpone all serious reforms !

‘ I can always come to London if you wish to see me, and have various friends in town from whom I can claim bed and breakfast.’

Herbert was most successful, for, indeed, the Turks loved and trusted him as no one else in Europe.¹ Through his intervention, Marmaduke was offered the post of Inspector-General of the Eastern Vilayets of Anatolia. The British had promised to loan the Turkish Government inspectors, and several really first-rate men (Marmaduke amongst them) had declared their willingness to take up these appointments. Then, when Russia objected—she had earmarked these vilayets for herself against the time when the dismemberment of Turkey should take place, and could not bear that England should lick her prizes into good shape—several of the originally suggested candidates volunteered

¹ Even when he fought against them, later, in Gallipoli, nothing was altered : he shouted his affection through a megaphone to the Turkish soldiers on Christmas day, and as soon as the war was ended, started again to work for the future of Turkey.

to serve under the Turkish Government, and Marmaduke was one of these. The post of Inspector-General was a far bigger one than Marmaduke had expected and a bigger job than he felt he could tackle, but he delightedly accepted a provincial governorship, and was to have gone out to take up his appointment when the war supervened.

On June 29, 1914, Marmaduke was at the House to hear Acland and Bryce, Under-Secretaries of State, discuss (Grey also spoke) the Armenian question, and the Foreign Office experts categorically admitted and openly declared the danger of Russian intervention to be very great.

In those last weeks before the war, he traced, in his *New Age* articles, for the British public the history of the final stages by which Turkey, it seemed to him, was driven into the arms of the Central Powers. He showed how Turkey's entry into the war could be avoided, should have been avoided, and how, after it had taken place, Turkey could still be won from her alliance with Germany and persuaded to conclude a separate peace. Until the last word of the Treaty of Sèvres was written, he worked to make Turkey pro-Entente.

He was quite terribly hard up. He did not go abroad that summer, but sent Muriel, without him, with a well-married sister, to stay at Neuchâtel with the old pastor who had coached him in his youth.

On August 3, before our declaration of war on Germany, and months before our declaration of war on Turkey, the English Foreign Office ordered the seizure of the two Turkish dreadnoughts in Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth's yards, where they were being built. It was the culmination of the British record as protectors of the German-Turkish Navy; whilst Limpus was still in charge of the Turkish fleet exercises, his Government seized the two ships on which the future of that fleet depended. Of the *Sultan Osman* and the *Rechadieh*,¹ Marmaduke, writing in the

¹ *Rechadieh* had been paid for with seven millions of Turkish money raised by private and public subscriptions. Even the poorest had contributed: women had sold their hair for a few paras: the widows of men murdered gave the fines they had accepted in lieu of vengeance; schoolchildren throughout the Empire had eaten dry bread that their savings might be added to buy the great ships.

New Age, after we had declared war on Germany, but whilst still hoping Turkey might not come in, said : ‘ Think of the story of the Turkish dreadnoughts, bought and paid for by the patriotic pennies of a bankrupt country, forced to fight for bare existence, a country whose navy England had undertaken to improve and strengthen, in whose absolute power that navy was, seized by our Government in a most insulting manner, and the money not refunded, while Great Britain still “ wished ” Turkey to maintain neutrality. As the Sultan said to the British Ambassador at the Porte : “ La Grande Bretagne est trop grande puissance maritime pour avoir besoin des deux seuls navires de la flotte ottomane.” And still hundreds of Englishmen in Asia and North Africa are talking of the honour and the perfect uprightness of the Englishman to Mohammedans. Can they not see ? This Minister is an honourable man : that bureaucrat is an honourable man : so are they all, all honourable men, but, in the aggregate, a monstrous rogue.’

The ships, renamed the *Agincourt* and *Erin*, were officially ‘ taken over ’ by the British Government. Compensation was never paid, although the Foreign Secretary promised it, war with Turkey conveniently breaking out before any immediate danger arose of his being obliged to keep his word. The announcement of the seizure was made in *The Times* of August 5, 1914, and there was a further reference to the transaction in *The Times* of the 13th. But Winston Churchill, who did the job, does not mention it at all in his history of the war, neither do Gooch and Temperley. No questions were asked in the House, but there was a good deal of feeling in the country. I can remember my mother discussing the affair with the present Lord Russell in shocked tones. “ We needed the ships,” a young Admiralty official has assured me, “ so took them to fight Germany.” As on another occasion Lord Grey said : “ The dreary part of foreign affairs is that nothing can be dealt with on its merits, things have to be sacrificed to keep the peace between the Great Powers.”

Already, by June, Marmaduke knew Russia would stop at nothing. The assassination of the Archduke and his wife,

on June 28, was followed by brutal jubilation throughout slavdom, as though the German prince had been a savage dog, worthy only of destruction. As Trevelyan puts it : ' The news of the murder was greeted in Belgrade with the cruel rejoicings of a people race-mad as all Europe was to become.' But the general impression was that war still could be avoided : Austria promised that she would not send an ' impossible ' ultimatum, and by July 12 the Archduke's murder had disappeared from the English papers. In the hot days of mid-July Grey told Francis Pember, then warden of All Souls', that the outlook was better than it had been for years, was clearing, was, in fact, hopeful. But Marmaduke was a heretic about ' Sir Grey,' as the British Foreign Minister was called in Turkey.

" Sir Edward Grey," he declared, " knows practically nothing about foreign affairs save what he hears from his advisors. He is an old parliamentary hand who represents the Foreign Office in the House of Commons as a watchdog might, protecting its secrets from the curiosity of the members of the dreaded people." Grey's own apology for his action in committing his country to the defence of France, bears out Marmaduke's view. ' Parliament has an unqualified right to know of any arrangements that bind the country to action or restrain its freedom. But it cannot be told of naval and military measures to meet possible contingencies.' Yet in the last resort Grey took cover behind the democracy he despised and had betrayed, declaring he could not speak the definite word for England that would have stayed Germany's hand and kept us neutral or localized the war on to the Eastern front, saving thereby a million English lives.

" I am not free," he said over and over again, during the long Cabinet meeting on Home Rule on that last Saturday in July, " I am not free. If this country remains neutral, I must resign." Yet at that same meeting he called the foreign situation ' more hopeful.' At the very end of July C. F. G. Masterman, speaking in the north on the Near Eastern question, emphasized its gravity and the imminence of war. His words fell on blank, unheeding ears to whom they meant

nothing. Dazzled by the Irish question, the English public was unaware of the immense looming shape of European, of universal catastrophe, which crept upon them hidden and unseen.

On July 23 Lloyd George told the House of Commons that our relations with Germany were better than they had been for years. The next day Vienna sent her ultimatum to Belgrade. 'Austria declared war,' Marmaduke wrote in the *New Age*, 'on the nose-cutting Serbs, and Germany prepared to back her up exactly in the same spirit with which we should send a punitive expedition against Thugs or cannibals, supposing they had succeeded in killing an English prince.' The murderers' joy in their horrid act (their grateful country has unveiled a splendid memorial to Princip and his comrades on the site of the outrage) disgusted all sane-minded people who were horrified to learn that England had declared war on the side of the Slav.

Anxious as Marmaduke was for the safety of Muriel and her sister in Geneva, he had only one thought, to prevent Turkey from coming in on the side of the Central Powers. There was a strong party in Turkey that was pro-Ally. Indeed, the whole country and the Grand Vizier were very anxious to be neutral if not definitely for the Entente, and it was Enver, according to Grey, who deliberately sent a fleet out to bombard Odessa and commit acts of war, which made Turkey's alignment with the Central Powers inevitable, for Enver, Minister of War, was confessedly pro-German.

Talaat was gradually won over to the German Party though Djemal remained resolutely for the British alliance. The last named wrote, on August 7, 'In the present war, according to all probabilities, England will have the last word, so if we are not absolutely certain to triumph finally, it would be a highly venturesome thing for us to rush into an adventure the consequences of which might be, God forbid, fatal to our country.' But it was not for Turkey's sake only that Marmaduke wished her to remain either neutral or to become pro-Ally: though he did not foresee the whole heroic failure of Salonica and Gallipoli, though in his most desperate moments he never envisaged our casualties there

being what they were : 25,000 dead, 12,000 missing, 75,000 wounded, and over 20,000 sick in the first three months, yet he did know how the Turks at bay could and would fight, and he had no faith in Russia ; feared, almost felt, she would let us down, having used us as her cat's-paw only to gain her ends—the Black Sea ports and Constantinople. How right he was was patent as early as November 1914, when the Russian papers blandly declared : ‘ Russia will now pursue her Eastern policy while leaving the conduct of the European War to her allies.’

It was not the actual opening of hostilities which made Marmaduke so miserable at the outbreak of the war. Death, even on a large scale, he had come to regard with equanimity, and as not necessarily an evil in itself, though he thought such waste of young human beings in a purely materialistic struggle unjustifiable. But the spurt of vile filth that each country spat out in its fear, horrified and distressed him more than anything else. The declaration of hostilities was an arousing of the octopus in every nation, and each proceeded to vomit sepia bile in competitive profusion.

Arthur Field met Marmaduke in Guildford a few days after England had entered the war, and was greeted with : “ Well, they have made a nice mess of things now.” Arthur Field declared he could not hate the Germans to order, and could not hope they would be blown to ruins, adding that as he had sat under the trees in his own garden in Godalming, he had said to himself, “ They have got the land and sea and air patrolled to keep me from sending my love to the Germans, but I still can send them a thought on those free clouds that are making for Germany.” Marmaduke replied : “ I feel very much like you, but, Field, Aristophanes said all that two thousand and more years ago—don't start claiming it as an original thought.”

For him, too, the clash of loyalties was as great as for any naturalized German or half-Austrian here. Successively the seizure of the Turkish dreadnoughts, the protectorate over Egypt, the sacrifice of Anatolia to the Greeks, the partition of Syria, these were ineradicable blows from which his spirit and his patriotism never entirely recovered. Here

called his country and there his faith : here his people and there his life's work : here his duty to his own, and there his heart's most selfless allegiance. His view of the feelings we should entertain for our enemies is expressed openly and forcibly in the following article which appeared in the *New Age* :

‘ With the outbreak of the German War we at last see, or think we can see, the cause of all that truckling to the Russian Government, that eating of dirt which turned our stomachs. It was in order that we might be sure of having Russia with us in the day of our great struggle against Germany. We require the help of France and Russia. I am ready even to admit that, with the preservation of the British Empire in view, our Government was justified and wise in its generation in refusing to publish the consular reports relating to the Balkan atrocities. By that refusal it has possibly prevented an outburst of popular indignation against Russia, which would have hampered England when she came into the war on Russia's side. We are at war with Germany. But we have no part in the original quarrel, as I understand it, and are not fighting for the Slav against the Teuton. The Germans are as conscientious, upright, patriotic and the rest of it as we are ourselves, only more sentimental in their devotion to the Fatherland, and they have had a great deal lately to put up with from the Slavs. For some people the fact that we are at war with them is cause sufficient why we should revile the Germans. But it is not a sentimental war on our side. It is purely businesslike. We are at war for the support of our allies the French, and to maintain our old supremacy at sea. England's posture is, or should be, workmanlike, a better word than businesslike to show my meaning, devoid of passion as of mawkish sentiment. But one does wish that the British public, even in this hour of warlike ardour, could be led by its acknowledged guides to recognize that Germany is one of the three great civilized Powers the world possesses, and that to wish for her annihilation is to wish for untold evil. Our allies may wish to annihilate Germany, or so to crush and humiliate her that she may become a negligible

Power in Europe for years to come, that is to say, they are eager to destroy the Balance of Power in Europe which—again if I understand aright—we are fighting to preserve.’

It seems incredible that this sober, human viewpoint could have been printed in those hysterical first days of the war, when English members of the Lyceum Club danced on the torn photos of their German members ; whilst women killed their dachshunds with their own hands, and Mr. Lloyd George declared at Liverpool that the German navy was to be dug out like ‘rats from their holes.’ Sir Mark Sykes never said a truer word than when he wrote, in a letter to George Sykes of Illinois, early in the war : ‘We are going to win this war, and it means that Prussian militarism is going to be crushed, but in crushing it we shall have to become part of it.’

In the first days of September England and the Allies offered to guarantee the integrity of the Turkish Empire in return for continued Turkish neutrality. They offered no guarantees beyond their word : and there was no doubt in anyone’s mind as to why they were suddenly so almost grovellingly anxious to procure Turkish help. They came as suppliants to the Grand Vizier, soliciting his assistance, for they hoped a great deal from a diversion on the Eastern front : Namur had fallen, the retreat from Mons was still going on : on the Russian front Tannenberg was a German victory of no little import ; Longwy fell on August 28, and on September 3 the Germans had reached the Marne.

Why, Marmaduke was often asked, did the Turks not accept this last-minute offer of a guarantee made by the Allies ? The answer he gave was that Turkey did not refuse the offer. But it was made on note of hand alone, and Turkey wished to test the sincerity of the Allies before embarking on a war with Germany which would have placed her immediately in a most terribly grave position, for her army was still controlled by German experts as her navy by British. For four hundred years the Capitulations had protected foreign traders against the Turkish Government and had given them licence to commit every sort of crime,

secure in the knowledge that they would be tried and punished only by their own Consul. These Capitulations had been one of the gravest stumbling-blocks in every attempt of Turkey to set her house in order. When the Allies came cap in hand, Turkey answered them by proposing the following conditions of neutrality : (1) the abolition of the Capitulations, (2) restoration of the Greek islands, (3) solution of the Egyptian question, (4) adequate guarantees against Russian interference in internal affairs, and (5) guarantees by England and France against Russian attack.

On September 9 the abolition of the Capitulations was announced as from October 1. They were solemn unilateral acts made under oath and sealed, giving privileges and favours, exemptions and immunities, and were granted under the form of deeds of gift by Ottoman sovereigns. Kemal Hilmy, a distinguished Turkish lawyer, declared that the Capitulations were really letters patent, and being unilateral acts, could not be considered as binding treaties, for a treaty must be bi-lateral. But in England their abolition was criticized as illegal, for the Capitulations were declared to be bi-lateral and therefore unable to be abolished by a mere iradeh of the Porte. The Turks declared that where a contract in international law is without a time limit (*sans échéance*) either party finding it to be no longer tolerable is at liberty to proclaim the termination of such a contract, taking all risks. Lawyers have declared that every State must have a right thus to denounce its obligations if necessary, or one sovereign State might come to hold another in pawn and so destroy its independence.

Sir John Fischer Williams, of the Hague Tribunal, to whom I referred this question, states : ' Although these rights and privileges originally depended on a grant, perhaps revoked, by the Sultan, they were confirmed by treaties in our case, notably by the Treaty of the Dardanelles (1807) and the Treaty of Adrianople (1829), and so took rank as regular treaty engagements. That such engagements can as a matter of law be repudiated whenever one of the parties finds them not to its taste, is, I think, a doctrine which has no support in law, not even if the engagement is inde-

finite in time. Modern Turkey took the correct course the other day when she obtained release from the agreement—I think the perpetual engagement—not to fortify the Dardanelles, by negotiating with the Powers with whom she had contracted.'

Marmaduke hailed the abolition of the Capitulations with joy as an announcement long overdue. In his opinion the Young Turks should have abolished them in 1908. This abolition, he wrote, gave England her chance to destroy at one move all German machinations and liaisons and to wipe out even the memory of those poor aborted ships. Let England accept the imperial iradeh and denounce the Capitulations in Egypt also. She would then acknowledge Turkish suzerainty in a public manner and make good and give effect to her offer of a guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. Turkey must, then, come in on our side.

'Had I been the Ambassador in Constantinople entrusted with the charge to win and conciliate the Turks, I would have gone to Talaat with a similar scheme for Egypt and would have telegraphed to London to back the abolition of the Capitulations with a similar denunciation with regard to Egypt. This would have aroused enough enthusiasm to overcome German influence and would have proved our sincerity to Eastern eyes. But the English reply to the abolition was the withdrawal of the British Naval Mission and the annexation of Egypt. Turkish suzerainty was declared at an end, the Khedive, who was in Turkey, was deposed in absence, and ordered to Italy, whilst his brother was declared Sultan of Egypt, an absurd and empty title, invented for the occasion only to annoy and irritate the Porte.'

The anomaly of the British position in Egypt had long troubled British politicians who are inherently unable to perceive that an anomalous position may, after all, be a strong one. There were two ways of simplifying it: by suppressing the Khedivial throne, or throwing off Turkish suzerainty. Marmaduke had always hoped for the former, because the suzerainty was popular and the throne was not,

and because the preservation of the suzerainty appeared essential to the prosecution of Disraeli's policy of influencing the whole Muslim world through Turkey. Immediately after the outbreak of the Balkan War, Aubrey Herbert had told Marmaduke that a group of members talked of a movement to annex Egypt.

"I told them," he added, "that if they annex Egypt they will have a serious nationalist movement on their hands." The British forbade the usual prayer for the Khalif throughout Egypt, and this foolish step, in a trice, converted a familiar, scarcely heeded, formula into a heartfelt prayer. 'Now,' wrote Marmaduke, 'when the time comes for the great omission, there is a solemn silence, the Imam prostrates himself, the people with him, and whispers the petition to the earth.' The Egyptians were bidden to rejoice in their new Sultan and, to facilitate rejoicings, the most rigorous censorship was enforced and martial law was proclaimed in Egypt. The proclamation of the Sultan was pointless, because the Khedive, being an appendage of Turkish suzerainty, fell with it. It would have been much better, Marmaduke thought, for the future of our Eastern empire, if, having denied that suzerainty and deposed Abbas II, we had taken Egypt brutally, and nothing more. As it was, we played into the hands of the Arabs and Egyptians who wished to get rid of us and found an Arab empire.

'We were only able to secure possession of Egypt,' wrote Sir Valentine Chirol, 'by a measure, hard to reconcile with the spirit of the reciprocal engagement already undertaken at our instance by the Entente Powers, that no territorial changes in favour of any one of them should become effective till the end of the war, when they should be discussed and settled by common agreement.'

The proclamation of the Protectorate constituted a change in the status of Egypt as hitherto established by international treaties, and a change to our advantage. We were able to secure the acquiescence of France and Russia by promising Syria to the former, and Constantinople and the Straits to the latter, so that the same States which had

guaranteed Egyptian autonomy now hastily recognized the new régime. What the Egyptians thought about it was made plain by the riots, by the attempt of Muhammed Khalil to shoot the new Sultan for having been faithless to the Khalif, and by the crowd of mourners who, following the coffins of the men slaughtered in the riots, clamoured in refrain: "O, God, restore the power of Turkey: down with tyranny."¹ The horrors of the conscription for the Labour Corps and the requisitioning of beasts of burden for use against the Turks, and the terrible death-rate of the Egyptian workers compelled to serve on the Canal front, led even Lord Lloyd, for once, to doubt the wisdom of England's actions.

Still Turkey held her hand and did not declare war. Then, on 20 October, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, two German men-of-war, coal-less, and hotly pursued by Allied ships, arrived at the Straits. During the previous Balkan troubles the *Goeben* had been dominating Turkish sentiment at Constantinople and the *Breslau* had, together with British and French warships, been taking part in an international demonstration in support of the conference which was sitting at Scutari for the settlement of Albania. The Kaiser informed the Greek Ministers that an alliance had been concluded between Germany and Turkey whereby the German cruisers were to join the Turkish fleet and act in concert. This statement was most premature: indeed, the Kaiser's action was to force Turkey's hand. If she allowed the capture of the two German ships, she would find herself at war with Germany. If she allowed them to enter the Straits, she was violating her neutrality, and her acceptance of them was equal to a declaration of war on the side of the Central Powers.

On 7 August a message reached the *Goeben* that she must not proceed to the Dardanelles, as the Turks were making difficulties about allowing her to enter. But Admiral Milne was close behind her, and the *Goeben*, hearing of the British approach by wireless, was obliged to steam straight for the Dardanelles without knowing what welcome the Turks

¹ i.e. England.

would give. She arrived off Cape Hellas on the evening of August 10, and a pilot steered her through the mine-fields, although permission to enter had not been ratified. The British chargé d'affaires at the Porte protested against the cruiser's entry of the Straits; but, in reply, the Turks stated that they had bought the two German ships and would hand them over to Admiral Limpus, head of the British Naval Mission, and the Turkish Press carried stories of this purchase being a compensation to Turkey for the loss of the *Sultan Osman* and the *Rechadieh*. Limpus asked to be recalled to active service. The Grand Vizier protested that he only wanted the ships as a means of bargaining with the Greeks for the return of the islands they had occupied during the Balkan wars, and not for use against Russia: he begged the mission might be allowed to remain, to recall it was to leave the field to the Germans. It was therefore thought well to accept the Grand Vizier's assurance, and Limpus was ordered to remain, in spite of his urgent request. But instead of the ships being handed over to him, the German sailors remained on them, with their German officers, and Enver, in consultation with Berlin, sent Admiral Gouchon, without the knowledge of the anti-German members of the Turkish Government, to take the combined German-Turkish fleet into the Black Sea. On October 29 the allied Ministers in Constantinople received a message from Gouchon that his flotilla had been treacherously attacked by the Russian fleet and that in retaliation he had bombarded Russian towns. No such attack had occurred, and the message was designed to force the hands of the Turkish Government.

Russia now declared war on Turkey, without consulting her allies, at a time when Gouchon's trick was revealed, and had caused a split in the Turkish Government. After this the French and British ambassadors were instructed to follow the Russian lead and to withdraw from Constantinople. On November 1 the allied ambassadors left. On November 3 the Dardanelles forts were bombarded by the English and French fleets, and Akaba was taken. On November 5 Great Britain declared war on Turkey and annexed Cyprus.

Marmaduke's article on the entry of Turkey into the war concluded with the words: 'Well, let them try and conquer Turkey, now the fire of liberty is in the people.' Yet he did not despair, and his efforts to get a separate peace made with Turkey continued throughout the war. It was for these efforts, loyally undertaken and in consultation with the War Office at every step, that he was dubbed pro-German and declared by Lord Lloyd to have behaved 'very ill' in the war.

In December 1914 he at last became a Mohammedan. His profession of this faith was a witness, a protest against the hysterical hate preached in the name of the Christ he had served and loved so long. In those grim days he apostrophized Jesus in the words Swinburne addressed to Him on the occasion of a Russian persecution of the Jews:

' Say, was not this thy Passion, to foreknow,
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men? '

December 1914 was the nadir of Marmaduke's whole life. Only the word of the Qu'aran and the memory of the Prophet's greater anguish sustained him. "And assuredly we shall try you with something of fear and hunger and lack of men and fruits: but give glad tidings to the persevering. Those who, when calamity befalls them, say: 'We are Allah's and unto Him we are returning,' these are they on whom are blessings and mercy, these are the rightly guided." These words were spoken to Muhammed in the darkest hour of his life, when old friends derided him and even the inspiration Allah sent him was withdrawn, when he, too, was over forty, and had behind him life and light which could never return. Neither the Prophet, nor his disciples, could have foreseen the happiness and glory that was to come; nor could Marmaduke realize, in those dark days, that, as for Muhammed, so also greater happiness and greater usefulness, than lay behind, awaited him.

CHAPTER EIGHT



THERE are two things about England at war which, when I came to read of the war years, surprised me very much. One is the extraordinary freedom of the Press and of speech : the other, the insane vindictiveness of our feeling towards our enemies. During the whole of the war, for example, *Foreign Affairs*, which savagely and ceaselessly criticized the Government, was only twice banned, and in the *New Age*,¹ week after week, Marmaduke published attacks on the Allies, on the conduct of the war, and on current political issues, which would never be tolerated now, in peace time, in, say, the *New Statesman*. The immense liberty of the Englishman up to the war, and, it appears, during it, at least until 1917, is something those who were born after, and without it, find difficulty in comprehending.

Marmaduke says, somewhere, that the effect of victory is always for the victors to assimilate the vices of the vanquished, and vice versa—conqueror and conquered swap qualities : in identifying themselves with their opposites they change personalities—the first step to changing roles, which is Nature's way of reasserting herself and readjusting the balance of powers. Since the coming of D.O.R.A. we have lost so much liberty that, rationed as we now are, we can hardly imagine those pre-war freer airs : it had taken a century of freedom-fixated effort to win for us what every individual enjoyed in 1914 : it took a very few years for us, war-weary, to let it go, probably for ever. For the urge is over : the real passion for liberty that unselfishly drove the best spirits of the nineteenth century in England, France, Italy, Austria, and America into a fight whose fruits they never lived to enjoy, was spent with the century : to-day,

¹ Which H. G. Wells described as 'literary carbolic acid, with an occasional substitution of vitriol.'

born without chains, we snivel for them and are content only when securely fettered.

Talking to such veterans as Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Sir Hugh Bell, or R. B. Cunninghame Graham, I have been most struck by the distance of their minds from ours : lonely eagles they in empyrean airs, where we have not followed, and now cannot, for the war trapped us all and made their victories vain. Marmaduke, for example, *after* Turkey's entry into the war, sent an article to the Press defending Turkey's action : this was signed by the whole committee of the Anglo-Ottoman Society : Lord Mowbray and Stourton, Douglas Fox Pitt, and C. F. Ryder, as well as by Arthur Field and Marmaduke himself, and was also published in pamphlet form.

The *Morning Post* inveighed against it—but that hardly singles it out in any way : dated November 10, 1914, its clear, courageous statement of the Turkish position is as much a credit to the liberty of the English Press as to its authors. 'As telegraphic communication,' the article states, 'with Constantinople is interrupted, and as every statement made by one party to the present misunderstanding is immediately denied or explained away by another party, the Anglo-Ottoman Society, established to promote closer relations between Turks and Britons, calls upon fair-minded Britons to preserve a calm and unbiased attitude on the crisis that has arisen. The Society considers that that crisis was created not by Turkey, but by Russia, nor does it agree with the qualified explanation that it is the result of the supposed dominance of a military party in that country.'

Even more surprising are Marmaduke's remarks in October 1915 when deprecating the Dardanelles attack : 'Even the British soldiers fighting in Gallipoli are aware that Turkey's cause is just—you have only to read Ashmead Bartlett in the *Sunday Times* to be sure of this—yet Turkey has no cause save what we gave her.' As an additional anti-Gallipoli argument Marmaduke used the Flemish movement. There was a party of Flemish extreme nationalists who believed they could establish a Flemish nationalist State in North Belgium under German protection and free

of Walloon influence, and some of these took part in the Government which the Germans set up in Brussels (it is to these that the much discussed 1937 Amnesty Bill was designed to apply).

‘Here, close to us,’ Marmaduke wrote, ‘is Belgium, still a German province, and in a fair way to become, as far as the Flemings go, a contented one.’ How much he over-emphasized the strength of the pro-German party in Belgium, and how many Belgians were actually favourable, or merely neutral, disinterested, or opposed, it is almost impossible to say. Yet, had the Germans won, such a solution could have been adopted fairly easily, if sufficient Flemish autocracy had been granted. At all events the criminal futility of the Dardanelles scheme has been demonstrated and emphasized by almost every one of the war memoirs, whether written by our own generals and Cabinet Ministers, or by Germans, and the only comment that does justice to the appalling waste of human life and effort is Gertrude Bell’s: ‘When people talk of muddling through it throws me into a passion. Muddle through! Why yes, so we do, wading through blood and tears that need never have been shed.’

Not less amazing than the liberty of speech was the disgusting savagery of outlook. I remember, coming down to the library at Possingworth on a winter’s evening in ’15, blue silk frock and sash complete, for the children’s hour. There, warming his coat-tails at the pine logs, stood my most superb cousin, one of the handsomest creatures imaginable (whom later mother tried to bring together with Marmaduke, but in vain). As I came into the room I heard him say to my mother: “Yes, Tiny, I’d like—I’d really enjoy—burning every German woman and child alive.” I fled: to be given by gentle aunts clockwork figures of the Kaiser being hung, and to see, on my daily walk in Hyde Park, boys savagely splitting sawdust sacks open in bayonet charges, and nannie, gloatingly, “Next week they’ll be doing that to real live Germans, ducky.”

From the balcony of 64 Rutland Gate I remember one star-crowded night what seemed a splendid outsize cigar

alight in the sky and hearing rejoicing crowds shouting : only my mother, carrying me back to the nursery, said : " There are men burning up there—let us pray for them now." (It was that zeppelin of which Sir Mark Sykes wrote home to his wife, ' I had such a piece of good luck—I glimpsed the burning of the Zepp from home. I am sending each of the children a piece of Zepp, but they must keep them.')

And when the Germans, at the end of a day's fighting on the French front, sent a message by low-flying aeroplane proposing a truce while the stretcher-bearers worked and offering the service of their own men in that work of mercy, Sir Philip Gibbs explains he was ' not allowed to tell.' Little wonder that Marmaduke felt out of it : he was not quite, perhaps, as sensitive as Lord Grey, who ' for some days after the outbreak of war was irritable to his assistants and secretaries . . . and would go out of his way to avoid a company of Kitchener's recruits marching down the cheering street,' but he stayed as much as he could at Five Chimneys, finding in the autumnal melancholy of the Sussex landscape, healing for his hurt mind.

He applied for an interpretership, was called to town, and passed a vague examination, after which he was accepted. He then went to Brighton to polish up his riding at a riding-school but was soon informed that no more interpreters were being taken as the French had objected to some of the men who had already been sent over. George Raffalovich had also been accepted and even had his uniform, when he, too, was washed out.

Marmaduke again came forward when a censorship of Turkish letters was proposed, as he himself describes in a letter to Herbert.

' *Personal.*

FIVE CHIMNEYS,

' BUXTED,

' SUSSEX.

' *Jan. 15th 1915.*

' MY DEAR HERBERT,

' It is nice of you to write to me, when you are so hard at work. The Turks certainly did not mean to attack

Egypt—though the Germans wished it—before the creation of the new Sultanate. What may be their views now I have no means of ascertaining.

‘I am very disappointed not to be able to get a military interpretership. The War Office still bids me keep near home, as there may still be a chance, but from what I hear the chance is most remote. I was offered a job in the Postal Censor’s Department—opening private letters—thousands of them, on the off-chance of finding something treasonable—and I did three hours at Arabic and Turkish letters, just to try. But it seemed to me the kind of job which should be left to others. I am now trying to pull strings with the French Govt. in the hope of getting an interpretership in their army. I know a man who says his aunt or something is mistress to the Minister of War! But I don’t suppose it will succeed. I have no luck.

‘Do you know Lady Evelyn Cobbold? Hakki, whom I saw a lot of just before he left, asked me up one day to meet her, and I lunched with her again last Wednesday. I didn’t like her much the first time—when she wished me to declare myself a Muslim then and there at Claridge’s—before two waiters for witnesses!—but I did the second, when we had a chance of private talk. You should hear her on the subject of the Buxtons! Machell has raised a battalion of Cumberland dalesmen, and is awfully sick because they have brigaded him with three lots of “Tyneside Irish.” At his request I found him two decent officers, but unfortunately they both had Irish names, so were rejected.

‘Eighty-three men have gone from this small village. Not bad, is it? But all Sussex has done uncommonly well. We are giving a dance—an annual event—to the village in our big kitchen next week, and are inviting N.C.O.s from Maresfield camp to take the place of our own absent men. I asked a little girl the other day how her brother, who had enlisted, liked soldiering. The answer was, “Oh, very much indeed, sir. And his master says he’s doing very well.”

‘My wife has taken up the Belgian army, and spends her time in making and collecting things for the poor devils.

I have the chance of a job as courier—or is it carrier?—between the committee in London and a field-hospital working with the Belgians. They give expenses. I shall take it if they'll have me.'

They did not. His application, which was well backed, arrived one post too late.

He still saw a lot of Ryder and the other members of the Anglo-Ottoman. Ryder thought him a saint and said so, frequently. In April 1915 he joined the Misericordia Lodge of Freemasons, at the invitation of Dr. Rosedale, D.D. ; and Rifaat Bey, hearing the news, wrote to another Turkish friend, 'You will be glad to know that your friend Marmaduck has coronated.'

He was pleased with the success of the *House of War*, for although it was entirely alien to British war-time propaganda, it was highly praised and widely read. The *Morning Post* critic, indeed, said that 'Mr. Pickthall's Eastern novels, as a whole, constitute the most important contribution to our knowledge of the Muslim East which has been made in any country in this century.' He began a new venture—an historical novel of Al Yaman, based on the histories of Amarah and of Ibn Khaldun. *Knights of Araby* is perhaps the best of all his books, worthy to be ranked beside L. H. Myers' *The Root and the Flower*, Rose Macaulay's *They were Defeated*, and Naomi Mitchison's *Corn King and Spring Queen*, as one of the great historical novels of the century.

The figure of Abu-Dad, the old jester, is an enchanting portrait, and in the Sheykh Salāmah, the vindictive opportunist, is a wonderful picture of a man who has made the best of both worlds. The characterization is the best he ever achieves : Saïd the Squinter and his brother, the saintly Jeyyāsh, are really magnificently drawn, and these remote men and women are absolutely free from any taint of artificiality or archaism : the book has no flavour of the museum, or of resurrection pie. The story is primarily that of a blood feud between two Royal houses in the Yemen. Blood feuds were a heritage of pre-Islamic days which had their roots in racial, tribal, and family pride, and lasted on,

in spite of the prohibition of Muhammed and the protests of devout and learned Muslims. Here, in the Yemen, the dynasty of Najâh settled in the lowland city of Zabîd and had been overthrown by that of the Suleyhi, Kings of Sanaa and rulers of the mountain tribes. The sons of Najâh, who had been slain by his conqueror, at the opening of the story are living in luxurious exile at a seaport town on the coast of Africa, and the sequel relates the miraculous reconquest of his dominions by Saïd, the elder son, his second exile and second triumph, his final overthrow, and the succession of his brother Jeyyâsh, a wise and tolerant ruler.

The rich imaginative superstructure, the vivid portraiture, the animated dialogue, and profusion of incident—romantic, humorous, tender, and sinister—make this book a mirror of Islam in its strength and weakness. The girl Saïd marries, and the child his brother Jeyyâsh loves, are exquisitely portrayed—dew-besprink—as Chaucer's *Griselde*, dawn-fresh as any *trouvère's* lady, yet passionate as *Juliet* herself. The way in which Jeyyâsh comes through misfortune and tribulation to a philosophy which brings him near to *Marcus Aurelius* is in fact the inner theme of the book, and the novel's serious aim is to illustrate the saying of Muhammed that 'henceforth the vengeance of blood practised in the days of the Ignorance is forbidden and every feud of blood abolished.'

It was balm in Gilead for Marmaduke to go from the day's news to his quiet study, to lose himself amongst century-old sand-dunes, with the echo of camel bell and the jingle of caravan to deaden the French guns that he could hear from Five Chimneys. The best escape is inwards, and he re-explored the country first known to him in Geneva, this time by juxtaposing the windows opened for him by fifth-century Arabic history with the mirrors in his own soul. There were comforting evenings in town, too, when Marmaduke and Muriel slipped off together to the theatre and saw Shaw's new play, *Pygmalion*, produced by Sir Herbert Tree, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or Maugham's *Land of Promise*, with Godfrey Tearle and Irene Vanbrugh, to make them feel the life of the mind was still allowed to exist, however

much sub-rosa ; and he could turn from his own work at Five Chimneys to take up Henry James's new *Notes of a Son and Brother*, or George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*, or Maeterlinck's *Unknown Guest*, and know that some day the fact that these were first published in 1914 would matter more than that we lost Antwerp and eight hundred thousand souls.

On January 24, 1915 Grey offered Venizelos large concessions on the coast of Asia Minor if he would bring Greece into the war on the Allied side. But Venizelos fell before he could accept. Gounaris, his successor, was offered Cyprus if Greece would declare war at once, and the Bulgarians were offered Macedonia. Marmaduke wrote bitterly : ' Everyone of our Allies, present, or yet to be bought, has to be paid hereafter, and every one of them thus paid will feel contempt for us.' He was furious, as Churchill was, at the idiocy of driving Turkey to side with the Central Powers, and miserable also that for a million or two we let Bulgaria go, and delayed Rumania's entry into the war.

But more serious, because infinitely more expensive and more injurious to England's prestige, was the pro-Arab scheme that was taking effect subsequent to the declaration of our protectorate over Egypt. It was sponsored by some Englishmen, of whom Kitchener was chief, who believed that a rebellion of the Arabs against the Turks would enable England to recover the ground she had lost in the Dardanelles. The first campaign against the Suez Canal was a brilliant revelation of the fact that the majority of the Arabs stood by the Khaliphate with heart and soul.

The proclamation of the Sultan of Egypt had raised in that country the old dream of an Arab Empire, and the British were very alive to the difficulty of counting on Indian Mohammedan co-operation and loyalty, for the Muslims in India were indeed in a terrible fix. Their whole religious allegiance was to the Khalif, who was fighting on the side of the Central Powers, yet the British commanded them in the name of their loyalty to the King-Emperor to fight against the leader of their faith. The British thought to overcome this problem of divided loyalty by setting up an

Arab Khaliphate at Mecca or Cairo with Egypt for its political centre. This was to be done by persuading the Arab leaders to revolt against Turkey and by bringing the Arab provinces under British and French rule.

It was a most reckless and unfortunate intrigue of ours, for the Arab claim was originally anti-British in its aim and never received the approval of any of the enlightened Muslim States or of their subjects. It was confusion worst confounded to expect the Indian princes and peoples to turn from the most modern and enlightened of the Islamic States and look instead for their leadership to a most uncivilized and fanatical handful of warlike Arabs. For the Muslims have no reverence for the wild Arabs of the Hejjaz, and the yearly pilgrimage to Mecca has always needed the protection of the troops of the Khalif against their depredations and exactions : consequently they are not beloved.

Marmaduke was quite aware of the reasoning of those members of the British Government who evolved the Arab scheme : it can be summed up as follows. As soon as the downfall of the Turkish Empire was assumed in principle, a substitute for the Khalif had to be found. The Arabs made Islam. Mecca, far away from the storm-centre of European politics, the point towards which the Muslim turns his face in prayer, was the natural centre of the Muslim polity. The Sherif of Mecca was a descendant of the Prophet, therefore more deserving to be Khalif than the Sultan. All Arab-speaking peoples were Arabs, and all Arabs would applaud the restoration of the Arab Khaliphate. The beauty of the scheme was manifest : it was not evolved in any spirit of destruction, and from the purely European point of view there is nothing horrible nor absurd in these ideas whose only drawback was that they were contrary to Muslim doctrine, history, and tradition.

‘It never seems to have occurred to the inventors,’ Marmaduke reflected sadly, ‘that the majority of Muslims might resent the removal of their centre from the most progressive Muslim country in close touch with Europe, to one of the most backward countries in the world. In

Asia nations have the same rights as individuals, and the very fact that the powers of Europe deny the right to live to an Oriental nation was likely to fan an indignation which European politicians conveniently called fanaticism.'

Arabic is the language of the Muslim East. The inhabitants of Syria speak Arabic with few exceptions, but with few exceptions they are not Arabians. By race, education, and custom they have more in common with the settled folk of Asia Minor than with the nomadic, predatory tribes of Nejd or the Hejjaz. When the early Muslims, sallying from El Medinah, subdued a large part of the world, the conquered peoples became Arabized exactly in the same way that a large part of the world was Latinized under the Roman Empire.

To-day, Arabic is the language of Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, and the coast towns of East Africa, as well as of Arabia ; but the Arabic spoken in Syria differs from that spoken in Morocco as much as Italian does from Spanish, while classical Arabic remains the written language in all countries of Islamiyeh as classical Latin was for centuries the written language of a once-Christian West. The peoples amongst whom the late Colonel Lawrence travelled were not Arabs except in this Arabic-speaking sense of the word. Only in 1917, when he was travelling along the narrow western coastal fringe, northward along the Pilgrim Railway, was Colonel Lawrence in Arabia proper, else all his brilliant exploits of 1918 were outside the Arabian peninsula.

The British intrigues against the authority of the Khalif were contemporary with our constant reiteration ' that the question of the Khaliphate is a matter for the Muslims themselves to decide ' (Lord Crewe, May 6, 1915), and of the formal denials by the British Government ' that it ever had the least intention to interfere with the question of the Khaliphate.' As Lawrence himself admitted, over and over again, the Arab revolt began on false pretences. To gain the Sherif of Mecca's help, the British Government offered, through Sir Henry McMahon, ' to support the establishment of native governments in parts of Syria and Mesopotamia,

subject only to the interests of our ally, France.' This clause concealed the Sykes-Picot Treaty which was successfully kept secret from McMahon, from the Sherif, and from Lawrence. By it, France was promised Syria, with the Lebanon in absolute suzerainty, Cilicia, Kurdistan, Damascus, Aleppo, and Mosul, most of which had been previously promised to the Sherif, whilst England was to have, as her share, the Arabian part of Mesopotamia, a strip of South Syria, a protectorate over all Arabia and the India routes starting from Haifa and Bassurah ; and Russia had to be content with what was left.

This treaty aroused bitter remorse in Colonel Lawrence, to whom, thereafter, the war seemed 'as great folly as my sham leadership was a crime.' He wrote of the 'corroding sense' of his 'accessory deceitfulness' towards the Arabs. Marmaduke, from the first, saw rather the stupidity of the scheme than its sinfulness. He thought anyone who really believed that England had taken 'Iraq from the Turks solely with the purpose of presenting it to the Arabs must be smitten with political blindness, and he argued against the scheme not because England would fail to keep the magnificent promise made to the Sherif in 1915—he never for an instant imagined there was any danger of her keeping it—but the domination of Islam by the Arabs was a thing nearly five hundred years past and must not come again, for it was to put the car into reverse while still going forward, and could have no effect but to wreck the engine.

It is interesting to remember that in 1916, when Smuts became a British general, he was offered the Palestine command because he liked the idea of Lawrence and knew what guerrilla war could be. 'When there were doubts,' Smuts wrote, 'about the two million a month that Lawrence wanted, to keep the Arabs sweet, two million a month in gold which was heart's blood to us at that time, I said : "Give him a chance. I believe in experiment." As it turned out I was wrong. We had to pay the Arabs those two million in gold every month for their friendship, and they let us down. They could have had paper from us by the million. Everyone else took paper. But they insisted on

gold and, I repeat, it was like giving blood, and then their expedition failed.' For Smuts it failed because in spite of a few minor successes the Turkish communications were not destroyed, the Yarmuk bridges were not blown up. Smuts did not blame Lawrence, for after his Arabs failed, the latter went back and tried to blow up the bridges himself. But there can be no doubt that the Arabs did very well out of the war. They got whole kingdoms for doing extremely little and they had as much money to play with, every two and a half months, as the whole Boer nation had during the whole of their war to maintain themselves against the greatest Empire in the world. In this connection it may be interesting to quote Marmaduke's own opinion of Lawrence, in a letter dated May 22, 1935 :

' I went up to London last Thursday, by invitation, and spent the day with Lady Evelyn Cobbold. She asked me to go to the Central Asian Society's dinner as her guest and speak after Philby, who was to be the guest of the evening. I asked to be excused for the present, as I do not feel prepared to "face the music" yet. Curiously, we were speaking of Lawrence (Aircraftsman Shaw), and she said how much she disliked him. The next day the newspapers were full of the news of the accident which ended in his death. I never met him, but had a newspaper correspondence with him once in a paper called the *Near East*, when his arguments on behalf of Arab nationalism struck me as feeble and also insincere. Twice people asked me if I would like to meet him—supposing that we must be kindred spirits, since we both were interested in "The East" (!), but I refused with horror. He was undoubtedly a man of talent in his way, but it was a way I disliked, and I cannot help regarding the fame he managed to acquire as a popular aberration which the future historian will be quite unable to substantiate on grounds of fact.'

It was a pity he was so obdurate, for they were so dissimilar that from their meeting something more than sparks might have been struck. No two men, indeed, were ever more unlike : Lawrence, who, as Sir Ronald Storrs has

said, spoke Arabic 'with horrible mispronunciation'; and Marmaduke, who had such a genius for languages that he could back himself against anyone—even a Russian—to learn any modern language in two months without his nationality being discovered. Neapolitans took him for a Tuscan, and Tuscans put him down for a Venetian, for example.

Lawrence had more *ιδος* perhaps than any man of his generation: he felt the humanity that had smitten itself into Norman tower or Babylonian potsherd most sensitively and keenly: Marmaduke, *per contra*, was the most evangelical and unmystical of men: for him, the greatest sin was idolatry, and, like the monotheist Arabs amongst whom Lawrence was 'homesick,' he felt each morsel of food, and even water, might, as it passed his lips, become a pleasure from which he must dissociate his soul. Lawrence was a Sybarite—his scholarship had a flavour of good Burgundy: he read Virgil and Catullus, Theocritus and Plotinus: but the stark poets of the Ignorance—whose thin, reedy music makes Theocritus seem artificial, ballet music for a Greek Trianon, were indecipherable to him.

Contrast his translation of Homer and Marmaduke's rendering of the Qu'aran, and the sum of the differences between the two men becomes apparent: 'of Matthew Arnold's three requisites for translating Homer, simplicity, speed, and nobility,' Sir Ronald Storr writes, 'Lawrence failed somehow in presenting the third, substituting as often as not some defiant and most un-Homeric puckishness of his own': Marmaduke's language, on the other hand, is all splendour—but there is a Calvinistic coldness about it, for all its grandeur, as though he were afraid of the passion and the pity, and must chill the sensuality and savagery of the desert prophet with his own centuries of self-control.

Lawrence was his own best publicist—playing to the gallery as Nelson played, and Charlie Chaplin: his sense of copy was the envy of every professional journalist: Marmaduke could never have been head-line stuff: it would never have seemed to him 'fitting that the two chiefs should meet for the first time in the heat of their

victory, with myself still acting as the interpreter between them,' as Lawrence wrote of his entry into Damascus ; nor would he have promised Storrs 'the Theocritus of your dreams : but I've got two Kings to make first.' Marmaduke, all his life, was like Spinoza, God-intoxicated : Lawrence had none other gods but himself. Introverts both by nature, Lawrence was always trying to get upsides with his own inferiority complex : Marmaduke wrote his out, so sublimating it that, but for personal shyness, nothing of it remained : he was completely other-regarding, fully surrendered, self-conscious in the true meaning of the word. His judgment of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* illustrates their differences :

'The exploits of the late Colonel Lawrence in connection with the Arab rebellion, together with his conscientious impersonation as an Arab, appealed so strongly to the British public, avid for romance, that they have been magnified out of proportion to their human value or political importance into a glamorous legend which has quite obscured the facts that first gave rise to it, or, rather, to two separate legends of the East and of the West. The current legend in the East made Lawrence a very demon of guile and treachery, ever active on behalf of British imperialism, possessed by a bitter hatred of Islam, and always seeking to foment dissension among the Muslims. The legend current in the West represents him as a mixture of Sir Richard Burton and Sir Galahad, a man with an unexampled knowledge of the East, the hero from the days of chivalry, a patriot and perhaps a saint, and certainly the greatest genius of the age. His dramatic withdrawal at the height of his unexampled popularity into the drab disguise of Aircraftsman Shaw—as a penance it would seem for the failure of the British Government to fulfil all those obviously hasty promises to the Arabs of which he had been a mouth-piece, was regarded in the Eastern legend as sheer guile, in the Western legend as proof of almost superhuman modesty. The appearance of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which is a full and original version of the work already

published under the title of the *Revolt in the Desert*, will explode both legends.

‘Muslims have no horror of the romantically-minded youth, brave to a fault, and conscious of commanding genius, who, as a boy at school, so he tells us when describing the entry of the Arab horde into Damascus, had dreamed of just such an opportunity as this, which fate and the chances of war gave him. He had always thought of himself as destined to lead movements, not himself to be the Prophet, but to conduct the Prophet. I had imagined him devoted to the Amir Feysal, but here learn, from his own pen, that he had no high opinion of the man ; almost he complains that fate had given him such wretchedly poor human material wherewith to work. He did not like the men with whom he lived and fought and was prepared to die. He forced himself against a strong distaste to be as one with them in all respects, like an actor determined to make the best of a bad play. He suffered more than would a man of coarser type from such an association, and took a certain pride in his suffering. Of his bravery there was never any doubt, either in his own mind or in the minds of others. He did what he set out to do completely and the entry into Damascus was his day of triumph. One feels that he would have performed any difficult task imposed on him, regardless of its human worth and future consequences, or perhaps not regardless but misled by his own vision which, as is evident in his writings, was singularly keen towards the matter actually in hand, but defective in the general view. He really thought the Arabs a more virile people than the Turks. He really thought them better qualified to govern. He really believed that the British Government would fulfil punctually all the promises made on its behalf, however casual, in however roundabout a way, to the Hejazi Arabs. He really thought that it was love of freedom and his personal effort and example rather than the huge sums paid by the British authorities and the idea of looting Damascus, which made the Arabs zealous in rebellion : he really thought the Sherif of Mecca, as such, had a better claim to the allegiance of all Muslims than the Sultan

of Turkey, or so it appears from this book, which proves the Eastern legend groundless. I do not myself think the Western legend will long survive.

‘ Instead of the army hero, who had a real existence for a time, a pathetic figure is revealed by his book—a figure almost as pathetic as Don Quixote in spite of the acclamations he received, in spite of real achievement. Where are his bedu of the Hedjaz to-day? A feeble whining, broken remnant of them beg their bread beside the Pilgrim’s Way, of the pilgrims whom they once so arrogantly robbed and murdered. Where the Arab Empire he imagined? The dream has vanished. He saw it vanish and it broke his heart. But it was bound to vanish. It was untrue to life, made up of personal ideas and not of noted tendencies.’

Lawrence did ‘ Kejera ’—atonement—until he died, but Marmaduke knew in 1915 and before that Feisal and Huseyn were broken reeds from the beginning, for no Oriental can forgive a traitor to his overlord. Actually Huseyn dared not go all the way the British would lead him, and forbade his subjects to call him Amir-ul-munimun (Prince of Believers) ‘ because that title is reserved for his Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey as Khalif of the Muslims.’ (March 27, 1919.) Even the Shi’ites had protested their devotion to the Turkish Khalif as is witnessed by the manifesto of the Persian Ulema.

In 1919 an announcement was made in the British Parliament that only the Muslims should decide this question of the Khaliphate, which meant that our whole Arab policy with all it had involved, the loss of life, the money spent on it, was a failure in its appeal to the Muslims of the British realm. ‘ We were forced to acknowledge that the hold on the Muslims of the Turkish Khalif was what our elder statesmen had said it was, too strong for us to loose. If it was necessary for us to make much of a Khalif whom we ourselves intended to set up, it was,’ Marmaduke urged, ‘ a thousand times more necessary to make much of the Khalif who, though beaten in the field, had triumphed in the loyalty of the whole Muslim world.’

Marmaduke rejoiced with the whole of Islam when Ibn Sa'ud, the sovereign lord of Nejd, descended into the Hedjaz and swept the feeble King Huseyn, the puppet of Europe, into the sea (where he remained on the Island of Cyprus drawing an immense salary from the British Government until his death). Ibn Sa'ud was to Marmaduke what he is to all good Muslims, the saviour of Islam, who cleansed the land of Arabia of the many abuses that had grown up, and made safe the Pilgrim paths to the Holy City. Without bloodshed, Ibn Sa'ud's army entered Mecca in 1924 in the best Muslim tradition, and once more in the Holy City was true the saying of the Prophet: 'The righteous and the pious are abashed in His presence. Neither the hermit nor the orthodox has any power in His Kingdom. Neither the ascetic nor the mystic has a voice in His Court, therefore count not on a mediator between you and your God.'

Marmaduke never had any illusions about Arabs. No bolstering up of schemes for a confederacy of Arab States could be based on realities. Arab countries were always split by internal dissensions and were without national feeling, and he knew the English war-weary and tired of sideshows. The Arab character is eminently unstable. The moment one chief or clan is raised above another by its own efforts or by an outside power, the others grow jealous, and jealousy in the East is no passive feeling. Actually even in the middle of the war Marmaduke knew that for the eighty-odd million Mohammedans who were subject to the British Empire, the fight between England and Germany was a matter in itself of indifference. They were equally afraid of German and of English domination over Turkey. But when the army of the King of the Hejjaz, wild Arab horsemen, ran riot in Damascus on their first arrival, destroying tramcars, telephone and telegraph, every mechanical convenience that the Turks had left, the civilized inhabitants and the greater part of the four hundred million Muslims in the world were terrified. They had been prepared to welcome the arrival of British troops as a relief from war conditions, but now they said 'the English have let in the desert.' They were afraid of those savage tribesmen who

went careering through the streets and firing shots at random. They had no dislike for the Emir Feisal personally because they saw in him a Turk and not a desert Arab. They wanted self-determination, nothing else, and they expected it from England's propaganda. When they knew it would not be granted, their pleadings changed.

In January 1914 Marmaduke delivered a lecture at a meeting of a group founded by Dr. Rosedale, D.D., to discuss international affairs at the Cannon Street Hotel in the City of London. After the lecture Dr. Felix Valyi came up, introduced himself, and praised Marmaduke's speech which had been a feeling appeal for the new national movement in Turkey, and for a revival in England of the old Disraelian policy. Dr. Valyi asked leave to print the lecture in *La Revue Politique Internationale*, a quarterly which then he was editing in Paris. Marmaduke gladly consented, and his speech appeared in February 1914, together with Mohammed Ali's famous speech in favour of the Khaliphate and Professor Browne's 'England and Islam,' which had been specially written for Dr. Valyi's periodical, the first international magazine to include the whole East in its survey.

When the war came Dr. Valyi transferred himself and his paper to Lausanne in Switzerland. During the Great War years Marmaduke and Aubrey Herbert continued to be in close private correspondence with Felix Valyi, and when in the spring of 1916 Dr. Valyi saw an opportunity to attempt reconciliation between the British and the Turks, he naturally turned to Marmaduke Pickthall. The group of responsible Turks in Switzerland was led by Fouad Selim Al-Hijari, Minister of Turkey in Berne and one of the most learned thinkers and statesmen of the Near East. This group suggested to Dr. Valyi that both for the sake of Europe and the East an attempt must be made to wean Turkey from the Central Powers. 'Pour deblayer le terrain,' as the French say, Fouad Selim, whom Dr. Valyi was seeing daily, suggested that a correspondence should be opened between himself and Marmaduke Pickthall, Valyi insisting that the letters must be free from the censor's

investigations. (The Turks did not trust Lloyd George, but as Marmaduke was at that time a personal friend of Mark Sykes, both Marmaduke and Dr. Valyi thought it would be easy.) In his first letter, Dr. Valyi writes :

‘Tâchez de venir ici le plus tôt possible. Vous pourriez être d’une très grande utilité *pour votre pays* et le Foreign Office vous consentira certainement un passeport, si vous faites valoir l’utilité de votre voyage par l’enquête que vous pourriez instituer sur les choses d’Orient. Vous inspirez une confiance absolue dans le monde islamique et vous êtes le seul homme capable de rendre service à *votre pays dans la question d’Orient*. Vous pouvez montrer ma lettre à qui le doit, le cas échéant.’

Marmaduke, therefore, approached the Foreign Office, but the following letter from Sir Mark Sykes was the only result :

‘ 1673 Victoria.

‘ 9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,

‘ S.W.

‘ 25/5/16.

‘ MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

‘ I have discussed your case with George Clerk and the proposal that a passport should be issued to you to enable you to proceed to Lausanne.

‘ He is of opinion and I agree, that in view of your coming up for military service in a short time, that only the very gravest reasons would justify the issue of a passport. The letter which you showed me seems hardly enough warrant, the writer is apparently an Hungarian with no authority to speak on behalf of the Ottoman Government, the Government would certainly want something a little more suggestive of power and capacity to act on the part of the people at Lausanne before allowing you to proceed to Switzerland.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ MARK SYKES.’

Marmaduke's answer is as follows :

' FIVE CHIMNEYS,

' BUXTED.

' *May 26th, 1916.*

' DEAR SIR MARK SYKES,

' I enclose a copy of a letter I had sent to Valyi at Lausanne just before I had your letter by the second post to-day. If there is anything definite I think that will elicit further details.

' I am a good deal hurt by the imputation, which seems to me implicit in your letter, that my motive in applying for a passport is, or might be, to evade military service. I offered myself, and was accepted (like so many others) as a military interpreter at the beginning of the war (Oct. 1914), but refused a job in the postal censor's department. I would much rather serve in the ranks—out of doors. I am no sort of a conscientious objector, though as a man who has to earn the best part of his living by his pen, and far from keen upon one aspect of the present war, I have not enlisted of my own accord. That does not mean that I would shirk my legal duty.

' I had been assured three weeks before I heard from Valyi that I was just outside the military age laid down by the Compulsion Act and so free for the present and my intention, as I told you, was to go to Switzerland only for about a fortnight. Twenty pounds would not have lasted me much longer, and that is all I could afford to spend upon the expedition.

' I still believe I could have brought you useful information hardly otherwise obtainable. The Hungarian is a member of the C.U.P.,¹ and has been from the beginning. I quite thought you knew.

' Yours sincerely,

' MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.'

¹ Committee of Union and Progress.

And Sykes's reply :

' 1673 Victoria.

' 9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,
' S.W.

' 27/5/16.

' MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

' Many thanks for your letter and encl : First you have no real reason to be hurt in regard to your military service being mentioned, if I remember rightly I said they could not issue passports to persons of military age except for the very gravest reasons : that is only a statement of fact, is it likely that I should suggest you were trying to avoid your duty, the whole question was talked over between George Clerk and myself and without any hidden thought I wrote to you. If the Dowla of this country finds that it is good that oriental specialists and dentists should roll cricket pitches, because they are too old to go to the trenches, viz. 40 and liable for too short a time to be worth training for home defence, it is not ' my refair ' as an ancient Truchman of Jerusalem once said to me, reason being he declined affair thus :

' Refair combined word derived from reference or business.

' as My reference

' You reference

' Him reference

' Ergo My refair

' You refair

' Him refair

' Excuse this digression I think that your letter to Valyi is quite correct and that if they are really keen they will do what is necessary.

' Yours sincerely,

' MARK SYKES.'

Marmaduke then suggested that as he was not allowed to go abroad, Dr. Valyi might be permitted to come to him, and Sykes agreed to this :

‘ HOUSE OF COMMONS. ’

‘ 31/5/16. ’

‘ MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

‘ I can’t promise but if Valyi gives signs of his coming here being of value I don’t see why he should find much difficulty.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ MARK SYKES. ’

Dr. Valyi was obliged to move to Montreux in June 1916, and wrote as follows to Marmaduke :

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ In reply to your letter of the 26th May I must assure you that the importance of your voyage to Switzerland is evident from many points of view. You will be able to get most valuable information on Near Eastern questions and as a result of your inquiry you could take back to the Government a true description of the state of affairs in the East, and I think myself it is most important that certain things which are not known in England should be made clear. The fact that you possess the personal confidence of so many Muslims ought to encourage those who are in a position to give you a safe conduct to Switzerland, for it is only your profound friendship for Islam, friendship which the war has tried and proved, that inspires me to make you the offer that I have. It is necessary to go over the whole question of the future relations between England and Islam, to prepare a policy “ sans bruit, sans réclame, sans phrase.” Your personality is specially indicated for this delicate job and I am very surprised that the Foreign Office will not trust you. I cannot say more than this by letter but there is no risk in granting you a passport. If the results of your voyage are nil you merely return to England. If however things are as I think you will find them I am sure that you will be strongly requested to go on with the work. It seems to me astounding that a man like Maurice de Bunsen who is a friend of Rosedale should not understand these things. I

expect you soon. Please telegraph 16, Place St. François, Lausanne, when you will be arriving.'

Marmaduke's letter of 22 June crossed that of Valyi's. In it he says: 'I am awaiting with some anxiety your answer to my letter in which I asked you if the project which you wish me to undertake could ever be thought to be directed against the solidarity of the Entente. I have been informed that no enquiry which in any way left out of account this solidarity and merely concerned England, would be tolerated for the next ten years. This condition once accepted, I have been informed that I would be allowed to go to Switzerland to talk over the matter to which you refer.'

From Berne, on 25 July 1916, Valyi wrote assuring him that the 'fears expressed in your letter of the 18th June have no foundation. The problem of the Entente does not arise at all. There is no reason therefore to refuse my project and in making your journey easy your authorities are risking nothing to gain a great deal. The discussion will be only on one certain problem of capital interest for England. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that the greatest discretion is required. I count on your coming soon after these assurances. You must come to Berne and please telegraph to me at the Hotel Bellevue Palace before the 5th or 6th July.'

So far Sykes had been cordial enough, but on the 10th he wrote sharply as follows to Marmaduke:

'Tel. : Vic. 1673.

' 9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,

' S.W.

' 10th July, 1916.

' MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

' I am sorry that you wrote as you did—you must wire suspending the reply—and then tell him what to do in accordance with official instructions.

' Frankly I do not quite like the way in which you put

the matter to Valyi. I do not consider that it is proper that you should assume absolute friendship to an enemy State, in writing to the subject of another enemy State, and further speak in a distinctly hostile tone of your own Government.

‘ Whatever may be the rights or wrongs of this it puts the whole affair in a rather difficult light should Valyi have anything to say, as his letter will be influenced by the tone of yours.

‘ Yours sincerely,
‘ MARK SYKES.’

His answer was :

‘ FIVE CHIMNEYS,
‘ BUXTED,
‘ SUSSEX.
‘ *July 11th, 1916.*

‘ DEAR SIR MARK SYKES,

‘ In reply to your second letter of yesterday’s date, I have just telegraphed to you, asking you to stop my letter to Valyi which was posted here yesterday, if possible. Honestly I had not the least intention to write in a hostile tone of my own Government, or to influence Valyi’s reply in any way except that of making him explain himself.

‘ I know that he regards me as a British asset in connection with the Muslim question, and wonders greatly at your hesitations with respect to me ; and I thought that a clear statement of the position was most likely to induce a corresponding frankness on his part. A satirical tone, I fear, is natural to me. I apologize for its use on this occasion ; but I do not think that Valyi will attach importance to it, being quite accustomed to my way of writing. He knows (none better) that I am a pro-Turk but in no sense anti-British ; he also knows the nature, purely intellectual and literary, of my turcophil activities. It would seem less natural if I wrote to him in any other tone. I only wished to impress on him the necessity for explanation if he wished to see me in Switzerland ; without letting him know that

there was no chance of my going there, or at least no longer any wish on my part.

‘Already, before I got your second letter, I had telegraphed to him. “Attendez deux lettres de moi avant de répondre.” I enclose a copy of a letter I shall post to him to-morrow. Should you succeed in stopping my former letter, please let me know. At once, on hearing that it has been stopped, I shall write a second letter to the same effect as this now enclosed.’

On the 11th Sykes wrote again a letter which crossed with Marmaduke’s :

‘Tel. : Vic. 1673.

‘9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,

‘S.W.

‘11/July/1916.

‘MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

‘Herewith a copy of a letter from the W.O.—so Valyi can communicate thro’ the British Military Attaché, Berne, if he desires to do so, the letter will not be opened by the Censor or anyone else.

‘With regard to your being called up. If you show your birth certificate you will be put back, named and noted if you are past your 41st year on the date you are called up.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘MARK SYKES.’

The enclosure was as follows :

‘WAR OFFICE,

‘S.W.

‘8th July, 1916.

‘MY DEAR SYKES,

‘Herewith Pickthall’s letter back. I have written Military Attaché, Berne, saying that Valyi is to write through him, so you can tell Pickthall to carry on and tell

Valyi to address his letter, British Military Attaché, British Legation, Berne.

‘I assume that nothing compromising to the M.A. will be written by Valyi.

‘Yours &c.’

The letter Marmaduke finally was allowed to send was this :

‘DEAR FRIEND,

‘The assurances you gave me in your last letter are still too vague. The Turcophil activities which have won me your friendship and that of the Muslims are naturally, though wrongly, objects of suspicion in the eyes of the British Government. This is the reason why only a definite description of the advantages which would ensue from my voyage will decide these personages to give me the necessary permission. A highly-placed individual who is showing me kindness has granted me this favour, that a letter from you to me will not be opened by the official censor. If you can use this exceptional opportunity, please give me some details or at least a general idea of the reason why you wish me to go to Switzerland.’

Valyi’s answer of the 16 July was that he could add nothing by letter to his assurances as it was useless to haver on either side. The minimum of confidence necessary to the taking up of such an opportunity was not there. He could go no further, he said, and without Marmaduke’s actual presence in Switzerland nothing could be done.

Marmaduke wrote sadly to Sykes :

‘DEAR SYKES,

‘May I write to Valyi that the means of communication through Berne will remain open in case he should change his mind? I have been waiting to hear from you before writing to him, remembering my mistake last time. He has written again saying that he has decided to remain at Lausanne through the summer, the weather in the

mountains being very bad, and hoping, after all, to see me in a few days !

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.’

Sykes replied on the 8th :

‘ Tel. : Vic. 1673.

‘ 9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,

‘ S.W.

‘ 8/8/16.

‘ MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

‘ I fixed it up as you see, absent in France else I’d have written before, probably this extraordinary performance in Egypt will help matters. The Unspeakable is sometimes inscrutable in his ways. To march an impossible march in July in order to fight an impossible battle is quite incomprehensible but it is all to the good.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ MARK SYKES.’

The correspondence closed on the 10th with the following letter in Sir Mark Sykes’s own hand :

‘ Tel. : Vic. 1673.

‘ 9 BUCKINGHAM GATE,

‘ S.W.

‘ 10/8/16.

‘ MY DEAR PICKTHALL,

‘ Many thanks for your letter. Katia is a rather weird performance and of no great consequence one way or another, it will, as a dragoman would say, be “ one plenty big shame for English gentilman he let it the Turks go back with she’s big guns over a rubbish road.” Syria seems to be so unpleasant from all points of view at present that I suppose the Turks find the Peninsular pleasanter.

‘ Yours very sincerely,

‘ MARK SYKES.’

Thus, in the end, it all came to nothing : was just another of those abortive attempts to save life which failed, whilst elaborate complications to waste it, such as the Gallipoli adventure and the Syrian expeditions, succeeded even beyond their authors' wildest dreams. 'Satan the Waster' Vernon Lee called the Prince of Darkness in her anti-war play, making her hero explain : 'I am the waster of all sorts of virtue.'

Meantime, for another reason, Marmaduke's relations with Sykes had become strained. Towards the end of February 1915 the Armenians in the vilayets of Van and Bitlis, who had heard that the Russians meant to occupy those provinces, turned upon the Muslim population—the vast majority, but at the time nearly helpless owing to the absence of the able men on military service—and attempted to exterminate them with all the horrors which have been so widely advertised as characteristic of Turkish treatment of Armenians. They succeeded in massacring more than three-quarters of the people round. In the district of Tavskerd, in the vilayet of Erzeroum, the local Armenians, and Armenian soldiers in the Russian army, annihilated a population of 40,000 souls. In the district of Trebizond a similar attempt to exterminate the Muslim population was made. This was before *any* Armenians suffered at the hands of the Muslims. In an appeal addressed to the Allied Powers by the Turkish Government directly after the Armistice, it is stated that the Armenians in the eastern provinces of Anatolia massacred a million Muslims before the deportation order was promulgated. (The Turks are not a propagandist people, they are rather stoical.)

These crimes of the Armenians were denounced in the Russian Duma at the time, but were not published in any English newspaper (since they reflected on our Tsarist allies), though *The Times'* correspondent did let out, in an unguarded moment, that the Armenians at Van 'took bloody vengeance on their enemies.' On the continent of Europe it was generally recognized, even during the war, that the Armenian trouble had originated in a rebellion or attempted revolution on a large scale made by the Armenian

minority in the Turkish provinces. The very Armenian propaganda as dished out in France and Italy seems to have been different from that to which we simple English have been treated so persistently. The pose of lamb-like, perfect innocence seems to have been reserved for use in England and America.

As to the conduct of the Armenians, while the Russian army was in occupation of the greater part of Eastern Anatolia, the evidence of Russian officers deplored it.

‘ The Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, General Odichelidze, Lt.-Col. Tredokhleboff, Captain Youlkevitz, the Commissary Zelatoff, Lieutenants Lipsky and Stravosky, General Galitine, Lt.-Col. Grianznoff and about a hundred other Russian officers—whose honour and veracity cannot be suspected, and who are certainly not less reliable than missionaries and newspaper correspondents—all these officers, who were fighting against the Turks, were disgusted and outraged by Armenian savagery. General Odichelidze states : “ Near Erzindjan about 800 unarmed and defenceless Turks were massacred. The Armenians caused an immense hole to be dug, to which they brought them, and there butchered them, throwing them into the hole like wild animals. The Armenian who was at the head of this savage and bestial operation counted the victims, shouting : ‘ Have we got seventy? There is room for ten more. Go on ! ’ and ten other poor Muslims were slaughtered and hurled.” The General adds that at Ildija every Turk who could not escape was massacred, and that he saw numerous dead bodies of children whose heads had been severed from their bodies with blunt axes. Lt.-Col. Grianznoff declares that he himself saw on the roads heaps of dead bodies cruelly mutilated, on which every Armenian passer-by spat, uttering insulting words. The courtyard of the mosque at Ildija was full of Turkish dead bodies heaped two metres high. On the bodies of the women traces of violation were to be seen, and cartridges . . . the former evangelical scholars (i.e. young men and girls who had been pupils of the Protestant missionaries) were laughing at the spectacle.

An Armenian purveyor to the Russian army store admitted that Armenians crucified a Turkish woman alive against the wall, whom they then hanged by her hair after plucking out her heart. Similar ghastly and hateful crimes were committed by the Armenians all over the territories occupied by the Russian army, which, since it had to face the approaching Turkish army, could not pay enough attention to protect the population from Armenian cruelty. Nevertheless justice demands the acknowledgment that if any Turk or Kurd survived the fiendish savagery of the Armenians, it was solely due to the protection given by the Russian military staff and officers.¹

These massacres were not long unavenged. On April 8, 1915, the deportation and massacre of Armenians began at Zeitoun in Cilicia, and continued throughout 1915 from one Armenian centre to another throughout the Ottoman Empire. The Armenians had behaved to Turkey, struggling for her existence, as the Irish Nationalists to England, with similar results. Soon, as far as murder and massacre went, Turks and Armenians were pretty well fifty-fifty: the massacres by Turks of 1915, following on the betrayal of the Turks to the Russians by the Armenians (although Asiatics, the Armenians had conspired with the design to let in Europe), were followed, in November 1916, by the slaughter of 500,000 Kirghiz Muslims in the presence of their women and children, and the only English paper to report this was the *Manchester Guardian*. By the end of 1915 one and a half million Circassians, Muslims and Christians both, had been forced by the Russians to flee to Turkish territory.

It would have been far better if Marmaduke had left the whole Armenian question to fester in its own blood, as, later, he wisely refused to have anything to do with post-war Palestine, because he knew he could not but take passionate sides. But in 1916 he had not the necessary self-discipline, though he fully realized the 'perils of propaganda,' recounting the following story to emphasize them.

¹ Preface to *Turcs et Arméniens devant l'Histoire* (Lausanne, 1919)—a book containing a great body of sworn evidence as to the atrocities committed by Armenians throughout the war.

Saadi, the Persian poet, dreamed that the Devil stood beside him, not in horrid guise, but as an angel beautiful and sad and good. "Why," cried the poet, "do we abhor you and think of you as something hideous and by nature evil?" "Ah," said the Devil with a shrug, "the pen is in the hand of the enemy." The poet was no atheist, Marmaduke was careful to explain, he was a believer who perceived, with many Muslims of undoubted piety, that God's view even of the Devil must differ from man's, since man is placed in active opposition to the Devil, and active opposition spoils the view. Whereas God is infinitely above both.

The Armenians, always and everywhere a minority, wished to enslave the Muslim majority, and the pen was in their hands. To Christian Europe they whined: 'We are Christians, you are Christians. We are Europeans, too, being cunning traders: the ignorant Muslims are by their fanaticism forbidden to take interest for any capital. Come and help us.' Christian Europe had not always approved them. Ibn Botlan, a Christian physician of the first half of the eleventh century, wrote: 'The Armenian is the worst of the white as the negro is of the black. Chastity is unknown and theft rampant among them. Coarse is their nature and coarse their speech, and they only work under the threat of the cane or the stress of fear.' As a race they owed their limelight to Russian intervention, which had brought Turkish vengeance down upon them: wisely, they had traded on their misfortunes, made a corner in them.

God, as the Arab prophet had it, created of the same stuff the Armenian and the hare. The Armenian question was greatly aggravated when the elimination of British resistance to Russia in the East was gradually transformed into close co-operation with her owing to the necessity to England of Russia's co-operation in the West in the coming struggle with Germany. As the dying body of Turkey was carried off in mouthfuls in the beaks of the European vultures, this 'Armenian question' became, as it were, the focus of the whole of European Near Eastern diplomacy, and Ignatieff (chief chemist of the destructive policy in the East) ended by contaminating the whole international situation.

Sir Mark Sykes, whom no one can accuse of an Islamic bias, writing as late as 1916, said that either because of centuries of tyranny and maladministration or because of the difficulties of bilingual education, the present-day Armenians were very difficult to govern. They were so avaricious, they would not pay any taxes at all ; they were most treacherous to each other and often became revolutionaries in order to satisfy private vendettas. 'These revolutionaries assassinate Muslims and extort from whole villages big sums of money. If the village refuses certain individuals are murdered as a warning.'

For some years past Western Europe, and above all England, had thought of the Armenians as a peaceful and innocent people, he declared, victims of a half-mad and wholly barbarous tyranny. This was far from being the truth. Certainly the Armenians suffered, as equally all Ottoman subjects have suffered, from the corrupt administration. But their sufferings were brought on their own heads and they were detested by their neighbours with surprising unanimity. Even in the six provinces which were supposed to be Armenian, according to their own calculations they only represented, at most, 30 per cent of the population (and that only in Erzeroum and Bitlis ; in the other four their highest figure was 17 per cent) ; they demanded loudly the domination of all this territory. This naturally annoyed both the Turks, their then masters, and the Kurds, who in all of the vilayets formed substantial minorities, in two of them 46 per cent and in Van 56 per cent.

A bare ten years after the 1896 massacre outcry, Sykes wrote that there was no difference between Turkish and Armenian villages. In most the two races lived side by side, but the situation was becoming more and more intolerable and the deportation by force of one or the other race the only remedy he could conceive of. The national renaissance of Armenia, he thought, was a calamity which had not yet reached its zenith. Mollahs and missionaries should be put under lock and key before any serious reforms could be attempted, he advised. It seemed to him inevitable that the Armenians should remain always unfortunate,

because the greater half of their miseries did not come from the stupid and capricious despotism by which they were ruled, but from their own conduct to each other. The Armenian anarchists from Constantinople threw bombs in order to provoke a massacre of their compatriots. The Armenian villages actually fought between themselves, and he knew a case of priests conniving at the murder of a bishop.

His conclusion (and no one remembering his share in the Sykes-Picot Treaty can accuse him of partiality for the Turks) was that the subject Christian races in Turkey lived very much as did their Mohammedan neighbours. When in *The Times* Sir Mark attacked Marmaduke's friend, Captain Dixon Johnson, Marmaduke defended him in a reply of great length in the *New Age*. He was undoubtedly in the right, as anyone reading his correspondence now must agree, but these are firework ashes, cold as the conferences of to-day will be when Jew and Arab become peaceful and remote from each other and from us : remote as Turk and Armenian are to-day.

Marmaduke now met my mother. Possingworth, where we lived, was a short four miles from Five Chimneys. I remember his coming up to the nursery and looking with her over sixteen miles of Sussex to the sea. The big guns could be heard night and day, and as they stood by the window talking of the war I wondered why grown-ups talked so interminably all the time of the war or of politics. The war was all-invading : even at night, in the summer moonlight, mother would walk in the trefoil-gold fields in her dressing-gown, unable to sleep. In London it was more fun : in the air-raids (which the servants called thunderstorms, but I, superior in my six-year-old wisdom, knew better, for everyone was sent downstairs to the basement during an air-raid—never during a thunderstorm) mother would sit on my bed and sing the *Dies Iræ* right through as often as I liked.

Marmaduke came to see us in London, too, but to lunch, and so many people came to lunch in those days that I hardly noticed him at first. Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell

came, and Clifford Allen—just out of prison after hunger-striking, with gruesome stories of stomach-pumps ; Roger Casement, too, for whom later, on the morning of August 3, we got up at six to pray whilst he was hanging in London ; and Ramsay MacDonald, who came once for me specially, on my seventh birthday.

Marmaduke's first letter to mother is dated November 1916, and was written when he was just leaving Buxted. Mother had been trying to find him another house, but he wrote : ' It seems well not to take another house at this moment in the world's history, especially as I am under menace of conscription when they raise the age-limit.' He was never a pacifist, and was perfectly ready to fight when required, though he admired Arthur Field, who was a conscientious objector. But he said to him : " I am not so strong as you. I cannot stand out against the powers of evil : except that I will never serve against the Turks." And he would not volunteer. In April 1918 he wrote to Aubrey Herbert :

' I see that they are going to raise the military age ; and, as my work is not of national importance, I shall no doubt be more usefully employed in scrubbing floors or cleaning motor-lorries. In any case I shall probably be cut off from any chance of being useful when the moment when my knowledge might be of some use arrives.

As you may have heard, I have openly professed Islam, and even before that avowal have been regarded as a friend, and even something of a leader, by the British Muslims. Though I have been sickened, as they all have, by the Government attitude, I have always hoped and worked towards reconciliation. The hope of reconciliation in their minds is not yet killed. The Sherif of Mecca business is most bitterly resented ; and extremely dangerous reports are current as to the means by which the said Sherif—who is said to be a pitifully weak man and a wine-bibber—was " persuaded " to rebel.

' At first the anger was all against the Sherif, and he was to be killed at any cost ; but he has excused himself apparently, or someone has pleaded on his behalf, and now the

resentment is all against England. The same change of feeling has taken place with regard to the behaviour of the Agha Khan. A rooted hatred and mistrust of England, waiting its opportunity, is what I fear as the result of our pro-Russian aberration. That does not mean a love of Germany save in so far as Germany proves loyal and disinterested towards the Muslim Empire. All Christian Powers are now alike distrusted. The tendency is towards a pan-Asiatic ideal, with the Emperor of Japan exalted as the Great Avenger—and possibly the future Khalif of Islam. Now England has a chance to stop all that, and win back the devotion of the Muslim world. If you will trouble to read through the enclosed you will know the trend of my ideas upon the subject.

‘A pan-Islamic progressive movement inspired and fostered in England was Disraeli’s notion, and I have been doing my best to make it once more possible in certain circumstances. The movement is there in any case, and on a huge scale. It will be dangerous only if discountenanced. If I must shoulder arms I shall be unable to keep in touch with such matters, and I wish I knew of someone who could carry on ; but it must be a genuine Muslim, not a British agent, and it ought to be an Englishman. On the other hand a really friendly Englishman (not a Muslim) could do quite a lot. Could you and would you take the matter up ? Please treat these remarks in strict confidence.’

In July 1917 the Union of Democratic Control issued ‘Suggestions for terms of a peace settlement,’ which was signed by the whole Executive ; Snowden, MacDonald, E. D. Morel, Charles Trevelyan, and the rest. To these suggestions, as far as they regarded Turkey—nationalization of the Straits, independence of the various nationalities under guarantee by the League of Nations and the continuation, maintenance, and extension of the policy of international control—Marmaduke answered with a pamphlet published in November 1917.

He wrote of ‘the mildewed odour of Gladstonian prejudice’ against Turkey and firmly opposed the handing over

of ' a young democratic nation even if it were full of faults, to a Concert of Europe in sheep's clothing.' From its very inception he detested the League of Nations. ' Luckily it is not yet formed,' he wrote in 1917, and his prophetic words about it are even sadder in their wisdom to-day than twenty years ago when first they were said : ' This international union of bureaucratic control, if and when established, may yet turn out no better for humanity than the " Holy Alliance " of Monarchs, after the Napoleonic wars. In any case, the democracies of the world will have, naturally, even less influence over such an artificially created institution than they at present exercise over their individual governments. The individual governments are now run in the interests of capitalist exploitation. How then will a league of such be anything but a League of Capitalist Exploitation ? '

The Russian Revolution saved Turkey, as it saved Persia. But to Marmaduke, since gratitude for that salvation necessitated a certain dependence on Moscow, it gave a slant both to Persian and to Turkish progress which he mistrusted in the extreme. For him the Russian might change his shirt, but could not alter his skin ; although he was relieved and delighted at the Bolshevik renouncement of territorial aims and at their refusal to accept the proposed Allied plans for a peace settlement (i.e. Constantinople and large tracts of Turkish territory). The peace they made was, he knew, the beginning of the end of war in Europe and in the world ; yet he never trusted the Revolution, simply because it was Russian.

But however much he might distrust the new régime in Russia, the whole East rejoiced in it. As the Persian poet said, centuries before :

' The tyrant falleth aye by self-wrought ill,
The Rook is lost, the Pawn advanceth still,
Bishop and Knight we from the task will bring,
The Premier's slain, 'tis checkmate to the King.'

Marmaduke's mistrust of Red Russia did not prevent his being horrified at the British policy of re-establishing the

Russian Empire as nearly as possible in the state in which it existed before the War. The British Government's support of Denikin and Koltchak seemed to him a violation of all the principles of democracy. Nor was there any doubt but that, as P. D. Ouspensky wrote from Ekaterinadar, in 1919, 'We must acknowledge England's help to Russia has been very substantial indeed: since without it the volunteer army would not have been able to do anything against the Bolsheviks and would have been crushed.' This 'very substantial help' seemed a monstrous breach of the law of self-determinism to Marmaduke.

His hopes that with the withdrawal of Russia, the share promised her by the Sykes-Picot Treaty might be left to Turkey, were quickly dashed. England and France immediately repartitioned the areas in question.

He was called up in 1918 as a private in the 17th Hampshires and was stationed at Southwold. It was an infantry battalion guarding the East Coast, and Marmaduke wrote to my mother: 'Now that I am getting over the first trouble of boots, etc., and am beginning to feel my way, I do not know that I was ever happier in all my life.' His wife wrote in July to a friend that she was busy looking for lodgings in Southwold in order to give her husband decent food and a bed for a change. 'He finds the meals very disgusting (they are particularly bad in his company) and the army boots awfully painful, but he likes his comrades very much and the M.O. is very kind and allows him to go to his house every day for a bath, which is a real blessing.' For the first time in his life Marmaduke found in England the same feeling of comradeship as he had found in the East.

On October 30, 1918, after the Turkish army on the Tigris had surrendered to the British, an Armistice between Turkey and the Entente was signed at Mudros, and hostilities ceased the following day. Marmaduke remained in uniform until the end of the year, and 'he made everyone, soldier or surgeon or nurse, love him. Even the authorities, in spite of his record as an agitator and anti-Briton, raised him to the rank of corporal.' 'The last two months,' he writes to Hickee, 'of my military career I was corporal in

charge of an isolation hospital for influenza—nursing influenza-pneumonia patients night and day, looking after catering, discipline, and medicaments, trying to make deathbeds fairly comfortable, and attending to the dead—a ghastly job, for we had no appliances, not even a pneumonia jacket or a screen, and the men were in their army blankets on the floor, poor fellows. I didn't catch the plague, nor did my helpers ; we were much too busy. But after I was demobilized both Muriel and I got it in a London boarding-house, and only saved our lives by rushing to Pevensy on the strength of an advertisement. There the March winds blew the plague away.'

CHAPTER NINE



FROM 1918, when he moved into the Pond House, let him at a nominal rent by my mother, until 1920, when he left for Bombay—for two years, that by grace of childhood seemed infinitely long, a vast expanse co-equal with the whole rest of life, my existence was concentrated on Marmaduke Pickthall: I became a microscope focused on to him. He lived now but a mile from me, and as Sidney wrote of Stella, so can I claim, that only in him my song began and ended: counsellor, confessor, father, and *grande passion*, he was all these to me and more. My own father was, as so many English fathers are, a kind man who came home on Sundays.

At that time Sheriff of London, a director of the Bank of England, senior partner of Frederick Huth and Company, chairman of the Institute of Bankers, a member of the Moratorium board and of several Government commissions, he had little time to spend with his eight-year-old daughter. So I went from Possingworth to the Pond House daily. Subterfuge was often necessary to persuade a reluctant younger sister, and a still more reluctant governess, of the necessity. "Miss Rigby, shall we see how many different wild flowers we can find?" Then "Why—there's the Pond House. As we're so near, may we just see if Mr. Pickthall is in?" or "Do you know all the edible toadstools? Mother is compiling a list of them. . . . What a long way we've come—look, here we are at the Pond House already." Blackberrying, nutting, mushrooming, motoring, riding—(hour-long the patient groom held horses whilst Marmaduke and I walked in pinewoods, or punted, seeking water-lilies and scented rushes on his pond or goose eggs on his island)—all ways and any excuses led me to one only goal.

He would sit perched up on a high chair at a huge desk

my mother had given, and from outside I could see if he were there, and slip in without disturbing Muriel or pink-cheeked Blanche, the cake-maker. In those years I learnt all his faith : in explaining Islam to me he set his own mind, buffeted by war and tension of strained loyalties, in order, and re-won that security he never again lost. As I watched, understanding, yet not wholly aware, his ship righted herself, set sail anew to make the course from which thereafter no sea would move her. My mother was often away, abroad or in London, and before one of her longer absences she confided my sister and me to Marmaduke. She was afraid England was on the verge of a Socialist or Communist revolution, and if it came, would Marmaduke please promise to come to Possingworth and meet any body of insurgents who might attack the mansion? He had so much influence with the people, was so clever with them.

Marmaduke told Arthur Field how he assured her there was no likelihood of such a rising, but might he give her some advice? That if and when the revolution came, she should empower him to go down the drive and meet the people, offering them the house and grounds as a holiday home for the children of the workers? He would then explain to them that she had left her children there as an earnest of her goodwill, entrusting them to their kindness. "You don't want the place—you have so many other houses you can only afford a three-months' stay in each, and it would be a kindness to you to take one of the places off your mind," he told her. She willingly agreed, and begged him at the same time to try and remove from my mind my doubts of the existence of God.

He found, not doubts, but a consuming interest, kindled by being let loose to browse in an excellent library. We talked interminably of religion. Conversation was a shuttle he moved continually between grave and gay. He was never pompous, priggish, a preacher, or a bore. We would discuss the Persian approach to Allah, which fascinated me, but of which he never could approve. I had admired the Sufi who cried : "I am the Truth," and, like Christ, was killed for his blasphemy. But Marmaduke, whilst admitting

that the exclamation broke from him in an uncommon access to that ecstasy of communion and irradiation which befalls the seeker after truth at a certain stage of his pilgrimage, yet insisted the Persian mind there gave way, where the Arab or Turkish would still have held its own. Posterity has judged the man a saint, he declared, and happy in his tragic end, for the rulers of the day were Arabs.

The Persian mind, he explained, seeks ecstasy even though an illusion : the Arab mind seeks truth even though it prove a disillusion, for the Arab will never accept ecstasy as truth, though the Persian claims it so. He tried to explain Tasawwuf to me ; how language existed before the coming of the grammarians, and is superior to grammar : and how the writers of Tasawwuf are the real exponents of a language—poets, not grammarians. Yet the Persian mystics were analysts first, he affirmed, almost one might say vivisectionists, and lovers after, and when they reached ecstasy the over-complicated structure of their minds broke down. The highest revelation does not come through study nor through practice of posture, nor through another person, be he never so wise a teacher, he said : the highest revelation comes direct from God to whom He chooses, nor ever through any living person, for He is the only Living personality.

Religion, he continually insisted, is not a matter of belief, but of actual experience, and whilst personal religious experience is always worthy our reverence it never is to be found in multitudes, and mysticism must not be allowed to degenerate into mystification. Bogey-bogey and mumbo-jumbo he hated, and all forms of priest-craft, and most so-called mysticism was little else, he feared, an opiate only, showing a flowery pathway of escape from duties, obligations, and pangs of conscience, and from the hundred mental problems men ought to solve. For one religious man who took to it, he declared, there were a thousand loafers. However intense the meditation, there can be no call to seek to be God, for our scale is too different, the distance too gigantic. Publicly we must always say : O my lord ; though privately we may come to stammer : O my beloved.

From such talk he would pass to story-telling, asking me if I knew the story of Abu Nuwwas, Haroun al Rashid, and the eggs? How, one day, when the famous jester was late, the Khalif said they would play that game where all others must imitate everything he did. The Khalif sent for some eggs, and when the jester appeared, the Khalif hid his egg under his cushion and clucked. All the courtiers followed suit. Abu Nawwas, however, stood up in the middle of them all, flapped his wings, and crowed.

Or that of the faithful cucumber which saved the prince's life and was kept by him in a pot very safely? Every morning he would shout to it on his way to bathe, and it would reply: "Yes, brother." Till one day there was no curry, and the prince's sister said: "There is a cucumber in a pot. Make it into a pickle," which the cook did. Whereupon the prince committed suicide, and I ceased to be a vegetarian.

He would climb trees with us, bathe and fish, and play by the hour. But the best was his talk, and we would fight for the honour of walking on his right (the side of honour) and listening. Once he warned us against white lies, illustrating his remarks with the tale of Al-khan-fashâr. There was a man, he said, who always had an answer to everything, even if he made it up. Came a day when his friends all together concocted the word Al-khan-fashâr and asked him what he made of it. He did not hesitate. "It is a plant," he replied, "which grows in the remote parts of Yaman and its property is to attract fresh milk. As the poet says, surely the love of you has attracted my heart even as the Khan-fashâr doth attract fresh milk. As David of Antioch says . . . as So-and-so says . . . and other authorities so and so. . . ."

Having told them the word's derivation, quoted dictionaries, and several couplets from old poems bringing in the word, the Know-all was going to produce a saying of the Prophet which should contain it, when his friends stopped him, saying: 'Stop, thou has lied in the name of David of Antioch and in the name of Fûlan and Fûlan, but thou shalt not lie in the name of God's messenger. We

joined together to invent a word, each bringing a consonant to 'see to what lengths thou wouldst go.' And then they killed the liar.

Many other enchanting stories he told us : of the Turkish *khôja* who set before the friends of the friends of the friend of the man who gave him a hare, a bowl of clear water, for that was soup of the soup of the soup of the hare-soup ; of Ali Mawk Seyf bin zi Yazur who brought the Nile to Cairo, and, of course, many of Johha and of Abu Nawwas.

But after enough stories talk would begin again, and he would speak of Allah in such terms that, try as I would, I could not feel Islam to be merely ' an ethical and practical ideal and code of conduct.' His appeal was to something neither intellectual nor objective, but intensely personal, and, because I was so very young, he did not encounter the usual barriers of personality (which is largely an affair of barriers). His God, I thought, must be lovelier than Iseult and braver than Prometheus—my two then pet heroes—for the very talk of Him so to make my heart burn, and I would press Marmaduke further and ask, if then He has no body, no comparison, no image or likeness, what can He be and where? And he quoted the Qu'aran in answer : " Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth. The similitude of his Light is a niche wherein is a lamp. The lamp is in a glass. The glass is as it were a shining star. This lamp is kindled from a blessed tree, an olive neither of the East nor of the West, whose oil would almost glow forth of itself though no fire touched it. Light upon Light. Allah guideth unto His light whom He will." He told me the one sin and only was to stand between a creature and that Light, or for a creature, deliberately, to deny its own Light.

' Créature ailée, soigne tes ailes,' he wrote me when I was in France : and when I asked, where is God? answered : ' The Worker is concealed in the workshop : go you and seek Him there, for the work has woven a net over Him, and outside of it you cannot see Him.' He taught me the Muslim prayers in Arabic, showed me how the prayer-mat foreshadows the grave, and explained the meaning of the

various postures. He had begun to translate the Qu'aran for me, giving me, now and then, a chapter on a scrap of paper or in a letter. When I married he gave me the manuscript of his whole completed translation 'as for you it was begun.'

At the end of 1917 Marmaduke met Kwaja Kamal ud din, the founder and Imam of the Woking Muslim Mosque. Marmaduke lectured for him in the London Muslim prayer-house, and, later, at the beginning of 1919, when owing to ill-health Kwaja Kamal ud din had to return to India, he installed Marmaduke as Imam in his stead. Marmaduke led the Friday prayer, and delivered the sermons. 'If there is one thing that turns your hair grey, it is preaching in Arabic,' he wrote to George Hornblower. He also conducted the Traveeh prayer during Ramadan and led the Eid-ul-Fitr prayer at the Mosque, Woking. He was responsible for editing the monthly *Islamic Review*, published, in English, from the Mosque, and worked for a whole year in the Islamic Information Bureau, which was started in 1918 in Palace Street, Buckingham Palace Road, where he ran the weekly paper the bureau published, *The Muslim Outlook*. This bureau was financed by Indian Muslims—through Mr. Yakub Hassan of Madras. It existed to put the Turkish case, as it affected Mohammedan India, before the British public.

In Queen Victoria's Proclamation (on her assumption of the title of 'Empress of India') it was made clear that the loyalty and allegiance of Indians to the British Crown was to be conditional upon the due recognition and observance of the principles of religious neutrality and toleration by the British Government and upon its respecting the religious obligations of the Indian peoples. The text of the Turkish Treaty was a deliberate violation of this observance, a violent departure from the principles laid down in 1858.

Again and again, from 1799 until 1918, Great Britain admitted the Khalifa to be the acknowledged head of the Muslim faith, and the conditions laid down by Islamic law for the Khilafate are not Koreish descent (descent from the Prophet); but only (1) absolute and unequivocal indepen-

dence (which the Sherif of Mecca has never, and under the then circumstances, could never hope to enjoy), and (2) the possession of adequate temporal power. These both the Turkish Treaty would take from the Khalifa: thus the Turkish treaty destroyed not only the Ottoman Empire and the Khilafate, but also the only condition which kept the Indian Muslims loyal to the British Throne and obliged their allegiance.

The eighty million Indian Mohammedans are, of necessity, the most solidly pro-British section of India—with a majority of 260 non-Mussulmans always round about them, they know that only the power of the British raj saves them from continual attacks by their fellow-countrymen. But however anxious for their own security, they are Muslims first and Indians afterwards, and their loyalty to the Khilafate set them solidly against the Allied policy in the years 1918–1924, and the agitation they initiated, in which they were joined by vast numbers of Hindus, Sikhs, and Parsees, and by Mahatma Gandhi himself, will never be completely calmed, for Amritsar sealed the Muslim demands with blood: and as Denshawai was the beginning of the end of British rule in Egypt, so Amritsar marks the beginning of the end of British rule in India. Though it seemed at first sight a purely Muslim concern, this question for the future of Turkey and the Islamic Khilafate, it proved itself a solder which, for the first time in the history of the world, united Muslims and Hindus—albeit temporarily—under the leadership of one Hindu—Mahatma Gandhi—whose ablest lieutenants were two Muslims—Shaukat and Muhammed Ali, the famous ‘Ali brothers.’

Mr. Lloyd George’s speech of January 5, 1918, which declared: “Nor are we fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race,” though falling short of the wishes of the Muslim communities, was regarded by the whole of Islam as a solemn and sacred pledge which enabled the Allies to secure the whole-hearted and loyal support of the Mohammedan members of the British Empire in every part of the globe, and served to still

the suspicions which sundry manifestations of British policy—such as the conduct of the Arabian revolt—had roused amongst the Muslim peoples.

The armistice with Turkey had been signed on the basis of President Wilson's twelfth point, which was as follows : ' That the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured of secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities now under Turkish rule should be assured security of life and autonomous development.' These declarations were both palpably violated and betrayed by the Turkish Treaty, which aimed at the utter dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire and the destruction of the Khilafate. By it the ' rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace ' were consigned to Greece, a non-combatant throughout the war, whose only function was to be inheritor of Russia's abandoned claims. The Holy Shrines of Mesopotamia—the whole ' Island of Arabia ' which the British Government swore should never pass out of Muslim control—were placed under Christian mandates, and Constantinople itself was made an international city controlled by the League of Nations after the model of Dantzig, with the Straits also internationalized.

America, France, and Italy all opposed the Turkish Treaty, but Mr. Lloyd George added the whole of Thrace to the new Greek Empire. He did this in despite of the principle of self-determination which he and the Allies had preached and promised at Versailles—for in Thrace 62½ per cent of the population was Turkish and Muslim. Adrianople, the second city of Turkey, and Smyrna, the second port of the Turkish Empire, were handed to Greece without a by-your-leave, for the Allied Powers refused to take a plebiscite.

On January 1, 1919, the Muslims of India presented a memorial to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, signed by the Aga Khan, Ameer Ali, Sheykh Hosein Kidwai of Gadia, Marmaduke, and several others, pointing out that Turkey had been conquered largely by the efforts of Indian troops, who had been assured that at the peace treaty the independence of Turkey, and the temporal power

of the Khalifate would be guaranteed by the victorious Allies.

On January 10 Marmaduke wrote to Herbert :

‘ 14 ST. JAMES’S GREEN,
‘ SOUTHWOLD.

‘ *Jan. 10th 1919.*

‘ DEAR HERBERT,

‘ I was greatly shocked to-day when I opened my *Daily Telegraph* to see that England threatens to destroy the Dardanelles forts if Fakhri Pasha and the Turkish garrison of El Medinah do not at once evacuate that city in favour of the forces of the King of the Hejjâz. I suppose that it was stipulated in the Armistice with Turkey that Turkish forces should evacuate Arabia.

‘ But the Holy Places constitute a separate question, dependent on the question of the Khalifate which concerns all Muslims, and Muslims only. It is the feeling among Muslims that they should not be entrusted unconditionally to the keeping of a nationalist Arab Kingdom, whose representative the other day declared : “ I am an Arab first, a Muslim afterwards.” It is as if he had said : “ I am a savage first, a civilized person afterwards ” ; for the Arabs have no claim to human gratitude, or even consideration, without Muhammed.

‘ Surely it would be an advantage to our rulers if they would but see it, to leave the Turkish garrison in Medinah till the peace settlement, to keep the question of the Holy Places open so that it may be settled satisfactorily to Muslims by some scheme of Muslim internationalization of those places and the way to them, making them politically independent of any single Muslim Power, while religiously dependent on the Khalif and some reconstructed Council of the Ulema. But Muslims, it would seem, are not to be allowed a say in a matter of such vast importance to them, which really concerns Christians not at all.

‘ I write to you to relieve my mind and in the faint hope that you may be able to do something. It is horrible to me

to see England, with all the power in her hands, apparently incapable of generosity.

‘ I was demobilized a fortnight ago, having done my six months’ hard labour—with success, I think. At any rate, I have had kind remarks from officers and N.C.O.s and men. I was a lance-corporal after three months’ service, and should have been a sergeant but for the Armistice. I had been sergeant for some weeks when the order came for my demobilization.’

In April 1917 the massacre of Amritsar had moved all India profoundly : in December of the same year the All-India Muslim League met again at Amritsar, attended by twenty thousand Hindus and Muslims and presided over by Shaukat Ali, who, with his brother, the head of the Indian Khalifate Delegation, had been released only three days before this meeting.¹ This Conference resolved to send, with the consent and assistance of the Viceroy and his Government, an Indian Khalifate Delegation to Europe and America to express the intensity and volume of Muslim and Indian sentiment on the subject of the Khalifate to the Allies and to appear before the Peace Conference as the representatives of the Indian Empire. The Delegation, which arrived in London in June 1919, brought with them a message from Mahatma Gandhi, which is as follows :

‘ The policy of the British Government has been definitely stated to be that of making India an equal partner. Recent events have awakened India to a sense of her dignity. In these circumstances the British Empire, as one consisting of free nationalities, can only hold together if the just and fair demands of each component part of the Empire, in regard to matters which are of concern to a large section of its people, are adequately satisfied. It is therefore urged that the British Ministers are bound not merely to press the

¹ When Mr. Montagu visited India in 1917 he received more than a hundred thousand telegrams a day urging the release of the Ali brothers, and on the day they were set free, such crowds had assembled to greet them in Delhi, Lahore, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Karachi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Amritsar, Meerut, Aligarh and Dacca, to mention only a few places, that the oldest of living Indians cannot remember ever having seen the like.

Muslim, or rather the Indian, claim before the Supreme Council, but to make it their own. If, however, for any reason whatsoever, they fail to do so, and the Supreme Council also fails to perform its elementary duty of giving effect to the declarations that brought about an Armistice, it is futile to expect peace in India ; and the Khalifate Conference will fail in its duty if it hesitates to warn His Majesty's Ministers that an affront put upon the seven crores of Muslims in India, supported by the twenty-three crores of Hindus and others, will be incompatible with an expectation of blind loyalty. Beyond that it is impossible for the Conference to foresee the results.'

Gandhi had written to the Ali brothers when they were in prison and had studied their views and activities about the Khalifate. 'I had a discussion,' he writes in his own autobiographical *Life*, 'with my Muslim friends and felt that if I would become a true friend of the Muslims I must render all help possible in securing the release of the brothers and a just settlement of the Khalifate question. I found that the Muslim demand about the Khalifate was not only just, but that the British Prime Minister himself had admitted the justice of the Muslim demand. I felt bound to render what help I could in securing a due fulfilment of the Prime Minister's pledge. Friends and other critics have criticized my attitude regarding the Khalifate. In spite of their criticisms I have found no reason to revise it or to regret my co-operation with the Muslims. I should adopt the same attitude should a similar occasion arise.'

With the arrival of the members of the All-India Muslim League in England, Marmaduke began to realize the tremendous solidarity of Indian Muslim feeling. He knew that in 1912 the Indian Red Crescent Society had collected more money than had ever been subscribed in India for any purpose, to alleviate the miseries of the victimized Turkish refugees and wounded, but now the loyalty of India towards the Khalifa was being demonstrated daily in ever-increasingly remarkable ways. The Indian soldiers who were now

returned from the war, the civilian population of India which had given of its best as a contribution to the victory of the Allies, the princes who had placed their resources at the disposal of their sovereign, all were aghast at the proposals of the Turkish Treaty, which, if carried into effect, would involve, they all unhesitatingly declared, a breach of faith, and would create a situation of the utmost anxiety.

He tried to explain his new activities to Herbert, not always with success. He wrote rather sadly to him on July 1 :

‘ THE POND HOUSE,
‘ BLACKBOYS,
‘ SUSSEX.

‘ *July 1st, 1919.*

‘ MY DEAR HERBERT,

‘ I always have the feeling when I leave you after a five minutes’ interview that I have left you with a most unfavourable impression of my views, activities, and general character. But on this occasion I have, on my side, the impression that you have not the least idea of the intensity of Muslim feeling on the Turkish question, and, if you have no idea of it, what must be the ignorance of Ll. George ? I am a Muslim—fairly in it, as I told you—and I believe our Eastern Empire is not worth ten years’ purchase if the Turkish Empire is divided up as Ll. George seems to wish. We have hammered Asia nearly solid in dislike of us. Our Empire is in a most unhappy state. Nobody in Europe ever really loved us, save and except the Turks ; but in Asia we could till very lately command a good deal of devoted loyalty. Now that is changed to horror and disgust, fast crystallizing into bitter and enduring hatred. The Muslims are only asking us to be ourselves, and not the ghost of Tsarist Russia. They are more faithful than we are to the ideals which stood for England in the East till 13 years ago. And I have been hoping against hope that England would recover sanity—I have been expressing confidence to Orientals that she would eventually—trying to keep back

the general rising which I know is imminent, and which can only be averted by a change of British policy, a return to sound tradition. When I left your house on Friday morning I felt so disheartened—thinking of you, as I always do, as the best friend of Islâm in Parliament—that I felt inclined to tell the Muslims in my Friday sermon that I had lost all hope of England doing right. I did not do so, needless to say ; but I was sorely tempted, knowing what the consequences might be, just to let things rip. They are not taking it, as you do, as a question of political expediency. In India, and in Egypt also, they are prepared to give up everything and fight—unarmed. How are you going to put down an insurrection of that kind without atrocities as bad as ever happened in the Turkish Empire ? And what is the League of Nations going to say about it, when the Indians and Egyptians ask to be set free from England and placed under international control ?

‘ When we parted you asked me not to tell anyone what you had told me, and you seemed to imply that something you had told me during the war had been let out—by me, presumably. I am quite unconscious of guilt in such a matter, and am sorry to think I may have done such a thing inadvertently. But in my peculiar position I do hear a lot of things from the Muslim side, and on past occasions you have told me things I knew already.

‘ Yours always sincerely,

‘ MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

‘ PS. The “secrecy” of British Government intrigues is comparable to the ostrich hiding its head in the sand.’

He was very much occupied with the Delegation after it arrived, and very alarmed by their report of the state of India. His fear of Bolshevism was acute, and he realized, as few people did, how grave was the danger of India and Afghanistan turning Communist. Islam being a complete system of society as well as a religious belief, it must, he knew, possess an independent State for its development on modern lines. The threat to Turkey was not only the threat

to extinguish the last of the great Muslim Powers, but also the denial of all Muslim hopes of progress under the ægis of the Allies and of the British Empire. If England and the Allies would not, there was Russia waiting to provide all that Europe denied. Had Lenin had Marx's vision, there is no question that Afghanistan would have gone Communist in 1920. Large numbers of Indian Muslims were already migrating, and larger numbers still were prepared to migrate into exile rather than remain in India under the 'Satanic' Government, as Gandhi called English rule.

Jihad (religious opposition), or *Hijrat*, migration to a place where they could enjoy freedom of faith and conscience, were the only alternatives left to Indian Muslims after the Prime Minister's treatment of the Khalifate Delegation and his answer to them. Thirteen hundred had already gone before the end of 1919, and early in 1920 twenty-five thousand Muslims from the Province of Sind intimated to the Governor of Bombay their intention of leaving the country and asked with what formalities they had to comply. For in spite of the fact that the Secretary of State for India sympathetically acknowledged in the House of Commons that the great victories in Asia which brought about the collapse of the Central Powers were achieved by the valour of Indians, including the best of Muslim soldiers, the Khalifate Delegation had met only with negative answers from 10 Downing Street, where Mr. Lloyd George refused their request that an international commission with adequate Muslim and Indian representation should take a plebiscite in Turkey and prepare a report.

The Greek landing in Syria, and their ghastly behaviour in Smyrna, drove Mohammedan Asia almost to exasperation. Although the Turkish Chief of Staff had insisted on all Turkish troops being confined to barracks, in order that there might be no question of any resistance being offered to the invading Greeks (orders which were strictly obeyed, whilst the Allied fleet, with permission from the League of Nations, stood calmly by in the bay), the Greeks broke in where the Turkish soldiers were confined and shot down all who would not shout: 'Zeto Venizelos.'

Marmaduke, reporting the story in the *New Age*, for which he still wrote weekly, described how the Turkish Governor was insulted, his wife wounded. The Turkish Chief of Staff was bayoneted in the face and thrown into a Greek cattle ship, amongst the animals ; the senior doctor of the Turkish Army was murdered and his body mutilated, the fingers of Turkish men and women who wore rings were cut off wholesale, and this was an absolutely peaceful occupation in the interests of law and order. Despite the League of Nations, nowhere did the Turks show fight. They had not been at war with the Greeks and were in no condition to commence hostilities. Three hundred and twenty-five thousand Muslims fled from the pillaging of the villages which followed.

At the time of the occupation the Muslim population was more than 80 per cent greater than the Greek, but after the occupation the Greeks made a determined effort to change the balance of these figures by bringing in immigrants from Eastern Thrace, and the Russian coast, and from the Mediterranean islands, to the tune of forty or fifty thousand.

The inter-Allied mission of inquiry which visited the peninsula of Samali-dagh, in the wake of the Greek Army of Occupation, reported to the International Red Cross at Geneva 'that the mission arrived at the conclusion that elements of the Greek Army of Occupation pursued for two months the extermination of the Muslim population of the Peninsula.' The facts ascertained—the burning of villages, massacres, terror of the inhabitants—leave no room for doubt. Naril, Orhan-gazi, Derekany, Kargalivivan, Yalava, are only a few of the villages where the population was massacred, the houses destroyed by artillery-fire, and where the incessant attack of the forces of occupation prevented even the burial of the dead. Seventy villages were reduced to ashes with Allied approval.

Yet, in spite of this terrorism, it was not India that was to save Turkey, but Turkey herself : Marmaduke's faith in her was to be justified, and that very shortly. It has taken Germany more than twenty years to loose the shackles of Versailles ; it took Mustapha Kemal Pasha a short three

years to free his country from the Greek pest and the treaty which created and countenanced it. In 1919 he declared himself Inspector-General of the Turkish Nationalist Army. In 1920 the First National Assembly met in Angora, and the reconquest of Turkey by the Turks was begun.

In 1922 Mustapha Kemal defeated the Greeks and reoccupied Smyrna, and the Sultan was forced to abdicate, whilst Abdul Majid II was made Khalif. Yet still the Allies, who had refused the legal and pacific demands of the Khilafate Delegation, contested the political and economic autonomy of Turkey, even after it became a fact. The diplomacy which accepted the negroes of Haiti refused to receive the ambassador of the Emir of Afghanistan or of Mustapha Kemal, treating them as inferior creatures.

Meanwhile, the Khilafate Delegation succeeded in collecting a very respectable list of signatures for their memorial to the Prime Minister of November 12, 1919. In addition to the Aga Khan, and the other Indian dignitaries named before, such respectable British citizens as Lord Abingdon, Lord Ampthill, Admiral Fremantle, Lord Edward Gleichen, Sir Theodore Morison, General Conyer Surtees, Lord Lamington, Sir Graham Bower, and others, signed a strong appeal to Mr. Lloyd George.

By the end of 1919 Marmaduke was trying to get out of the Islamic Information Bureau. He appealed to Herbert to help him. 'With regard to the Bureau, of which I am unworthy secretary, I hope you did not think me insensible to your kind thought of getting me out of it. I would get out of it like a shot if I could see my way to do so without damaging the show. But I do not, at present. The work is exceedingly distasteful to me, and the atmosphere more so. And, after all, it does promise me some pecuniary support, although there has as yet been no performance of the promise. As I insist upon performance, and shall do so vehemently—needs must when the devil drives—it is quite possible that I may be "self-ejecting" before very long, the more so that I have made myself objectionable all round by insisting on certain little matters which appeal to Englishmen rather than to Orientals.

. 'Thinking over our conversation afterwards, there was one thing which I should have said : Any curtailment of Turkish territory in Europe will be disastrous from our point of view, since it will accelerate the pan-Asiatic movement that I spoke of. If we turn the Turks out of Europe, with the cry of : " Europe for the Europeans "—as we have been doing with all kinds of horrors for a century—we must expect the cry of : " Asia for the Asiatics." A yard of territory on the soil of Europe is worth a mile of territory in Russian Asia to the feelings of the Asiatics at this moment.

' A few days ago I heard from Valyi, who wants to get permission to come to London and publish his Review here. A Mr. Haldane Porter (so he says) has absolute power over his destiny in this respect. Do you know the gentleman and, if so, could you speak a word for my poor friend, at least to the extent of saying that he is not an undesirable alien in the opinion of some intelligent folk ? I wish he could come here, as his Review would help me to earn a livelihood.'

Marmaduke wrote again to Herbert about an Armenian film which, as propaganda, showed an Armenian girl being crucified by the Turks, her hair permanently waved, not a curl out of order. He begged him to stop this ' disgusting and obscene performance,' and Herbert was successful in having the film withdrawn from public circulation.

On 2 December 1919 Marmaduke severed his connection with the Islamic Information Bureau, but quite amicably, for Mr. Yakub Hassan wrote : ' The Indian Muslim community is grateful to you for your disinterested and devoted work.' In spite of his political work, Marmaduke had found time to write a light satiric novel about the perfect Englishman—*Sir Limpidus*, which was published in 1919. Sir Limpidus, even as a small boy, had his doubts about ' the social status of the Holy Family ' ; he himself ' being recognized at once as the right sort,' and consequently a success at Harrow. When he got to Cambridge he fared even better. ' He did not compete, yet he attained pre-eminence. Competition was so foreign to his scheme of life that he spoke of

it with mild approval as a good incentive to the herd. He put himself in the hands of the best tailor and for the rest relied upon his native instinct.' He is an upper-class version of Mr. Belloc's Charles Augustus Fortescue ('the nicest boy I ever knew') and bears out all that Emerson has to say of the British aristocracy. 'They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitions which disgust, and the power to command, amongst their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings.'

Sir Limpidus' unerring sense of the inevitable rightness of things brings him, with the help of a good secretary and one or two juniors as 'ghosts,' by way of the Foreign Office, to the Cabinet. He is brilliantly seen, this man, who did not often go to his country house 'from reluctance to disturb his children, whose abode it was,' and who was horrified when his daughter 'spoke of men as you or I would talk of women.' *Sir Limpidus* is far removed from the deeps of *Knights of Araby*, but in its own way it is good, a pleasant Moselle after a fine Burgundy.

At the Pond House, Marmaduke also completed *The Early Hours*, the Turkish novel he had lived in 1909. He wrote to me one morning in August 1920: 'The Turkish book which has been worrying me for ever so long had to be finished, so I made up my mind that I would finish it or perish in the attempt. I finished it at 4.30 this morning after three days' pretty solid work, and as the dawn was coming up I went out and washed myself and said my prayers, and after that went out and looked for mushrooms in the field, but could not find any, before going to bed.' He put together, too, a collection of short stories, some old, some new, which he called *As Others See Us*, published by Collins in 1922. His imaginative work shows, curiously, little of the strain of his political anxiety. He contrived once more to keep his living and his thinking separate, with great benefit to both. He must have been quite terribly hard up, even during these years at the Pond House, but none of his friends ever guessed it, such was his serene cheerfulness and his genius for friendship and hospitality.

He minded, more than he ever showed, living amongst cranks and second-raters. It was the price he paid in Europe for becoming a Muslim and defending an enemy. The supreme penalty of courage is loneliness : and Marmaduke, in spite of the companionship he found in Islam, was, in Europe, very much alone. Muriel was always near him, but no woman, however intimate and however perfect, can satisfy the gregarious instinct in man. She is, indeed, another barrier : for mating is itself a separating, a withdrawal from the herd. And God, like woman, takes man away from his fellow-men ; Sinai and Tabor are the loneliest and emptiest of all mountains.

During the war years Marmaduke suffered severely from spiritual frost-bite, from the cold and void of the high spaces he had to explore and to inhabit alone. Joining up : the army : Private Pickthall : scrubbing latrines and washing dishes : here were the best and most blessed healing and relief. To be a number again, just a chap, not a pioneer, no longer queer, marked, singled out, whispered about : merely an ordinary fellow, was delight : pipes united, though the absence of beer brought the distinction back (yet even this won him Methodist and Plymouth Brotherhood sympathy and the approval of all who, drunk or sober, had taken the pledge). The army saved him physically—from under-nourishment and overwork, and mentally from incipient persecution mania and from the effects of having to deal mainly with oddities and cranks.

Writing is a desperately single-minded activity, and to add to writing so many other outcasting qualifications : the profession of Islam, of pro-Turkishness, and the refusal to volunteer, had been to court madness or, at best, eccentricity. Yet Marmaduke never became eccentric, was never a crank : close-cropped his hair, excellent his tailor, correct his footwear : Harrow haloed him in the eyes of the British ruling class, and even to men like Lord Lloyd he was, though sometimes an enemy, yet always a man—indeed a gentleman : never wholly an insect or an idiot.

Although he was glad to leave the Islamic Information Bureau, he remained friends with Khwaja Kamal ud din to

the end, and when he died wrote that here was a writer whose death had left a gap not easily to be refilled.

Marmaduke continued his frequent and affectionate correspondence with Herbert. The following are two of the most interesting of his letters :

‘ *Private.*

‘ THE POND HOUSE,
‘ BLACKBOYS,
‘ SUSSEX.

‘ *Jan. 17th 1920.*

‘ MY DEAR HERBERT,

‘ I see in this morning’s paper that the Turkish question is temporarily shelved again on account of the Red peril. God has maddened them. Can they not see that the only way to avert the Red peril is to solve the Turkish question instantly in a manner to satisfy Asiatics. For one Muslim who desires the triumph of the Bolsheviks, there are a million who would be against them if they could feel once assured that the Turkish Empire and the Khalifate were safe and protected by England. It is not love of the Bolsheviks, but hatred and distrust of England (fast becoming general) which constitutes the real danger.

‘ The French have dished us by their public declarations on behalf of the Khalifate and Turkish independence. I am sure that these are not disinterested, but in the present state of feeling they are welcomed by the Muslims with blind gratitude and, if not belied by subsequent events, have won a lasting influence for the French Government.

‘ We ought to lead, and lead at once, in generosity towards the Turkish Empire.

‘ It is not too late, I think and hope, but it soon will be.

‘ Yours ever,

‘ MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.’

‘ *Private.*

‘ THE POND HOUSE,
‘ BLACKBOYS,
‘ SUSSEX.

‘ *Feb. 20 1920.*

‘ MY DEAR HERBERT,

‘ I see in to-day’s paper that Greece is to have Gallipoli, also the Sanjak of Smyrna, and part of two other Sanjaks in the vilayet of Aïdin. If the B. Govt. had any regard at all for Muslim feeling it would have broken the teeth of Venizelos for demanding such a thing, especially after the Inter-Allied Commission’s Report upon events in Smyrna. I am very much ashamed, as well as angry. Ashamed as an Englishman ; angry as a Muslim. If they want a jihâd against England they are going the right way to have it.

‘ Of course we are all at cross-purposes, that is evident. The East is thinking of the Turkish Empire as established by the treaty of Berlin, and the West is thinking of the little that was left unconquered in the present war. If you will think back to the Berlin treaty—a treaty made by England—you will see that quite enough territory has been taken away from Turkey by the Christian Powers and quite enough Muslims have been massacred and driven out with our connivance (due to fear of Russia) to justify most bitter feelings in the East. You know too as well as I do that the Turks have not had anything like fair play. Injustice of so colossal a kind cannot go on indefinitely. And we have now come to the breaking-point between Islâm and England. If England cannot or will not at this juncture resist the pressure put upon her by the Christian fanatics, there is no longer such a thing as a British Empire except in the geographical sense. We Muslims have no longer any part in England. That feeling is almost universal among Muslims, and it extends far beyond the boundaries of Islâm in Asia and North Africa.

‘ If a malignant madman with a “ down ” on England had been put in charge of our “ Mohammedan ” propaganda

during the war, it could not have been more nicely calculated to offend the East. I imagine it the work of the Tsar's Oriental experts working on some English doctrinaire—those same Oriental experts who are now exploiting the ill-effects of that propaganda in order to raise a jihâd against England.

'I have been very carefully over the Armenian propaganda. It is false in its main lines, and utterly misleading in its details. The Hejjâz propaganda was equally ill-grounded and unwise. Both were due to Russian policy in the first instance. They have been adopted by the "Christians" of this country so loudly that they have acquired for Muslims the look of fanatical attacks upon Islâm. The Greek propaganda has the same look, and is in nature a fanatical attack and nothing else. If the Government of the British Empire is the mouth-piece of the "Christian" mob in London, you cannot blame the Muslims if they look elsewhere for some protector.

'On the other hand if the Imperial Government would but play the Imperial Government at this juncture, and sternly and publicly rebuke the enemies of Turkey; if in principle it would proclaim a fixed intention to protect the Turkish Empire and secure it the fair chance which it has never had in modern times, then you would see a wonderful transformation. The imminent jihâd would be averted, the Armenian question and all other cognate questions would be solved, for they are all contingent on the breaking-up of Turkey, and our own Eastern troubles would at once disappear. The mass of opinion in India and in Egypt has been driven to the ultra-nationalist standpoint solely by the Turkish question. If that were solved to satisfy the Muslims, it would fall away again. And you could recognize the independence of Egypt, the right of India to complete autonomy (in principle) without weakening the Empire in the least. You could be the friend and adviser to a friendly people with infinitely better effect than you can be the tyrant of a bitterly offended people.

'What I want to see is feux de joie and rejoicings on account of England's action from Adrianople to Calcutta

and from Cairo to Samarcand. I am certain it is the last chance that Providence will give to England. Can't the big thing anyhow be done? You know how reconcilable my people are, how generously they respond to generosity. Isn't there anyone in England Christian enough to do what Christ—the Oriental—would undoubtedly have done?

'I wish you were less modest, for you have the knowledge and the mind and, what is infinitely more, the sense of honour which is needed, and you are our brother, though you are not of our way of thinking.'

In 1920 Herbert stayed with him at the Pond House and got a job in the Indian Police Service for a young Indian member of Marmaduke's iktida—congregation—at Woking. Marmaduke was now in correspondence with Rifaat again, and lunching with Lady Cromer.

Meanwhile, in India the Khilafate agitation continued to increase. The first Khilafate Day was observed at Lucknow in October 1919 as a day of mourning: all business was suspended and the people fasted and prayed. Two months later, in January 1920, when the Government organized a peace celebration, Hindus and Mussulmans alike recognized that for them there could be no peace celebration since for them no peace was yet in sight, with the result that the programmes previously published had to be cut short on account of the abstention of the public: even beggars refused alms and gifts of clothing.

On March 19, 1920, the second Khilafate Day, a hartal, or general strike, was observed by the whole of India. Business was entirely suspended throughout the whole country. 'Men, women, and children went into mourning, and more than a million telegrams reached the Viceroy,' Marmaduke reported to the *New Age*. The Central Khilafate Committee in India had been very impressed by Marmaduke's efforts on behalf of the Khilafate Delegation in London, and he was invited by the management of the *Bombay Chronicle*, whose spokesman was a Mr. Omar Sobhani, to assume the editorship of that paper, which had become vacant on the deportation of the Radical pro-Turk editor

Benjamin Guy Horniman. The appointment was for three years. In the absence of an editor, Dr. Syud Hossain was carrying on, seconded by Mr. Brelvi, then assistant, now the present editor.

The *Bombay Chronicle* was, and is, an Indian journal, not specifically Muslim; but all India—Hindu, Parsee, and Muslim—was united in its indignation on the subject of the treatment meted out by the Allies to the Turks. Marmaduke was offered a good salary and as free a hand as the arbitrary Press laws in India permitted, to explain the Turkish problem and to co-operate with the Ali brothers and with Mahatma Gandhi and the Khilafate Congress. He hesitated a good deal before making up his mind to accept: it was not really his idea of congenial work, but needs must when the devil drives, and with his war-record and Sykes's antagonism against him, he knew he could not get any sort of job in England for some years at least. He finally came to the decision to accept the editorship only on the condition of a six-months' trial and after he had made it clear that, should Horniman be allowed to return, he would at once resign. When Horniman did later return he paid public tribute to this 'noble conduct.' Marmaduke wrote to Herbert, explaining his step:

' THE POND HOUSE,

' BLACKBOYS,

' SUSSEX.

' July 27th 1920.

' MY DEAR HERBERT,

' This is to tell you (what I fear will shock you very much) that I have accepted the editorship of the *Bombay Chronicle*, an Indian Nationalist newspaper. If you want to know the primal reason for my taking such a step, it is simply economic pressure. I cannot afford to live in England, and the offer of a salary of 1400 rupees a month came to me as a positive godsend at a moment almost of despair. I hope that I may do some good, however, and certainly should not have closed with the offer unless I had

thought that possible. I have insisted on a six months' probation, after which they are to pay my passage home if I desire it. By that time I shall know if they are going straight or not, and shall decide accordingly.

'It will quite possibly end in my cursing the whole crowd and throwing back their money in their teeth as I have done before. I have not the money sense, any more than the diplomatic. If you can say a word for me anywhere, please do. I am afraid of being boycotted by English people, which means a one-sided view and therefore a false judgment. Knowing nothing at all of India, I want to rake in information from all quarters, particularly at first.

'Forgive me if you can for going so far from the direction you would choose for me. But believe that I still preserve the straight path of Islam and mean to keep it.'

Herbert, as usual, did all he could, and on 26 August Marmaduke wrote to me :

'THE POND HOUSE,

'BLACKBOYS.

'August 26th 1920.

'MY DEAREST AMIE

'Forgive my very long delay in answering your last letter. I have been extraordinarily busy—you will say I always am, but this time it has really been beyond the ordinary. A fortnight ago my old friend, Col. Aubrey Herbert, with whom I spent a day, said that as I had such difficulty in getting a passage to Bombay, he would say a word for me to Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, who was rather friendly, he considered, to my point of view. I had forgotten all about it and was weeding in my garden when, this day week, I got a telegram from the India Office saying that there would be room for us on the *Morea* which sails from Tilbury on September 3rd. That was a week sooner than I wished to start, but when I came to think it over, I perceived that by starting from London on September 10th we could catch the steamer at Marseilles ; and that is what we mean to do. In consequence of this,

we are half mad with packing—at least Muriel is, and I with writing letters. I finished polishing my Turkish book to-day, and sent it to the publishers, though I don't suppose they'll bring it out until the spring. It was entirely written at the Pond House. It is pretty good, I think; I could have made it splendid with another six months' work. After much reflection I have called it *The Early Hours* and given it for motto or text the words you know from the Coran which I think of as spoken to the suffering Turks.

'I think your school sounds rather fun, but I can quite appreciate your feelings of impatience with the daily round, and longing to be riding through the desert on an Arab steed, or drawing a long bow at Bannockburn! I had the self-same feelings at your age. But now, having had adventures of a kind I should prefer to sit and gossip with old codgers in the ingle nook. Instead of that I am going to manage a great newspaper (without the most remote of notions how to do it) and to throw myself into a vortex of excitement which seems whirling on towards war.

'I accept the offer or suggestion which you made in your last letter. I will endeavour to translate for you the whole Coran (which is a great deal longer than you think, though not in bulk; Arabic being a shorthand in which vowels are left out) and you, on your hand, will provide me with a history and complete topography of Banff. But don't forget to write me friendly letters all the same, or I will haunt you—bogey-bogey! with my hands up to me ears—at night.'

They sailed early in September and from the S.S. *Morea* approaching Port Said Marmaduke wrote to me:

'MY DEAREST AMIE,

'On Thursday last at 4.45 we said good-bye to your mother on the platform at Victoria, and she presented me with something you had written, which struck me as very good if you originated it, and very well chosen if you copied it out. Of course England was looking its best just to make us the more reluctant to leave it. The Dover cliffs and castle were magnificent in the dusk as our steamer left them

behind. The journey was quite comfortable up to Paris ; but down from Paris to Marseilles it was quite the opposite, though the lovely country atoned a little for the smuts and heat which filled the corridor and the compartments. The Rhone Valley from Valence down to Avignon, with all its cliffs and queer outstanding rocks, with little shrines and castles perched upon them, is the land of the troubadours and Petrarch, and it *looks* it to this day. We saw it turn from blue to purple and to amethyst as the sun went down behind the Alpilles (little Alps) which Tartarin's imagination made so very high. And there was a fat and histrionic Provençal in our compartment just like Tartarin. He declaimed about the heroism of the Midi in the war ; and, to complete the illusion, he got out at Tarascon ! He wished us all good things in our "voyage lointain." It was dark night when we got to Marseilles. The train was full (at least the first-class part) of people for the *Morea* ; but there were two parties among them—one which wished to go on board that night, and one which wished to spend the night in quiet upon terra firma, after twelve hours in a rocking, dirty French train. We were of the latter way of thinking. I found Cook's man upon the platform and asked him to recommend a hotel where there was room. He recommended one which rejoiced in the somewhat garish name of "Splendid Hotel." I put Muriel in the omnibus of that hotel, and walked on ahead myself to secure rooms. I came, I spoke to the manager. There was no room ; all were already booked. It was then ten o'clock at night, no cabs in the street, and no one to carry our baggage to another place. I waited till the omnibus arrived, and then told Muriel to try her hand at fascination of the manager. She had managed to preserve some elegance of appearance by dint of powdering her nose : I looked like a stoker or a coal-heaver, for the train, as I have said, was filthy, and all the washing apparatus on it had gone wrong. Well, her blandishments were so successful that we did at length secure a room, and spent a quiet night, after partaking of a "chocolat complet" on the wash-hand stand. In the morning (Saturday), at eight o'clock, the hotel bus brought

us down to the quay to which this ship was moored, and we embarked. Imagine a big floating beehive full of stranger bees all buzzing loudly at us interlopers, and you will have some idea of our feelings when we got on board. However, our cabin is a large one and quite comfortable, and the weather since we started has been fine, the sea friendly, and the people, though they look ferocious and inhuman in the English way, are probably, many of them, as much afraid of us as we are of them. I learn from the passenger list that we have among us Lord Sinha (the first Indian peer), the Chief Justice of the Punjab, and several Indian knights, but should never have guessed it from our appearance—a most undistinguished-looking crowd. I overheard a conversation on the deck last night between a gentleman and lady sitting close behind me, and was pleased to learn that they were both strong sympathizers with the Turks. To-day, as I was walking on the lower deck, I saw a co-religionist—a certain Hajji Abdul Majîd from Baghdad—on the deck allotted to the second class, and went to him and said: Salâm 'aleykum. We had a long and earnest conversation. He has come from London and is on his way to Baghdad, to act as an interpreter to Sir Percy Cox, who (so he declares) has orders to withdraw the British troops from Mesopotamia. Good news, if true, and likely to help me a good deal in my Indian work. To-morrow, or at latest Wednesday morning, we are due at Port Saïd, where I hope to see Ihsan Bey El Bakri (if he got my letter in time) and hear all the news of Egypt. After that Suez (Arabic Swâs), then Aden, then Bombay. May Allah have you always in His keeping.'

From Aden I got another letter :

' It has been fairly rough but we have, neither of us, been ill. Muriel is bearing the heat much better than I expected, and is keenly interested in the sight of flying fish, like bits of silver paper blown from wave to wave, and of the various strange birds which come on board to rest on their long migratory journeys. My prayer-mat has been changing its direction every night, from S.E. to due E. and now to N.E., as we passed down the Arabian coast. We

cannot have been more than ninety miles from Mecca at the nearest point.

‘ We reached Port Saïd at sunset, and after dinner went on shore for an hour and bought some things we needed, and had a cup of coffee at a real Eastern coffee-tavern in the open street. I bought an Arabic newspaper, to read up all the news of Egypt, and when the people saw that I talked Arabic there was soon a friendly crowd in conversation with us, which crowd escorted us back to the Mina (harbour), where we took a boat back to the ship, which looked extremely fine and huge all lighted up and towering in the middle of the harbour among smaller ships. We left Port Saïd at half-past ten at night, and came to Suez at about half-past two of the following afternoon, having been all that time going slowly through the Canal and its chain of lakes, with sandy desert upon either hand. The sea at Suez was a most wonderful turquoise colour. The desert mountains swam in heat, and on the edge of that wonderful blue sea, all white and shimmering, the old town of Suez, with its domes and minarets, seemed to be knee-deep in the water. There were a few gardens with green trees and hedges of hibiscus with its large red flowers, but the prevailing tones were amber, white, and blue. I saw the trees in the oasis of Ayûn Musa (the wells of Moses), on the road to Sinai, swimming in a haze of heat a long way off. And we felt really warm for the first time for years, and knew that we were in the Red Sea.

‘ This ship is full of strange noises, especially at night, when one lies and listens to them. It goes along quite quietly and smoothly ; and then suddenly one hears a sound of giant steps which draw nearer and nearer, shaking the whole ship, and then die away again. Silence again, and then the same noises are repeated all through the night and all through the day. Then there is another noise which comes occasionally as if hundreds of young blackbirds were screaming loudly to be fed. I asked my steward what was the cause of this strange music, and he said : “ It’s the expansion, sir ” ; which did not help me much. A gentleman on board, who talks to everyone, and is a frightful

bore, assures me that it is because the engines do not work together, but at different times ; but that also is not intelligible to my unmechanical mind.

‘ I have to post this letter in the box on board two hours before we get to Aden if it is to catch the next mail home, and we are to reach Aden some time to-night, I don’t know when exactly. The captain, in my hearing, said that there would be no time for anyone to go ashore. We passed some rocky islands off the south Arabian coast, known as “ The Twelve Apostles,” at 6 o’clock this morning, and I am told that they are about twenty hours from Aden at the rate we are going. So we ought to be there soon. Aden—Eden, the very opposite of what it is, a barren place, but there is really paradise country in the hills behind it at Lahej and Sheykh Athman and Zalûd (see *Knights of Araby*). From Aden to Bombay will take four days and a half, unless we get monsoon, when it will take much longer. I am getting a little tremulous with wondering what kind of fate awaits me there.’

The fullest flowering of his life, the period of his greatest activity, lay now before him ; India was to give him all Arabia promised. Indeed, in his case, the years before twenty and after forty were the happiest : in spite of literary success and fame, in spite of the fact that without exception all his published novels were written before he was forty-five, the most fruitful part of his life was to be between forty-five and sixty, and spent in India and for India. Syria, Egypt, Turkey, he had known and loved and served them all, and his first love and loyalty were always to these. But, though he never cared for India as he cared for the Near East, for the Indian mind was alien to him as the Greek, yet his best service was given to India and India most fully rewarded that service.

His next letter to me was from Bombay.

CHAPTER TEN



MARMADUKE landed in Bombay early in September 1920. His first letter to me is dated September 15 and is written from the Taj Mahal Hotel, Apollo Bunder, a week after his arrival. In it he tells me only of the heat and of the big ugly city. He received a rousing welcome from the members of the Bombay Khilafate Committee and from Bombay Muslims, but when he got to his newspaper office he found the whole staff 'on leave,' i.e. on strike. With the help of a loyal news-editor and of the printers, he was able to carry on, but it was a severe strain on a man who had never edited anything but religious weeklies and monthlies, with circulations amounting at most to a few hundreds.

He had only accepted the editorship on condition that he was given a six-months' trial; the paper was to pay his fare back to England if he did not like it, or if Horniman were allowed to return, and during those six months he almost daily vowed to leave when his trial was over. For he knew he could only make good 'if, and it is a big if, I can keep my temper with the people I am working with,' as he wrote to Lady Valda Machell. 'I can generally manage to keep it with the enemy but intrigues and jealousies when one is working hard are very irritating. . . .' The paper, as he complained in a letter to Dr. Granville, had been 'let down in every way: the staff was hostile and the hardest thing was to get rid of a nasty trick that the paper had acquired of indulging in petty vulgar personalities.'

After six months he was able to write: 'We are now working together amicably and the circulation has gone up to nearly double what it was when I took over. I have now put all the staff upon their dignity, making them realize that the "national" paper must not stoop to littleness of

any kind, must even compliment a decent adversary every now and then.'

His position as editor gave him, he wrote, 'a sort of advisership to Indian nationalism,' and from the first he found the utmost difficulty in carrying out his principal aim, which was 'to keep the Khilafate agitation within the bounds of strict legality.' Before ever he left London he had written to Lady Valda to beg her to speak a word to Sir George (now Lord) Lloyd, the then Governor of Bombay. He did not expect Lloyd to be friendly, only wished him to realize he might easily have got someone 'worse than I am though less outspoken, as adviser to the opposition.' Reconciliation, he was afraid, 'is impossible just now, but I should like to talk on friendly terms with people in authority as well as nationalists in order to get my bearings properly. In purely Indian matters, I have everything to learn.' Lloyd's answer was very chilly. In reply to Lady Valda he typed a note to say that the '*Bombay Chronicle* was a vile rag'—hardly the reply courteous.

Marmaduke, though a Muslim, insisted throughout his editorship on working with Mahatma Gandhi. He followed closely the plan of action first evolved by Gandhi during his early days in Natal, of 'satyagraha' or 'non-co-operation.' In those South African days Gandhi had realized that to resist brutality actively was not only useless, but degrading to himself and to the people he wished to raise, to descend in fact to the level of the brute. The only purpose in Gandhi's mind was to secure for all Asiatic subjects of the British Empire equal status with its white citizens. For in 1920 Gandhi was still an imperialist: that is to say, both he and Marmaduke always thought of India and of Indians as within the British Empire. But how could Muslims be in favour of non-violence?

Gandhi himself, 'whilst the powerful Khilafate agitation set up by the Ali brothers was in full progress,' tells how he had discussions as to the extent 'to which Mussulmans need observe the rule of non-violence, and all agreed Islam did not forbid non-violence as a policy and the non-co-operation resolution was moved in the Khilafate Conference and

carried after long deliberations.' At Allahabad the committee sat all night and the All-India Congress had a special session of the Congress in September 1920, at Calcutta, under the presidency of Lala Lajpat Rai, just after Marmaduke's arrival in India, to deliberate on non-co-operation, 'now accepted,' Gandhi wrote, 'by all Muslims.' Special trains ran from Calcutta to Bombay.

Gandhi had asked the same question before he accepted the leadership of the Khilafate movement, and many who think of Islam as a militant faith have asked it since. Actually Islam is so far from sanctioning aggression that Muslims are only allowed to fight in self-defence. The Sacred Law debars them from using certain methods of agitation 'which have become common weapons of all malcontents in Christian lands and which embitter everything and are in fact dishonourable,' as Marmaduke wrote.

'It is contendable,' he went on to explain, 'and it is contended, that such methods may be used by Muslims in retaliation after an opponent has already used them, but as return by the Sacred Law is limited to the exact amount of force employed by the aggressor and to the actual person or persons who employ it in the first place, I think it can be said that such methods are illegal except after an actual declaration of war between sovereign States, and then only against actual combatants.' The error with regard to the common view regarding Islam arises from misapprehension of the meaning of the word 'Jihâd,' a word which in the hands of the C.I.D. reporters has caused much groundless fear to the British in India.

In English 'Jihâd' is commonly translated 'holy warfare,' with a meaning like crusade. It properly denotes the whole effort, individual and collective, of the true believer against evil, beginning with the conquest of a man's own passions and ending possibly, but not necessarily, in persecution and exile or upon the battlefield. Every prophet made Jihâd in his own way. That of Moses took the form of emigration to escape from evil. That of Jesus was of a non-violent and passive kind. That of Muhammed shows three stages: first a non-violent endurance of hostility and persecution

while fulfilling his own mission, like that of Jesus ; second, when the persecution threatened to exterminate his people, emigration, the Jihad of Moses ; and third, when he and his followers formed an independent State, however small and weak, and when the persecutors still persisted in attacking them, then and not till then he was enjoined to fight.

The term ' Jihad ' applies to all those stages, but in the minds of Europeans it is restricted to the third. That is the reason for the whole mistake. The sort of Jihad prescribed for peoples in a subject state differs from that prescribed for the same people in a state of independence. And the Jihad for subject peoples who are still not persecuted is the Jihad of Jesus, which was followed by Muhammed during thirteen years at Mecca. This is what Mahatma Gandhi, after consultation with the Ulema, has been able to point out to the Indian Muslims, who in their rage were ready to rush unarmed on the English guns, or give up all their property and cross the frontier to Afghanistan.

An emigration movement had begun, but it had not yet the sanction of the Muslim leaders. The time for the second form of Jihad was not ripe, since persecution had not actually started. There was still hope that by the force of peaceful agitation the rulers might be moved to change their policy and keep their pledges given to the Muslims ; the more so that Hindus and others now stood side by side with Muslims making a united Indian claim for justice. In his second letter to me Marmaduke wrote of the first Khilafate meeting he attended. In London the tree stems in the parks are black, under April green, October gold, or January bare boughs. The Bombay avenues of tulip trees have always white stems setting off the roads gay with painted bullock carts and their bright-coloured awnings, cloisters filled with bejewelled dancers instead of sombre friars.

On his way to the meeting, as it was yet early, he and Mr. Chotani, his mentor, a munificent and wealthy merchant of Bombay, the first president of the Central Khilafate Committee, Mahatma Gandhi's Muslim counsellor and his most staunch adherent, sat together under a splendid baobab with a dome of leaves and hanging roots like tresses.

The giant tree beside the dusty road formed a species of pavilion in which all sorts of people took their ease. 'There was a barber on a strip of carpet shaving the hair beneath a peasant's armpits. A group of merchants, sumptuously dressed, sat in a ring on stools and gossiped eagerly. Another group of lower rank was playing cards. Hawkers were selling betel-nut and pan-leaves, sweets, sherbets, hand-mirrors, combs, pen-knives. Beyond the hanging tresses of the tree, upon the road, pedestrians and carts in single file were moving in two endless streams, blurring the sunlight with the dust raised by their going.'

After his seven years' exile, Marmaduke knew himself once more at home. Ten minutes before the meeting was due to start, he and his guide pressed their way through the crowded city streets. Suddenly they were caught up in a rising tide, which seemed to sweep all the wayfarers off their feet and bear them all in one direction. 'Men, animals, and carts which still maintained a separate purpose, became as islands around which it swirled and eddied. They seemed half afraid. It was the indraught of the public meeting.'

At last, borne on the tide, Marmaduke and Mr. Chotani came to 'the brink of what resembled a huge, shallow tank of which the ground could not be seen for seated people, while the edges were all occupied by standing crowds. Windows and roofs of all the houses within sight were crowded with spectators. The day's fierce heat was past. The light grew mellow. The multitude so full of colour and restricted movement seemed a huge flower-bed touched with a light breeze, the murmur from it as the hum of bees. The steadily in-flowing tide urged us two men on to the end of the enclosure farthest from them, where there was a kind of stage with plush upholstered chairs and couches on it and an awning.

'Across the body of the meeting, picking their way amongst the seated throng, we came to some volunteers in khaki uniforms and fezes who were arranging people, and these soon showed us to our seats on the platform. We sat with all that vast assembly patiently for hours, yet no one came. Presently, when the sun was setting, the leader of the

volunteers stood forth and, flourishing a telegram, announced : " Maulana was delayed. He missed the train. Now he will be here directly. "

A general murmur of acceptance hailed the tidings. No one moved. When twilight came, with temple bells and the muezzin's cry, many Muslims who were in the meeting went to prayer, and Marmaduke and his companion followed them. Whilst they were away the volunteers hung lighted lanterns on the stage, making the expectant emptiness the more apparent. And then at last, when night had settled in, there came from the far outskirts of the throng a wild shout : ' Allahu Akbar ! ' It rose from point to point until the welkin rang with it, and then a group of men in loose, white raiment mounted the platform with the help of volunteers.

Behind them came Marmaduke and his friend. Two of the men who stepped forward at once and who received the loudest cheers of all were the famous Ali brothers. These brothers, Gandhi's most devoted Muslim henchmen, were, like the Hindu leader, men of good family and of English education. The elder, Shaukat, filled a high position in the Indian State of Ranpur until he was deprived of everything and many members of his family were imprisoned by H.H. the Nawab on account of his and his brother's political opinions. The younger by six years, Mohammed Ali was a Cambridge graduate, who had spent much of his younger days in England and had many English friends.

Shaukat, though he had never been to England, was educated at the Muslim college at Aligarh near Agra, where he gained no little reputation as a cricketer. They both gave up all private wealth and private occupations in order to serve the cause of the Khilafate. Both were dressed in white with high white caps on which a scarlet crescent was sewn. After the cry " Allahu Akbar ! " " God is greater, " rent the air, dead silence fell upon the multitude. Then Mohammed Ali began to speak. He began by making it clear that he and his brother were enthusiastic friends of England until the treatment meted out to Turkey, the representative of Islam, since 1911 by the British Govern-

ment, had forced them step by step into their present position of direct antagonism to British policy. For Hindus as well as Muslims, the honour of that Empire, of which they were very members incorporate, had been shamelessly violated by the actions of the British during and after the war, in absolute denial of their word.

Hindus and Muslims both had heard the British Government promise that the 'holy places of Islam should remain immune from molestation.' Yet Mecca and Medina were invaded by British military officers as was related in *The Times* of August 7, 1920, and Jeddah, the port of Mecca, was bombarded by British men-of-war and captured in June 1916. Jerusalem, another of the holy places, was occupied by General Allenby on December 19, 1917, and Baghdad and the holy Jezirat-ul-arab—the Sacred Island of Arabia—was even, as he spoke, in British military occupation.

As Colonel Lawrence had written in the *Sunday Times* of August 22, 1920: 'Ten thousand villagers and townspeople of Mesopotamia have been killed this summer simply because they object to the form of government imposed on them by the present British Government.' With such facts brought before them it hardly seemed that Mohammed Ali would be able to quieten the crowd, for should they with calm acquiesce in the policy of the Empire of which they were members, they were thus traitors to Islam. Indians had been used to bring about the downfall of the last great Muslim Empire and the humiliation of the head of their religion, and Marmaduke wondered how any orator, however skilful, could or would restrain the tide of their indignation.

Mohammed Ali stopped speaking and sat down. Then his brother Shaukat stood up. He could not be compared to his junior for learning or cleverness, yet Marmaduke knew he was the one outstanding character among the Indian Muslims, the beloved of all India, second only to Gandhi himself in prestige. A man of fifty with the heart of a boy, a giant six foot seven who would never hurt a living creature, 'a jolly person radiant with goodwill, immovably upright,

honest as the day, utterly sincere, without a trace of pride or selfishness. He was a survival of the youth of the world, and probably the most lovable figure in all politics.'

The words he uttered, and by which he managed easily to calm the vast crowd, now inclined to violence, made Marmaduke realize both his tremendous force of character and his popularity. "Our enemies," he said, "prepare to blame us because they say we bring religion into politics. With us religion is no mere observance reserved for one day in the week; it covers, animates, ennobles all the avocations of man's daily life. It is man's guidance. How can it, therefore, be apart from politics, on which the welfare of mankind so much depends? You all have heard our cry 'Allahu Akbar!' but do you know its meaning? 'God is greater!'—greater than the pride of men, the might of governments. His law is changeless and His judgment is for all alike. He has no favourites. We Muslims are His servants, and we cannot possibly transgress His law at the behest of any earthly government. They can do their worst to us in punishment; it will not turn us from our purpose by the fraction of an inch; and in the end it is the worse for them. For God is greater, and everybody who acknowledges the sovereignty of God, no matter what his race or colour, class or form of worship, is, in fact, our brother. The goal, the judgment, and the law are one for all. This is the one essential of true human progress—by which I mean not the progress of one section of God's human creatures at the expense and by the degradation of another section, but the progress of mankind as a whole—this recognition of God's universal sovereignty. When this essential Unity is recognized, and not till then, will man's adventure in this world approach success. How say they that religion has no part in politics? . . ."

He spoke for full three hours, with unabated ardour, and when Marmaduke, slipping away from the meeting, returned to his office, there to report it fully, he was not conscious of fatigue; for this, he knew, was true Jihad.

His arrival in Bombay had coincided with the arrival of a new head of the Bombay School of Art, and a few days

after his arrival, Marmaduke and Muriel met Captain Gladstone Solomon at the house of a missionary at tea, and shortly after visited the Bombay School of Art. Marmaduke's keen interest was aroused, and within a day or two of seeing the school, appeared his first article drawing attention to the work of the students and pleading for patronage of their efforts. Lord Lloyd's policy as Governor of Bombay was to reorganize the school on wider lines, and Marmaduke appreciated this and wrote expressing admiration of Lloyd's patronage of Oriental art. At the time of the Wembley Exhibition, owing to Marmaduke's efforts, students from the school were commissioned to decorate the Indian Pavilion, and Marmaduke sent photographs of their work to Lady Valda Machell.

Gladstone Solomon became Marmaduke's greatest friend in Bombay, and when finally the latter left India in January 1935, he wrote to him: 'If my fourteen years had been absolutely disappointing and fruitless as regards the work done (which is not the case) I should still be glad that I went there because otherwise I should not have made friends with you. Good luck to you and to the school, and may you have your heart's wish in the way of extension or renewal whether in Bombay or Hyderabad or Mysore.'

Marmaduke's successor, Brelvi, followed his tradition of helping the school, and when Marmaduke went to Hyderabad, Gladstone Solomon, 'at Marmaduke's repeated and most kind invitation, became a contributor to *Islamic Culture*.' Captain Solomon has kindly described for me Marmaduke's life in those days, how he would come in late from the office to Green's Hotel, 'and after a few turns on the veranda with a contemplative pipe, would start to write in pencil anywhere that he could obtain the space to do so. I remember seeing him so absorbed in his task that he had dropped on his knees beside the divan in the sitting-room and wrote oblivious of comfort, until recalled to himself when an Indian called to see him on some urgent matter.' He would work in the office from eleven in the morning till about six, and then go round again about 10 p.m. and work till two or later. He would always walk

the two miles to the office and back, whatever the weather, horrified though he daily was by the terrible cruelty to animals which he saw practised by the poorer Hindus.

The person who really suffered was Muriel. Indeed, after a year of Bombay, Marmaduke was forced to take her home as her health broke down and made a change imperative. "It isn't the climate," he explained to Lady Valda, "but the social boycott that has got at last upon her nerves, though I told her before she left England of what she had to expect if she would insist upon accompanying such an awful man as me to 'British' India. She was in the hills in the hot weather and there people were civil to her in my absence, but with the exception of the principal of the School of Art no one of the English here has shown us ordinary civility. I do not care, as I meet much more interesting folk, but it has undoubtedly been very dull for her, though she has stood it nobly."

In the middle of November the news of the Turkish nationalist successes began to come in. Marmaduke admired Mustapha Kemal tremendously and thought that, 'in view of their tragic and heroic history, their high sincerity and the bewildering world in which they fight to-day, the Turks should be forgiven all their sins, at any rate by Muslims,' yet he was afraid Kemal, the saviour of the nation from destruction, would, Samson-like, pull down the pillars of Islam to save himself and his country from the invader. 'The story of the rebirth of Turkey, is,' he declared, 'though told in the terms of economics, a romance, as is everything heroic. The national characteristics of honesty, sobriety, and love of beauty, remain unimpaired and the forcing of practical reforms upon a reluctant people is most necessary as the Muslim world must come to terms with modern life and someone must make the necessary experiments, take the necessary risks and bear the odium. To ascertain the limits, someone must transgress them.'

He wrote to me on November 24 :

'We are living in stirring times, are we not? Yesterday my paper came out with a great notice in the middle of the centre page: "Fall of Erivan. Turks still advancing." I

don't know what the Government of India thinks about it, but all the Muslims are beside themselves with joy. There are few of the English here who sympathize at all with Indian aspirations—only a converted missionary, Mr. Andrews, and myself. I call Mr. Andrews a converted missionary because he was once a C.M.S. missionary, but has now become a follower of Mahatma Gandhi and has assumed the dress of Gandhi's followers, a plain white robe and white cap like a carpenter's. I have not yet met him, but I had a very friendly letter from him this morning, proposing to come and see me when he is next in Bombay.

'Two days ago a young Sikh officer, who was a student in the veterinary college here, came and told me how he had been turned out of the college, and his career broken, for having a photograph of Mahatma Gandhi in his bedroom and for having attended a meeting of the Bombay students at which Gandhi spoke. He said: "I was not a follower of Mahatma Gandhi, though I loved his teaching. I was a soldier and a loyal servant of the Government. But now I am a follower of Mahatma Gandhi. I have nothing left to do, so I will beg for money for his funds." Just now, in my office, he came bare-headed and bare-legged, in yellow robe and with his begging bowl—the proudest figure of a man you ever saw, to ask my blessing before he set out on his travels through all India. I said: "You are a Sikh, and I a Muslim." He said: "It is because you are a Muslim that I ask your blessing, and a word of recommendation from you to the Muslim leaders." I gave him what he wanted and he said: "I shall never forget you. Do not forget me." Muriel and I put money in his begging bowl, and off he went. It is little incidents like that which make me glad to be here, though, at times, as I have told you, I feel very homesick. The students seem inclined to adopt me as a kind of leader, and I am pleased because I like them generally better than the older men. There is a chance that they will ask me to preside at the All-India Students' Congress at Nagpur in Christmas week. Anyhow I shall have to go to Nagpur for the National Congress which takes place a few days later. It will be

exciting, as the Moderates intend, I hear, to make a great attack upon Mahatma Gandhi, who is a saint and an angel—anything you like in that way—but the most obstinate little man who ever walked this earth. I love him and believe that he will revive India, but his autocratic tone makes enemies. He has discovered “the Satanic nature of the British Government” and denounces it on all occasions in those very words, and regards all the poor Indians who have jobs under Government as “slaves of Satan.” Naturally they dislike it. Have you heard of “non-co-operation” ? We are mad about it here.’

At Nagpur, Muriel and Marmaduke were the guests of the Central Khilafate Committee, and lived in a green pavilion in a lovely garden three miles out of the dust and smother of the city. To me he wrote from there :

‘ We have just arrived here for the session of the Indian National Congress, which begins the day after to-morrow (Sunday), and is likely to be exciting. We travelled up in the Khilafate Special Train, bedecked with Muslim flags, and full of what the ordinary onlooking Englishman would doubtless have mistaken for a crowd of wild fanatics.

‘ We found it an extremely gentle, friendly crowd. Muriel was the only woman on the train, and in the course of the twenty-four hours’ journey she fell quite in love with the whole lot of them. We steamed into Nagpur station at twenty minutes to twelve to-day. An immense crowd of Muslims was waiting for us on the platform. Shaukat Ali straightway pounced on us. He is the handsome Indian who embraced me on my first arrival in Bombay. We had taken rooms at the only hotel in Nagpur, but Shaukat would not hear of our going there. He bore us off to a delightful pavilion which he had prepared for us in the compound of the house where he is living with his staff. We left Muriel there, and then, as it is Friday, all we men went down to prayers at the great mosque, which was packed with men in the most lovely clothes you ever saw. The Imam—a famous Mullah from the Punjab, with singularly keen blue eyes—preached, with his two hands resting on

the handle of the wooden sword, which preachers use in every country which was conquered by Islam not self-converted and, though I only understood the Arabic in his discourse, while most of it was in Urdu, I judge that he preached well, from the emotion of the congregation. Then we all stood in ranks for prayer, and there was only just room for each person to prostrate himself, the ranks of worshippers filled all the forecourt of the mosque and the long flight of steps down to the street. When the service was over, Muhammad Ali, brother of Shaukat Ali, spoke about the wrongs of Turkey, and, sitting on my heels, I watched the faces of the crowd. Next to me was a little bright-eyed, nut-brown boy in a blue robe, who watched my face intently. There were some magnificent profiles ; and out among the columns of the portico were men, in every colour of the rainbow, standing, or leaning, up against the trees and sky. Muhammad Ali spoke at great length, and I was very glad when he had done and I was able to get up and stretch myself. And then what do you think happened? The little bright-eyed boy who had been watching me suddenly flung himself upon me like a little madman, kissing both my hands, my coat, and anything belonging to me, and clinging to me as hard as he could, till he was dragged away, by grown-up people who proceeded to do the same thing. I was rescued shortly by the Muslim volunteers, who wear a khaki uniform like soldiers, but are unarmed. They cleared a way for me out into the street, to Shaukat Ali's motor, where presently I was joined by Muhammad Ali, Yakub Hasan from Madras, and the Imam, and borne away to peace and safety in this pleasant spot.

' This evening we have been driven round the Congress camp, which is like an enormous fair and very dusty. We saw Mr. Gandhi's headquarters beset by a crowd of white-clad Hindus, and the great Congress hall, which holds fifty thousand people. And we are thoroughly tired—I too tired to do anything less pleasant than write to Amie.

' I haven't the least idea what is going to happen—or what I myself may do or say—at the Congress. India is in a very funny state, but I don't think a bad one.'

To an old friend, Joseph King, he wrote : ' I did order copies of my newspaper giving my views upon the Nagpur Congress to be sent to you and I hope you duly received them. The Labour Party Delegation to the State Congress was rather a frost. Consequently everyone arrived at Nagpur with feelings of distrust for the whole Labour Delegation. It was a situation which no rhetoric could save. Holford Knight tried rhetoric at the Subjects Committee and only increased the impression that the Labourites were insincere. It was not a rhetorical Congress.

' Gandhi had given us the keynote of unvarnished truth, but Ben Spoor was the only member of the trio in tune with it. He really saved the situation by his brotherly behaviour and his accent of complete sincerity. In fact we non-co-operators—Monotheists, Hindus, and Muslims of India—have passed beyond the sphere of politics into that of religion. To me it is a great relief to find men boldly advocating this or that course of action simply because it is right according to the higher law. I spoke for an hour and a half to ten thousand Muslims at Nagpur, and never once had the sense that they thought me a half-mad idealist, as one has when speaking the whole truth to any English public audience.

' What English people generally fail to grasp is that Indian feeling is not anti-British except exactly in so far as British feeling is, or seems to be, anti-Indian. If the Government of India stood for India resolutely, in the Councils of Empire, as the Government of Australia stands for Australia, and the British officials in India behaved as public servants, not as satraps, the " Extremists " would be altogether satisfied. I am not so sure about the " Moderates " (co-operators) who look forward to succeeding to the high position of the I.C.S. The situation seems to me extraordinarily hopeful if only people will make due allowance for the natural Indian point of view.

' Unfortunately the English here are panicky, and seem bent upon another campaign of repression. That would not matter if all the followers of Gandhi were Gandhis ; but ordinary people when unjustly treated are apt to lose

their tempers and their heads. Here, in Gujarat, with Gandhi in our midst, the people will grin and bear it ; but to do Lloyd justice, he is not a tyrant. Bengal is different, so is Madras, and Sinha in Behar is worst of all, I suppose from wish to toady the Government which has exalted him. We are motored into the Congress every day in a car fluttering with Turkish flags, but it is a Gandhi Conference. One notices no other personality.'

In January 1921 he wrote to me again :

' We both returned from Nagpur with a particularly beastly kind of influenza, which is the reason why I have not written for more than a fortnight.

' I have just received—late at night—a summons to go and see the Governor to-morrow privately. He is a friend, so I am not alarmed—a very good fellow, though the Governor. I expect he wants to know the truth about Nagpur. The Government spies make such alarming stories of everything that Indians do or say at present.

' This year will decide the fate of India one way or the other—tyranny or emancipation—and I am very keen upon emancipation.'

Marmaduke hardly ever missed a mail, but all his most personal and most interesting letters I destroyed soon after I married, as my husband thought it foolish sentimentality on my part to keep them, a piece of Peter Pan-ism, childish and unworthy. I think there is nothing on earth I regret quite as much as those letters, but this explanation will serve to show why the letters to me that remain are so comparatively uninteresting and so incomplete as regards dates. Still, scattered as they are, they are all I have as data for this part of his life, as except for an occasional letter to Lady Valda or Aubrey Herbert, he had no time for private correspondence.

With his letter on January 27, 1921, he sent me a photograph of Gandhi with the comment, ' He is really a very wonder, though little, shy and shrunken in appearance.' He told me, ' It is just possible that I

may be coming back to England about May. It all depends on the views of the directors of my newspaper, some of whom are anti-Gandhi. If they decide that the policy of the newspaper is to be co-operation with the Government, I shall resign. I do not think they will, but in any case I shall not engage to stay here for three years. An additional six months—making a year in all—is the utmost I feel inclined to undertake. I ought to get the paper shipshape by that time so expect me home about September if we are alive.’ So little still was his intention to stay in India the full three years that he wrote to Herbert to ask if it would not be possible for him to find him a job in Turkey.

Already he had learned Urdu. He wrote to my mother :

‘ Many of the words—no, most of them—are familiar, being Arabic, Turkish, or Persian. The very word ‘urdu’ is Turkish for a camp. But it is really more confusing than an absolutely new vocabulary because when one lights on an Arabic phrase, one’s instinct is to go on talking Arabic, and the same with Persian or Turkish. I wonder if the Esperantists, with their made-up language, find the same difficulty, but I fancy they change all their words a little, whereas in Urdu words are simply borrowed. Classical Arabic will be my language with my co-religionists until the Urdu spring really begins to flow.’

His relations with the English higher officials were friendly. Sir Frederick White asked him to stay, and Garbett of the I.C.S. was also civil, but, of course, the minor English were peculiarly aggressive and rude, and at one time Marmaduke could not go out alone without being insulted publicly.

In February he wrote to me about the Duke of Connaught’s visit.

‘ I am sorry that I missed writing to you by the last mail, but I quite forgot the day the mail went out. There is not much news ; except that the Duke of Connaught said at Delhi that the despotic principle in Indian government

is now abolished, and my friend Mr. Yakub Hasan and three other Gandhi-ites have been clapped into prison at Calicut by a mere order of a district magistrate because they wished to hold a public meeting. Thus acts belie announcements here as elsewhere. I am glad to say that Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence and patient suffering has so far been observed by all the people. But one never knows, from day to day, what will happen, when some of the Government officials and the toady Indians are doing everything they can to provoke the people.

'We have moved from the Taj Mahal Hotel to Green's Hotel, which is close by and under the same management. Here we have a bedroom looking over the harbour on one side, and the Yacht Club garden on the other, with two broad verandas each of which makes a sitting-room, and a bathroom. It is really just as good as a private flat; and Muriel likes it much better than the Taj Mahal Hotel, which was full of "resident" English, who began to frown upon us.

'I am invited to Surat and Ahmedabad—in fact, to make a little tour through Gujerat—but do not quite know when I shall be free to go there. The conducting of a newspaper in India in these exciting times is as difficult as walking on a tight-rope.

'I hope you got the verses of the Coran I sent you. More will follow in due course.'

'The Duke of Connaught's visit,' he wrote elsewhere, 'and later the visit of the Prince of Wales, were used by the bureaucracy as the occasion for official rejoicing as if to show the world that all was well with India and that the Indians were satisfied with the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. The Indians gave the lie to this by their boycott of the Prince's visit. They say that the King Emperor is ours as much as theirs, and if he sends a member of his family to India he ought to be allowed to look into the state of India in order that the King Emperor may be informed of our wrongs. Instead of which he is kept the prisoner of the bureaucracy, who try to make him think that all is well.

Our protest is to refuse to participate in the rejoicings, but there is no ill-will on our part to the person of the royal visitor.'

He wrote again to me after the Duke had left for England :

' *The Bombay Chronicle,*

' BOMBAY.

' *March 4th 1921.*

' Nothing much has happened since I last wrote, except that the Duke of Connaught has returned to England after his visit to India, which concluded in Bombay. The Indian people took no part in the festivities for his reception, and the *Bombay Chronicle* as representing the Indian people was against the visit, so that its editor was obliged to refuse three several invitations for Mr. and Mrs. Pickthall "to have the honour of meeting H.R.H.;" which, between ourselves, he would have liked to accept, Colonel Sir Malcolm Murray, the Duke's A.D.C., being a very old friend of his. However, the *Bombay Chronicle* being read carefully at Government House, I think "we" managed to bring the real views of the Indian people to the knowledge of His Royal Highness. Indeed, in his farewell speech, he nearly said as much.

' Yesterday, being the eighth birthday of the paper, I gave a little treat of sweets and "pan sipari"—betel nut rolled up in leaves and smeared with lime, which Indians love—mineral waters and tea for the more civilized, to all the staff—hundreds of dusky individuals, who seemed quite pleased with the small function, which at least had the advantage of making them feel that we are all one body, from the editor and business manager down to the little dusky mites whose business is to fold the copies as they come from press. I cannot tell you how I love the poorer Indians: they are just like children and their worst behaviour is only 'naughtiness,' which yields at once to kindness and a little understanding. The funniest deputations from the workshops come to me, with very simple, often childish grievances, which vanish when I smile and go among them. Among the educated and ambitious there

are two great curses—envy and a passion for intrigue—which make them much more difficult to deal with, and force one to keep them rather at arm's length for fear of being wheedled into partisanship. Of course there are plenty of Indians who are as disinterested and as honest as Englishmen, but the other sort are more common in the office of a daily newspaper. I have only a very few Muslims on my staff, the rest being Hindus or Indian Christians.

‘When a few real Muslims like Shaukat Ali and Mohammed Ali come to see me, I feel as if I were at home again.

‘I am asked to go to Surat, Ahmedabad, Delhi, Lahore, Amritsar, and Aligarh by the Muslim communities in those places, but cannot see my way to leave Bombay at present, because a new company is being floated to run the *Bombay Chronicle*, and a slight change of policy has to be made. Hitherto we have been rather guarded in our views. But soon we shall be boldly uttering the Gandhi sentiments and views, insh'allah.’

‘With heaps of love,

‘Yours ever,

‘MARMADUKE.’

He had now been in India six months and decided to stay on at any rate till the autumn. The only holiday he had taken was his Christmas at Nagpur. He wrote to Lady Valda a general summary of his conclusions :

‘Things have quite changed in the last two years. The word of Gandhi the saint is heard in every village from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, whereas the words of former politician-leaders only reached the English-educated “intellectuals.” Even Tilak only touched “the people” in his own province of Maharashtra, and Gandhi's influence is *good*. It is only where some tom-fooling district magistrate prevents his emissaries from preaching to the people and imprisons them that we get trouble. But the Greek advance in Turkey with munitions sent from England has agitated all the Muslims, and Shaukat Ali—really a great man and a saint, too, in his way, as much as Gandhi—tells me

privately that they are getting out of hand, though as yet no trouble has appeared. If the Government arrests the Ali brothers there will be a blaze, I am afraid, as they are the chief restraining influence. I see the inner working of the Khilafate Movement and I am dismayed at the false views held by the Government. The Indian agents and police are awful liars. There is a strong feeling among Indian gentlemen—the breed exists—that Englishmen are no longer what they used to be. In one sense Gandhi may be said to be defending the honour of England against England's rulers. Most English people here, judging by the newspapers, appear to think that Indians as a race are now disloyal to the British crown. They are really only "fed up" with the arrogance and petty tyranny of the officials here, and with the refusal of the home Government to give India a fair hearing in the Councils of the Empire. George Lloyd is a good Governor, not at all panicky, but in other provinces "repression" has already begun and the people are being harassed and irritated needlessly. The "danger" is from the panic of the European, rather than the grievance of the "native" element. It always is, in my experience. Gandhi has said as much to me in private. My stay in Bombay, though in many ways infernal, has been illumined for me by the personality of Gandhi, who is a living inspiration, not a man. His friendship is a positive acquisition.'

In spite of his work he still found time to write to me on the subjects we had so often discussed. An example on February 25 :

'The short creed of Muslims that you want to know is this : "I testify that there is no God except Allah, and I testify that Muhammed is the messenger of Allah."

'In other words : "There is no proper object of man's worship except God, and Muhammed is the messenger of God." Christians in the East have always been regarded as believers in the first part of this creed, so that the term Allah may be taken to include the Christian doctrine of "the three in One, and One in three."'

•He was delighted with Indian music, and wrote of it to me :

‘ The pipe of Pan, like Krishna’s flute, gives the notes of a pastoral age which the East still remembers lovingly while the West has forgotten it. Eastern music should be heard in the open air and to write of it is to leave out the soul, but I must tell you the story of the Bedawi girl in the harem of Haroun al Rashid to make you understand a little its force. Hearing a shepherd boy playing his reed pipe as he passed by on the road from behind her shutters she was seized with such an anguish of remembrance that she cast off all that luxury and wealth and fled in her old cloak back to the desert life. That is the story of the call of all Eastern music.’

And to my mother he wrote :

‘ Muriel is at Panchgani, a hill station in the Deccan, and I alone in hot Bombay. It is Ramadhan, and I think the fast from sunrise to sunset even from so much as a drop of water, makes the heat endurable, at least I find that I sail through the day without distress, while I see other Englishmen and even Indians suffering upon the verge of apoplexy. I think the Prophet must have been a sound psychologist. No abstinence from certain things for a number of days has the value of this absolute fast ending in praise to Allah for the blessing of a glass of water and some common food. They do seem blessings when the sunset comes. The gul-mohr (rose-peacock) trees are all in flower along the front and in the Malabar hill gardens. They are a never-failing source of joy in morning walks. When I go out at night I have to pick my way among poor people stretched out on the pavements absolutely naked and gasping. It is all very well for us with our baths and punkhas, but the heat must be a terror to the overcrowded poor in this unwieldy city.’

One excellent result of the Khilafate Movement was to increase the sale of khaddar a hundred per cent. The

Khadi movement was started by Indian nationalists in 1908 when the handloom was chosen as a panacea for India's growing pauperism. Gandhi himself never saw a spinning-wheel in India until 1915, but after he had taken it up, the making of home-spun in their homes by Indians of all classes took on a national importance. All followers of Gandhi, as their badge, wore clothes of Indian home-spun of the simplest kind. There was no point on which the Mahatma dwelt with more insistence. It was an essential part of his attempt to disperse the inferiority complex which he found stood in the way of Indian self-government and Indian advancement in every way.

'Be proud that you are Asiatics! Proud that you are Indians! Leave your English colleges which are the training places of slaves! Throw off your foreign clothes which are the badge of servitude! Restore the honour of our country! Be yourselves! Our object is to make the Government do right. While we are servile we can never do it. To merit freedom we ourselves must first be free, free from the foreign yoke on our intelligence. Selfish ambition is a vice and not a virtue. It has been inculcated for our ruin, just another trick of Europe to keep us slaves. The way to freedom lies through sacrifice and service. Discard your foreign clothes! Go forth as teachers into our great country! Dispel the ignorance which is the base and the excuse of tyranny! Be proud that you are Indians!'

The white-clad missionaries, with Gandhi as their leader, went throughout Bombây, Madras, Behar, and Sindh. Everywhere great bonfires were made of foreign head-dresses, collars, coats, ties, whatever could be pulled off, and set on fire, and political ambition was an unseen addition to the rubbish on each bonfire.

The non-co-operation movement which was inaugurated to obtain redress of the great Muslim, or rather Asiatic, grievance, with regard to Turkey, had soon the redress of the Punjab wrongs as an additional object. During their work to obtain these ends Gandhi and his followers, Muslim

and Hindu alike, realized that the absence of swaraj was the greatest wrong of all and that non-co-operation should be directed against this also. Swaraj means full self-government in the sense that it is enjoyed by our Overseas Dominions. Thus the victories of Mustapha Kemal and the triumphant conclusion of Turkey's sufferings with the Treaty of Lausanne (when the foreign troops evacuated Turkey, Angora was made her capital and the Republic declared), did not bring non-co-operation in India to an end. In the first year or so of its existence it had already done more in India than was ever done before.

As Marmaduke wrote in a *Bombay Chronicle* leader : ' It has put a new spirit in the people who are no longer content to mimic Englishmen, no longer content to cringe to the Government for honours ; but now are proud to emphasize the difference between an Indian and an Englishman. The work the English failed to do is being begun by Indians ; a national system of education, Muslim and Hindu, has been started on a large scale. Students who have left their colleges at the nation's call are going through the country giving elementary education to the illiterate, carrying the torch of Gandhi's teaching to the villages. " Put away evil, for it helps your enemy," is the cry, and the people of India are responding with a will. Drink ? They will have none of it ! Luxury ? They will burn all their foreign clothes and take to simple robes and caps of Indian home-spun, which cost the same price for everybody. Give ? They are giving money by the million. Men who were the greatest dandies and the greatest gourmets are become dervishes clad in Khadi, who live on rice and lentils and pure water. Village governments are being revived. Courts of arbitration have been formed in order to avoid the great expense of litigation. And the caste system, in so far as it was bad or had become so, is being broken down by the Hindus themselves. Patriotic Indians have for long been asking : Why are we Indians, once a sovereign people, now subjected and inferior ? At last they find the answer to the riddle : " Because you accept subjection, because you are content to fawn upon the conqueror and ape his

ways. Mere imitation constitutes inferiority. Intrinsically you are not inferior, you are only different. Emphasize the difference with pride, as your opponents do, and you will not be in subjection very long." Thus India comes back into Asia after years of wandering. Great as is the debt of gratitude which Muslims owe to India for their help and sympathy at such a crisis, I think it is in good part repaid by the revival of their pride as Asiatics which has come to them from their association with the Muslims on the typically Asiatic question of Khilafate, and not to Hindus only, but to Parsi, Jewish, Sikh, and Christian sympathizers.'

Hindu-Muslim unity was achieved through the Khilafate Movement for what, in the history of their antagonism, is a brief second ; but in Marmaduke's life comprised his four most exciting years, from 1919 until 1923. When he was in the Lebanon in 1908 he had shared in the rebirth of a people: in Turkey in 1913 he had experienced the agony of an empire: now he was caught up in a political movement whose religious temper was as fervent as that of Covenanters or Levellers.

Letter after letter came to me from him in the white heat of the conflict, and I, thousands of miles away, remember the echo of his enthusiasm, translating me, unaware, from a world of dictées and stamp-collecting into high theocratic airs. For the Khilafate agitation was a mustard seed containing the principle which is the bedrock of all Asiatic thought and culture : the principle of Theocracy, which, when it was grown, accommodated such diverse birds as the Khadi Movement, swaraj and Moplah education. The Muslim feeling of loyalty to the Khalif grew to a passion. 'All feelings,' E. M. Forster says, 'grow to passions in the East.' But the heat this passion generated produced a mirage which has led and shall lead India astray, a mirage of fictitious unity which, when the flames died down, Marmaduke was the first to recognize was unreal and unrealizable.

'It is no use,' he wrote later, 'the speculative philosophies of the various religions finding, as they always can, a common ground for discussion, for the points of their agreement

are only in the realm of thought and can no wise contribute to a political understanding. This must be sought in a political and social *modus vivendi* : it can never be found in a compromise involving a mixture of beliefs. All historical attempts at compromise,' he concluded sadly, 'have only added a new religion or a new caste to the Indian pandemonium, and have left the Hindu-Muslim difficulty as it was, or even more embittered.'

Marmaduke's day-to-day adventures are illustrated in the following letters :

'The day before yesterday, in the evening, as I was sitting correcting "proofs" in my editorial sanctum, a police inspector was announced, who handed me a summons to appear on the following day (yesterday) at the Chief Magistrate's Court in Poona to answer a charge of defamation of character. I had never even heard his name before. The charge referred to a letter which was published in *The Chronicle* of Dec. 23. We had to search the back files of the paper to find out what it was about. My staff busied themselves with these investigations while I went on correcting proofs as before. Somehow the news spread in the bazaar ; and several people came to sympathize. It was discovered that the summons stated that I could appear "in person or by pleader," and in a minute four people were writing telegrams to men of influence in Poona asking them at once to engage the finest pleader in that city to defend me. Then somebody suddenly remembered that Lakhmidas Tairsee, a millionaire Hindu, nationalist leader and philanthropist (who is a great friend of mine), was actually at his house in Poona at the moment (he has houses everywhere). So we decided to send a sepoy up by the night mail to call on him with all the necessary documents. Yesterday I had two telegrams and a letter from the said Lakhmidas informing me, that on the demand of my pleader, the case has been adjourned until the 12th of April, which gives us time to find out what it's all about.

'This is the sort of thing a newspaper editor has to be prepared for.

‘ I don’t know that there is any more news except that I made a speech to a mass meeting at the Excelsior Theatre without disgrace. Object of meeting—to protest against the Press Act.’

‘ *March 24th 1921.*

‘ I am sending you some more verses of the Coran.

‘ I have been more than ever busy since I last wrote. Besides my usual work I have done quite a lot of speaking (which is more exhausting), and I have been made extremely sad by the news of the murder in Berlin of Talaat Pasha, who was a great friend of mine. I had not seen him since the war began. A week or two before I left England, a friend, who had met him by chance in the Unter den Linden, told me that Talaat had said : “ You are going to England ? Have I any errand for you there ? I have. Kiss Pickthall on both cheeks from me.” I am very glad now to have had that farewell message. There was a memorial meeting for him in the old cemetery in the Muslim quarter, at which I presided and had to address more than ten thousand people. I tried to tell them what a brave man Talaat was, and how sudden death was what he would have always chosen, and how such a death, while working for the cause of Islam, and because he was thus working, was really a most glorious martyrdom.

‘ Another day I had to address all the Home Rule Volunteers—an unarmed, gentle army—on the occasion of their anniversary, and the day after to-morrow I have to go and speak outside Bombay to an enormous gathering of Gandhi-ite Hindus. I am also in demand to open schools, which are springing up on all sides to receive the students who have voluntarily seceded from the Government institutions. It is interesting, but extremely tiring, as I have to do my work upon the newspaper as well.

‘ P.S. Muriel sends her love. We went this evening to see a Begum Somebody—sister to the Begum of Bhopal¹—in a most lovely garden by the sea on Malabar Hill. You would have loved the garden and, I think, the Begum too.’

¹ This is an error : the Begum was sister to the Dowager Begum of Jangiri.

Muriel, as Marmaduke told my mother, also shared in the political work. She attended the first Indian Woman's Meeting in April, on the anniversary of Jallianwalla Bang. Mme Naidu presided. There were many hundreds present whose object was to decide on the ways of carrying out Gandhi's plan of swaraj.¹ The Begum Atiya, sister of the Dowager Begum of Jangiri, told the women how the spinning schools were crowded, there were not enough teachers, and planned extensions. On April 1, Marmaduke told me of the arrival of Lord Reading :

‘ April 1st 1921.

‘ I cannot write much, because I have been writing reams of good advice to the new Viceroy, who arrives to-night but will not land until to-morrow morning. I hate to let a mail go without a letter from me to you, not because I expect you care much for a stupid letter without any news or verses of the Coran in it but because I like to do unto others as I would that they should do unto me, and I am always disappointed if a mail arrives without a letter from you.

‘ The Governor, who is really a good fellow, has summoned me to go and call on him next Monday—I suppose, to tell me what Lord Reading means to do, and talk things over. There is only one way out of the present deadlock, and I think even the Government officials are beginning to see it. They must follow Gandhi.

‘ There is to be a huge mass meeting of the Muslims here on Sunday to protest against the Greek attack upon the Turks, and call for a boycott of Greek trade.

‘ Muriel and I went out last Saturday to a place called Santa Cruz to inspect a great Hindu religious college (Arya Samaj—Monotheists—no idolatry) and I made a hurried speech to a vast multitude, which I have since heard was regarded as illuminating. It is Friday and I now must go to prayers.’

In May he took Muriel out of the heat of the city, and wrote :

‘ I am writing this from Panchgani, a hill station in the

¹ See note on previous page.

Western Ghats, whither we came four days ago, leaving Bombay at midnight on Friday and arriving here at noon on Saturday. The last four hours were spent in a motor car driving through most lovely country up from Poona station. The peasants here in the Deccan are most lovely folk to look at, and even their idolatrous religion—they are most of them Hindus—does not seem so horrid in the open air as it does in a great sordid, sweltering city like Bombay. Pink powder seems to play a leading part in it. Every few hundred yards you see a stone dyed with pink powder : it is then an idol and you must be careful not to step or sit on it if there is a Hindu in sight ; and in a lonely place we saw the father of a family, with all his children round him, standing by a little temple on a mound and scattering pink powder north, south, east, and west. It made a pretty picture in the early sunlight ; and made one almost forget that it was only bogey-bogey. The peasant women we kept meeting on the road were the daintiest little bronzes you could possibly imagine, and the grey bullocks drag the carts along an endless avenue, with here and there a great gul-mohr tree (rose-peacock tree) ablaze with red or yellow bloom.

‘ Panchgani is almost, not quite, at the top of a mountain overlooking the valley of the river Krishna, a sacred river of the Hindus, for it is there they say that Krishna—their Prophet—was a shepherd in the world’s golden age. I think the golden age is still there, whenever there is a good monsoon and consequently a plenteous harvest. It is a place frequented by the English as a health resort, and consequently a place lost to the Orientalist ; but there still remains a pretty Indian village under the gul-mohr trees already mentioned, and in that Indian village is a little mosque where I shall go to prayers next Friday, if I am not recalled to duty and Bombay by telegram ere then.

‘ Last Friday, after prayers, I got an urgent message from my office, begging me to come at once, as all the machine-men from the printing works had gone on strike. Friday is supposed to be my day off, and that day I was getting ready for the journey hitherward ; but I got a taxi

and went down to the office first, where I took a man whom I could trust to act as a correct interpreter, and then drove on to the maïdan, a kind of common, where, under a big tree, I found the strikers, about fifty men, being harangued by someone whom I didn't know. I got out of the car and went right in among them. I told them, through my interpreter, that I wanted a week's holiday and had arranged to take Mrs. Pickthall up that evening to Panchgani. Would they put off striking for a week? I could not promise to grant all they asked, as that was a matter for the Board of Directors to decide, but I could promise them a conference, two of their representatives and two of the employers' representatives to discuss the whole question of their complaints and grievances. At first they wanted to accept, but someone in the background warned them not to do so. I asked if my suggestion was accepted. They said : No. I raised my hat to them, they all salaamed to me and I retired to my motor and drove back to the office, where I found an emergency meeting of the Directors in full cackle. The Directors decided to dismiss all the men if they did not return within an hour and notice was sent down to that effect. I made that hour a very long one, quite two hours in fact, and meanwhile repeated my proposal to the men by proxy. I had given up all hope of settlement, when I heard the murmur of a crowd outside the building, and found that they had all come back. No man was missing. I told them to go back to work according to their usual shifts as if nothing had happened ; received a smile and a salaam from every one of them, and then went back to my hotel to dinner—10.30 p.m. I had started work upon the strike at 5 p.m. These little things are quite amusing and enlivening, but very tiring. I have slept a good deal of the time since I arrived at Panchgani.

' Yesterday morning certain of my co-religionists took me to inspect the Muslim High School here, three miles away. I was not mightily impressed, for it is only just beginning in a temporary building and the boys—all rich men's children—struck me as uninteresting. In the evening I took Muriel to call on Lady Baig, but could not have a

talk to her myself because there were some ladies calling who objected to be seen of men ; so I sat and talked politics with Sir Abbas Ali, who is a dreadful trimmer, while his lady is quite one of us. There are said to be poison snakes in Panchgani, also panthers and hyenas, but I have not yet seen or heard anything of them. This hotel—or row of shabby little bungalows with a common dining-room—is full of mediocre English, who, of course, fight shy of me. They even make rude remarks in Muriel's hearing, who minds the kind of thing a good deal more than I do. It seems a pity that we neither of us quite get used to it.'

On his return to Bombay he wrote to my father :

'Lord Reading has begun rather well, but I doubt whether he has yet an inkling of the truth, that, in order to settle the Indian question in so far as it is critical, he has first to get the Turkish question settled in the way the Indians wish. To me in the thick of the non-co-operation movement that truth grows more apparent every day. Gandhi has met Lord Reading and we all feel much more hopeful of a speedy and peaceful settlement. But a section of the English here are *wicked*. They love violence, and if they can produce another massacre, will surely do so. They threaten me and all Khilafate workers with short shrift, poor creatures. Gandhi is collecting a crore of rupees for the last of this month. I fancy he will get them. We are all anxious to know what he will do with the money when he has got it. On that point he has never said a word, except that he will get swaraj with it. But he is such a wonderful man that I for one am quite prepared to trust him blindly. It is at any rate certain that he will not take a penny for himself.'

To me, he wrote :

'Still no particular news except that it gets hotter and hotter, and will go on doing so until the monsoon comes in June. Gandhi has had three interviews with the new Viceroy and though no one yet knows what they said to one another, we are all full of hope of something that will

ease the situation which is rather strained, or was a little while ago. There is a big mass meeting at Matunga just outside Bombay on Sunday night when Gandhi will speak and I am to speak too. I only agreed upon condition that they would let me come late, after 8 o'clock (the meeting is for 7 p.m.). I really could not trust myself to talk connectedly at the end of the long day's fast. So I shall break my fast before I start for the meeting. Last night there was a gathering of the Parsi community, some wearing metal hats like coal-scuttles turned upside down, and others, hats like very tall pork pies. Black-avised men with hawkish noses and designing eyes. I took the chair. There was a lecture on the Turkish Question by a funny fat Parsi, by name Barjorji Framji Bharucha (the last means an inhabitant of Bharuch or Broach, as it is generally written—a town in Gujerat which I am visiting on Monday), who writes a great deal in our paper, categorically heading his paragraphs always, firstly, secondly, and so forth. It was quite an enthusiastic meeting but it lasted well after dark, though it began before sunset, and I did so want to get to my Iftar, the meal directly after sunset during Ramadhan.

'A Hindu friend of mine—at least he has become so lately—one Mr. Takhmidas Rowju Tairsee, alarmed me the other day by saying, "I once burnt seven hundred men." What he meant was that he had charitably bought wood—when wood was frightfully expensive—to burn the Hindus who had died in the great influenza epidemic of 1919. He is a great eccentric and renowned philanthropist. A most amusing—and surprising—man to talk to, because although he has never been out of India he knows Europe and its problems and history better than I do, and brings strong common sense to bear on every subject.'

At the end of May he went to the Broach Congress, and reported it in special editions of his paper. He was writing a daily leader as well as editing, besides the public speaking which he mentions in his letters. He also at this time wrote two articles for the *Harmsworth Encyclopædia*, one on Bombay City, and the other on Gujerat. His two Indian

short stories, 'The Quest,' and 'The Student and the Tower,' were published in the *Cornhill* in September 1924 and June 1926. Mr. Edward O'Brien re-published 'The Quest' in *The Best Short Stories of 1924*. These two tales are possibly the best he ever wrote.

'The Quest' tells of a young Indian, Manilal Gurjar, B.A., LL.B., who wishes to study politics. He seeks advice as to how to pursue that science: but the principal of his old college, his friend Shamdas, the merchant, the Rao Bahadur (first-class magistrate (retired)), all fail to help him: the principal is thinking about his approaching game of tennis, Shamdas of his customers, and the magistrate cares but to enjoy the rewards of his superior egotism. Then Manilal hears the white-clad Urdu-speaking followers of Gandhi and his heart is fired. Now he can express the object of his search. "Full perception of the light has come to me, and more than ever I would study politics. It is a task of paramount importance to our country, since it would break the spell of Western education and restore the glory of religion. The call, as I have said, has come to me, and every moment that I spend in idleness is now my shame."

He leaves his wife and child and journeys throughout India, northward to the Himalayas and back to the sacred cities of the Ganges bank, in search of men renowned for holy wisdom. But in vain. 'One whom he consulted, hearing the word "politics," would answer nothing but the word "illusion," which he repeated often with a comfortable smile. Another stated that the light which Manilal was seeking radiated from his (the Swami's) very navel, which was, in fact, the true soul-centre of the Universe. Others assured him of success, but asked for money. Some spoke of sacred trees or herbs or stones, and many prescribed bathing in the Ganges. All praised the life of contemplation, which they claimed to lead, as the sure way to spiritual progress. Some spoke kindly to him, others were extremely rude; and none were of slightest help to him in his pursuit.'

His wife and child and parents die, and he rejects the comfort of a young widow who would ease him of the burden of his chastity. At last he comes, still dressed after European

fashion, to the Mahatma. But Gandhi sees Manilal as a young man prepared to pester him but not to sacrifice, and bids him return in six months in Indian garments and with heart so purified that the very thought of politics disgusts him. Manilal, for his part, 'had so deified that saintly man that he never dreamt explanations were required. He thought the saint must know by intuition of his aims and history and what was passing at that moment in his thoughts. Now by the saint's words he was rejected, an impostor in the eyes of men, in his own sight a failure.' So he kills himself.

The story is pitched in a very low key, but is quite astonishingly effective. It is a translation in epitome of all Marmaduke had seen and heard and suffered whilst working in the non-co-operation movement. To his agent, Mr. Leonard Moore, he wrote: 'I have had the proofs of "The Quest" read by a Hindu, Mahratta, whose only criticism was that I had given the hero a Gujerati first name and a Mahratti surname, and that he hoped my English readers would understand the deep meaning of the story. I think that is rather a triumph as it is the first serious Indian story I have attempted, and I can claim no special knowledge of Hindus at all.' He was very glad when it was accepted by the Editor of the *Cornhill*, 'as I should like it to appear in such a good old-fashioned magazine.'

Of the 'Student and the Tower,' Marmaduke wrote that it was 'A short story about very modern India which I think is something altogether new. The state of society which has been created by the non-co-operation movement has not, so far as I know, been temperately described, much less explored for comedy.' It was accepted by the *Cornhill* at the same rate (fifteen guineas) as 'The Quest.' It is set in Bombay University, where the examination that is approaching, and that all have worked for, is held to ridicule by a non-co-operator who is addressing the students, and the result of that examination is declared to be no more just than if the written papers were taken by the examiners to the top of the Rajabhai Tower and thrown to the winds, those being preferred which fell within a certain radius. Rangildas, son of the ruler of Kathiawad, who had been

sent from the wilds of that state to Bombay to acquire an English education, was moved by this speech not to work for this exam. When his failure was announced to his father, Rangildas distorted the speech he had heard, declaring the papers were in truth thrown from the tower's top and each student must catch his own or miss the mark. "Are the English, then, mad?" asks the boy's father. "Most evidently mad," declared his counsellors.

"Not mad, perhaps, but to our mind eccentric," Rangildas amended. "They rank athletic prowess above learning."

"So I have heard." His father nodded gravely, so did the counsellors; and Rangildas perceived that he had scored a weighty point.

"But how could you imagine that you had succeeded when you knew of the strange rule and knew that you had failed to catch your papers?" asked the chieftain shrewdly, suspicion reappearing in his eyes.

Rangildas assumed an air of child-like candour to reply: "No student can catch all his papers. Some get lodged upon the roofs, or fall in distant places, inaccessible to us. When one catches a good number, it is thought sufficient."

The counsellors glanced at one another, saying: "That is reasonable."

The chieftain then concluded:

"Well, my son, I suppose I must forgive your failure, since it seems to be a matter of pure chance, and not of skill, as I was given to suppose. You have told me something that I never knew before, nor even guessed, in all my life on earth. A marvel, nothing less! Can such things be?"

"We live and learn! All things are possible!" exclaimed the consellers.

"If that is English education, it seems less desirable than I supposed. We can well do without it," said the chieftain as his son went out; and Rangildas deemed it only right to tell his father that it was an absolute necessity for those who sought position in the service of the Government.

"That also," said his father, "we can do without."

Rangildas is delighted with his success, which his wife, Her-devi, ascribed to certain superstitious rites she had performed for him, and enjoyed the lazy palace life until a certain day when a celebrated pleader from Bombay, touring in Kathiawad, came to call upon its ruler. His son's deception discovered, the disappointed father was about to punish Rangildas, when he mentions the name of Gandhi. Seeing the horror the name evokes, the boy says he will give up all and put on the Khadi "since my father will not trust my word and is ashamed of me." The father is distraught. "And I?" he cries, "what will become of me? They will not punish you, unhappy boy. Me they will punish—me, your father. I shall be thrown in prison and deprived of everything for having caused the birth of a seditious person. Such is the venom of the English rulers against one who is himself the best of living men, the glory and the pride of Kathiawad. Breathe not his name within my gates or I am ruined. If my son joins him, then I am indeed decapitated, for I have no face with which to meet the General-Agent or his minions. I thought you had outgrown that nonsense. Say that you will not go! Swear it this instant! Leave all this foolish talk and come to reason. Are you not happy here? Inform me, pray! Is there anything on earth you lack which I can give you?"

I have dwelt at length on these two stories because they give, better than any narrative could, the 'feel' of how the non-co-operation movement affected all sorts and conditions of men and women in India at the time. Despite the light-handedness of these sketches, they are accurately and economically observed, pieces of caricature as expressive and as compassionate as a sketch by Daumier. They are patterns of their sort in workmanship, style, and finish.

At this date, also, he was writing to Leonard Moore of a story entitled 'An Indian Reverie': 'My own experiences and views of Gandhi, in, I hope, a palatable form for English readers,' and also of another story, 'Kahraman,' which he 'hopes to hear soon has been taken by someone, for it is a better story than "The Quest," though its length, you tell me, is against it.'

He was beginning to enjoy India and the fight as his next letter, of June 9, shows :

‘ *The Bombay Chronicle,*

‘ BOMBAY.

‘ *June 9th 1921.*

‘ I missed last mail—the first, I think, since I arrived here—so I must be doubly careful to send you a letter by this one. After my return from Broach I developed an attack of fever, which has not quite left me, though it nearly has.

‘ The night before last news came to me by special messenger that the new moon had been seen just after sunset, and so our month of Ramadan was over. I got myself quite clean and altogether ready for the morning visit to the mosque, but when my friends arrived to fetch me in the small hours of the morning, they saw that I was feverish and would not take me with them. And all day long there was a succession of visitors to wish me “ Id Mubarak ” and the embraces of innumerable bearded men became bewildering long before night-time brought relief. A lot of Hindu friends came with the Muslims. Now I am dashing off to Panchgani to-morrow to rejoin Muriel and try to get a few days’ rest. The weather has been very trying these last days—either absolutely still and stifling or a hot wind full of dust—working up for the monsoon which is so badly needed. One sunset at Broach I stood upon a jetty on the sands by the Nerbudda river and preached to a vast crowd of humble Indians in a real sandstorm. It was an overflow meeting ; the people could not get into the congress pandal—an old port at the corner of the city wall, and they were getting angry ; so Gandhi asked me to go out and speak to them, providing me with an interpreter and two good speakers—a Hindu and a Parsi. Our people were so pleased and keen that I quite forgot that I was fasting and the big meeting had dispersed quite half an hour before we broke up. Then I realized that I had considerably passed my breakfast-time—7.10 p.m.—and that the bungalow where I was staying as the city’s guest was a

long way off, and that I did not know the way. However, Mr. Patel, one of my companions, offered to take me to his bungalow which was close by. We were going there along the sands when some Muslims came running up to me and asked me if I wished to break my fast. There were National volunteers among them, so I said good-bye to Patel and went with them. They led me to a little mosque in a poor little cemetery by the river-side, in which two oil-lamps were burning dimly. They poured water for my ablutions, and then, while I was saying the sunset prayer, went and fetched the most delicious mixture of curdled milk and syrup I have ever tasted. They call it Paluda, and I have had it every evening since. By that time there were quite a lot of people in the courtyard of the mosque, all very much concerned about my plight. And presently some genius brought a tonga—country carriage—and I set off in it, accompanied by volunteers. They took me quite correctly to the bungalow where Mr. Abbas Tyaliji, the chief officer of the Gaekwar of Baroda—who, since he has become a non-co-operator and put on the Gandhi cap, declares he feels as if he had been born again—and a merry little Parsi—more than half a Muslim in opinions—who has been fighting for Mustafa Kemal in Anatolia—were waiting for me, both like myself being guests of the city of Broach. We were quite a pleasant party every evening. I saw much of Gandhi, and find that I like him more the more I see of him. But oh, it was tiring, sitting day after day for hours on the carpeted dais in the pandal. No chairs were provided, and it is not etiquette to sprawl! I spoke three times on various subjects, with applause. But what pleased me most was the charming old city with trees and fields mixed up among its buildings piled up beside the sands of the Nerbudda River.

‘When I stepped out of the train at Broach at dawn, a Muslim who had been in my compartment slipped out after me, though he was going farther on. He insisted on kissing my hand, having just that minute learnt who I was. He said that I had brought a “new world” to Indian Muslims. Poor dears, I wish I could! But they must do that for themselves. With heaps of love.’

He writes airily to Lady Valda : ‘ They expect me to be a sort of political leader as well as a newspaper editor. I have grown quite used to haranguing multitudes of anything from 5 to 30,000 people in the open air, although I hate it still as much as ever and inwardly am just as miserably shy. This, in addition to the newspaper and the supervision and correspondence it entails, has left me very little time for my own.’

He found the climate very trying, too, had malaria often, and sometimes other ills :

‘ *The Bombay Chronicle,*

‘ BOMBAY.

‘ *June 24th 1921.*

‘ It is some time since I last wrote, but I have been rather ill, afflicted with the local fever, and smitten with boils like the Prophet Job. Also I have been away at Panchgani where it was uncommonly cold—as cold as English winter—and I felt disinclined to do anything except wrap myself in all the rugs that I could find and go and hunt for flowers between the downfalls. My Muslim servant Gulsheyr was wrapped up in like manner ; I am told that we resembled Esquimaux. The monsoon broke a fortnight ago and everything that then was brown and withered is now vivid green. The Krishna gorge was looking splendid when we motored down it on our way to Poona and before the temples in the “ sacred ” town of Wai hundreds of people were bathing in the river. It is the mango season, and all along the sixty miles or so of road there was a trail of yellow mango skins, and mango stones and little heaps of them by the wayside wherever people had been sitting. I think they are the nicest fruit I ever tasted. We thought of sending you a hamperful, but people who have tried it say they do not travel, and a hamper of bad mangoes would be worse than none at all.

‘ All sorts and conditions of Muslims in India have charged me to convey their blessings to the little English girl who cares for Turkey and Islam. I have never told your name, but I have told them of your wish that I should

send you verses of the Coran in English, and they know about our writing to each other.

‘ In your letter before last you asked me to promise that, if I came home in September, I would spend all the time, till my leave expired, at the Pond House. If you will promise to spend all that time at Possingworth I quite agree. But I expect before the end of the time you would be telling me to go away !

‘ There is a heathen (Hindu) dignitary yclept “ His Holiness the Shankaracharya of Sharada Peth,” who is giving me some trouble. There seem to be three or four of him, and one of them has threatened me with legal action for saying that another was the right one. Of course, I never said it, but it was said in the course of an article in the paper of which I am the responsible editor. I think we’ve settled him all right. My news editor, who is a Bhattacharya (a Brahmin of the teaching profession), when asked the other day whether he was a strict vegetarian, replied : “ I am a fish-eating Brahmin of Bengal.” It sounded like a kind of water-bird !

‘ We are both rather glad to be back in Bombay, horrible city though it is. Our hotel is at any rate beautifully clean, and the hotel servants all seemed really glad to see us back, so did my people at the office, which makes one feel comfortable.’

His next letter gives the result of Gandhi’s campaign to raise ten million rupees.

‘ *The Bombay Chronicle,*

• ‘ BOMBAY.

‘ *July 1st 1921.*

‘ We have had a most exciting week. Gandhi’s campaign to raise a crore (10,000,000) rupees for the National Movement which ended yesterday at midnight kept me very busy. My paper is the chief nationalist organ, almost the only one which dare back Gandhi openly, and I should have felt personally to blame if he had failed to get his money. Things went very slowly till this week, when the little wonder man himself came to Bombay. And then at

sight of him the town went mad. I know of some rich men who gave him all that they possessed on earth ! All day his house was beset with a great crowd of givers rich and poor, and at the huge public meetings everyone contributed and women flung their ornaments at the feet of the little frail bowed figure in white raiment who is India now for all of us. Having to supervise the newspaper part of the campaign—all the vernacular papers take from us—I only went to meetings which required my presence. The last was a meeting of the Parsi community, who, until now, have held aloof from non-co-operation. The largest Bombay theatre was literally packed from floor to ceiling, all the approaches to it were so crowded that when we came up in our motor—which is not ours really, but a loan, we had to wait a minute while policemen cleared a narrow way. I think we had the best reception, next, of course, to Gandhi. I know I blushed at such a storm of cheering when I realized that it was meant for me, which was not instantly ; and my confusion and surprise may have made it seem much greater than it really was. Mrs. Naidu, Shaukat Ali and Muhammad Ali and V. J. Patel arrived after us and then we heard a noise like thunder in the distance which gradually swelled in volume and became articulate as shouts of “ Mahatma Gandhi ki Jai ” (Success to Mahatma Gandhi). The whole audience rose to its feet and the same ecstatic measured shouts filled the theatre. Everybody I could see had tears in his or her eyes. The note of passionate emotion in the shouting was something that I had not heard since Stamboul shouted : “ Long Live Mahmud Shevket Pasha ! ” in April 1909.

‘ It is only the great figures of self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity which can draw just that note from multitudes. I, frankly, wept ; and my excuse is that I have identified myself with Gandhi’s work, and was so thankful and relieved to know that India was at last responding properly. Mahatmaji is such a fragile little man that he runs hourly risk of being killed by the enthusiasms of the crowds who rush to get a sight of him ; so the giant Shaukat Ali, his chief Muslim henchman, always walks before him. We could

not see the hero of the day at all until he got upon a table on one side of the stage—a gentle, modest-looking man—and then you should have heard the shout of welcome that went up. An address from the Parsi Community was presented to him with a purse containing a large sum of money. He thanked them in a speech in Gujarati, then Mrs. Naidu spoke in English, and then the chairman called out, “Mr. Pickthall,” and I had to speak. They wouldn’t let me start for quite two minutes, but what really pleased me was that Gandhi gave the sign for the applause when I stood up. It meant that he at any rate appreciated what I have been trying to do in India ; and that is all I really care for. There is no one else who counts.

‘I was at my office all last night, and twice rushed in a motor to the Nationalist Headquarters waiting to get the total result of the collection. It was a bitter disappointment when it came at last—only 8,100,000 rupees—instead of the 10,000,000 India had been asked to give. We knew what capital the Anglo-Indians would make out of Mahatma Gandhi’s so-called “failure.” Gandhi himself sent me a note saying that he believed the 10,000,000 was “as good as completed,” but he would not vouch for more than he was absolutely certain of. Any other political leader in the world with the promises which Gandhi had would have declared the Crore complete. He is most scrupulously honest and truthful. So, much to my regret, I had to hold over the triumphant leading article I had prepared for to-day’s paper, and put in Gandhi’s note of explanation in its stead. The rest of India had, it seemed last night, done very badly. Bengal, for instance, had given only five hundred thousand. But a telegram arrived this morning from the Bengal leader, C. R. Das, informing Gandhi that on the last day of collection, June 30th (i.e. yesterday), Bengal gave 27 lakhs (2,700,000 rupees). So, as a matter of fact, the sum appointed was complete upon the day appointed. We had a special noon edition to-day to spread the news in the bazaars. The next Indian National Congress will have a budget, and will probably appoint Ministers of Finance, of Education, and of Local Government.

‘ It is really a great victory. Nothing imposes on our countrymen (yours and mine) so much as money. That is where Gandhi has the pull of them. He does not care for it and will not have it for himself or any of his followers, who have themselves to earn enough to live in the simplicity which he enjoins on everyone while India is as poor as she is now and so many of her people die of starvation every year.

‘ It is getting very late, so I must stop. I did not get into bed till 4 o’clock this morning. Heaps of love.’

Then he missed a mail, and his next letter is about the Dharwar shooting, which ultimately led to his resignation from the paper. He describes the affair to me as follows :

‘ *The Bombay Chronicle,*

‘ BOMBAY.

‘ *July 22nd 1921.*

‘ I do not often miss a mail, but I did miss last mail because all sorts of things were happening in my office just at the time I generally set apart for writing English letters. I had to dismiss my chief sub-editor, and put fear in all the other members of the staff. In a newspaper like mine which takes the Indian point of view entirely, and so is always watched by Government in the hope of catching us in some illegality, one cannot be too careful about the work of underlings, and anyone whom one suspects to be a spy has to be got rid of on the first occasion. I rather like annihilating people I think wicked, which makes me fear that, if I were in power, I might develop into a most shocking tyrant, like the other English over here. A much less palatable job was this : I had to threaten all the machine-room men—the poorest of the poor—with instant and wholesale dismissal if there was any further wanton breaking of machinery. A foreman had to be dismissed for gross dishonesty some time ago, and some of the machine-men sided with the dismissed foreman and have tried to discredit his successor by breaking our machines. Most of the men are innocent, I know, but because they will not tell who the saboteurs are, I have to count them all as guilty. You

should have seen their poor brown puckered faces trying hard to understand when my speech was being translated to them, and the miserable, hopeless looks with which they went back to their work. The worst of it is I am afraid they will really have to be dismissed, for I know the evil temper of the few malcontents, and foresee another smash in a few days. Needless to say we have men ready to replace them, but I am very sorry for these men, and take no pleasure in annihilating them as I do in the case of more conceited better-educated individuals.

‘Well, the rain it raineth every day! The monsoon in all its force has come at last, and Bombay has not seen the sun for several days. Sometimes the rain comes down in sheets so that we cannot see the harbour from our veranda, sometimes it rains more gently as in England, but the rain goes on. The other night I walked back rashly from my office, I had to wade across the big square opposite the Museum. The water there was quite three inches deep, and more in places.

‘Things here are going rather badly just at present. There has been a shocking case of police firing without warning on an unarmed crowd at Dharwar in the Bombay Deccan. I sent a man up at once to investigate, directly we had the news. It makes my blood boil, and I have been writing strongly appealing to the higher powers to intervene. The result is, that I was summoned yesterday to see the Governor. I went, much hoping that he would intervene at Dharwar, and was merely going to ask me what I knew of the affair. But nothing of the kind. After talking for five minutes with a very amiable A.D.C. I was shown in to His Excellency, who at once began reproaching me with the attitude I had taken over the Dharwar affair, as if he took it as a personal insult! He threatened me—very gingerly and politely—with prosecution if I dared go on with the campaign, and wanted to extract a promise from me, which, of course, I would not give. After wrangling for an hour—we have known each other for a good many years, and though he does not choose to show me open friendship in Bombay, I probably talk more freely to him than anyone

else here is allowed to do—he said : “ I’m sorry ; then, good-bye. I’ve done what I can for you.” “ I’m sorry too, for I think you’ve missed an opportunity of doing right in a way which every Indian would appreciate.” And so we parted, and I do not know whether I am only threatened with a prosecution in case I am not careful, or whether a case is already being laid against me. What he said might have meant either. I don’t really care, but Muriel is rather worried because a prosecution might delay our going home.

‘ I am heartbroken to think of the Greeks advancing into Turkey with the help of English poison gas and English flame-throwers. We got a Reuter’s telegram last night that they had taken Kutahia—a place I love. Allahu Akbar !

‘ I see the whole of Soviet Russia has mobilized—I hope to support the Turks in Anatolia.’

To Lady Valda he wrote also :

‘ George Lloyd sent for me not long ago and played the heavy Governor for about an hour and a half. I stood up to him with due deference and held my own. He is obviously out of sorts or he would not have given himself away as he did on that occasion. If I had been the “ enemy ” of his Government in my newspaper next day and if he had retaliated with my deportation or prosecution, the feeling throughout India would have been with me. He would, in fact, have made my fortune and destroyed his own. But Governors, it seems, are an affair of axioms. It was about the Dharwar shooting affair : regarding which the people’s version and the police version completely contradict one another.’

In his next letter to me the news was good. He begins :

‘ *The Bombay Chronicle,*

‘ BOMBAY.

‘ *August 5th 1921.*

‘ I think, if I remember right, that my last letter was principally an account of an interview with H.E. the Governor of Bombay. Well, I am still at liberty ; and, more than that, the Governor has given way upon the point at

issue, and has sanctioned the appointment of a non-official Committee of Inquiry to investigate the Dharwar Firing Incident. The Legislative Council took my side, on that and other matters, unexpectedly, and this is the result. We are in the midst of a great Swadeshi (Swa means self, desh means country, and i shows that the word is an adjective) i.e. "home-made" campaign. Everything a patriotic Indian wears must now be made in India, and every follower of Gandhi must be clad in white from head to foot. Like everything that Gandhi orders, this is symbolical. The world is dyed with false, factitious, poisonous colours. We must purify ourselves, must make ourselves pure white, then Allah Himself will make us blossom forth again in pure, true colours, when the end is gained, which is the brotherhood of man throughout all India and all Asia. All foreign clothes are being burnt or sent to Turkey for the refugees from Thrace and Smyrna. Another great symbolical display was the bonfire of foreign clothes the other day outside Bombay. A huge pyre heaped with coloured clothing surrounded by a heaving sea of people all in white. A little man in white sets fire to it, and a sigh of relief goes up from two hundred thousand hearts. It is their sacrifice. The English papers deal in adverse comments: "What a wicked waste." I am reminded of the words of certain critics of another day: "This ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor."

'On Monday, which was the anniversary of Tilak's death, we drove out to Chowpatty sands to see the monster meeting; but our car was stopped at the foot of Malabar Hill (we had been made to go a long way round, quite past the meeting) and an English superintendent of police warned us that it was dangerous for Europeans to go further. Muriel was alarmed, so I left her sitting in the car, while Dr. Syed Mahmud of Patna and I walked round the bay into the meeting. We had gone only a few steps when people recognized me, and for the rest of the way it was a triumphal progress through a lane of white-clad people cheering madly. So much for the unpopularity of Europeans as such!

‘ On Tuesday there was another huge mass meeting at the Excelsior Theatre, where, for the first time, I appeared in the white Gandhi dress, with the Khilafate badge on my cap to show the Muslim. The meeting was for a very sad purpose—to protest against the action of the British Government in providing the Greek troops with poison gas to kill the Turks with, *after* England’s declaration of neutrality. I don’t know what will happen when the news spreads. The only chance that I can see of preventing a big rising is for the Government of India, which has been insulted and deceived as much as the people of India, to non-co-operate with the Government of England till it mends its ways.

‘ I have just had a note from a retired Judge of the High Court here (who had invited me to dine with him at the Byculla Club) beseeching me to come dressed as an English gentleman, as if I came in Oriental dress there might be trouble ! I have reassured him.

‘ With heaps of love,

‘ Yours ever,

‘ MARMADUKE.’

In the next letter the news was better still :

‘ The only great news this week—except that my beloved Shaukat Ali came to fetch me before daybreak on the morning of the Feast of Sacrifice, and we both went to the mosque together clad in Gandhi’s “ khaddar ” (white homespun) surmounted by the “ Shaukat Ali Cap ” which has become the regulation headdress for Muslim non-co-operators—is that we have booked our passage on the Lloyd Trestino boat *Cracovia*, due to leave here on Oct. 1st. I hope and pray that nothing will happen to prevent our going by it, as I need a rest badly, and Muriel cannot stand the hot weather ; which is at its worst in October. The last few weeks are certain to be strenuous, so do not mind if you receive short letters from me. Do not write to me after Sept. 10th, as letters written after then would only have to follow us to England. I am so sorry to hear that your mother was ill in Austria.’

He had completed his year's work, his year's trial, and, as he wrote to Lady Valda : ' To my surprise, the Board of Directors of my newspaper seem to wish me to return on my own terms, which are stiff ones, but if I do come back, it will be alone.'

The next letter contains both bad news and good :

' *The Bombay Chronicle,*

' BOMBAY.

' *Sept. 2nd 1921.*

' I am writing this in bed, half sitting up, so excuse bad writing. I hope it will not be illegible. Five days ago I was fairly knocked down by malaria, and am just beginning to be able to think without discomfort, and consecutively. I suppose some people would say it is a "judgment" on me for going, as an invited guest, to a meeting of opponents of Mahatma Gandhi, and sitting on the platform, in a Gandhi cap. That was what I did the day that I was taken ill. Mrs. Besant was the principal speaker at that meeting. She is getting very "catty" in her old age, and cannot bear that anyone should have power or influence with Indians except herself. She kept on calling Gandhi an "autocrat," whereas, if there is an autocratic old person in the world, it is herself! She did me the honour to refer to me personally in the course of her speech, in a tone of reprehension and of warning. Yet when she talked to me beforehand she was as nice as pie. Her supporters at the meeting were Indian co-operators with the Government, members of the new Legislative Councils and Assembly, magistrates and so forth. I must say they impressed me far from favourably. Mr. Whyte, an English M.P. who was sent out to act as speaker of the Indian Legislative Assembly, and teach the members "Parliamentarism" (a vile phrase) said lately that his pupils had made such progress that they could compare with members of the English Parliament. They have certainly learnt one thing, in which English M.P.s are proficient, and that is to make manifestly insincere remarks with fluency. They have also learnt to praise themselves

and their colleagues and confederates up to the skies without a blush.

‘ After the heart-searching sincerity of the Gandhi school, and the perfect selflessness of Gandhi, it all sounded horribly vulgar to me, and I was glad to escape after listening to about ten speeches. I believe their only audience was me ! All the other people in the theatre—there were not more than a couple of hundred—were members of the co-operative gang. I then went to my office, where I was looking forward to going back to tea at my hotel when some people came and begged me almost on their knees to come into the jewellers’ bazaar and speak to the crowd at the auction, for patriotic purposes, of the jewellery which was thrown at Gandhi’s feet during his last visit to Bombay. As they had a motor car waiting I could not very well refuse. The Jheweri (Arabic Javhari=Jeweller) Bazaar is quite an interesting corner of Bombay. A narrow, winding street with little Oriental (i.e. cupboard-like) shops on either side, each shop with a little turbaned man squatting in it, who looks like a poor Indian, but really is a millionaire. The auction was going on in the open street at the point where it is widest, just behind our Jumal Masjid (Cathedral Mosque). The auctioneer was seated on the edge of one of the shops (which are all arranged like shelves a good bit above the street), and the crowd were out in the sunlight, most of them, with no protection other than the Gandhi cap. I climbed up into the shop and was shown some resplendent jewellery which I duly admired in appearance, *bien que je ne sois pas amateur du genre*. I then said “ a few gracious words ” and was motored back to my hotel, where I had tea as usual, conscious of no more than a slight headache ; went to the office as usual after sunset prayer, worked as usual, walked back in the night-time, only feeling rather tired ; came into my bedroom, sank into a chair on the veranda and suddenly became aware that I could not get up again ! That sort of thing is quite common out here both for Indians and for Europeans. A very charming Indian girl—a Muslimah—is going to England to-morrow, having won a Government of India Scholarship at Girton.

I should very much like your mother to know her, and would ask her to make overtures of friendship if I could remember the very charming Indian girl's name, which I cannot at present, being still a little fever-headed. However, we can arrange that when we get to England. We have booked our passage by the *Cracovia* (Lloyd Trestino Line), which starts on Oct. 1st and ought to get to Venice 17 days later. We shall stay a day or two in Venice and then train to London.'

P.S. (written later) :

'Shaukat Ali, whom I have learnt to love as if he were my own brother, was arrested last night or rather early this morning. They dare not do these things when people are about. He was taken straight on board a ship in the harbour, which left soon after daybreak for Karachi, where he and others have to stand their trial on a charge of attempting to tamper with the allegiance of the army. I was very sad, not for his sake, but my own, and very much ashamed of English nationality. He was here having tea with us yesterday afternoon, as jolly as ever, though well aware that this might happen to him at any minute. And his last word to his followers was: "Go and tell the Pickthalls, and give them both my love." All the Muslims at the Khilafate Office clamoured to be taken with him, but the police warrant, it appears, was for him only. He ordered them to keep quiet and give instructions to all the Indian Muslims to keep peace and follow Gandhi. Really a great man, although as simple as a child.

'This is not a very cheerful letter, I'm afraid. I really feel ashamed to leave India at such a time. But if I did elect to stay, I should very soon be rendered useless by imprisonment, and Muriel, in her present run-down state of health, must be considered. Our ship is announced to sail three days earlier than first advertised—on September 27th instead of October 1st. So I may see you sooner.'

In spite of his sorrow at his friend's arrest, he had many comforting letters to prove to him how appreciated his work

was. The Central Khilafate Committee of All-India telegraphed to him that they highly appreciated and valued 'the most remarkable and distinguished services rendered with utmost sincerity and devotion by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, Editor of *The Bombay Chronicle* to the cause of Islam and the Khilafate,' and Gladstone Solomon began a letter: 'My dear Pickthall, I cannot let you depart from India, for however short a period, without again expressing to you the deep and abiding obligation which, as Principal of the Bombay School of Art, I feel towards you for your bold and brilliant championship of the School. It has been invaluable and has done much to popularize a movement which cannot be wholly worthless. The poor artists of India are grateful to you for all you have been able to achieve in the cause of Indian Art.'

We were at Possingworth when he came home, and it was the finest autumn I remember. There was a drought that year and we were all waterless. Children and grown-ups, ourselves and all our tenants, took soap and towels to the lake which was in the park, and bathed there. Marmaduke came to the communal washing parties, too: and we resumed our walks also. He never spoke to me about his worries, only of that rebirth of Islam which had swept Persia and Turkey and now had spread to Egypt and to India. When the history of the Reformation of the Mohammedan world comes to be written, Marmaduke Pickthall will be its Morning Star, for that reformation is as without barriers of race as the one whose leaders were John Knox from Scotland, Calvin of Geneva, Huss of Bohemia, and the German Luther.

In the early days of that December, my sister, Clare, had her first 'double numbers' birthday. To celebrate, we were allowed to give a dinner party, asking whom we would. Marmaduke sat on Clare's right, and I the far end of the table, three silver candlesticks and smilax carpeting white linen spaces between. A white-tie party, my first; and Marmaduke was host, organizing absurd games after singing Arab songs; a child with us, man with the men. Next morning we were sent for to Possingworth, arriving

by train, to find all the relations, lawyers, doctors imaginable assembled in the big hall, women in tears, and mother coming downstairs to meet us : " Your father is dead."

After lunch I went alone to the Pond House, and for three hours Marmaduke walked with me in the bitter December, until too cold and tired to walk further we sat under a leafless oak, amongst dead bracken. Noise there was none but the occasional chute ! of a dead leaf falling from a bare tree on to icy ground. It seemed the sun itself had been frozen out of the sky. All our walk we had not spoken, now too cold to cry I turned to him for comfort, told him my horror of the huge white figure under the sheet in the dark room, candles burning at feet and head, heavy smell of lilies ; and of the knowledge I must go in again, day after day, morning and evening, and kneeling there, see mother kiss it, then with same lips kiss me.

Day by day I came so to Marmaduke, and we walked round the lead-grey lake that had been yellow with laburnum in spring ; in summer crimson with rhododendron reflections ; where, so lately, we had bathed in water gold and red, mirroring birch and maple leaves turning. I told him of empty coffin on men's shoulders sneaking up backstairs, purring black undertakers whispering outside the death-room, pity registered, click ! each time eyes turned on to us, white marble face grey now in coffin, dignity collapsing, smell stronger than lilies. All these he comforted, and agony of ending, father gone, house gone, most of all, childhood gone, whine of : " You must take your father's place now." Listening to lawyers read figures incomprehensible, mother saying poor now, must sell now, must work now, put by childish things ; all these he comforted, o passi graviora, this, too, shall pass away.

In the inevitable end our only solace, he taught me, and our one value our impermanence : Rejoice at each delight's destruction, at each day's ending, for so is less to lose, so more surrendered.

And the while he had trouble enough of his own.

The leader with which he had opened his paper's campaign against the Dharwar shooting had not been written

by him. He had been in bed with malaria at the time, and a Mr. Venkatram, a sub-editor, in charge of the paper during his temporary absence, had written the offending leader.

Marmaduke, according to Mr. L. Tairsee, the rich Hindu friend already mentioned who stood by him, 'was absolutely innocent, to my knowledge,' and Mr. Tarkamdas, the solicitor of Messrs. Kanga and Co., who handled the case, was of the same opinion, though, of course, technically, the directors of a newspaper, collectively and severally, are directly responsible for whatever appears in their paper. He was very anxious not to return to India, nor to go on with newspaper work, which he did not enjoy and which he felt was not his line. Also, the refusal of Turkey to shoulder the burden of the Khilafate had released him from his Jihad. But with this case hanging over his paper he felt he was in honour bound obliged to stand by it until judgment had been given. So he prepared to return (and alone, for he knew he could not ask Muriel to accompany him again), to face the High Court certainly, and probably imprisonment.

It was spring when he went back to India. Muriel remained with her relations at Isleworth, her health being still far from good.

To me, he wrote :

' 14. 3. 22.

' NEARING PORT SAID.

' I got on board so tired after two sleepless nights spent in pretty strenuous—i.e. uncomfortable—travelling, that I have been more or less sleeping ever since. My day in Paris was, I think, well spent. I saw Yusuf Kemal, the head of the Angora delegates, and had a satisfactory private conversation with him, also with some of the Egyptian people, and the Afghan representative. It was a pity that I could not get over earlier, as a magnificent dinner had been given on the Wednesday night entirely in my honour, and I was not there ! Also I should have got a full night's rest, which means something at my time of life.

' The news of Mahatma Gandhi's arrest was posted up on

the ship's notice board on Saturday. All the Indians on board are very much upset and the Anglo-Indians seem no little agitated, wondering what condition of affairs will prevail in India when we reach Bombay.

'At meals I sit between Mirza Isa Khan, a former Minister of Finance in Persia, and a Parsi of the name of Wadia who lives in Paris. There are also on board Lord Lytton (going to succeed my old schoolfellow Ronaldshay as governor of Bengal), Lord Milner, Lord and Lady Bute, and the Rt. Hon. Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, a leading 'co-operator' and the last-named only being known to me personally. Sounds a distinguished company, doesn't it? Yet, to look at us, you would say there never was a more ordinary-looking crowd—I might even say common.

'We are due to reach Port Said early to-morrow morning. There I hope, by buying an Arabic paper, to learn a little more of what is going on in India. It would be a nuisance if I were to find my newspaper suppressed and myself arrested on arrival. I should like at any rate "a run for my money."'

His next letter was posted at Aden.

'Nothing happens. I keep to the Oriental circle on board and the very few Europeans (no English) who frequent it—an American attaché on his way to the legation at Teheran, a Frenchman, and an Australian. We are not undistinguished in the Oriental sense, since we include the Maharajahs of Parbander (Gandhi's lieu d'origine) and Rajpipla, and the heir apparent to the gadi (throne) of Limdi, a Persian ex-Minister of State, and the Rt. Honble. Mr. Sastri, who represented the Government of India at the Washington Conference, and I am sure our conversation is a very great deal more interesting than that of the Anglo-Indian coteries on board. I went ashore at Port Said with my fellow-non-co-operator, Mr. Mehta, a Gujerati Hindu, who has been a delegate to Europe from the Indian Chamber of Commerce, Bombay. As soon as it was found that one of us knew Arabic we received quite an ovation from the Egyptians in the town. All Egypt, it appears, is much excited by the news of the arrest of the Mahatma, and the

people we met seemed glad of the occasion to express their sympathy to anyone who came from India. I got some Arabic newspapers, one of which had a leading article headed "Gandhi the prophet of patriotism not for India only but the whole East." As we were on our way back to this ship, I saw at the landing-stage an elderly lieutenant in the uniform of the Suez Canal police and, after staring at him for a minute, went up and asked whether his name was not Râshid. He stared at me, then fairly jumped for joy! It was my servant of old Syrian days, the same Râshid who plays so large a part in my *Oriental Encounters*. He saw us safe on board the ship with semi-regal honours!

'I have been very sleepy ever since I came on board—much too sleepy to attempt translations from the Coran, which require deep thought. But perhaps I shall find energy before I reach Bombay to add to the collection you have made.

'I do not dare to think of the Pond House and Possingworth, or I should weep.'

He arrived in Bombay in mid-March: 'I arrived in Bombay a week ago to-day,' he comforted me, 'and this is to prove to you that I am not arrested or imprisoned yet. I have the same old room in this hotel (Green's) and the same sparrows come to tea with me upon the broad veranda and hop in and out of the bedroom as if they were the rightful owners. I am very busy, having a meeting of my Board of Directors to attend in an hour's time. I have made myself a director.'

He was already travelling again in his next letter :

'*The Bombay Chronicle,*

'BOMBAY.

'*April 13th 1922.*

'To-day is the anniversary of the massacre of Amritsar, so we are observing it by refusing to do any work! I came back only a day or two ago from a lightning rush to Muzafferpur in Northern India, to see a friend in prison, and attend

his trial. There is a strike on one of the railways which has thrown all the service out of order. At one time it seemed we could not arrive in time, but by taking two ekkas from Moghul Serai to Benares we caught a slow train at the latter city and so reached Muzafferpur at midnight of the night before the trial which was fixed for 6.30 a.m. An ekka is a cart like this.¹

‘ I am the person in front, the driver is seen through the wicker canopy, and Ishfaq Ali, who was Shaukat Ali’s secretary, is behind. There are no springs, and, going *ventre à terre*, we rattled and jolted over the bridge of boats across the Ganges with all the ghats and temples of Benares ranged before us like spectators and the Mosque of Aurungzeb lifting its head above them all to get a peep at us.

‘ Literally thousands of people welcomed me at Govepur, Hajipur, and other stations, and at Muzafferpur at midnight I could not see the outskirts of the white-clad crowd of non-co-operators. I addressed a monster meeting and received an address from the citizens, was present through the trial and spent some hours with my friend in jail, and then, after 36 hours, started back, attended by some people of Muzafferpur as far as Patna. I saw elephants working at Govepur, and enjoyed a two hours’ journey on a steamer down the Ganges. But the five solid days of railway travelling in heat and dust were very trying, and I have not yet got over the fatigue. Yet now the people of the Punjab want me to go there, saying they are quite as worthy of a visit as the people of Bihar, and the people of the United Provinces are bothering me. The long and short of the matter is I can’t afford it, either in money or health, though it would be wildly interesting.’

His whole mind was taken up by his coming trial. He wrote to his agent : ‘ I, or rather my paper, am being sued just now in the Bombay High Court by three officials with the Government behind them for alleged defamation of character in connection with the Dharwar shooting incident last year. I asked that the inquiry should be taken out of the

¹ He had drawn me a picture.

hands of the local officials and said plainly what I thought about them. They could not get me under the Press Act, which was then in force, because there was nothing in my writing which could be called "sedition" or "conspiracy," or "waging war against the King" (the favourite charges against writers here). So they devised this method. The officials claim 2½ lakhs of rupees damages (about £15,000 !). We have put up a very strong defence but it may not avail us because there is no statute to guard the freedom of the Press in India.' He wrote to Aubrey Herbert and to myself on the same day. The letter to Herbert is as follows :

' *The Bombay Chronicle,*

' BOMBAY.

' *April 21st 1922.*

' MY DEAR HERBERT,

' I am going to jot down briefly a few things which I should like you to know. Gandhi, as you know, was imprisoned before I got back to India. On the day before I landed at Bombay, one of the best of our Khilafate people, a man absolutely without racial feeling, and sincerely averse to violence, Dr. Sayyid Mahmud (of Patna) was arrested. He is a great friend of mine, and I was not surprised when a few days after my arrival a telegram came asking me to go and see him in jail. It was followed by a second and a third telegram urging me, for God's sake, to come before the trial, as he had something of great importance to tell me. It meant a rush up to the North of India to a place called Muzafferpur in Bihar and five solid days in the train in this hot weather is no joke, but I went, and incidentally beheld Benares and the Ganges, and elephants at work and other interesting things. What Mahmud wanted to tell me was this : that the people in the Punjab, United Provinces, and Bengal—the regions which have suffered most from the Govt.'s campaign of repression—are getting altogether out of hand. He adjured me to tour those provinces at once (he seemed to think that I could quiet them better than any Indian speaker), and particularly the Punjab and U.P. Of course I had to refuse, for I am

not a leader, but a servant—of the Indian Newspaper Company, but during my short stay in the north I did what I could to quiet people's minds, and have been doing the same thing in my paper ever since. If a big rising does come it is not going to be plain sailing for the repressors. During my short stay in Paris on my way out I met people (as secret guests of the French Govt.), not from India but from Central Asia. I won't say any more—I can't—but you can guess at the deduction. The French are making a bold bid for England's Asiatic influence, and consequently aiming at the destruction of the B.E. That I conclude from my own private observations. It is quite easy to "dish" them, but the Govt. of India's present policy is merely playing into their hands and the hands of other enemies. The discontent in India is beyond description; and the Indian police, whether from toadyism or secret patriotism, are fomenting it as hard as ever they can.

'My friend Mahmud at Muzafferpur was sentenced to six months' imprisonment on a charge of sedition, which rested solely on the report of some police reporters to the effect that he had urged people to "turn the English out of India." It is a stock phrase in the trials of non-co-operators. Mahmud protested that he was the last man likely to say such a thing since he had a host of highly valued English friends. He traversed every statement of the C.I.D. informers and the Magistrate—a very decent Englishman named Bridge—would certainly have acquitted him had it rested with him, but he had to ask the authorities for permission in a case labelled "political," and apparently there is an edict against acquitting non-co-operators. So Mahmud got six months, and we are deprived of another of the peace-keepers, at the very moment when we most need men of influence and eloquence who are opposed to violences.

'Do you remember your famous remark about it being impossible for a gentleman to fill a certain high position in India? It is impossible for a gentleman to fill any high position in India and remain a gentleman.

'I don't suppose you ever even heard of the Dharwar shooting case. Every witness other than police witnesses—

witnesses of the affair—declared that the crowd gave no provocation whatever; the police said that the crowd attacked and tried to burn a drink-shop which they (the police) were guarding. On the strength of an Associated Press telegram, we—*The Bombay Chronicle*—at once sent up a Special Commissioner to Dharwar, the result of whose investigations and inquiries were strongly adverse to the police. We called for an impartial inquiry into the affair, before legal action on the part of Government. Lloyd came down from Poona last July on purpose to give me a wiggling. I expected to be arrested and deported or decapitated the next day. But nothing happened. Since then about 250 people—Non-Cooperators who will offer no defence—have been sentenced to various long terms of imprisonment. One is dead. An appeal was made upon behalf of the accused, but was lost because, not having offered any defence was tantamount to an admission of guilt on their part!

‘Now a suit is being brought against *The Bombay Chronicle* by the District Magistrate and Superintendent of Police (English) and the sub-inspector (Indian) for defamation of character. Damages claimed, in all 2½ lakhs of rupees (about £15,000) and costs which may amount to twice that sum. The D.M. has been promoted Commissioner and the sub-inspector has received the honorific title “Ras Bahadur” (valiant hero) since the “incident,” so I rather fail to see the damage in their case. The case comes on in June. We are fighting it squarely, pleading absolute justification; but there is very little hope of winning for us here. In England we should win outright, on the first hearing. I am trying to secure that the case shall be fully reported in some English newspaper, and in the French Press. It is one which concerns the freedom of the Press all over the world. I am also writing to America for correspondents to be sent.

‘A Commission of the Indian National Congress, presided over by Abbas Tyabji—ex-Chief Judge of Baroda—sat upon the Dharwar case simultaneously with the Sessions Judge; and came to the conclusion that not more than two of the

accused had been anywhere near the drink-shop on the day in question. Old Tyabji came to me straight from Dharwar, and was thoroughly disgusted. He said the whole thing was a scandal of which all the world ought to hear. I hope that all the world will hear it through the coming trial, of which I hope to make a *cause célèbre*.

‘Lloyd has not noticed my arrival, though I left the usual card and wrote my name in the arrival book.

‘Forgive a long scrawl, but I want you to have information of these things.

‘That is not all that I should like to say, but if you say a half of it or any part of it I shall be grateful to you. Gandhi at any rate will agree with every word of it.

‘By the way, there has been no improvement in the prison treatment of Shaukat and Mohamed Ali. It is damnable—the worst thing I know of G. Lloyd’s Government. Indeed I never should have thought it of him.

‘There is not much news this week except that I have been speechifying more than I like, and consequently getting rather tired.

‘Ramadhan is near at hand, I haven’t even made up my mind whether to fast or not the whole month. It means a relaxing of effort which one can hardly afford at such a time. It will probably end in my fasting the last ten days of the month, and all my holidays till I make up the proper tale of days.

‘Our coming trial is giving me a lot of extra work, preparing the defence. I am trying to get newspaper correspondents from England, France, and America, so that not only may we perish—if we must—with due publicity, but that the horrid scandal of the Dharwar shooting case may be widely known.’

His next letter to me is about quite different matters :

‘*The Bombay Chronicle,*

‘BOMBAY.

‘April 28th 1922.

‘There is little to relate. I have been reorganizing my office, and have at last persuaded the Directors to buy

proper, up-to-date machinery. When I get that, I expect to be able to increase the circulation threefold. All the patriotic papers in the North have been suppressed, and the people there are crying for the *Bombay Chronicle*, but we have not been able to supply it up till now because we can only print a certain number of copies, and we already sell every copy we can print. But that is not a very interesting subject to discourse to you about. We have had two showers of rain—not the monsoon, that does not come till June, but what the people here call “Mangoe showers,” because they come just when the mangoes are upon the point of ripening.

‘It is the eve of Ramadhan, and I am still in doubt whether to fast or not the whole thirty days. The first day I shall certainly fast.

‘I am not a bit astonished or appalled by your confession that you enjoy the services at Cross-in-Hand. You know, my dear, I never took you for a real Mohammedan Muslim, and I always told you that you could become a Muslim in the way of Jesus. So long as you do become a real Muslim some day I don’t mind the least which way you choose. The way is always largely a matter of accident or individual circumstances. The goal is the thing. You used to say that you wanted me to preach, but I have been doing so much preaching lately, trying to keep the Indian Muslims quiet, that I think, “when this tyranny is over-past” I shall refuse to preach ever again.

‘With heaps of love,

‘Yours ever,

‘MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.’

He got his way about the office and in his next letter triumphs: ‘I have secured new printing machines and a much more magnificent office for the paper, so now we can go ahead.’ He is extraordinarily calm. ‘Here there is not much news. It is Ramadhan and we all a little dry and irritable in the daytime. Lloyd George and other people have been misquoting the Qu’aran and I have got to go for them. I have been asked to lecture in September at the

National Muslim University at Aligarh. I am looking for a bungalow outside Bombay in one of the seaside suburbs outside Gujerat, but have not heard of anything at all desirable. There was one belonging to the Nawab of Surat, who offered it to me, but it was too small, although I was much tempted by the pretty little formal garden, also the low rent.' It was then his friend Gladstone Solomon came to his rescue and lent him his bungalow in the School of Art compound (where Kipling was born). He had a pleasant enough time, in spite of the heat and the fast. He dined with Sarojini Naidu, the poetess: 'who is also a great national leader, and on another night I had a deaf man to dine with me here, I forget his name, but he was Special Correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* to investigate Indian unrest. Rather funny to choose a deaf man for the job. However, I managed to make him hear a few plain truths about the situation.

'Things are livening up a little. There is news of more arrests, and people tell me my turn will come soon. Well, let it! It cannot be helped. My fast of Ramadhan has quite broken down, I am sorry to say, owing to stress of work. I can do without food and drink—but not smoking. A sad confession, isn't it? I have got so into the habit of smoking while I write that it is pain and grief to me to write without smoking.'

Though he could not give up smoking, he still fasted, as his next letter shows:

' *The Bombay Chronicle,*

• ' BOMBAY.

' *May 19th 1922.*

' MY DEAREST ANNIE,

' I have had a strenuous week, what with the observance (not strict keeping, I am sorry to say) of Ramadhan, and various excitements. The Afghan Consul asked me to breakfast with him at a delightful bungalow in a garden on Malabar Hill overlooking the sea. Hakim Ajinal Khan, President of the Indian National Congress, Dr. Ansari, and a lot of other important people, were present,

including the chief Afghan representative from Simla. I was much abashed to find myself the guest of honour. I have had to sit rather heavily upon a fanatical gentleman (a Hindu) who clothes himself only in a sheet, which he throws off occasionally. He was preaching violence, against the Congress Programme, so I called him to my office and told him what I thought of him, expecting angry opposition. But he was perfectly charming about it, and even thanked me for explaining to him my attitude ! which shows that Indians, even the most outrageous of them, are quite reasonable if you talk to them on an equality.

‘ I am still at liberty, thank God, and hope to remain so.’

I have no more letters that remain to me after this one, but his case dragged on and on. He came back and stayed with us in France in 1923, in the autumn. He remained a whole perfect week, and for the last time we talked as at the Pond House. Our intimacy, which had begun under the pine-trees of Possingworth, ended under the catalpas at Aix. To my knowledge, we never again talked of God, nor walked with passion for Him uniting us, thought of Him determining our every word. I had entered the dark woods of adolescence and was snared in their tangled undergrowth, and he could not help me, for I would have none of his, nor of anyone's, help who had been with me before. The break with Possingworth meant a complete reorientation of life for me, and though I loved Marmaduke always, and met him often, I had let down the shutters and he could no longer reach to my mind, nor I escape from it : he realized this and never reproached me, nor ever audibly regretted the child he had lost, nor that the woman she became was so unlike what he imagined she once had the power to become.

He went back to London and fetched Muriel. They had never been parted so long before and both of them felt the strain terribly. She did not again leave him until his death. They had a short holiday this time, for he was back in India by the end of October, and to my mother he wrote :

I hope this letter will not be too late to wish you a happy New Year before the New Year actually begins ; but mails seem rather erratic in these days.

I have hardly an hour's leisure since I landed. Everything was in a mess, in Indian politics and in my office. In the middle of November I accepted an invitation to preside at the Karnatik Provincial Khilafate Conference at Bijapur, not that I care for that kind of racket which is sheer fatigue, but because I knew that my "presidential" address would go all over India, and I wanted to give a lead to the Muslims, who were all at sea. Incidentally Muriel and I had a chance of seeing one of the most wonderful of old Indian cities, from the Indian point of view. We did not see a single European during our stay at Bijapur, except the Collector upon whom I paid a duty call ; and the Indians were perfectly sweet to us. It was a very much pleasanter outing than we either of us expected ; and did more than I had counted on its doing, for the Hindus as well as the Muslims were pleased with my suggestions. The people persuaded me to stay over Friday, in order that I might preach in the great mosque, which for the first time since the fall of Bijapur was used then by a Muslim congregation. They thought it of good omen for the resurrection of India, and I thought it was a good omen, for a peaceful resurrection, that an Englishman was the chosen preacher on the occasion !

Sir George Lloyd has left, and we have a new Governor—Sir Leslie Wilson—who is quite unknown to me. A man we know—who used to live at Buxted—came out on the same ship with the Wilsons. He told me he had never had such a happy voyage on a P. & O. boat, nor known the passengers so sociable, that it was all owing to the influence of the Wilsons, who insisted on talking to everybody and made no distinction between European and Indian or between first and second class (our friend travelling second). He also told me that he saw little Marjorie Wilson playing with an Indian and an English boy. The English boy was rough to her, and the little Indian went for him and knocked him down. That all sounds hopeful, but I keep

my hopes to myself, though I have told the story of the children to my Indian friends.

' Now, the new and very sad troubles in Turkey and in the British Government's fresh attempt to entrench its wretched protégé in Mecca, where he spoils the pilgrimage, is giving us much concern. We have traced out a policy which ought to make for peace. I only hope the Government of India will be sensible enough to support it. The national movement is reviving strongly under Shaukat Ali's leadership.

' My lawsuit is proceeding slowly, piling up the costs. A commission sat at Dharwar taking evidence, most of which was strongly in our favour. The police had to get quite a fresh lot of witnesses. Those used at the original trial of the "riot" case would not again come forward. It is a funny world.'

While they were waiting the result of their case, Marmaduke and Muriel lived quietly at a hill station during the first of the monsoons with only centipedes and scorpions to annoy them, a pleasant change. Shaukat Ali and Mohammed Ali, now safely released, were their next-door neighbours, and excellent neighbours they found them.

The result of the case was, of course, as everyone, including Marmaduke, had known it would be, a judgment for the plaintiffs and against *The Bombay Chronicle*. The paper prepared to pay up the whole ten thousand pounds and Marmaduke resolved to stay in India until the money had been found. Before this was done the paper had been sold and its policy changed. Marmaduke resigned the editorship rather than agree to break with Gandhi. He explains his position in a letter to my mother :

' SCHOOL OF ART BUNGALOW,
' BOMBAY.

' *September 19th, 1924.*

' Amie will have told you of the judgment of the High Court of Bombay against me and my newspaper, which,

owing to the search by the Directors for money to pay up the costs and damages, resulted in a change of policy which caused my resignation. They practically sold the paper to the so-called "Swarajists," and I have always been a Gandhi-ite in Indian politics. So now I am out of work, and have been for some weeks. There have been offers of employment, but I prefer to wait until I hear from Hyderabad, where I have applied for permission to enter the service of the Nizam in some capacity or other. It is a place where all negotiations drag, however simple. I am told that objections to me are expected to be raised by the British Resident, but the Governor of Bombay has promised me a favourable word which perhaps may counter such objections. It would be a relief to get into an Indian State after my recent experience of British India. Muriel, I am glad to say, is well and feeling more adventurous than before the operation, so the thought of Hyderabad does not appal her. It remains, however, to be seen whether we shall ever get there.

'The trial of our famous case re the Dharwar shooting was an extraordinary experience for me. The fact that the people we were said to have "defamed" were Government officials—and, what is still more curious, the fact that we had "defamed" them in their official capacity—was put forward by the Advocate-General as the most important aspect of the case, demanding heavy damages, and so put forward in the judgment also. There was no allowance whatsoever for the public duty of a newspaper. Of course all India is on our side, but all India does not count. The effect of the judgments in the three cases as precedent must be (1) that a District Magistrate is not responsible for anything done in his district by subordinate officials and may not be criticized as if he were responsible; (2) that a District Superintendent of Police must not be held responsible for the acts of his subordinates; and (3) that a sub-inspector of police must not be held responsible, and criticized, for things done on his own responsibility.

'I am really distressed for Gandhi. He is still ill, and everyone combines to worry him when he should be at

rest. I am afraid my resignation has rather handicapped him, but there was really nothing else for me to do.

‘I am occupying my forced leisure with an attempt to translate the Coran into worthy English—an attempt begun long ago. Happening to mention the fact one day in the presence of the manager of the Associated Press of India, I ought not, I suppose, to have been surprised to see it afterwards in every newspaper. But I was exceedingly surprised, and still more so by the excitement the news caused among the Muslims. It has added greatly to the burden of my correspondence. They are wonderfully friendly people and, having in themselves an inexhaustible supply of words, are constitutionally incapable of understanding how mere words can be a burden, as they are to me.

‘I have been sending articles to E. D. Morel for *Foreign Affairs* about the British seizure of Bahreyn—a very nasty case of breach of treaty, which has angered all the Arabs. I don’t know whether he will publish, but it is to the good that he should know the facts of the affair. The Arab population of Bombay come by twos and threes to see us. Muriel cannot understand them, but they are in awe of her, and make her lovely presents. I have had very kind letters from all over India, and official tributes from the Afghan Consul and the Persian Consul; also an autograph letter from the Sultan of Nejd, who seems to be upon the point of taking Mecca at this time of writing, but the letter I most value is from Swami Shraddhanand, the Hindu reformer, who is generally regarded as an anti-Muslim force—a letter breathing real affection. I always liked the wonderful old man.’

He had served his full three years and, even if it had not been for the Dharwar incident, he would not have gone on with journalism, and was glad to have done with it. As he said to Leonard Moore: ‘Various schemes are afloat to keep me here in India, but I shall not take on another newspaper. The work is too exacting and too ticklish in a country where every word of criticism can be construed as defamation or sedition. What I should wish would be to be offered

service in a native State, in which case I should have some leisure time for writing. But if nothing offers,' he concluded sadly, 'I shall come home some time between now and Christmas.'

The Khilafate Movement ended with Mustapha Kemal's abolition of the Khilafate in this same year. When Kemal Ataturk renounced his championship of the spiritual head of Islam, the pro-Turk movement was *ipso facto* ended. Marmaduke was sorry, but without despair. He had done all he could, and the rest, he knew, must be left to the mercy of Allah. He had gradually, during his last two years on the paper, drifted away from Gandhi. Not that there was ever any split between them, but Gandhi had used the Khilafate Movement as an axe on which to grind out swaraj, not as an end or object in itself. Everything that could be brought in to help in the great battle for liberty, was welcome to him, but only as a means of assistance. And Gandhi's followers, as Marmaduke had already found out, were not all Gandhis.

Hindu-Muslim unity was an ideal too big for them, and they were working against it even before the abolition of the Khilafate, encouraging, for example, the conversion of Untouchables to Christianity because thereby they became casteless and helped to form a block with the Hindus against the Muslims. But Gandhi and Marmaduke themselves remained friends, and on Marmaduke's death Gandhi wrote to Muriel :

‘ SEGAON,

• ‘ WARDHA.

‘ 1937.

‘ Your husband and I met often enough to grow to love each other and I found Mr. Pickthall a most amiable and deeply religious man. And although he was a convert he had nothing of the fanatic in him that most converts, no matter to what faith they are converted, betray in their speech and act. Mr. Pickthall seemed to me to live his faith unobtrusively.’

But in answer to her request that he should write something to add to this Biography, he said : ' I do not know that I knew him so well as to enable me to give you anything useful that you can add.'

Marmaduke and Lord Lloyd became friends once more as soon as their official antagonism was happily ended by Marmaduke's resignation, following on Lord Lloyd's departure. He bore Lord Lloyd no grudge, and Lord Lloyd was most kind to him on a subsequent occasion.

As soon as he left *The Bombay Chronicle*, Marmaduke and Muriel first went to Captain Solomon's bungalow and then to Lonavla in the Western Ghauts, where, during some quiet weeks, he rested and recovered. It was there that his mind turned again to the translating of the Qu'aran and he wrote to Leonard Moore : ' All Muslim India seems to be possessed with the idea that I ought to translate the Qu'aran into real English, and that I ought to be subsidized for the purpose.' Moore was delighted with the idea and wrote warmly, pressing him to go on with it. Marmaduke wrote in reply :

' With regard to my translation of the Qu'aran (about a third of which is roughly done), there is one obstacle in the way of placing it with any English publisher. It is intended for Muslims quite as much as for English people and Muslims insist on the Arabic text being presented side by side with the translation. Not only this, but the Arabic text must not be printed in the ordinary sense but hand-written by some great calligraphist and reproduced from blocks, a costly process which I imagine no English publisher would look on as a business proposition. At the present rate of work it would take me at least a year to finish the translation only, let alone the notes and introduction. The idea of some of my friends here is to release me from any other work until that is completed and to secure the cost of publication in the form desired. All the previous translations leave much to be desired from our Muslim point of view. Christians naturally have tended to translate it just as a book, not as a sacred book, and the magnificent language of the Arabic

is rendered into hum-drum English whilst care for the literary meaning of each Arabic word has led the translator to bungle or obscure the meaning. Also certain words are left untranslated so as to give quite a wrong impression of the book. Thus the words "Islam" and "Muslim" are left untranslated, this implying that they had at the time of revelation the technical meaning which they acquired afterwards. I translate those words, as any Arab hearing them understand them, as "surrender" or "submission," "those who surrender" or "submit" (i.e. to Allah). For example the text which has always been translated "the religion with Allah is Islam" in my translation reads "religion with Allah consists in the surrender unto Him," which, besides being the accurate rendering, is a statement of a universal truth instead of a sectarian assertion. The Qu'aran contains no sectarian assertions, which is as much as to say that all existing translations are misleading. Even that by Mahomed Ali of Lahore errs occasionally in this respect and in the matter of English it is hopeless. Indeed it was that which led me first to think of making a translation of my own. When I was acting Imam to the Muslim congregation in London I found that translation in use and saw that it seemed nonsense to the English people who came to my services. So I put it on one side and made my own translation of any passage which I wished to read out in English, and many people came to me and asked me where they could get the translation I used. I suggest that you might approach publishers with this information and ask whether, if sufficient support were forthcoming from India, they would meet us half-way with a view to a really notable production. The Begum of Bhopal and the Nizam are both interested.'

It was the Nizam's interest in Marmaduke's project of translating the Qu'aran which had led to the latter applying for a job in Hyderabad State. For a long time he heard nothing—only that his application 'had been put before His Exalted Highness and was being considered.' In November he was still waiting, and wrote to Leonard Moore: 'The

Nizam of Hyderabad is still considering whether I should be employed in a certain capacity in his State. This is a land of delay. Anyhow it is impossible for me to leave India until the damages and costs of our great lawsuit have been paid.'

Whilst he was at the School of Art bungalow Mr. (now the Right Honble. Sir Akbar) Hydari called with Sir Nawab Ross Masood Jung, the Director of Public Instruction, and offered him the job of Principal of the Osmania University—the biggest Muslim University in India. But before he had decided whether to accept or refuse, news came that owing to some misunderstanding the post had already been filled. He was finally offered the Headship of the Chadarghat High School for Boys, the largest in Hyderabad State, containing over a thousand pupils. He accepted with delight, for the work was congenial and the pay good, and the post also carried a pension with it.

He wrote to Leonard Moore on December 30th, 1924 :

' It will interest you to know that H.E.H. the Nizam has just sanctioned my appointment as principal of one of the two great High Schools (colleges) in Hyderabad. The thing is better than it sounds for considering my " history " in British India, it means a sort of rehabilitation. Hyderabad, under the present Nizam, is quite a literary and artistic centre, and I am assured I shall have plenty of leisure time for writing.'

He was very thankful indeed to escape from the ' exacting labour of directing a party organ,' as Professor Speight described it, though this work ' had provided him with wide experience of Indian life and character, which was to stand him in good stead in the last ten years of his life.' It was with great feelings of relief that he and Muriel arrived in Hyderabad on January 1, 1925.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



AS their train passed through the jungle, the Pickthalls could smell the low-growing shrubs, and leaning out of the carriage window and looking out on the friendly landscape, they felt it intimate, gay, a glad escape from the hot streets, the metropolitan ugliness of Bombay that tasted of hotel chicken, flabby, dusty, white. To Marmaduke it was the reward of his Jihâd. As a boy, he had wanted to go into the army with all the ardour of his fighting blood : Irish and Northumbrian, Dane-resisting blood. As man he had had his share of struggle and now he was glad to turn again to peace.

For ten years, from 1908 until 1918, he had fought for the right to freedom of a whole people, fought that Turkey, whose ancient literature he revered, whose young writers he loved and admired, might win her place in the fellowship of adult, civilized nations. By power of the sword she had made herself European. By power of her tolerance, her capacity to absorb the people she had dominated, she had remained so.

When Europe turned on her and threatened her with expulsion, when her liberty, intellectual, moral, and material, was menaced, Marmaduke, shy, retiring, middle-aged, came forward to stand beside the people he loved : a European who believed Turkey, because she had one foot in Europe and one in Asia, to be the door, the ford, the pass, between the two continents and gangway to unite them. He was accused, and by many who had been his best friends and greatest admirers, of betraying his vocation as a writer by taking up politics, but he no more betrayed his mission as an intellectual than did Spinoza when he got up from composing his Ethics to write on the door where dwelt the murderers of the de Witts, ' Ultimi Barbarorum.'

It would indeed have been a betrayal had he taken up politics either in the sense of party politics or of any subordination of his mind or activity to an individual interest. But Marmaduke from first to last was concerned with morals, that is, with the advancement of what he believed to be the highest moral values. These included the right of all nations to a free existence and the right of every people to develop along their own lines. It is true he lost immeasurably as a writer, both in craftsmanship and in prestige, by so following his faith ; true that he sacrificed the objective vision of the novelist in descending into the arena, but to have remained aloof, remote, deliberately to have divorced himself from what touched him so nearly, would have been to lose his intellectual integrity and to sin against the light as he had seen it.

There is no greater temptation for a successful middle-aged writer than Olympus ; it is the House of Lords of the literary profession. And because Marmaduke rejected it, all those snugly ensconced there, club members, tailless foxes, the doctor-knight who never operated unless he knew the operation would be successful, the Hawthornden winner who gave up motoring because the garage boy said " O.K.," the painter who announced his movements on the Court Page of *The Times*, all these jeered and derided.

The last part of the journey to the city of Hyderabad lay through luxuriant fields with sudden cliffs and crags. As in Italian primitives, palm trees sprang up beside rocks without discomfort or incongruity, mango groves and vegetable gardens, nim trees, pipal trees, and tamarinds, fitted as naturally into the clouded landscape as the many tombs and the great tanks of water. As they neared Golconda, Marmaduke felt he was travelling backwards through time as well as forwards through space ; the pageant of machicolated walls, towers, and precipices afloat in a vast cup with jagged rim filled to the brim with sunlight, the parrots flying with screams from branch to branch of the jasmine thickets, the koël clanging his two notes at intervals, all seemed a *décor* for a Moghul painting, background for a Shah's memoirs, not a setting for twentieth-century life.

Yet the Deccan¹ is the most up-to-date of the Indian States. It was the last tract of territory to be incorporated in the Moghul Empire. The north and west of the State are racially Maratha and are lands of wheat and cotton ; the south and east is a country of rice and palms, Telegu-speaking. The stock over all is a mixture of Aryan and Dravidian, the Aryans generally Mohammedans or Sikhs, the Dravidians, Hindu. To north and west the country is very fertile, but to south and east are bare hills whose dome shapes and wild fantastic boulders and tors give these regions a gloomy aspect ; the plains beneath are carpeted with scattered brushwood. Huge tanks, some so large as to seem lakes, supplement throughout the land the rivers, which all run dry in the hot season. There are also several artificial lakes of enormous size, of which the most famous is the huge Pakhal Lake, around which is an immense jungle where are to be found bison and elephants, spotted deer, and horned antelope innumerable, wild hogs, tiger cats, wolves, bear, and jackal. All over the State are to be found tigers and leopards. Flamingo, painted partridge, blue rock and green pigeon, sand grouse and parrots decorate the trees of which the most intensely cultivated are mango and tamarind, coco-nut and toddy palms (from the latter the natives make a most delicious and intoxicating drink).

The Nizam is the most traditionally loyal of all the Indian rulers : the famous dispatch of the time of the Mutiny : ' If the Nizam goes, all goes,' is equally true to-day. For His Exalted Highness is not only the richest man in the whole world, he is also the most enlightened and wise of the Indian princes, and he is the Muslim ruler of a country where the majority of the population is Hindu. During the European War he supported England with men and money and, though a strong believer in the Khilafate, remained absolutely loyal to the British Empire throughout the Khilafate agitation. Yet Marmaduke found his own passionate spiritual loyalty shared by the ruler over fifteen million souls, for the Nizam still believes the Khilafate to be vested in the ex-Sultan of Turkey.

¹ A country which, together with Berar, now returned to it after being for many years leased to the Government of India, is as big as France.

Urdu, which Marmaduke had thoroughly mastered, is the lingua franca of the State, though three other literary languages are spoken : Telegu, Marathi and Kanarese. The country is ruled by an Indian Government and staffed by Indian officials recruited from all over India. It offers, as Marmaduke wrote, 'a field for Indian ambitions and policy which had till lately little scope elsewhere.' In an article published in the second number of the *Geographical Magazine* (April 1936), Marmaduke summarized the reign of the present ruler, His Exalted Highness Sir Mir Osman Ali Khan, and gave a brief outline of the State's history. He is full of praise for his new master :

'No one who last saw Hyderabad city twenty-five years ago would recognize it now. The pestilential slums and narrow, foetid lanes have gone, and in their place are well-planned roads and healthy dwellings. This is the work of the City Improvement Board under Nawab Sir Nizam Jung, a distinguished Hyderabadi. The architectural jewel of the city, the far-famed Char Minar, can now at last be seen in all its beauty. A huge and perfectly appointed General Hospital, new Law Courts, a college, and a new State Library, have risen on the river banks, which are now laid out as gardens quite artistically. Eye-sores have been demolished, vistas have been opened out. The roads, formerly among the worst, are now the best in India. Fine new suburbs have sprung up in all directions. Hyderabad has been given an elected municipality and local government has been inaugurated in the districts. The capital and all its suburbs are now lighted with electric light ; so are the provincial cities of Aurangabad, Raichur, and Nizamabad, as part of a scheme for giving electric light and pure-water supply to every town in the Nizam's dominions. The railway system has been much extended and is now supplemented by an excellent service of motor omnibuses covering practically the whole State.

'There has been a vast improvement in the medical service of the country. An intensive campaign has been waged against plague and malaria, by Colonel Norman Walker, I.M.S., Director of the Medical Department, in

which every modern device, including the cinema, is being used to warn and instruct the people, even in remote villages. There are now good hospitals in the provincial towns, and dispensaries in all towns and larger villages. Child-welfare centres have been started and are well attended. The people are fast losing their distrust of such unheard-of innovations, and also their dislike of undergoing inoculation against plague or smallpox. Ample provision has, besides, been made for the requirements of those who still believe in the old Yunani-Azurvedic school of medicine, which also has its hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country.'

For the first year of their stay, the Pickthalls lived in Saifabad, with Professor Speight. The Professor, himself a poet and a writer, was, throughout Marmaduke's years in Hyderabad, his greatest friend and ally, and for them is my chief informant.

Saifabad was a purely European settlement, an overgrown camp without the city walls, and the Speights' bungalow was in the midst of African Cavalry lines. At first the Pickthalls found it all very bewildering, the mixture of tiffin and polo with the buying and selling of slave girls and the complete purdah of the wives of the nawabs. Distances were great and there were no carriages or taxis, only rickety tongas, little hooded one-horse carts. The Pickthalls shared the Speights' car, for Marmaduke had to motor a distance of two miles four or more times a day to his work. He had charge of a thousand boys whose ages varied from three and a half to twenty-four, and after lessons were done, he still had office work and correspondence, together with the overseeing and organizing of games.

Soon after he took charge of the High School at Chadargat he dictated the following sentence to the class : ' I am sorry that I came late to school to-day.' When he came to look at the papers, he found among them the following efforts : (1) ' My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow ' ; (2) ' There is no God but God and Muhammed is His Prophet ' ; (3) ' I am sorry that I came to school to-day.' Marmaduke

was delighted with the Speights' landlord, who could tie his moustaches at the back of his head, and who had played cricket against Lord Harris's team. He and the Speights, and Marmaduke, played cricket on the roof and they encouraged Marmaduke to sit cross-legged on the floor and sing Arabic, Syrian, and Egyptian folk songs. To me he wrote :

'Hyderabad is a glorious place, as a scene indescribably beautiful, a bit of the Moghul Empire which has survived the wreck. We have been most kindly received by rich and poor and the change from the reprobation in which I lived for long years in British India makes me feel twenty years younger. My school is a curious institution, consisting of primary, middle and high school, but I think that I can say that I like the work and there are heaps of holidays.'

To my mother he wrote begging her to come and stay, and added :

'Quite apart from the pleasure we should have at seeing you again and showing you the place and the people, it would be a good thing if you did come just at this time. Nobody from outside visits Hyderabad and so the British Official point of view goes unopposed in England. His Excellency is very shrewd and the people here are happy compared with the people in the presidencies, for he has done more for the progress of the State than any other Indian ruler. He has spent crores on irrigation and is still spending for the benefit of the agricultural folk, crores on education, crores on hospitals and dispensaries. He is very simple in his way of life, discouraging the orgies of display which were the ruin of so many nobles of the past. In fact he lives like a dervish and devotes his time to every detail of the Government. He is by far the most intelligent and able ruler that Hyderabad has ever had, and the history of his family and the text of the existing treaties seem to justify him in the attitude which he adopts towards the Imperial Government—that of a ruler independent as regards all internal affairs towards a protecting Power to which his foreign policy has been entrusted.

‘Nobody in the State objected to the British Government’s advice, however urgent, to the Nizam to improve certain departments of the administration ; but everybody has been shocked at the tone of the advice, as everywhere reported, just as everyone was shocked at Lord Reading’s reply to the plea for the return of Berar, which made it seem that treaties and an old alliance had no value, and that the titles “ Faithful Ally ” and “ Exalted Highness ” were a sarcasm.

‘ If this is a fair sample of the “ new diplomacy,” then the old diplomacy is better suited to the East, which still admires good manners. From my old connections in British India I gather that a storm is brewing ready to burst the minute it becomes known that the Nizam has been, as the Indians think, insulted. It will be a bigger storm than the Khilafate movement, and could so easily be avoided, if people in England only knew, and cared a bit for, other people’s feelings.

‘ I should like you to see all this on the spot, and hear your opinion of the various local personalities.

‘ Our Civil Service Class is now running. We were frightened of the students when they first arrived until we found that they were more afraid of us. Now we form quite a happy little family. There are only five of them, and all are nice. They have their lectures in the house and I arrange the time-table so that all the classwork should be finished by 11 o’clock. A muezzin calls to prayer at five in the morning, and they come to prayer or not, as they please. Generally they are at all the five daily prayers. Chota Hazri is at 6.30, the first lecture begins at 7, and at 11 they have tiffin, a square meal ; tea at 4 o’clock and dinner at a quarter to eight. Dinner is a ceremony, because they have to learn something of European customs before they go to train in British India for two years. The shyness on both sides is now wearing off, and we seem likely to get on well together. I am away at school most of the day, but Muriel reports that they are quiet, law-abiding inmates.

‘ I have been appointed editor of a Review which has long been contemplated here, which will treat of Islamic history, literature, archeology, art, science, anything but

politics. I hope to get some really first-class writers and there is heaps of interesting materials here in Hyderabad in curious customs, ancient buildings and unpublished manuscripts. If you know of any people likely to be willing to subscribe to such a magazine, or able to contribute articles of interest, please let me have the names. The subscription (including postage) for England is fixed (not by me) at one guinea a year ; and we are in a position to pay fairly well for contributions. It will be about the size of *The Nineteenth Century*. I hope to get the first number out next January.'

The review of which he speaks was a much more important venture than even he imagined. A committee of leaders of thought in Hyderabad had long projected the publication of such an organ and were on the point of concluding arrangements when Marmaduke arrived in Hyderabad. It was at once recognized that he was the man for the task and in January 1927 appeared the first number of this quarterly which was destined to become during the ten years of his life as editor 'the foremost survey of intellectual achievements of Islam since its inception.'

The first forty numbers of the new quarterly, which was called *Islamic Culture*, underwent his meticulous editing and 'it is no exaggeration,' writes Professor Speight, 'to state that certain issues of *Islamic Culture* stand in the very forefront of the world's most serious periodicals. They contain upwards of five hundred articles by a great number of writers of East and West and form a permanent encyclopædia of wide range.' He himself did all the translating, often from ten or twelve languages into English, and more than sixty universities were regular subscribers to it, and their members contributors. Marmaduke himself, in the preface to the first number, states simply and briefly the aims of this review. 'The aim,' he writes, 'of the group of famous men in His Exalted Highness, the Nizam's, dominions, was to uplift the standard of Islamic culture at its best and to provide a rallying point for learned orientalists and students of Islam in every land. The review was to be

purely literary and scientific, eschewing current political and sectarian controversy.'

When Marmaduke and Muriel moved from the Speights' bungalow, to Civil Service House, they practically gave up any private life or personal entertaining. Accepted candidates for the Hyderabad Civil Service received an administrative training for a year whilst boarding with the Pickthalls before being drafted into their various departments. Sir Richard Trench, the Revenue member, for eight years a contemporary of Marmaduke's in Hyderabad, had high praise for Marmaduke's management of this institution. 'Living as they did under the same roof with the Pickthalls,' he wrote to me, 'and messing with them, these young men in the English atmosphere learned many things which they would otherwise have had no opportunity of acquiring. The "jungly" ones were taught how to behave as gentlemen and all had instilled into them the ideal of service and of loyalty to their State. The house was, in fact, the nursery of the Hyderabad Civil Service. Many of the younger members of the latter, in keenness, integrity and public spirit, compared not unfavourably with men of their own standing in the I.C.S. and all have an extraordinarily fine *esprit de corps*. Outside British India, that is to say, in the Indian States, there is no service like it and all this, in my opinion, is very largely due to Marmaduke Pickthall's example and precept. As member of Council, I used to see the reports he submitted to Government every term on his protégés. They were always good reading and showed what an excellent judge of character he was.'

He goes on to describe Marmaduke's position in Hyderabad society: 'The large military community in Secunderabad probably knew nothing of Pickthall beyond his reputation as an author, as he did not, so far as I know, mix with it at all, while the Residency regarded him with a kindly eye as having lived down his *Bombay Chronicle* record. I am not in a position to say what Simla thought of him. I imagine that the Government of India had long ceased to worry about him for whatever political views he held or may once have held.'

Somehow Marmaduke managed to make time to start on a new novel and wrote to Moore about it :

‘ It is “ a romance of the time of Aurangzeb,” the scene to be mainly in the Deccan—Bijapur and Golconda in their golden days. The Book I really want to write about India is of modern times, but I cannot do that while I am out here. Indeed I am not sure that the paper I have signed as an official of the Nizam’s Government, adjuring politics, does not preclude even a novel touching Indian nationalism, while in his service. A pure romance of Moghul India will be perfectly harmless and will serve to get my hand in and to finish off my contract with Collins which has been a clog upon my fancy even since I made it.’

But work done under such tremendously adverse circumstances failed to satisfy its author and he writes sadly to Moore in 1928 :

‘ As for the novel, I have improved it a lot, but am still far from satisfied with it. It may be better than I think, but it needs thorough revision.’

He sent it off by the next mail corrected under the title of *The Deccan Wind* and explained, possibly that Moore should use his explanation as a blurb, ‘ in order to understand the India of to-day, one must know something of the India three hundred years ago, when it was the most prosperous region on earth and of the civilization of the Moghuls.

‘ The Moghul Empire was destroyed under degenerate rulers, which gave the British their opportunity to step in as the protectors of the Emperor, whom they deposed after the Mutiny. Its destruction by wild hill-men and the subsequent control of foreigners is quite sufficient to account for the dejection and bewilderment from which the people are only just beginning to recover. I have chosen the reign of Alamgir I (Aurangzeb) because it was the climax of prosperity and near the end, and the character of Alamgir is noteworthy. Hyderabad is a large fragment of the Moghul Empire which has survived the ruin. The structure of the State and of society is still the Moghul structure, and I can claim to have studied my subject at first hand.’

The book was re-christened *Dust and the Peacock Throne*, and though it is not up to his usual standard, the dialogue especially being rather stilted and bookish, it carries the virtue of his style and ease of story-telling. It is a bare outline of a story with much incipient value. The underlying idea is a philosophic one, the renunciation of lawful and absolute power by one who could have sustained it because the power was already in the hands of one also capable of it.

The hero is a prince of Royal Moghul blood, who has, as a baby, escaped massacre, only to fall into the hands of a robber sect with whom his early boyhood was spent. The robber sect was exterminated, the boy aged six again escaped, to be brought into the household of one of Aurangzeb's most trusted advisers. The boy's career was phenomenal. From the first he was given equality with the daughter and son of the house, marrying the former, and eventually he becomes confidant to Aurangzeb himself who realizes that the boy is his lawful heir, but sees the wisdom of avoiding the bloodshed that would follow the discovery of the now forgotten prince.

The boy Jaaffar realizes that kingship in itself is a thing to serve rather than to practise, and he does his duty as a military commander under the direct authority of the monarch until at last, when about to go on the Pilgrimage, he is murdered by one of the sect of malefactors to which his first saviour belonged. Only by developing the philosophical idea and making it the crux of the novel and the pivot of the hero's existence, could the story be given its full value. But there is much in it that is very fine.

The siege of Bijapur, the descriptions of Hyderabad, the great fortress city and the valley girdled with fantastic rocks in which it rose, and the imprisonment of Jaaffar in the fort of Bidar are excellently done, with a realism that never fails to be significant. We look out of the windows of the fort, where now still, though it is in ruins, the drummers play five times a day in the navbat¹ hall and hear the hereditary musicians who claim that they have never missed a performance since the privilege was granted four hundred years ago.

¹ Navbat : ' the privilege of a band of music.

Jaaffar, the novel's hero, had always taken pleasure in the flight of birds ; when he was in prison in the fort, looking up and out, he saw ' eagles, many kinds of hawks and vultures, hovering on the level of his eyes, high up above the many-coloured plain. He saw flocks of little birds go sailing by, bound on long voyages, and marked the swifter flight of parrots with their goal in sight, the wheeling of the crows and kites at evening, the lumbering flight of fruit bats at the fall of night. He remembered the Qu'aran, " and there is not an animal in the earth nor a flying creature with wings but are a people like unto yourselves." And he praised Allah for the beauty of those peoples of the sky.'

In 1926 Marmaduke attended the first Moplah Educational Conference at Tellicherry, and wrote to a Hyderabad friend, Mr. Hashimi :

' I think the Tellicherry congress was a great success. They gave me a reception far beyond my wishes or my merits, and their hospitality is a clear proof of their Arabian descent. The resolutions passed were all of a practical reforming and reviving nature. The Congress was attended by people from every part of Malabar. I visited a school at Cannanore, and two schools at Calicut, also our friend Maulvi Mohinddin Ahmad Sahib's orphanage, which pleased me very much, the little orphans of the Moplah war looking happy and healthy. The orphanage is in a fine position on a hill. Altogether the impression I derived from my first glimpse of the Moplahs is one of hope for Islam. They are such straightforward, sincere, and active people.

' I attended prayers at Tellicherry. The masjids are all built like Hindu temples. There are no minarets, and the azan is called from the ground, as the Wahhabis call it. When I mentioned this fact, the reforming party were much amused because the maulvis of Malabar are very far from being Wahhabis, I stopped the Conference proceedings at each hour of prayer, and everyone went to the adjacent mosque. I impressed upon the young leaders in reform the necessity of being particularly strict in observance of the

essential discipline of Islam while trying to get rid of all excrescences. I send you herewith a copy of my presidential address, which I hope you will find time to read before I return to Hyderabad, so that I may have the benefit of your criticisms on it.'

In 1927 he gave the Madras lectures on Islam on his favourite subject of Islamic Culture, and these were published in Madras by the committee under Mr. Jemal Mahomed. In the same year he went to Rome, Paris, and Frankfurt, where he consulted Professor Horowitz about his translation of the Qu'aran upon which he was now very actively engaged.

In 1928 Marmaduke again spent his leave consulting certain European authorities about his Qu'aran translation. He first went back to England with Muriel. Whilst in London he met again Lord Lloyd, now very friendly, who gave him some very useful introductions to members of the Ulema at Al-Azhar, the great Muslim University in Cairo. From London he went via Florence and Rome to Juan-les-Pins and there worked quietly for a stretch. When at length he got back to Hyderabad he wrote to my mother :

' DEAR MRS. HUTH JACKSON,

' We had an easy journey, though a long one, and a wonderful welcome home again. To me it really does seem home, but for Muriel it will never be anything but a very foreign country, where the friendliness of the vast Indian population is outweighed by the reprobation of the small English population for me and all my works ; so that one cannot enjoy a settled feeling.

' It seems to me that the British in India are getting worse instead of better. Of old they had some sense of duty and some benevolence of intention towards Indians ; now the mentality is that of the Ku Klux Klan, and the exceptions, which are to be found even in the services, are nearly as much " out of it " as we are. I wonder what the Simon Commission will make of it. Probably the fact of the boycott in some places will dominate the situation to their

minds, and they will throw themselves into the European camp regarding the Indians as unreasonably hostile. That hardly touches us here, what does affect us is the very unfair pressure that is being brought to bear on the Nizam, who, as Indian princes go, is quite a paragon. The progress made in every department of public service since he came to the throne has been astonishing and he is always thinking of the welfare of his subjects, and spends the greater part of every day on public business. Of course, the State is run on Moghul not on British lines. But why the British should have let it alone when it was stagnant and the ruler and the nobles squandered all the revenue, and interfere only now when there is real progress and proper care for the finances, which are flourishing, one cannot understand. I am very sorry for the Nizam, suddenly confronted with extreme demands which contemplate a standard he has never even heard of, and never was asked to observe before.

‘ We have been once to lunch at the Residency since our return—a new thing in our experience—and were very cordially received. But there has been no explanation whatsoever and I cannot feel that there is any clearing of the atmosphere.

‘ The plague has been worse than usual this year, and everything has been upset by it. My school is ostensibly closed, but the office has to work two days a week, and special classes must be held daily for those boys—about 200—who have to sit for the public examination.’

Whilst in Europe in 1928 Marmaduke had arranged with Leonard Moore that Knopf should publish the Qu’aran translation, and in 1929 the Nizam gave him two years’ leave of absence with full pay in order to finish the work. He went first to his sister-in-law at Isleworth, whence he wrote to his friend Hashimi.

‘ It is a long while since I wrote, the reason being that I am quite absorbed in the work of the Qu’aran translation. I am reading every word of Ibn Hirhâm’s (really Ibn Ishaq’s) fascinating *Sîrah*, of which I was fortunate enough to procure a copy (Bûlâg edition) at Frankfurt, and am

also studying Zoldeke's *History of the Qu'aran* in German, but most part of my time is occupied with the actual work of revision of my own translation. When that is done I shall get to work on the Notes and Introduction, but can hardly hope to get them done before we start for Egypt early in November. Fuad Selim Bey Al-Higazi is waiting for us there, and has promised to do all he can to help me ; I have besides a letter of introduction to the Head Sheykh of Al-Azhar from Lord Lloyd ; and the friendship of the premier, Muhammed Pasha Mahmud, to support me.

'Do you know Ibn Khaldûn's *Sîrah* (really a chapter in his great history) ? It is profoundly interesting to us moderns, like everything he wrote. Dr. Krenkow lent it to me. He has an excellent Arabic library, and has helped me like a brother.'

During this visit to London my mother arranged for him to meet Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, and he writes :

'He expressed a wish to keep in touch with me. Thank you very much for arranging the acquaintance, which I really think may be a factor for good. I have sent him a copy of the Hyderabad State Budget for the current year which will at least show him that one Indian State is run on sound financial and progressive lines. I had seen him before only at a big public meeting, when, probably to rest his voice, he spoke in a sort of parson's sing-song which I hate and which always rings of insincerity in my ears, as different as can be imagined from his natural tone. I am glad to have been able to correct a false impression.'

He was about to go to Cairo, as it was all-important that the die-hard dons at Al-Azhar University should approve his translation, for the position was a little difficult.

On the eve of his departure he wrote to my mother from Cornwall, where he had gone to snatch a brief holiday :

'Muriel tells me that you have expressed a wish to hear my views about the policy in Egypt. Lord Lloyd is, as you know, rather a friend of mine, and he is certainly misjudged

in the present case, for no man is really more sympathetic to the Arabic-speaking peoples and the Muslims generally. He is an old pro-Turk like me, and thoroughly out of sympathy with the whole war-time and post-war policy of England. He is trying to defend a position which the war has lost for us. On the other hand he has much more understanding of the root of the matter than his successor can possibly have, speaks Arabic well, and reads old Muslim literature for his own delight.

‘For myself, I sympathize much more with the Egyptian point of view, in the circumstances which have arisen since the war, and care much less for the prolongation of British dominion in those regions. But I do not think that British supremacy is jeopardized by the new treaty, rather the reverse, if Muhammad Pasha Mahmûd can keep his hold upon the Government, in face of the bitter (purely personal) opposition of the Wafd party, till the treaty is made firm. He cannot do it if the new Parliament is elected on the old franchise—a very narrow property franchise—but if, as I imagine, he will make the King ordain an extension of the franchise to the much more numerous victims of the late parliamentary régime, it ought to be all right.

‘Palestine is a much more serious snag for the present Government, the injustice done to Egypt being trifling as compared with the tremendous wrong done to the people of Syria by cutting off one corner of the country (which had been promised independence and of which every acre is owned) and forcibly giving it to aggressive alien immigrants in a privileged position. The Zionist movement can only exist in Palestine so long as the British bayonets are there. There can be no good will towards us in Egypt or Irâq or Syria so long as that wrong remains, for the partition of the Turkish Empire was purely arbitrary, and those people all regard themselves as citizens of one great country which has been martyred. This Lloyd knows, but I doubt if the Labour Party suspect it.’

In his next letter he corrects himself :

' TREVAUNANCE POINT,

' ST. AGNES.

' 4th October, 1929.

' MY DEAR TINY,

' I made a bad "howler" in my remarks on Egypt in my last letter through ignorance of what has happened since my time there. I imagined the old property franchise to be still going, whereas I hear that they have had universal franchise since 1923! My enlightener, however, tells me that nothing is changed but that the notables still maintain their parliamentary position by exercising influence at election times. It is a fact that Mahmûd was tremendously fêted by the fellâhîn after he had suppressed the Parliament, they, poor souls, imagining that Parliament was abolished for good. I have never seen parliamentary government prove other than a curse in Eastern lands, where the old system of representation was quite different—by interests and not by numbers—like the Soviet method.

' Yours ever,

' MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.'

To Hashimi he wrote at the same time :

' Lord Lloyd is in some respects hidebound and ultra-conservative, but on Islamic questions he is sound. Like me, he was a furious opponent of the Russian policy, and a strong pro-Turk. He is opposed to the Jewish National Home, and loved Ibn Sa'ud. He defended the latter from the *Mushrik* leanings of King Fuâd, who wanted to make war on him!

' We have made the acquaintance of a lot of very nice people, but Cairo has changed so much since I was here last and has lost so much of its Eastern character and charm that I am disappointed. I suppose the same destruction of romance and installation of Jazz is going on all over the world except in dear old Hyderabad! I have left cards at the Residency as in duty bound and written in the book, but the only English person we have talked to here is one

Gordon Canning, the man who worked so hard for the poor Rifis in Morocco. He heard I was here and took a lot of trouble to rout us out. He has just been all through Palestine, and wants me to go there. But I have memories of it as the Holy Land, and would fain preserve those memories. Jazz has been installed there also. And if I saw Jews shooting Arabs I should certainly want to shoot Jews ; so it seems best that I should stick to the quiet Pension Viennoise and my Qur'ân translation.'

His own account of the difficulties of revising his translation 'with the help of Arabic and English knowing men and under the guidance of more learned men who know no English,' is so much the best, that I give it in full : it was written in Cairo when he was still seething from all the vexations he had undergone :

'On the 10th of November 1929 I landed in Egypt, carrying with me in my luggage the typescript of a complete translation of the Qur'ân upon which I had been at work at intervals for several years, and which His Exalted Highness the Nizam had generously granted me the leisure and the means to finish. It was my object to submit it to the 'Ulama of Egypt and revise the whole work under their direction, that there might be no avoidable mistakes and no unorthodoxy. I had with me a letter of introduction to the Sheykh Mustafa Al-Marâghi, who had been the Rector of Al-Azhar when the letter was written, but had just resigned that highly remunerative post. I had written months before to an old acquaintance in Egypt who had risen to be Prime Minister, asking him to help me in my errand, but had had no answer ; so that my whole dependence was upon the said letter of introduction and the reassuring fact that my good friend Fuad Bey Selim al-Higâzi was in Alexandria and had promised, when we met some months before in Paris, to help me to the utmost of his power. I had heard that a former English translation by a Muslim had been publicly burnt in the courtyard of the Mosque Al-Azhar, and was forbidden entry into Egypt ; but had supposed that it was because it was considered to have some flavour

of heresy. It was from Fuad Bey, who, as soon as he heard of our arrival, came and bore us out to Ramleh to spend a week in a delightful garden by the sea, that I learnt that all translation of the Qur'ân, however faithful, was held to be unlawful by a powerful section of the 'Ulama. Our friend, however, had been sounding people, in anticipation of my coming, and had found that an equally—possibly more—powerful section of the 'Ulama held an opposite opinion, among these being the Sheykh Mustafa Al-Marâghi to whom he was glad to hear that I carried an introduction from Lord Lloyd.

' We all went up together to Cairo, where Fuad Bey had found for us a quiet *pension* in the neighbourhood of Qasr-en-Nîl ; and two days after our arrival, I was driven out to Helwân through the long avenue beside the Nile, to visit the Sheykh Al-Marâghi. The clean, white, modern town, close to the lion-coloured desert hills, consists entirely of hotels and villas. To one of the latter the Sheykh Al-Marâghi had retired when he resigned, for conscience' sake, the enormously rich post of Rector of Al-Azhar University.

' The Sheykh, a tall and very upright man, still in the prime of life, was dressed in the neat turban and long billowing robe of the Egyptian 'Ulama. He wore a scarf round his neck, raised higher on one side than on the other. This, I learnt afterwards, was to hide a sad disfigurement. At the time when he was Judge of the Cairo Muslim Court, he upheld the right of some orphans to a certain property. In revenge, vitriol was thrown at him. Happily it missed his face, but one side of his neck and chest was terribly disfigured. As Fuad Bey said afterwards : " I do not usually kiss the hands of 'Ulama, but I kiss that man's hand."

' The Sheykh received us very kindly, gave us tea, and took us out on his veranda looking towards the desert hills. Fuad Bey and Isma'il Bey Shîrîn, Deputy-Governor of Cairo, who had come with me, discussed my future programme with our host, who told us that, while he had been Rector of Al-Azhar, the then Prime Minister had spoken to

him about my translation, and he had been willing to appoint a committee of the university to revise it with me, but the step had been forbidden by the King, who had somehow been impressed with the idea that translation of the Qur'ân was sinful. It was, therefore, useless to approach Al-Azhar officially as all the patronage in that institution was the King's, but he thought that we could easily find three or four Azharis employed in the secular university—he gave some names to Fuad Bey—willing to do the revision under his guidance. He regretted that he himself knew no English, and so could not appreciate the work. If there were any words or passages which baffled me I was to write them out for him and state the nature of my difficulty, when he would write his explanation or opinion for me. We drove back to Cairo, thinking all was settled. But when we met three of the gentlemen whom the Sheykh had named to us at the house of Lutfî Bey As-Sayyid, head of the secular university, the whole plan suddenly collapsed. Lutfî Bey had invited the head of the Arabic faculty in the university, the blind professor Ta Ha Huseyn, to be present at our conference, and he happened to remark that the three gentlemen ran the risk of losing their posts through helping me, since they belonged to the Al-Azhar and His Majesty was opposed to all translation of the Qur'ân. Everyone agreed that he was right. I felt bitterly disappointed and, when Ta Ha Huseyn suggested that I should approach the King in person, who, he believed, might be induced to change his standpoint, I said that I had not come to Egypt to seek royal sanction for my work, I had already got the sanction of His Exalted Highness; nor had I come to seek a *fetwa* from the 'Ulama of Egypt, we had perfectly competent 'Ulama in India; I had come to seek the help of Arab learned men on points of Arabic. I talked of leaving Egypt then, and going to Damascus, but Fuad Bey assured me he would find a way out of the *impasse*; and in fact, soon afterwards, I was introduced to Muhammad Bey Ahmad Al-Ghamrâwî, Lecturer in Chemistry at the Cairo College of Medicine, a graduate of London University and a close student of the Qur'ân, with

whom I worked at the revision happily for some three months, with an occasional visit from Fuad Bey, and an occasional reference to the Sheykh Al-Marâghi at Helwân.

‘We led a very quiet life ; only once in the month of December did I go out to a dinner party ; and then, as luck would have it, I sat next to the most enterprising of Egyptian Muslim journalists. Next day, in *Al-Ahram*, appeared a notice of me and my work under the heading : “A Translation of the Qur’ân.” Two days later in the same newspaper and under the same heading appeared two columns of denunciation of translation and the translation of the sacred Book from the pen of Sheykh Muhammad Shâkir, a retired Professor of Al-Azhar, who (as I learnt) had been leader of the hue-and-cry against Muhammad ‘Alî’s translation. The translator and all who read his translation, or abetted it, or showed approval of it, were condemned to everlasting perdition according to the learned writer ; and I was solemnly advised to give up my nefarious work and translate instead (of all imaginable substitutes) the commentary of Tabarî ! Now the commentary of Tabarî is of enormous bulk (the commentary of Beydawî is but a digest of it) and would besides require another commentary of equal length to make its methods and mentality intelligible to English people who had never studied a Qur’ân commentary.

‘Having read that diatribe, I at once sat down and drafted a reply in Arabic. This I took to an Egyptian friend who put in the customary journalistic compliments which I did not know. I then made a fair copy of the letter and took it to the office of *Al-Ahram*. In that letter, after compliments, I humbly asked : “Is it lawful for an Englishman, who is a Muslim, who has studied the commentaries of the men of old and has some reputation as a man of letters with his countrymen, to try to expound the glorious Qur’ân to his people in their own language at the present day ? ”

‘It was some time before my letter was published. In the interval appeared other letters on the subject, all on my side. One sheykh of Al-Azhar wrote declaring translation to be not only lawful but meritorious, and offering to prove

his case against the Sheykh Muhammad Shâkir in a public disputation. The Sheykh Shâkir had claimed that there was a fetwâ (general agreement) on the subject. This correspondents flatly denied. It was evident that there were two opinions in Al-Azhar itself. I heard also some private discussions which showed me that many Egyptian Muslims were as surprised as I was at the extraordinary ignorance of present world conditions of men who claimed to be the thinking heads of the Islâmic world—men who think that the Arabs are still “the patrons,” and the non-Arabs their “freedmen”; who cannot see that the positions have become reversed, that the Arabs are no longer the fighters and the non-Arabs the stay-at-homes but it is the non-Arabs who at present bear the brunt of the Jihâd; that the problems of the non-Arabs are not identical with those of the Arabs; that translation of the Qur’ân is for the non-Arabs a necessity, which, of course, it is not for the Arabs; men who cannot conceive that there are Muslims in India as learned and devout, as capable of judgment and as careful for the safety of Islâm, as any to be found in Egypt.

‘I have already mentioned how a former translation of the Qur’ân by a Muslim was publicly burnt and further copies of it were forbidden to be brought into Egypt. Walking in one of the most crowded streets of Cairo, I saw two English translations by non-Muslims very prominently displayed in the window of a European bookshop, one of them having on its paper jacket a picture representing our Prophet and the angel Gabriel! Where, I asked myself, can be the sense in burning and banning a well-intentioned reverent work while these irreverent translations can, under the Capitulations, enter freely?

‘At length, the answer to my letter from the Sheykh Muhammad Shâkir appeared in *Al-Ahram*. This time it was no diatribe but a frank and generous admission that such a work as I had mentioned might be not only lawful but meritorious. He was a little dubious over one expression in my letter, when I spoke of explaining the Qur’ân in a way that my countrymen would understand. He seemed to fear that this might mean some alteration to suit modern

views. But I had been thinking only of his suggestion that I should translate Tabarî—whose explanations are not given in a way my countrymen would understand.

‘Fuad Bey came up from Alexandria, having followed all the correspondence in the Press. He said that he had been alarmed when he saw the Sheykh Shâkir’s attack, but had felt quite reassured on reading my reply to it. He was now glad that the whole question had been raised because there was a chance of settling it once and for all. It had become a scandal and disgrace to Egypt. He gave me a copy of the leading comic paper, in which was an article making gentle fun of the Sheykh Shâkir. Public opinion was undoubtedly against that gentleman.

‘It was just then that my friend and, for the time, collaborator, Ghamrâwî Bey brought me an invitation from the Young Men’s Muslim Association to a tea party, with the request that I should make a speech afterwards. He himself went to the headquarters of the Association, a large house with tennis-courts adjoining it near Qasr-ul-’Aîni, every day from his flat at Heliopolis, after he had returned home from his day’s work at the College of Medicine. He told me that he held a regular reception there of young men who had conceived any doubts about religion owing to their modern education, telling them, as a scientist, what he thought upon the matter ; and that he had been able to convince a number of them. He was so good a man, and had been of such great help to me, that I was unwilling to refuse his first request.

‘At the same time, the function, especially the speech, meant disturbance of my peaceful existence given up to work. I at length agreed only on condition that I might be allowed to speak *ex tempore* and in English to the students, as to prepare a speech, especially a speech in Arabic, would take more time than I could spare from the revision work. To this my friend at last consented, undertaking himself to interpret my remarks for the benefit of those present who might not know English.

‘Accordingly he called for me one evening before sunset, and we walked together to the place in time for *Maghrib*

prayer. Then there was a rather long reception of all the notables who had been asked to meet me, and then we went to tea. By that time I knew something of the composition of my audience, and could see that the sort of speech which I had meant to make would be unsuitable.

‘From the number of turbans and long flowing robes I judged that all Al-Azhar was present, where I had expected to see only modern students. With trepidation I realized that I must make some kind of a speech in Arabic if I wished to make a good impression on these people, and must also change the purport of my English speech. But the English was for later on. At the moment I had to concentrate my thoughts intently on the preliminary remarks that I might make in Arabic, and leave the rest to Providence. The minute tea was over we went into the lecture hall, already crowded. I was put up in a sort of pulpit, Ghamrâwî Bey took stand beside me ; Sheykh Rashîd Ridâ was somewhere near me on the right, and from the middle of the hall I saw the face of Muhammad Alî Bey Kâmil and beside him that of Fuad Bey’s son, staring at me, as it seemed, with horror. They were the only persons known to me in all that crowd.

‘Somebody spoke in introduction—I suppose it was Ghamrâwî. Then my turn came. Feeling infinitely small, I said : “ *As-salamu ’aleykum wa rahmatu’llahi wa barakatuh* ” —“Peace be with you and the mercy of Allah”—and the immediate response from the whole audience brought some courage to my heart.

‘I spoke in Arabic for five minutes, merely apologizing for the fact that I was going afterwards to speak in English, explaining why I had asked leave to do so, and telling one short anecdote. It was nothing much, but it sufficed to win the turbaned section of the audience. Then came the speech in English, Ghamrâwî Bey translating every paragraph. I had meant to tell the students about Hyderabad and the work of education that is being done there ; and I began with something of that. I told them of the foundation of Osmania University. I described the Friday congregation at the Mecca Masjid, I told them how His Exalted Highness

goes every Friday to the Mosque (at that there was applause and one old man exclaimed : " Ah, would that it were so in Egypt ! "), and then, thinking I had said enough to show them that I came from no benighted land, I talked to them about the future of Islâm.

' Muslims felt despair because they were defeated. It was only natural. But was there any reason for despair ? Was there not a clear analogy between our present condition and that of the Prophet and his comrades at Al-Hudeybiyah, when the Muslims asked " Where is now the victory that we were promised ? " and even Omar made remarks of which he ever afterwards repented. Yet the Truce of Al-Hudeybiyah, though it seemed so ignominious for the early Muslims, was in fact the greatest victory that Islâm had until then achieved. Until then war had set a rigid barrier between the Muslims and their opponents, but with the truce the barrier fell down, the two parties mingled and conversed together, with the result that in the two years that elapsed between the truce of Al-Hudeybiyah and the conquest of Mecca—years of peace with the idolators—the number of converts to Islâm was far greater than the total number of all previous converts.

For centuries war had set a rigid barrier between the Muslim world and Christendom, and now that barrier is down, no matter that the terms of settlement seem ignominious to the Muslims. That settlement may yet prove to be the greatest victory that Al-Islâm has yet achieved, on one condition—a hard one—that all Muslims show again in their conduct the faith and virtue of the early Muslims. " Or do you think," I asked them, " that Al-Islâm was propagated by the sword ? " (When the question was translated by Ghamrâwî Bey there were anguished cries of " No ! " and " God forbid ! ") I told them how the Arabic-speaking peoples are respected by non-Arabs, more especially in India ; how we look to them for example ; and I asked them to furnish that example. My speech ended, the Sheykh Rashîd Ridâ spoke supporting all I had said.

' When he visited India, the people had flocked to pay him honour only because he was an Arab and came from the

land of Nabî Yûsuf. He quoted the words of the late Sheykh Muhammad 'Abduh : " We (Arabs) by our conduct are the hindrance to the spread of Al-Islâm to the West. They see our religion through us as through a dirty window, and misjudge it consequently."

' Then a sheykh in Azhari dress got up and with deep emotion thanked me in the name of Al-Azhar for all that I had said. The whole incident had nothing to do with translation of the Qur'ân, but after it there was no further public cavilling at my translation.

' We moved out to Heliopolis for Ramadân, in order that I might be nearer to Ghamrâwî Bey, whose home was there ; and our work of revision was completed in the blessed month.

' Fuad Bey came up to Cairo for the A'id. The time for our departure was drawing near. Fuad Bey, Ghamrâwî Bey and I drove to Helwân to see the Sheykh Al-Marâghi, and in the course of the visit Ghamrâwî made his general report of my work. On the strength of that report the good Sheykh wrote some words of warm approval which I treasure as coming from an altogether upright man, incapable of writing anything that he does not think true.

' On a former visit he had read out to me all the passages in the writing of the immediate disciples of the Imâm Abû Hanîfah which made him, a Hanafi teacher, hold translation of the Qur'ân lawful. He had been anxious that I should know his authority, and should not suppose that he, any more than the opponent party, scorned Tradition. On this last visit I felt it my duty to tell him that my translation would fall short of the condition laid down by Abû Hanîfah in one respect : it would not show the Arabic text side by side with the translation. He asked " Why not ? " and I explained that there were several reasons. For one thing, it would cost a great deal more ; for another, it would repel non-Muslim readers who, glancing at the book and finding it half-full of Arabic, would lay it down unread as something quite outside their sphere of interest ; for yet another, Islam had been attacked and prejudiced by means of translations of the Qur'ân, without the Arabic, circulated

among non-Muslims. Even if translation had been quite unlawful, as our opponents claimed, it would have been sanctioned, in the circumstances, by the verse of the Qur'ân :

“ The sacred month for the sacred month, and forbidden things (are lawful) in retaliation. So whosoever hath attacked you, attack him with the like of that wherewith he hath attacked you. And keep your duty to Allâh and know that Allâh is with those who keep their duty.”

‘ If things forbidden by Allâh, like warfare in a sacred month, become lawful in retaliation, so evidently must things forbidden only by the 'Ulama. I must have spoken with some heat for when I paused for breath, the Sheykh said : “ If you feel so strongly convinced that you are right, go on in God's name in the way that is clear to you, and pay no heed to what any of us say.” As he uttered the words he smiled at me, and we both emerged from the cell erected by the schoolmen of the middle ages of Islâm, in which we had been talking until then.

‘ “ *Quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.*” ’

‘ On the day before that on which my wife and I were to leave Cairo, a Bedawi chief, who was a member of the new Parliament, at Fuad Bey's instigation, asked us to a luncheon party ; and to that luncheon party came the present Grand Sheykh of Al-Azhar, official leader of those 'Ulama who hold translation of the Qur'ân unlawful—a very handsome and benignant-looking old man in a beautiful dove-coloured robe and snowy turban. At table, I was placed at his right hand. Except Hilma Pasha A'îsa, an ex-minister, the remainder of the party consisted of men who had proved their devotion to Islâm in the opinion of the 'Ulama ; they were all *Mujahidin*, including Fuad Bey, who had been with Mustafa Kemâl in the Suez Canal campaign before he became Turkish Minister at Berne, The Sheykh could hardly fail to be surprised to see an Englishman in such a gathering, and when I told him that I was the man who had translated the Qur'ân into English he seemed rather shocked.

‘ After luncheon, when Fuad Bey praised my translation, and all the others called it meritorious, he was evidently much embarrassed, until Fuad Bey remarked : “ He will not call it Al-Qur’ân ; he will call it *Ma’aniu’l-Qur’ani’l-Majid* (The meaning of the Glorious Qur’ân).” Then the Rector of Al-Azhar smiled. “ If he does that,” he said, “ then there can be no objection ; we shall all be pleased with it.” I was back again in the medieval cell, but we had reached a peaceable conclusion, as I thought, and I was glad of it.

‘ That was in March 1930. My translation was published in December of the same year. In April 1931 I received a letter from Ghamrâwî Bey informing me that the Rector of Al-Azhar had sent for him (Ghamrâwî) and asked him many questions about my translation. It seemed that he was inclining to condemn it, after all. The latest rumour was that Al-Azhar had decided that the work must be translated word for word back into Arabic and submitted to their judgment in that distorted form, as none of the professors could read English. It was certainly a great advance beyond the method of condemning without trial pursued in the case of Maulvi Muhammad ’Alî’s English version, showing that, even within Al-Azhar, there is now a party of enlightenment strong enough to force withdrawal from the old position. I replied with every argument that I could reach, of which Ghamrâwî might make use of in conversation with the ’Ulama.

‘ The approval or the condemnation of Al-Azhar, or indeed of all the ’Ulama of Egypt, could not help or injure my translation much ; but from what I had so lately seen in Egypt I could judge that condemnation, after all that had already happened, was very likely to bring a degree of ridicule upon Al-Azhar, which I should be the first to deplore. Al-Azhar is a great historic institution which one would wish to see reformed and not demolished. I asked Ghamrâwî to implore them not to treat allies as enemies.

‘ Subsequently I have learnt from a newspaper report that, after examining my work in the distorted form already mentioned, the Rector of Al-Azhar pronounced it, “ though

the 'best of all translations,' unfit to be authorized in Egypt. The reason given for the ban is that I have translated idiomatic and metaphorical Arabic phrases literally into English, thus showing that I have not understood their real meaning. Happily, he gave an instance which was quoted in the newspaper, so that I can understand the meaning of the accusation. I have translated Sûrah XVII, v. 29, thus: "And let not thy hand be chained to thy neck nor open it with a complete opening lest thou sit down rebuked, denuded." He considers that, by thus translating the Arabic words literally, I have turned a commandment relating to miserliness and generosity into a commandment concerning the position of a man's hands! How should he know that we speak of "open-handedness" and "tight-fistedness" in English and that every English reader will understand my literal translation in precisely the same sense in which the Arabic reader understands the Arabic text. The ban is therefore based upon an altogether false assumption.

'From the opening of the question, as I gather from a report in Al-Ahram, there had been strong difference of opinion between the Ministry of the Interior and Al-Azhar as to the merits of the work, the former championing its merits with surprising vigour. But Al-Azhar, with the King behind it, is supreme in all such matters.

'There is something hopeful in the actual condemnation, the terms of which are wonderfully mild, one might almost say favourable, to the translator as compared with former pronouncement of the same authority. It makes the close of a long chapter in the history of the relations of Arabs and non-Arabs—a chapter of whose tenour the Prophet would assuredly have disapproved—since the position that all translation of the Qur'ân is sinful has been quite abandoned. A translation of the Qur'ân by a Muslim has been examined and a literary reason has been given for its condemnation. That is a great step forward.'

All this goes to show that ecclesiastical quibbles are not confined to Christianity, and it shows too how a good temper

and a sense of humour, coupled with willingness to submit to authority, can triumph, for at last, on March 26, 1930, Marmaduke could write to Leonard Moore from Juan ñes Pins to which he had just returned :

‘ I received the blessing of the University of Al-Azhar on my work and got a letter in the nature of a testimonial from Sheykh al Marâghi on the understanding that it would not be called a translation of the Qur’ân, but something like “ The Meaning of the Qur’ân.” You cannot imagine the labour the revision has been owing entirely to the hair-splitting mentality of the Arab experts. But it is done.’

They were very tired of the whole business, for Muriel had worked almost as hard as Marmaduke, and herself compiled the index of the great work. He wrote delightedly to Lady Valda of the approval Russell Pasha, her husband’s cousin, had won on all sides by his splendid attack on the French dealers in narcotic drugs.

The Meaning of the Glorious Qur’ân : An Explanatory Translation, by Marmaduke Pickthall, with a dedication to His Exalted Highness the Nizam, and published by Messrs. Alfred A. Knopf, appeared in 1930. It is unquestionably, as *The Times Literary Supplement* said of it, ‘ a great literary achievement.’ Professor Krenkow wrote to Marmaduke, a letter which must indeed have been a comfort and may indeed prove to have been prophetic :

‘ I met Margoliouth the other day. He quite agrees with me that yours is the finest translation in the language. We feel that you have never had due recognition : it may be that the glory you have fairly earned will come to you only after death. But it may be of some comfort to you to know how much those best qualified to judge its merits appreciate and admire your work.’

Lord Lloyd admired the magnificent English ; Sir Denison Ross wrote to congratulate on a ‘ really great achievement ’ ; and Mohammed Ali, a few days before his death, after reading the translation at one sitting, declared : “ At last, thank God, we have a real translation ” ; to which Fuad

Beý Salim added : " It is an inspired translation." There is no doubt that Marmaduke will always be regarded and remembered by the whole Muslim East as ' the ' translator of their Sacred Book into English. It is an extraordinary achievement for one man and is one of the greatest translations from any classic ever made by a single individual.

He was preparing to go back to India when the translation was finished, but instead was asked by the Nizam to be secretary to the Hyderabad Delegation to the Round Table Conference which took place in London in the autumn of 1930. He went back to England for a short rest in order to prepare himself for this new work, and asked my mother to help him with the social side of the entertaining of the Delegation. One of the main questions brought up at this Conference was that of the then ' all but lost province of Berar.'

" If some change," he told my mother, " in the status of Berar not interfering with the method of, or personnel of administration, but tending to increase the outward signs of recognition of the Nizam's sovereignty (which is still recognized) could be made—something like a separate principality under the Nizam with all the present structure of administration maintained and representative institutions fostered, it would please the Nizam and all the people of the State immensely and would not, I think, displease the Beraris, who get but a small share of representation now they are bound up for administrative purposes with C.P. (the Central Provinces). Since Lord Reading's awfully slighting letter to the Nizam upon this subject, it has rankled in the mind of every Hyderabadí, and especially of course of H.E.H. It is that insult which the ruler and the people expect this delegation to wipe out for them, but the Delegation seems to me to be thinking only of the problems of a federated India. If they go back without anything to show, the Constitution and the men who made it will be hated, whereas if they could achieve any measure of success it, and they, would be forgiven.

" I hope I have made my meaning clear. It is a thing very hard to claim since the late Nizam did sign the lease of

Berar in perpetuity though with extreme reluctance. But if it be given as a reward of loyalty and an act of grace, the effect would be exceedingly beneficial to Hyderabad. The Nizam would be quite prepared to employ always a certain number of British officials in the administration of Berar ; indeed he would be glad to do so, and make his own Berar the training-ground for Hyderabad Civil Servants, who now go for their training to British India."

He was worked very hard as secretary to the Delegation and wrote bitterly to Hashimi :

' I have not enjoyed the work at all ; too many masters and am absolutely sick of the speech, mentality and physical appearance of " moderates." '

His great friend, Mohammed Ali, had come over with his brother, Shaukat, but neither were in specially good health, and very shortly after Mohammed Ali died in London in his hotel, which cast a gloom over the whole Conference.

' Yet though I feel personally despondent,' Marmaduke wrote, ' I think the Delegation has done very well and the credit is all Sir Akbar Hydari's. He has managed very cleverly to steer his own course while seeming to obey the injunctions (various) of his " advisers." There has been more courting of India Office officials than I personally have liked, and I was discouraged at the outset from the appeal which I had planned to public feeling. But all is well that ends well, and if the India Office gives us all we want without a pistol at its head there is nothing to be said, though I should have preferred to use the pistol, as a " safeguard "—a word in daily use at the Conference. I have done all I could for the delegation in the circumstances, as a mere *kháksár* secretary, of whom the mighty Delegates have only just begun to think that he may possess political experience. Socially, I did them well, but they prefer the company of Anglo-Indian ex-officials to that of the best society in England. This grumbling is, of course, between ourselves ; but I do not wish you to attribute their success to *me*. I gave them a good start, but it was not followed up as I had hoped ; and latterly I have been content to be

merely the Secretary, only bursting out from my shell when something quite impolitic had to be stopped.'

• He returned to Hyderabad at the end of the year and settled down to his work. An information bureau to act as a liaison institution between the Government, the Press, and the public had been inaugurated, and Marmaduke was chosen as the first director of this important branch of the administration.

It was not an ideal job for him, nor was he at heart a bureaucrat, and neither in this post nor as Director of Publicity (another office he subsequently held), was he at ease. On the other hand, his speech at the Educational Conference, which was held at Hyderabad in 1931, could not have been better, nor better received. But when the Round Table Conference met a second time in 1931 he was not a member of the Hyderabad Delegation. As he explained to Lady Valda: 'I was too opinionated to make an acceptable secretary.'

He more and more enjoyed the work of Civil Service House, though it meant he had to cut out all private hospitality as he shared a common dining-room and a common stipend with the students. He wrote at this time quite an amusing skit called 'The Great Hyderabad Revolution,' which is, however, incomprehensible to anyone not conversant with Hyderabad gossip.

In 1931 the Nizam entrusted him with the negotiations leading up to the marriage of his two sons to the daughter and niece of the ex-Sultan of Turkey—still in Marmaduke's mind, and in his master's, the Ḳhalif of all Islam.

CHAPTER TWELVE



NEVER was the completeness with which Marmaduke had made his 'Salute to the Orient' more patent than in his whole conduct of the negotiations prior to the marriage of H.E.H. the Nizam's eldest son, now Prince of Berar, and the Princess Durru Shewar. She is unquestionably one of the most beautiful women in the world and had been brought up, unveiled, in Europe, living with her parents on the Riviera in a big villa, paid for by the few faithful adherents of her father, of whom H.E.H. the Nizam was chief. In fact, since his deposition, her father, Abdul M'ajid II, has been a pensioner of H.E.H. the Nizam. Yet in spite of his poverty and his exile, it would still, Marmaduke knew, be an honour for the son of any Indian prince, however excellent a *parti*, to marry the daughter of the Khalifa, a direct descendant of Mohamed the Conqueror, of Suleyman the Magnificent. Excepting only the tribe of the Koreish, hers is the purest Muslim blood, and she the greatest lady in all Islam. Her position in Oriental eyes is at least equal to that of the proudest Habsburg.

Marmaduke, seeing these things with Eastern eyes, wanted the match quite desperately. It had been suggested to the Nizam by Marmaduke's friend, Mohamed Ali, after the collapse of the Khalifate Movement. Marmaduke valued the idea from the first, for behind the marriage his imagination saw the following facts and, assembling them, held them transfigured: the Nizam is the richest, ablest, and most independent of all Muslim rulers. Full liberty and sovereignty are essential to the Khalifa, for the Khalifate, however lawfully the holder is elected, is in abeyance whenever the possessor of the title is unable, through poverty, or lack of power, to exercise his functions. Should the marriage of the Khalifa's daughter and the Nizam's son have male

issue, not only would the boy be heir to the Nizam's millions and to the relics of the Turkish Empire, but if he should grow up a fit person, and were he to be so elected, he would be heir also to the Protectorate of all the faithful, for he would have the position, and the means, to make his Protection a real rock on which the whole of Islamiyeh could rest, a central Power round which the Muslim peoples could rally. He would, in fact, bred on the aristocratic, and elected on the democratic, principle, be Commander of the Faithful indeed.

So Marmaduke dreamed in the Moghul capital, seeing afar off Islam reunited in a child who would be the inheritor of Aurangzeb's wealth and of the Khalifa's sanctity: 'Tu puer.' He knew he could never live to see his dream fulfilled, but at least he determined he would do his utmost to further the marriage that was its first essential condition. He never thought what it might mean to a girl brought up in freedom to know the jewelled slavery of the purdah, nor wondered how a gifted poetess, a charming writer, a fluent linguist, would beguile the long hot days of the Deccan. Never a thought did he give now to the Bedawi gir^l who fled Haroun al Raschid's harim. *Bon sang ne sait mentir*, and his fairy-tale princess would, he knew, do her duty in that state of life to which it should please Allah, with Marmaduke for messenger, to call her. And whilst the two fathers discussed settlements, the loveliest girl in Europe or Asia prepared to accept the fate that offered her a throne, as simply as she had accepted that which brought her into exile.

Marmaduke met the Nizam's two sons in Nice, for he had been appointed 'Special Officer' to negotiate the marriage of the elder son and to accompany them both on the 'Omurah,' the lesser pilgrimage to the holy places (lesser, because not performed at the prescribed time), after their marriage. His instructions were sent him directly by the Nizam. The ex-Khalifa was to perform the religious ceremony of 'nika' in person.

From that date onwards a trust was to be formed of two members, one of whom was to be Sir Akbar Hydari, in his capacity of finance member, and the other was to be

appointed by the ex-Khalifa himself in his capacity of father and uncle of the two brides, for the investment of the mujjal (dowries) of these two brides respectively. Also the Nizam, 'as a concession,' allowed a large sum for the ex-Khalifa's daughter in shape of trousseau, and another sum for the ex-Khalifa's niece in shape of trousseau. He also allowed the brides' parents to provide necessary things for these princesses in shape of jewellery, dresses, etc.

The nika ceremony was to take place on November 18, the first 'Rajjab' day, which is H.E.H. the Nizam's birthday. After the ceremony the princes were to be allowed to stay at Nice for a week or ten days prior to their departure either for the Hedjaz or Hyderabad, as the case might be, but on no account to be allowed to return to London as the season there was over. When the nika was completed, Marmaduke issued a *communiqué* for the information of the general public of Nice, through Reuter's service, according to the draft which the Nizam sent.

Marmaduke received special instructions to find out from the Khalifa the Turkish customs and etiquette regarding the observance of purdah, not in Europe, but in India; the personal opinion of the Nizam, in view of the position and Muslim families of the parties concerned, being to suggest 'a certain amount of it,' and he was delighted when he heard that the ex-Khalifa agreed with him. Marmaduke obeyed all the Nizam's orders implicitly, and remained at Nice whilst the young couple honeymooned, but the pilgrimage had to be abandoned owing to an outbreak of plague in the Yemen, and Their Highnesses, Azan Jar Bahadur and his brother Prince Walashan Muazzam Jar Bahadur, their wives, the Princess Durru Shewar and Princess Nilou Fer, granddaughter of the late Sultan Murad, the Hyderabad Delegation, and the Pickthalls, all in fact, travelled home to Hyderabad together.

On his return to India he was delighted to hear from Leonard Moore that Collins had agreed to publish his novels in a cheap edition. "I hanker for a uniform edition," he said, and bade Collins know that at the price of 2s. or 2s. 6d. "there should be a sale for my books in India worth con-

sidering, not Anglo-Indian, but English-educated India, a much larger and more intelligent public that no English publisher I know of has yet even begun to recognize. If you will let me know when the books are likely to be out, and which they are, I can do something to work up interest beforehand."

Marmaduke was now become sufficiently reactionary to stand beside the princes against such leaders as Jawaharlal Nehru who, as Muriel says, he once met at a party and thought a pleasant young man, 'but did not approve his political opinions nor activities as he did not consider that they were for the ultimate good of India.' His only objection to the projected Constitution was that it would be suicidal for the Nizam to enter a confederation of princes, 'a loose confederation possibly, but not the kind of close-knit thing they contemplate. I would do anything I could to give the East free air and a chance to develop on its own lines without the European strait-waistcoat of ideas and fashions. Yet we can do nothing, it seems, but pray for relief and help. The help will come no doubt, but it will not be in our time. Man is always in a hurry for his time is short.' He was mightily delighted by the agreement of 1936 which reasserted the Nizam's sovereignty over Berar, and emphasized it by the reading of the 'Khutba'—the Friday prayer, in the Nizam's name, throughout the province.

Though Marmaduke did not specially enjoy the role of lord-in-waiting, he made such a success of it that after a year's quiet work in Hyderabad, he found himself appointed controller to Prince Basalath Jarh the younger brother of the Nizam. This appointment necessitated his retirement from Chadarghat High School. He kept a diary of his controller-ship which is very interesting, recalling many things in Mr. Forster's *A Passage to India*. He delighted in riding with his pupils in Civil Service House and kept marvellously fit, excepting for a few bouts of malaria, throughout his life in India by this simple expedient of daily riding. His duties with Basalath Jah were to accompany him to private entertainments, to do crossword puzzles with him, to read

with him. For examples : ' Went with B.J. to an At Home which was a meeting of the Hyderabad branch of the Poetry Society. More than a hundred people present including Resident and Mrs. Keyes with whom B.J. sat during a lecture by Mrs. Rosenthal on Goethe. It was Goethe's hundredth anniversary.'

' To an At Home in the gardens of the High Court to celebrate the granting of the High Court Charter by H.E.H. Wrote to H.E.H. submitting invitation to attend First Hyderabad Lancers Sports. Sanction received the same day. Princess Nilufar¹ presented the prizes.'

' With B.J. from 10.30 till 12. I encourage his liking for crossword puzzles as they improve his spelling. We have solved a great number of them and have read a great number of stories by Edgar Alan Poe, Bret Harte, and Dickens, which have greatly interested him.'

' Submitted an estimate of the cost of the Ooty expedition which was approved the same day.'

' Wrote to H.E.H. the Nizam asking permission for B.J. to take with him the Amira car and driver at present placed at his disposal. The hire of cars at Ooty is expensive and the car can go by road at comparatively little cost.'

Marmaduke kept this diary, not for himself, but to submit to the Nizam, and there are some entries quite curiously unlike any a European tutor might have made, such as :

' Tuesday. Met B.J. at Secunderabad station before 6 a.m. The Station Superintendent showed us great politeness. Train left at 6.30. We ate the food we had brought with us, buying only tea until 7 p.m. when we went to the dining-car which had joined our train at Gunthkal. Only one other diner besides ourselves. No ice.

' Wednesday. Breakfasted in the train at Bangalore, luncheon at the Hotel Metropole, Mysore. Directly after luncheon left in three motor cars, one for ourselves, one for the servants, and a lorry for the luggage. After a glorious drive through bamboo jungle and the jungle of the mountain-side we reached the edge plateau of the Milhoris,

¹ The variations in the spelling are Marmaduke's own.

and an hour later Ooty. At a bend near the summit of the slope, we left the servants and their car to look out for the lorry which had fallen out of sight and hearing. They came to the hotel two hours behind us, the lorry having broken an axle of a wheel which had somehow been repaired upon the open road. Rooms comfortable. Hotel well manned and scrupulously clean.

' Friday. Had the car again and went with B.J. to leave cards at Government House, on the Maharajah of Mysore, and on the Resident. The Maharajah had not yet arrived, but the Yuvraj returned B.J.'s call the following day.

' In the afternoon went to the Blue Mountain Cinema and saw a film called *Paramount on Parade*, a sort of wild " Revue " with thrilling moments.

' Tuesday. The usual routine. Sular Juny came to see us in the morning. He invited us to " a boy and girl party."

' Wednesday. Drove out in the morning. In the evening went to the Blue Mountain Theatre to see the talkie film of *Charley's Aunt*. Extraordinarily good though Americanized.

' Thursday. Went to the Yuvraj of Mysore's Garden Party. Saw the gardens, watched the tennis for a time, saw the Yaks from Tibet which the Maharajah hopes to acclimatize. Afterwards went into the house again where there was dancing. B.J. took the floor twice.

' Saturday. In the evening went to " Woodside " to the boy and girl dance, as members of Salar Jung's party, a gay one. Salabat Jah and Gough were also there. Got back to the hotel at 2 a.m.

' A full account of the stay at Ootacamund was submitted to H.E.H. on our return to Hyderabad.

' Tuesday. With B.J. from 10-12.15. His foot alas! has swollen up again, which he ascribes to the fact that there is now a moon again as there was at the first swelling. He says that all the people here believe that such swellings happen at the time of moonlit nights.

' Wednesday. With B.J. from 10-12. The swelling somewhat reduced. The doctor came to dress the foot as I was leaving. He said it is quite true that such swellings are affected by the moon. They are called in Urdu *Chaudui-*

Andhera and the inflammation is called *Atesh-i-Fars* (Fire of Persia) and Faringhi Dana.

‘Went to Malakpat to the wedding of a daughter of Nawab Kazim Yar Jung. Watched the flower-clad bridegroom in his flower-clad car bargaining with all the children of the bride’s family for the price of admission. The Nawab Sahib said it was a Hindu custom. The bridegroom had to pay some hundreds of rupees. Sat in the tent during the Nikah ceremony and then left. It was already after sunset.

‘Went to General Osman’s funeral, settled down among the crowd of mourners. There we sat for two whole hours. Asif Ali Bey, the eldest son of the deceased, came and sat with me. He said that they had fixed the time of the funeral for 8 o’clock by the Nizam’s order and now were telephoning every few minutes for leave to start. The reply was always “Theyro!” Wait. Major Mumtaz, brother-in-law to Osman, told me that the Nizam himself was coming and until he came they were not allowed even to wash the body. His Exalted Highness was bringing special water, from sacred springs, and special earth from holy places to be thrown into the grave. I was getting anxious, believing that B.J. would not be present, and mindful of my duty to be with him by 10.30 at latest. At 9.30 the Nizam arrived in the house. In the room where I sat with some elderly Nawabs we heard his voice giving orders.

‘At 10 we all went out. There was a great crowd on the drive and in the roadway. Nawab Zulgudar Jung, who was with me, said that there was no hope for us to get into the mosque, so, having seen the bier go by with its green pall, we found our cars as best we could and returned home.

‘When the pall was taken off the bier in the grave it was found that the dead man’s face had turned toward the *qiblah* of its own accord.

‘In the evening, as we were getting up from dinner with the students, a plate, wrapped in a napkin, was brought in, with it a slip of paper with some pencil writing: “For Mr. and Mrs. Pickthall” being plainly legible. I thought it might be some sweets, but when I untied the napkin I

found two cooked snipe on two squares of toast. From the Nizam sent straight from the royal dinner-table.

‘ Thursday. On arrival at the mosque found Azam Jah, the heir apparent, standing with B.J. awaiting the Nizam. A.J. looked to see what I was wearing under my abaya, and asked me why I wore it. I said : For decency, and in order to look like the faqir I really am ! Told Basalat Jah that I had documents to read to him and arranged to follow him to Shadi Khand after prayers.

‘ Saturday. Arrived at Railway Station for the great rehearsal of the Viceroy’s visit. Approaches to the station lined with cavalry. As I went through to the platform Najaf Ali Khan, Asst. Sec. Political Dept., stopped me and pinned on my coat a printed slip : “ Sahibzada Basalat Jah.” Gough was similarly labelled “ Sahibzada Salabat Jah,” while Nawab Hamid Yar Jing (the late Gen. Osman’s brother, who has succeeded him as Military Secretary and A.D.C. to the Nizam) was labelled “ His Exalted Highness the Nizam.” Binney I.C.S., represented the Heir Apparent and Capt. Bashruddin Moazzam Jah. The Resident was there himself and his young men seemed to be in command of us all, very grave and officious. Mafflin, Agent of the Nizam’s State Railways, and Mrs. Mafflin played Lord and Lady Willingdon, some loutish-looking men from the Railway impersonating members of their staff.

‘ The train came in, the Indian passengers gaping in amazement, at the guard of honour and important people on the platform. From a saloon coach Mr. Mafflin first alighted and then Mrs. Mafflin. The first bars of God Save the King, and the Resident stepped forward and introduced the Nizam to the Viceroy and the Viceroy passed him on to the Vice-Reine. The Resident then led the Viceroy to the Heir Apparent whom he introduced to Moazzam Jah, then Salabat Jah, then me, and after me to the four principal British officers of the Cantonmat (Secunderabad). The Nizam followed with Lady Willingdon, they both shook hands with all of us. Then they began the round of the half circle of the State and the officials present and British officers, beginning with the Residency staff. Objection was

raised, as I thought reasonably, to this precedence given to the Residency, but it was quashed. The Resident then led the Viceroy towards the Guard of Honour, introduced him to the Commander of the Nizam's Regular Forces who passed him on to the Commander of the Guard of Honour which he then inspected ; the Nizam and Lady Willingdon and all the rest of us standing still meanwhile.

'When the whole thing had been gone through it was repeated, Azam Jah being placed this time at one end of the line to save the Viceroy and Lady W. from having to double back in their progress. Then the Viceroy was led out by the Nizam to his car. Six bars of "God Save the King" and the procession to Falaknama Palace began. When it had gone I found my car and went to Shadi Knana, and showed myself to B.J. with my label still on me. He said : "Keep it on !" but I unpinned it.'

When the Willingdons actually arrived Marmaduke was summoned to the durbar and describes the brief ceremony : 'The Resident arrived. Then we heard police whistles and the officer of the guard crying "Shun." Presently came "Present arms !" and the band played the first six bars of "God Save the King." Lord Willingdon came in with members of his staff, the Nizam stepped forward to welcome him. They both sat down in the high place, and then we all sat down. The Political Sec. of Government of India, Chancy, sat beside the Resident on the right of the Viceroy. We controllers sat on the left of the Nizam and in a line with him against the wall, outside the magic circle of the durbar. It was over in five minutes. A procession of yellow-robed palace-servants entered, bringing pan and 'itr, which were offered to the Viceroy and the other guests according to a fixed convention. Then the Viceroy and his staff took leave, there was the same presenting of arms, and short burst of music as at his coming. I noticed that the band played softly throughout the visit. The Nizam called Sir A. Hydari into an inner room for a few minutes' private conversation, the Nizam's part in which was plainly audible as usual, and then we were dismissed, and drove back to our homes. The bridge was clear again.'

In the evening he went to another reception which he describes : ' The city beautifully illuminated, streets lined with silent crowds. The Chowmallah Palace was a fairy-land. The Nizam arrived and we all waited patiently on the broad terrace before the big pavilion till the Viceroy and Lady Willingdon arrived. Soon after that a start was made for dinner, which proved to be a long way off—at least a quarter of a mile, I should think—right through the big pavilion, across another wide terrace overlooking a much larger garden courtyard containing many basins of water and fountains and surrounded by illuminated masses of building—down a long flight of steps and then along a path lined with Caprican Cavalry troops, each with sword drawn, standing absolutely still like statues, and then along another pathway similarly lined, up more steps and along an arcade to the vast gallery in which the dinner-tables were set out. I found Mrs. Prendergast without and supported her on this fairly long walk. Found someone to show her to her place and then with difficulty found my own. Gold plate for 240 guests, gold ornaments down the middle of each table. A dinner costing 80 rupees (more than six pounds) a head. A speech by the Nizam in which he praised Sir Akbar Hydari and a reply by the Viceroy in which he made no mention of Sir Akbar, but praised " My old friend Maharajah Sir Kishen Parshad." Afterwards conversation till the English guests departed. I remained, the only Englishman, to attend on B.J., and presently witnessed a strange sight. I was standing under the porch of the pavilion. The terrace in front was partly in a coloured light and part in moonlight, making it look more than ever like a stage. And the actors stood grouped exactly like the chorus on a stage. On the left was a dark mass of nobles and officials standing at attention. In front of them, in a straight line, stood Princess Nilufer in crimson sari and three daughters of the Nizam in silvery dress. At the back stood one or two members of the suite, and on my left the four princes with their attendants all dead still. In the middle of the stage left absolutely free walked the Nizam, stopping before this man and that, and making fun of him. In the

midst of his peculiar prowl he spotted me and drew near.

“Is your wife here?” he asked.

“No, sir, she has gone back with Mrs. Prendergast.”

“Oh, I see, and you are wanting to go back with—er—”

“Yes, sir, to go back with Basalat Jah.”

“Yes, to be sure. Of course,” and he resumed his prowl. Soon after that he gave us leave to go. I stepped down from the arcade and stood behind B.J. The Nizam and his daughters lined up on the steps on the other side from those by which the guests go out. First Azam Jah took leave, then Moazzam, then Salabat.

“Now Basalat Jah can go,” said the Nizam. “And Mr. Pickthall. Where’s Mr. Pickthall?” I think that “Mr.” was the greatest compliment that I have ever received.

I stood before him on the steps and bowed, then rushed down to Basalat Jah, who took my arm. He was dead tired.

Thursday. Saw Prendergast at 10. He was charged by the Nizam to tell me that B.J.’s wedding will take place in April and that certain estimates must be prepared in view of it.

With B.J. from 10.15 to 12. At 1 p.m. received the order to meet Princess Durru Shewar and her baby at Nampalli Station at 4 p.m. Was with B.J. at 3.30 and 3.50 drove with him to the station. The Nizam said good evening to me. The Heir Apparent kissed the Nizam’s right foot as he stood on the red carpet on the platform and afterwards held the baby to kiss the said foot. A European nurse. The Princess in a crimson sari looking radiant.

He accompanied his charge to Bidar, which was not a great success as Basalat Jah fell ill, but they saw some interesting sights, a wonderful night procession and excited and exciting drumming.

On January 1, 1935, Marmaduke’s ten years expired, and the Nizam sent him a letter greatly appreciating his loyal service rendered to the ruler and State in various capacities and wishing him and Mrs. Pickthall a well-earned rest in

their future home. Sir Richard Trench tells me how Sir Akbar Hydari waived all the rules of his own department (Finance) and acceded to the Government's request to give Marmaduke a much larger pension than he was entitled to, also advancing it by one year. 'It was, of course, a ramp, but the whole Council was involved in it as we all liked and respected Pickthall. To avoid an awkward precedent, we based the grant on Pickthall's eminence as a man of letters, and not on his services to the State, meritorious as they were.' Before he left he was invited by the Nizam to a family luncheon party which they attended on their last day, and was presented by H.E.H. with a gold watch, and Muriel with a gold necklace.

On January 10, 1935, they left India. On their arrival at Naples they found snow, and in Rome Marmaduke had had influenza, with a long convalescence in Florence. It was not until they crossed the Alps that they really felt better. Italy was under snow until mid-February, with bitter winds blowing 'which seem to have been designed on purpose to make us still more sorry to have left India,' as he wrote from Montreux.

My mother, hearing of his plight, offered to lend him *La Maison du Diable*, her house in Savoy, and he went there for some weeks and wrote happily to her: 'The magnolias are in big bud, but no bud has yet begun to open. Primroses and wood anemones are a gay pattern beside the road fences beyond the fruit trees. The almond trees are in full blossom. The lawns are dotted with crocuses and snowdrops and daffodils.' My mother wished him to accept it permanently as a residence, but he felt he could not afford to undertake it on his slender pension, nor to live in a place where the postage costs were so heavy.

In May he spent the King's Jubilee in Pevensey and had a pleasant month there, going back to London in July and meeting many old friends and making some new ones, for example the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia who, he wrote: 'strikes me as a very upright, intelligent, and dignified young man who has seen the cinema show of Europe with clear eyes and honesty of mind. He went out of his way to

be nice to us, comparatively unimportant people, and I had three interviews. I think he made a good impression on everyone here.'

Marmaduke was still a little bitter about Turkey and when it was suggested that he should now at last go back there and get a job under Mustapha Kemal, he wrote sadly : ' With regard to the President of the Turkish Republic, there is one thing which would prevent me from any place under him, and that is the fact that I am a Khalifatist and a close personal friend, I think I may say, of the last Khalifa, and at least one member of his family, though I recognize Mustapha Kemal's great service to his country.'

He was depressed by the fact that Dent had ' remaindered ' *The Valley of the Kings* and also he was having trouble with the edition of the Qu'aran. He longed for a printed and authorized version interleaved with his translation, which hung fire. It was suggested at the same time that he should elaborate his introduction a little and publish it separately as a short life of the Prophet as ' people are kind enough to say it is the best biography in existence.' Nothing came of this, however, before his death, nor of the interleaved translation.

He still kept in touch with India, hearing from his beloved Princess and from his friends the Speights and Hashimi. The Indian papers would have it that he was going to live in Spain, and this amused him as yet another example of the Oriental inaccuracy he loved. The real truth was he wanted to write a novel about Saracen Spain.

In the winter he went down to Cornwall, to escape the cold, and wrote resignedly from there to Hashimi : ' It is evident you imagine my condition to be unhappy which in a general way it is not. Indeed when I look back over my life and consider what I have deserved I am overwhelmed by a sense of Allah's mercy. It is only the English winter that makes for occasional gloom in one's outlook and I have not yet learned to think of myself as a man grown old. I still look forward like a youth and fret to think that I am not advancing.'

His age was apparent less when he turned his thoughts to

India than when he reviewed the European situation. To my mother—a contemporary—he wrote : ‘ What you say about culture and collectivism is absolutely true. I am afraid that I am reactionary at heart though I am always treated and have even been welcomed (!) as a revolutionary. I am probably the last man on earth left who is absolutely a convinced monarchist. I mean an enthusiast for the principle of monarchy, which is altogether a different matter from dictatorships. I have no abstract objection to despotism rightly exercised by a superior individual. All other forms of government are apt to run (at best) to slush.’

On 18 March of that year he was invited to speak to the Royal Central Asian Society, Sir Charles Innes being in the chair. He took as his theme the Muslims in the modern world. It was a delightful lecture as well as a serious one, and he emphasized the fact that Saudi Arabia was still the danger spot in Islam, but on the whole he was extraordinarily sanguine about the future and illustrated his point with two little stories of ancient Hyderabad.

“ A man denounced his neighbour to the judge as a Wahnâbi—a puritan who bothered quiet people with his puritanism—and the judge asked the accused to describe his daily life.

“ He said : ‘ I get up in the morning and I have a good drink of toddy, then I go to the Saint’s tomb which is near my house and wish the Saint good day, then I go and sit at the shop of a friend of mine and gossip till I hear the noon-day call to prayer, when I go back to my house and eat the food my wives have prepared for me. I rest awhile and then I have a drink of toddy and go to visit a mistress whom I keep where my wives cannot get at her. I stay with her till I hear the “ Asr call to prayer.” ’ The judge here interrupted, saying to the accuser indignantly : ‘ Wahnâbi, indeed ! The man’s a pukka Muslim.’

“ My other story is of an event that really happened. A whole quarter of the city was commoved and there was rioting one night in Muharram because some drunken Shî’as declared that the frogs in the pools were saying : ‘ Hasan ! Huseyn ! ’ and shouted that it was a miracle, and

their Sunni neighbours were indignant and swore that if the frogs were saying anything articulate it was obviously : ' Abu Bakr ! Umar ! 'Usman ! ' ”

He added : “ Neither of those stories would be credible if told of Hyderabad to-day. There has been a vast improvement in religion and in conduct. And in honesty I must add that this improvement has nothing to do with any modernizing movement, but is the work of quite old-fashioned Muslims assisted by a time of law and order.”

His conclusion was that he saw Islam in a state of full revival, freed at last from the blind imitation of Europe. He mentioned Abyssinia, but without bitterness: “ Orientals,” he said, “ expected barefaced aggression from European Powers, the only thing about the situation which amused them was the outcry made in England when the victim was a Christian, whereas when the victim, as in the case of Tripoli, Persia, Turkey, Tunis or Morocco, was a Muslim, there was a chorus of approval for the aggressor.”

I saw him the morning after his lecture, for he lunched with my mother. I thought he looked very ill, his skin a curious ghostly colour. He returned that evening to Cornwall, and none of his friends saw him alive again. His twelve months in retirement had been for him a time of refreshment and peace, troubled only by such trivial worries as where to live.

He had many plans, of which the most urgent was to perform the pilgrimage which is incumbent on all Muslims. The austerity and abnegation required of the Hajjis stirred his imagination, always avid of renunciation, and flattered his need to strip himself of all earthly ties. Only a few days after his death a letter came from Nawab Sir Nijamat Jung Bahadur (formerly political member of the Hyderabad Legislative Council) inviting him to go, an invitation he would certainly have accepted with delight had he lived.

As he grew older his adopted faith meant more and more to him. “ I call myself a Sunni Muslim of the Hanafi school,” he explained to Arthur Field at their last meeting, adding : “ Yet none knows better than me that there is no such spirit of sectarism in Islam as in that in which I was

born. Man to-day is rebellious. 'For he thinketh himself independent' and thence comes all evil: only Islam can save mankind from the consequences of its own selfishness, for Islam is the surrender of the rebel viceroy to his sovereign lord: the surrender of man's selfish ever-changing will and purpose to the selfless, never-changing will and purpose of Almighty God. This alone is religion. Nothing else deserves the name. There is no liberty of evil, for the devil is subservient to Allah's purpose for mankind and evil also plays its part for man's salvation. Say: 'I seek refuge in the Lord of the Daybreak, from the evil of his creating. The power of the devil is only that which man's deeds give to him, just as hell is a presentiment of the consequence of man's ill deeds.'"

Until May 18 he was perfectly well and working hard down in Cornwall at the revision of his lectures on the cultural side of Islam, which were to be re-published in India in book form. On May 18 he complained of pain after luncheon, but Muriel declared, and both agreed, it was only indigestion. Next morning at breakfast he seemed perfectly well, but whilst reading the newspapers felt ill and went upstairs to lie down. Muriel followed him to their bedroom and as she entered the room he took two steps to meet her and fell dead in her arms of coronary thrombosis.

From the many letters Muriel received I will quote only two. Lord Lloyd wrote:

' 30, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.I.

' 20th May 1936.

' I think you know that I always had a very real regard for him, and although political matters necessarily interrupted our old friendship during the Indian years, yet even during that time I hope he realized that I never suffered my remembrance of our old friendship to be upset by those transitory affairs. Your husband belonged to that part of my life which in retrospect always seems the happiest to me—the early days in Turkey in the Middle East, the days of *Saïd the Fisherman*, of Aubrey Herbert, of Mark Sykes, of Adventure and travel. I remember, too, our first meeting

at the Mustashar's, when Colonel Machell held that office, and I know Lady Valda will be very grieved to hear the news. Please forgive so ill expressed and halting an expression of my sympathy, but I would ask you to believe that it is very sincere.'

And Professor Speight :

' He saw through things to their cause, through deeds to character, and went through life as a teacher of the rarest and most memorable type. Yet despite all his sunny range of sympathy, his quick and unfailing readiness of understanding, no one could be as strict a conservator of his own will and of the ultimate secrets of his personality. Though his heart was warm, no one was freer from sentimentality. Brevity restrained, and wit made of his mind, a world of well-ordered resolution. To India he gave himself with the liberality of which there is but one word, sacrifice ; sacrifice of the liberty of the artist which called him as alluringly as to others, of the freedom of travel and the choice of work and friends. But he put such longing away from him to serve Islam, to conduct a large high school and to devote his personal service to the ruler whose recognition and appreciation and friendship he valued beyond words.'

Two portraits exist of Marmaduke Pickthall, one painted by Charlotte Lawrenson at the Towers, Worthing, in 1928, and one by Gladstone Solomon. There is also a drawing by Gwen Evans done in Hyderabad in 1933.

His was a unique life, full and yet lonely, lived dangerously yet always enjoyed : a life in which thought and action rhythmically alternated, in which outward ambition was continually held in check by the secret inner vision of that ' other goal ' which was the end of his faith. A curiously blameless life, pure and self-controlled, without any of the venial mundane faults that mar the holiness of a character. Sweet-tempered, selfless, without pride and without jealousy, he kept as nearly to the pattern of the saints as it is possible for a writer, a journalist and a schoolmaster actively engaged in his task. Had he changed from evangelical or even from

high church Anglicanism to the Roman faith, doubtless the machinery of sanctification would have by now been set to work. As it was, his sense of humour saved him from priggishness or pomposity, from the ebullient and soporific, somnolent beatitude which spreads like a corporation round the middle years of so many of the blessed, and the continual flow and movement of his mind saved him from fossilization.

How highly his admirers thought of him is well illustrated by the fact that he constantly had to deny that he was the schoolmaster in Mr. E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, and by the following quotation from Mr. H. G. Wells's *Boon* :

‘ He hated to see a good work neglected and was for ever ramming *The Crystal Age* and *Said the Fisherman* down the throats of his visitors—such reputations as Pickthall's, W. H. Hudson's, and the late Stephen Crane's, reputations ridiculously less than they ought to be, so that these writers, who are certainly as securely classic as Beckford or Herrick, are still unknown to half the educated English-reading public.’

But of all the tributes ever made him I prefer, and think he would have preferred, that of a cousin. Lamenting in a letter to me that in his later years Marmaduke only came home for funerals (home *was* a mausoleum, though, she admitted cheerfully) she added, ‘ he was such good company we all wanted to be in the same car to and from the grave.’

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