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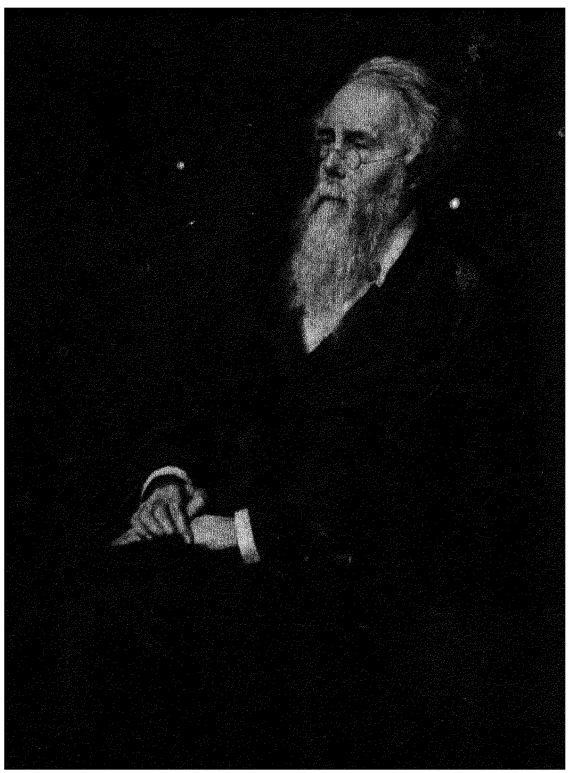
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LIFE AND LETTERS OF

EDWARD BYLES COWELL



LIFE & LETTERS

OF

EDWARD BYLES COWELL

M.A., HON D.C.L., OXON., HON. LL.D., EDIN.
PROFESSOR OF SANSKRIT, CAMBRIDGE, 1867—1903

BY

GEORGE COWELL, F.R.C.S.

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PREFACE

MATTHEW ARNOLD has defined greatness as "a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration," and further asserts that "the proof of greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration." This is impossible without some degree of self-effacement, and the world does not appear to understand this uncommon quality, but as a rule takes a man at his own valuation, and prefers to reward "push" and self-assertion, and to esteem success thus gained as representing some measure of greatness. How often has it been said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, and is it not because it generally fails to value that genuine self-depreciation which is really the truest sign of greatness?

"Simplex sigillum veri." Professor Cowell was a true *savant*. With all his characteristic simplicity, he knew well the littleness and limitations of human intellect and knowledge, and proved his greatness by never knowing that he excelled. And when the letter[1]

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald," W. Aldis Wright, Vol. I., p. 410.

to Professor Norton was published in which FitzGerald wrote of him, "Edward Cowell, a brother Professor of your's at our Cambridge: the most learned man there, I believe, and the most amiable and delightful, I believe, also," Cowell shrank from it, testified his dislike of such "exaggerated praise," and repudiated it as not true. (*Vide* p. 311, in Chap. VII.) His dislike of the passage above quoted led me to omit it from the book, but his absolute non-acceptance of it was too characteristic to be omitted. The testimony abides, however, and the reader will judge how far it is confirmed by the letters recorded in these pages.

Professor Cowell has left behind him many results of his enormous power of work, his rare scholarly grasp, his wondrous memory and his bright intelligence, in the form of accurate texts and translations of some of the most difficult and abstruse philosophical Oriental writers. And from the time he left school to the end of his life he loved to pour out to the friends who sought it, in letters and in quiet social intercourse, the knowledge that he had amassed. It was in the hope of preserving for a wider circle of readers some of this wealth of knowledge that the idea of this biography took shape. I was in Tunis in search of sun, when the thought arose, that in his broken health, a letter fresh from a visit to the site of ancient Carthage would not fail to interest my cousin, and revive in him memories of Polybius and his account of the first and second Punic wars. The intention was

not realised, for *en route* to Carthage, my English newspaper told me of his death. On my return to England in April, no one of his Cambridge friends could be found with sufficient leisure to enter upon the arduous duty of collecting materials for such a book. All agreed that the life should be written, and little qualified as I was for the task, I determined to undertake it, rather than that the many interesting letters which I knew had been treasured, and the valuable lessons of the life, should pass all too quickly into oblivion. The work has not been light, but it has been truly a labour of love.

My thanks are due, and are hereby sincerely rendered, to many of his friends at Oxford, Cambridge, and in India, and to a great number of his pupils both at home and abroad. I may mention especially Dean Kitchin, who sent me a large packet of early letters which have added much to the interest of the book, Mr. Charles W Moule, the Rev. M. B. Cowell, and Miss C. M. Ridding, who have given me kind and invaluable help. My thanks are also due to Dr. W. Aldis Wright and Messrs. Macmillan for permission to print extracts from FitzGerald's letters which had reference to the Cowells. They are additionally interesting, perhaps, from occupying their relative place in the life. I am glad also to have been permitted to print some interesting and characteristic letters of FitzGerald to the Cowells which have not before been published, as they will be widely welcomed

on account of the additional light they throw upon this close and interesting friendship.

Cowell's character bears fully the test with which I began this Preface ; let me end by saying that he has given the key-note of his own letters and of his life in a line of the sonnet which he wrote to the memory of Dr. Kay :—

"Thy heart was to the last as childhood's fresh."

G. C.

24 HARRINGTON GARDENS, LONDON.
June 21*st*, 1904.

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LIFE OF PROFESSOR COWELL

CHAPTER I

SCHOOL DAYS—EARLY WORK

1826—1847

EDWARD BYLES COWELL was born on January 23rd, 1826, in a house in St. Clement's Street in Ipswich in the County of Suffolk. The house is still standing, and the picturesque street used to be the place of residence of some of the leading mercantile families of the then quiet country town. His grandfather, Abraham Kersey Cowell, a pious, active, and benevolent gentleman of the old school, established in Ipswich a prosperous business as a Merchant and Maltster. He had a numerous family of sons and daughters, the names of the sons being Charles, Samuel Harrison, and George Kersey. The eldest son Charles, who was born in 1800, joined his father in the Merchant's business, and married, in 1824, Marianne, the eldest daughter of Nathaniel Byles Byles, of the Hill House, Ipswich, who was the head of another prosperous mercantile business in the same town. She was, too, the cousin of Barnard Byles, who learned the rudiments of business in his uncle's office, but who afterwards studied Law and became well known and distinguished in succession as an author of important books on Law, as Mr. Serjeant Byles of the Norfolk Circuit, and as Mr. Justice Byles of the Court

of Common Pleas. Of the three sons and three daughters of this marriage, Edward Byles was the eldest. Two sons still survive, Charles Henry, who became the head of the Merchant business, is an ex-Mayor of his native town, and more recently succeeded to the Byles Hill House Estate; Maurice Byles, Vicar of Ashbocking, and Rural Dean of Claydon in the County of Suffolk; and one daughter, Elizabeth Byles, unmarried. Charles Cowell unfortunately died in 1842, before his father, and whilst his children were still young.

Cowell's school days were spent at the Ipswich Grammar School, known in Dr. Rigaud's time as Queen Elizabeth's School. It was one of the best of the town grammar schools and was of considerable antiquity. There is evidence that it was in existence in the reign of Edward IV. It was afterwards merged in the school and college founded there by Wolsey, of which only the picturesque gate remains. This institution was discontinued at the fall of that Prelate, and Henry VIII. granted a new Charter for the re-establishment of the Grammar School. This Charter was renewed, confirmed and enlarged by another granted by Queen Elizabeth on March 18th, 1565. The institution has of course undergone many changes and developments since Cowell was a pupil there. The school-room at that time was a substantial building in the Shirehall Yard, which had been the Refectory of a House of Blackfriars (Dominicans) established there in the reign of Henry III. as a branch of a much older House. The doorways showed fourteenth century work, though the roof was undoubtedly much later. It is worthy of record that when, in 1853, the walls of this school-room, which had stood for upwards of three centuries, and in which Cowell had first learned his Eton Latin Grammar, were with much labour pulled down to make room for other buildings, the workmen required the aid of many horses and ropes before the solid workmanship of a former age could be broken up. It so happened that at the time this was

taking place, it was discovered that the walls of the large school-room forming part of the present pile of buildings, of which the foundation stone was laid with great *éclat* by Prince Albert in 1851, showed signs of not being strong enough to withstand the thrust of the heavy roof, and it became necessary to strengthen them with buttresses and tie-rods to avert a collapse. I remember well, in his rooms in Oxford, the amusement of Cowell at the two pictures of these incidents, which were published, side by side, after the manner of Pugin's Contrasts, and in which were shown the almost impossibility of pulling down the walls of the old and the great difficulty of keeping erect the walls of the new.

The Head Master of the Ipswich School in the thirties and early forties was the Rev. J. C. Ebden, a man of high character and no mean scholar. It is historical that he obtained great influence over his boys, and although in those days education in the provinces was somewhat rudimentary, he certainly laid the foundation of Cowell's love and aptitude for work. Cowell was always proud to have been a pupil of Ebden's, and many years afterwards it happened to him when dining at the house of a Cambridge friend to hear an undergraduate who was present state that he had been at the Ipswich School under Dr. Holden. A graduate amongst the guests said he was there under Dr. Rigaud, another followed with the information that he had been at the same school under Mr. Fenwick, when Cowell, much amused, capped the series by announcing that he was a pupil there under Mr. Ebden : an unusual and not uninteresting meeting of pupils of four successive Head Masters of the School.

Cowell was sent to the Grammar School in 1833, when he was little more than seven years of age. This would now be considered young for a public school, but early in the century other ideas obtained and most boys were sent to a public school during their eighth year. He was from the first unusually industrious. Early in his school career he won one of the school scholarships, and he has told us

in one of his letters, that he ran the whole way home, so eager was he to tell his father and mother of his success. He may be said to have been fortunate in his school-fellows and fortunate in his master, and early he learned what the great majority of boys never acquire, the great art of how to learn. He had too a splendid memory, and with it developed a real love for learning, which grew and strengthened as he stored up and assimilated all that he was taught. He remained at school nearly nine years, and some eighteen months or two years before he left he showed a taste for study, a craving for absorbing the contents of all sorts of books, and for comparing what he read in one with all that he remembered in others. His school lessons did not nearly suffice to satisfy him. Although it is true that he was shortsighted he did not neglect games, for he enjoyed as much as any boy a fierce onset of prisoners' base and other games among his school-fellows or with his relations and intimate friends, but in those days cricket and football had not anywhere arrived at their present importance and still less in the provincial schools of the country. He, however, early began to keep his half-holidays free, and they were generally set apart for literature and utilised in following the bent of his studious inclinations His pocket money was always saved and accumulated for the purchase of some book outside his school studies In this way he bought not only a huge book, *Walker's Corpus Poetorum Latinorum*,[1] but also an edition of *Livy*, whose many volumes in the bookseller's window had long tempted his hungry eyes. His next brother, who in due time had joined him at school, tells the story that he was often remonstrated with by Cowell for wasting his pocket money in the usual schoolboy purchases, instead of saving it up to buy some classic, which he thought every boy must regard with the same appreciation as himself. Cowell's school days were all spent in the same school and under the same Head Master, and it is

[1] The book thus obtained is now in the University Library in Cambridge.

probable that the simplicity of the educational system and restricted rôle of study had to some extent a compensating advantage in giving him some freedom and leisure for extending his pursuit of knowledge in many other directions, and for satisfying those tastes and urgent literary desires so unusual in boyhood's days.

The chief Home influences, which, together, contributed to form Cowell's character and direct perhaps the bent and aspirations of his life, were undoubtedly his Father and Mother and his Aunt Elizabeth (or Ella as she was usually called by the boys), his Mother's sister. Any account of Cowell's early days would be incomplete without some notice of each of them, and it is only justice to their memory, and in accordance with his own feeling of indebtedness to them and often expressed veneration for them, that a picture of each in a few words should find a place. The Rev. M. B. Cowell, the brother, has kindly furnished me with the following brief and able notice of them, which must be given in his own words :—

"Cowell's Father was a thoughtful, enlightened reader of Modern History and Philosophy, an able conversationalist and public speaker, influential in the affairs of the town, and eagerly interested in the thrilling Reform Politics of the day. He was a correspondent of George Grote and William Cobbett, a student of Bentham and Brougham. He spent his leisure amidst the books of De Torqueville and Hallam, Guizot and Arnold. An ardent advocate of all Civil and Religious Liberty, he was rich in dreams of Fiscal Revision, Political Economy, and Radical Progress. Brought up amidst the Great War, with the Waterloo confidence of a great English future, on the margin of the Victorian Era, he was no 'Little Englander.' His own future plans for his children would have been to train them up for foreign commerce, to place each of his sons apart in some Continental Capital centre, and to direct himself, from Ipswich, extended business operations, such as were then perhaps too visionary, but have since been practically realised all round us. However, amidst his busy plans, he died on May 8th, 1842, of the same age as the century, and these ambitions were cut short!

"Young Edward owed also a great deal to his Mother. The love and sympathy between her and him were very real. His

delight from earliest years was to share with her his growing literary interests. Possibly later Oriental tendencies may have had their start in the nursery from his mother's knees and the patriarchal tents of Genesis. His mother used to tell us younger children how our elder brother almost taught himself to read by his Bible. When very young he would sit up on his high chair by the table, and spell out the Scripture story, word by word: 'When—Isaac—was old—and—his—eyes—were dim—so that—he—could—not see.' She had been, in her own school days, sent to be educated in Evangelical Clapham, and there, as in her Suffolk home, was brought up amidst strict religious influences. She always desired University distinction for him, and possibly clerical life. From a girl she was a careful reader. Edward learned from her his life-long habit of making extracts, notes, and copious analyses of whatever he read. She had been accustomed in her father's house to the use of a good library, and had known how to use it. She had a fair share of accomplishments. She had a genuine taste for Poetry, and on occasion had some skill with her own pen in verse-making. (In fact, a volume in MS. of poems on domestic and familiar subjects of her experience was one of the treasures amongst the family records written for her children.) Her criticism of art was discriminating and suggestive, and she attained to some success with oil-colours in her landscape sketches. Thus her intellectual tastes and pursuits were ever a leverage and a leaven amongst her children. It was natural that her prescience should not fail as to the unusual powers of her eldest son. In him especially her motherly faith had its reward, but it was equally distributed without partiality amongst her children. A clergyman of Ipswich in early years enquired of her about her Edward, 'How is your *wonderful* son?' The good mother replied, 'Which do you mean? I have *three* wonderful sons.'

"With the parents must be mentioned a favourite Aunt, the mother's younger and only sister, Elizabeth Byles. She was the heroine of our boyhood. In summer afternoons, she and her father and brother used to ride from the Hill House to Wherstead, and Foxhall, and Coddenham, and all the pretty country round Ipswich in turn. This dear Aunt, then in her active earlier womanhood, took great delight in making us children happy, and in helping us in her delightful ways mentally and physically. She encouraged Edward in his horsemanship, and this stood him in good stead afterwards in India. She was fond of the French light literature, then coming into fashion for French reading, and encour..ged Edward to read Dumas's stories, Guizot's historical

volumes, and the French poets with her. What splendid Scripture questions she could set us, so stimulating to searching the sacred writers, and which we all in turn so coveted for our Sunday evenings at home in childhood."

There was one other influence on Cowell's early life that ought at least to be mentioned. Allusion has already been made to his mother's cousin, Barnard Byles. This relative was one of Cowell's first links with literary aspiration and success. Cowell used to tell with interest how this cousin got up at the Hill House at 5 o'clock in the light mornings to read Blackstone's Commentaries, before his day's duties in Mr. Byles's office in the town began. Cowell confessed to this as a helpful precedent and a stimulus to himself in his own early studies. With the Hill House there was too a link with the East in the occasional visit there of Dr. Mill, of Haileybury, a pioneer of Oriental literary pursuits, a distant connection of his grandparents.

There was a fair library in Ipswich, containing many old and valuable books, in rooms over the old Town Hall, called the Ipswich Literary Institution. There Cowell used to spend many of his leisure hours. Some two years before he left school, when he was not much more than fourteen years of age, he found there the works of Sir William Jones. He has told us himself that it was these works which first really awoke in his mind an interest in India and the East, that he owed the bent of his life to a Latin treatise on Arabic and Persian poetry. There were two volumes of Sir W. Jones's books that particularly attracted him, the *sixth* containing the *Commentarii*, and the *ninth* containing a translation of a Persian Poem, the *Sakuntalā*, or the *Fatal Ring*. These he took home with him and read in the early mornings of the summer of 1841, his days being given to Latin and Greek at the Grammar School. After a careful study of these works, he was fortunate enough, by the aid of Mr. Levett, the Librarian of the Literary Institution, to find amongst Sir William Jones's books a Persian grammar. In his address to the Royal

Asiatic Society in 1898,[1] Cowell mentions the joy of finding this Persian grammar. From it he tells us he soon learned the character, and, with the aid of a glossary at the end, began to study the anthology of beautiful extracts by which Sir W. Jones illustrates his Rules. In October of the same year Macaulay's brilliant essay on Warren Hastings was published in the *Edinburgh Review*. This Cowell read with much interest, but what he best remembered in connection with that number was that in the list of new publications at the end there was advertised the first edition of Professor H. H. Wilson's Sanskrit grammar. He tells us that "I saved up my Christmas boxes and purchased a copy for my own. Of course I found Sanskrit too hard, and so the book had to lie on my shelves as a hope and incitement for the future, but I returned meanwhile to my Persian and worked on as well as I could by myself at the *Shārnāmah* and *Hāfiz*." The Librarian at the Literary Institution further aided him by introducing him to Major, afterwards Colonel, Hockley, a retired Bombay officer, settled in Ipswich. Major Hockley was in his way an enthusiast who knew Persian and probably Arabic also, and stimulated by Cowell's youth and zeal continued to read Persian with him for some years, and helped him to master the language. The latter especially tells us that they read Jāmi's *Yūsaf* and *Zulaikhā* together.

Cowell's father died on May 8th, 1842, and as he was the eldest son it became necessary that he should at once leave school, enter the counting house, and learn to carry on as best he might his father's business as a Merchant. When he left the school he was only a little over sixteen years of age, and his chief companions in the First Class (it was before the days of Sixth Forms) were his lifelong friend, George William Kitchin, and Charles Edward Ely. The former, who was nearly two years Cowell's junior, had entered the school in the autumn of 1837 and left at midsummer 1842 to join King's College School in

[1] Cowell's speech on receiving the gold medal, p. 379.

London. Cowell and Ely were much of an age and had been at the school some time before Kitchin joined. The three were there together, however, for nearly five years, and in all examinations retained the same relative position, coming out in the order of Cowell, Kitchin, and Ely. Ely died in India in 1851.

In Cowell's home letters from India in the early sixties he alluded to some of his old school-fellows :

"August 20, 1861. Don't you remember *Charles Edward Ely's* animated account of his trip to Assam ? "

"November 7, 1863. I wonder where my old class and form mate, *Tom Beckham*, is. He and I, though so very different, were always great friends. I used to admire his daring, and that redeemed his bad qualities in my young eyes. The last thing I heard of him years ago was that he was in New Zealand ; I wonder whether he is there now, and if so whether he will have any part to play in this sad struggle.[1] However, he may be dead by this time, as it is many years since I heard of him. I believe the old hero to Charles Henry and me, *Wildig*, is in India somewhere, but I have never heard of him. I should like to meet him some day."

He also makes mention of several other school-fellows, Edgecombe Chevallier, John Head, William Drage, Charles Keene (of *Punch* renown), H. E. Keene, Mercer (now a Major-General), William Purcell and J. E. Peacock. I believe also that Meredith Townsend, whom Cowell knew afterwards in India, entered the school just before he left. None of them, however, were in the same class. One of these school-fellows writes his recollection of Cowell in those early days :—

"He was a very studious boy and a favourite with the Head Master. He was fair-complexioned with a bushy head of hair, for which he was known by the sobriquet of 'Badger.' "

Another correspondent has given his recollection in graphic terms of the *classic fight* in those far-away school

[1] The Maori war.

days between William Purcell and Charlie Keene, which ended in the discomfiture of the latter.

Cowell's studiousness found a vent in these early days in writing a little magazine, which he got various members of his family to subscribe to. Several numbers were produced, and one of them has come to my hands. He named it *The Ipswich Radical Magazine and Review.* Vol. I., No. 3, August 10, 1841, pp. 49–72, New Series, is the number before me, and its contents were, Lucian's *True History*, p. 49, *Greek Romances*, No. 3, p. 55, and *Demosthenes de Coronâ* (a part translated), p. 67.

Cowell's first mentioned and greatest friend, George Kitchin, had a most distinguished career. He obtained a Double First Degree at Oxford, and occupied a position of great prominence in that University, and in succession was appointed to the important posts of Dean of Winchester and Dean of Durham.

With reference to these early days, the Dean kindly writes :—

"Our friendship goes back to the days when we were at the old Grammar School together under Dr. Ebden. During the latter part of our Ipswich schooling we used to spend many hours together reading all sorts of books in the house in St. Clement's Street. I owe to him my taste for *Literature*, as distinct from school learning—though naturally enough, I (two years his junior) could not come up to him in any way. He was also a boy of singular purity and goodness of character—indeed, all his influences were on the side of good.—Always short-sighted, he was of no use for games.

"I shall never forget the heroic way in which, after his father's death, he set aside his beloved language-studies and took to the counting house.—Few young fellows have ever denied themselves so nobly as he did—for he had no notion of business, and consoled himself as best he could with his books in the evenings."

The Dean's testimony with regard to this almost tragic crisis in Cowell's life is most valuable, appreciating as it does the immense sacrifice that he was apparently making of his most cherished tastes and inclinations. It is not

probable, it is hardly possible, that he made a good man of business, but he entered upon his work conscientiously, and with the aid of a Confidential clerk, he set to work to learn his business, and he did his best to keep things together for some seven years, until his next brother had been trained and was thoroughly competent to take his place.

Before beginning his early letters, mention of his first holiday out of England must not be omitted. "I shall never forget," he says in a much later letter, "a short visit I paid to Guernsey and Jersey and the coast of France, with Uncle J. Byles and Aunt Ella, in July, 1843, my first trip out of England. I enjoyed it immensely; the bays, the cliffs, the druidical remains were all enchantment to me! These islands are the sole remnant of William the Conqueror's Normandy."

The following extracts from some of his letters, all of which were written to his friend George Kitchin in the years 1844–7, when he was eighteen to twenty-one years of age, will best show what he was doing in his non-business hours or in the lull of business, and to some extent the direction of his reading and studies. The letters have been most kindly lent by Dean Kitchin.

"[March, 1844.] . . . . I have seen another language I am mad about. The Provençal Dialect in which are written some most exquisite poems, see the last month's number of *Frazer*. I am now reading in French *Gil Blas*—what splendid fun it is! You *must* come down for one poor week at least and read some of that *Maître Rabelais* with me. I have actually seen a catalogue of 300 of Southey's books. I intend buying a copy of *Ronsard*, the very one he used in composing *The Doctor*, with his notes, &c. Is not this very jolly? . . . ."

"April 1, 1844. I duly received your note yesterday, and am *bien obligé* by your prompt and persevering trials after my books; they ought to have been successful. *Deis aliter visum est.* I have read these last few days two very fair books of our old friend Nonnus. It really is the strangest compound of truly Homeric grandeur with truly idiotic Robert Montgomery-like bombast and unmeaning fine phrases. What does he mean by talking of the

ἀελλήεις λέων κ.τ.λ. And yet he describes a warrior as mowing down the harvest of war, λήια . . . . πολεμήια μακρὰ θερίζων. Compare our Gray, who, in a translation from the Welsh (—*obiter*—let me observe, I must learn Welsh ere many winters have flung their snows over my head.—Very beautiful *n'est-ce pas?*) says :—

> 'As the flame's devouring force ;
> As the whirlwind in its course ;
> As the lightning's fiery stroke,
> Glancing on the shivered oak ;
> Did the sword of Conan mow
> The crimson harvest of the foe !'

"Query, is this really the Welsh poet's idea or Gray's interpolation ?—Q.E.D.

"You talk of a beautiful shop where you saw Dante, Ariosto, &c., somewhere in the Strand. Next time you go there just ask about Bojardo and Dulci's *Morganti Maggiore*. Talking of Dulci, voilà his description of Alando's lament over his horse, *done* into English by *me*." The translation follows in twenty lines.

"I fear my translation does not convey half the exquisite pathos of the original, however I can claim one merit—of being nearly word for word. I have got nearly half way in Ariosto's second Canto in my translation. I can manage the Ottava rima stanza now tolerably well. I wrote a 100 lines one evening. I intend reading *Tacitus* through next. I read in one of the Reviews that it is one of those dark pictures of mankind and this world that make our very hearts ache to read them. We seem to find ourselves in a dark cloudy region in the midst of the dark gnarled wood of our life (as Dante says), where no ray of sunshine ever pierces the gloom, and dark shading ill seems to track us on every side. How different to old Homer, in whose eyes all nature seemed to laugh pleasure and joyance in one vast ocean of delight, with the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα κυμάτων.

"I read, yesterday, in *Jeremy Taylor* a fine idea, 'that the rolling of the heavens above us—what was it but the turning of the spindle round which the thread of our lives is twined ?' Is not this a splendid new thought ? I think I shall force you to reply to my host of letters ere long."

On June the 10th he writes :—

". . . . I have been perfectly revelling in *Demosthenes* lately. Oh, is he not most glorious ? Who can duly appreciate the swell

of emotion which an Athenian must have felt when he heard the Orator thus appeal to his haughty nationality?" [Here follows, clearly and beautifully written, a long passage in the Greek, beginning: *τί τὴν πόλιν* and ending—*δόξης ζῆν.*] "Then he goes on with the soul-rousing bit, 'and surely no one for an instant would dare to say that in a man bred at Palla, then a nameless and contemptible village, it was seemly there should be such greatness of soul as to long after the sway of the Hellenes, but that in *you*, who are Athenians, who every day, in every word that ye speak, in every sight that ye see, behold the monuments of the valour of your ancestors, that in *you*, I say, there should be found such cowardice as of your own accord voluntarily to abandon the liberty of the Hellenes to Philip.' Oh! is not this almost superhuman?

"I finished the *Antigone* the other day—I like your translation very well, but I think you chose rather too sublime a chorus. Try the pretty one that the chorus sings about Bacchus before the *ἄγγελος* comes in at the end. The one you chose is almost too fine for English to equal. You could do better with Sophocles in his softer moods. *Comprenez-vous?*"

"Ipswich, July 29, 1844 . . . . *Voilà!* a splendid blot or rather *galaxy* of blots to begin my splendid copperplate! I really am at a loss how sufficiently to repress my admiration. I called on Professor Forbes, he is a *short* man, at any rate *nothing above the very middle size!* He is very pleasant and promised to *give me* a copy of his Persian grammar which is now in the press! Was not this famous? I read an Ode of Hafiz with him, and stopped rather more than an hour.

"The next morning I went to Chelsea and called on Mr. Carlyle. He always spends the morning alone, and the servant told me he was then visible to nobody. I sent up my card and he told me he should be at liberty if I would come at 2 o'clock. I did so and spent a delightful half hour with him. We had a *joli* talk about Norse and German, &c. He recommended me to leave old Norse and apply myself to studying German. But much as I like Mr. Carlyle I like (I fear) my own way better, and being very obstinate and withal very *mad* at present about the Norse, I have got my grammar on my table, and shall I dare say go on with it.

"Professor Forbes told me I should find but little real difficulty in Sanskrit when I had got over the threshold. Is not this delightful intelligence? I feel 1,999,999,999 minds out of 2,000,000,000 to begin. Shall I? Think of the Ramayana, which he says is not at all difficult!!—E.B.C."

"Ipswich, August 19, 1844 . . . . I received your letter the other day and merely write now to *beg and pray* of you to come and stay *one week* at least. I have been disappointed in having some College friends, so indeed I can by no means let you off. Come then *bonis auspiciis* and let us commence a glorious campaign together in a most amusing book I have got, viz., *Merlin Coccaius Macaronica*, or the ever memorable adventures of Prince Baldus and the giant Fracassus, written in Italian and Latin Macaronic verses. *Ou s'il vous plait nous pouvons commencer ensemble le livre immortel de vieux Maître François Rabelais, purifié et expurgaté (y a-t-il un tel mot?) par moi-meme.*[1] You must therefore arrange your affairs so as to give me a week at Michaelmas."

"Ipswich, November 4, 1844 . . . . I don't know exactly which of us is in debt about letters, however I suspect I am the culprit, so here then comes an apology and a letter to balance the account. As for apology I must say with old George Withers

'Take it and read who like, the rest may choose,'

and so you may take this letter without an apology, for an you don't, you won't get one.

"I am at present immerged into an indefinite *ἀπείρατον πέλαγος*,[2] of Metaphysics, and am worrying myself with Thomas Aquinas, Sextus Empiricus the doubter and some others of the old fathers, and fools such as *Duns* Scotus (whence comes *dunce*). *Cum multis aliis quae jam perscribere longum est.* . . . Have you donned the academic cap and gown yet? And if you have what have you been reading in Greek and Latin? Be sure you write soon."

"March 8, 1845. Are you dead or living? or are you between these two states of being that Rochester calls '*Is* and *is not*, the two great ends of fate'? Are you like Aeneas and *πολύτροπος*[3] Ulysses gone to pay a visit (spend the Easter vacation) with Cerberus, Tantalus, and Ixion; To help the latter to a *good turn?* Or are you busy at Latin and Greek and Hebrew? Pray write by return and tell me. I am now learning, what do you think? Sanskrit? No! Norse? Yes! I have begun with great spirit and am reading *Lodbrog Guida*, or the death song of Lodbrog the hairy-breeches or pantaloon warrior. . . ."

"April 3, 1845. . . . I thank you for your letter which I received this morning. I am glad you liked Southampton—I merely spent half a day there once, but I thought it a very nice

[1] This book was in Cowell's library with paper pasted over the expurgated sentences.

[2] Untried sea.

[3] Much-travelled.

clean town. You do me very great injustice in saying I don't like scenery except in books. I am very fond of really *fine* scenery such as one finds in Scotland, but I can't bear what I call '*cubs*' instead of '*lions*.' I hate little humbugging scenery—such as one would call in Latin '*bellus*.' Do you know what Martial says? '*Qui semper* bellus, *Marce*, pusillus *homo est*.' And another thing is I have one of my odd notions (hobby-horses) about travelling, viz., that unless the scenery is very fine indeed, travellers' descriptions always exaggerate and surpass the original. I know I found it so in France, and the scenery about the far-famed Loire. . . ."

"Ipswich, September 25, 1845. . . . I sit down to write you a long letter as you ask, and will not spend a line about apologies, but plunge at once *in medias res*. We have had a most glorious tour, I never enjoyed anything so much. We went to Ostende first, thence to Brussels, thence to Cologne, thence up that prince of rivers, the Rhine. I think I liked this as well as any part. Its banks are very fine, bold rocks and black mountains covered with old ruined castles, and then a sudden turn brought us upon quiet vineyards and meadowlands and cornfields sweeping away in the distance, with villages and peaceful cottages peeping through the trees, while through the woods we saw glimpses of the road as it swept along the banks. The view of the river as it opened upon us in front was often superb. We seemed shut in by the bleak wall of black rock like a lake, while the lofty heights threw their shadows over the waves. The whole river seemed enchanted ground, every castle had some wild legend of the days gone by—I seemed in a perfect wilderness of romance. We went up the Rhine as far as Mayence, and thence we went by railway to Frankfort, a very fine old city, full of fine old houses, built in the old fashion with high gable ends turned towards the street. We went thence to Heidelberg and saw its glorious castle, now in ruins. I had read so many novels lately about Heidelberg that I really seemed to know the place. The streets, the houses, and people seemed all familiar to me. We then went to Carlsruhe, a fine town with nice clean wide streets—it is built in the form of a fan, and all the streets diverge from the palace like the sticks of a fan.

"We then went to Stutgard and thence to Ulm, where we saw the Danube, and thence by Augsburg to Munich. Munich I liked very much—its streets are wide and its public buildings superb. We visited the palace, which is splendid, the stateroom has its floor all inlaid with gold and marble. We visited also the galleries of Sculptures and Paintings. There is a most noble

collection of Paintings. I really did for once feel enthusiastic in art. I for once did really begin to see that painting is a kind of Poetry. There was one picture by Claude that really haunts me now. I can see it, whenever I choose to shut my eyes, with its exquisite sunset. It represented a sunset by the seashore, and the air and clouds and distant sea had all that *rosy golden* hue which they have sometimes on a very, very calm clear summer evening, while the lazy becalmed waves seemed *really* to be dashing up against the shore and break at the foot of a beautiful ruin of a Grecian temple. I felt quite bound to it as it were by a spell. I went to look at it again and again, and returned to it once more before we left the gallery. Raffaelle, Rubens, Correggio, and even my old favourite Salvator Rosa seemed nothing after Claude.

"I have not time to write more, so I will conclude now and send you a further account some time next week."

"Ipswich, April 23, 1846. . . . I have been reading lately a very great deal of our old friend the Greek '*Doctor*' old Athenæus; and I read about an old grammarian named Didymus who wrote so many books that he was called *βιβλιολάθης*[1] because he could not remember the names of his own books! You will think I am in his condition—I have certainly been reading a most fearful number of books lately—I will only just mention a few. In Latin, *Tacitus* (which I think more and more splendid the more I read of him), *Valerius Flaccus* and *Plautus* (of whom I have read four or five plays).—Of the Fathers, *St. Augustine* and *Irenæus*—of the Schoolmen, *Lanche*—of Greek, the *Odyssey*, *Athenæus* and *Plato*—of Italian, *Ariosto*—of Persian, *Hāfiz* and *Nizami*—besides the *Sanskrit Grammar* and some twenty English books, Arnott's *Chemistry* and *Natural Philosophy* among them. Besides I have an intention dimly 'looming' in my brain of attacking Algebra once more this summer every morning before breakfast (I am an early riser now and have been all this year) and reading up to Newton's *Principia*!! Wonders (you will say) never cease.

"I shall be delighted to see you staying here during the summer. Pray come and we will read some of the divine Plato together. Plato's *Symposium* and *Republic* I have been reading lately and I think them most splendid. Plato was certainly the grand master mind of antiquity and he towers over all the rest and on his lofty *Alpine* head rest some herald streaks of the light of the Sun of Revelation that was so soon to rise upon the world in Bethlehem. He really does seem to anticipate the Bible and particularly the

[1] Book forgetting.

New Testament. He says Love is the *ferrier* (ὁ πορθμεύων) between God and man, and bears the sacrifices and prayers of the one and the answers and blessings of the other. Is not this a foretaste of St. John's 'God is Love'?

"If you send me a long letter soon, I will send you a long letter full of Plato, for I never read any author that came home more to my very deepest heart than Plato. Oh! Socrates was a dear old fellow, so brave, so strong in head and heart, so good, so kind, so everything that a Christian ought to be. Well might Ficinus say '*Vita Socratis imago seu potius umbra Vitae Christianorum.*' Good-bye. I hope to have a long letter from you soon. E. B. COWELL."

"Ipswich, May 29, 1846. . . . You will be sorry to hear that I have lately lost my youngest sister. I don't know whether you remember seeing her when you came and stayed with us. She died of hooping-cough about a fortnight ago. We all miss her very much. She used sometimes to come to me when I was reading Persian books, and used to like to say the words after me, and I had taught her some of the letters and she knew them perfectly and could spell some of the Persian words! She was not quite five. I often think of that story of Bitcas and his brother in Herodotus. It is always best to die young, though I suppose it is not best that we should always think so.

"I sent you a letter some time ago and haven't had any answer! What are you doing now? I am reading Plato still and Lord Bacon's '*De Augmentis Scientiarum.*' What a splendid world of thought old Socrates leads one into! I am perfectly astonished to find how his mind embraces *everything*. People tell us that the present school of German mysticism (Goethe, Kant, and Carlyle) is a new thing—but I was reading the *Philebus* and the sixth of *Republic*—and I find that the germs and root of Kant's idealogy are *there*! I read a marvellous bit that enfolds the doctrine of the *Trinity*; he says throughout all nature and in God too unity becomes plurality, and plurality unity—ἓν ἐστὶ πολλὰ καὶ πολλὰ ἓν.—Then there are such splendid myths and allegories!! What do you think of the following? Iris, you know, was the daughter of Thaumas, and Plato says continually that Philosophy is the Iris, or messenger, that comes from God to man; and one of his people in a dialogue says 'this matter makes me *wonder*' θαυμάζειν, and then Socrates says so solemnly and beautifully μάλα γὰρ φιλοσόφου τοῦτο τὸ πάθος, τὸ θαυμάζειν. Οὐ γὰρ ἄλλη φιλοσοφίας ἀρχὴ ἢ αὕτη καὶ ἔοικεν ὁ τὴν Ἶριν Θαύμαντος ἔκγονον φήσας, οὐ κακῶς γενεαλογεῖν.[1] This seems so very

[1] This quotation is from the Theaetetus of Plato. Jowett's translation of the whole passage is: "I see that Theodorus had a true insight into your

fine to me, that he should thus make an old mythological tale suddenly bloom into a philosophical meaning, and cause the old dry stick of a legend to bud like an Aaron's rod and cover itself with 'fruitage and umbrage.' Midas turned everything to gold and Plato turns everything he touches to poetry. He has an idea somewhere about the stars being the dust of God's feet. Then he says in the *Symposium* that Love (the celestial ἔρως or ἀγάπη of St. Paul) is ὁ πορθμεύς between God and man, and πορθμεύει the prayers and the sacrifices of the one and the answers and blessings of the other, and by this Divine Love the Universe is bound together! Isn't this like St. John? Well might an old Father say '*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis.*'

"I have been reading a great deal of the Fathers lately. I first read half of one huge folio of *Chrysostom*, and then the last twelve books of Augustine's *chef-d'œuvre* '*Civitas Dei.*' Then I read through *Irenæus*, which I think I liked better than any, and I am now reading Tertullian, who is by far the *finest*. His Latin is horribly bad but his thoughts are often splendid, although they often come to us strangely involuted (to use the new metaphysical term of De Quincey). . . ."

"Ipswich, December 11, 1846. . . . I have the pleasure to tell you that that paper on 'Homer and Firdusi' which I wrote while you were staying with me was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* this month, and this morning I received a post office order for it. . . . I am going every now and then to send them papers about Oriental subjects. This will give an additional vigour to my Oriental studies and I hope to push them on with some hopes of success. When I know *Sanscrit*, which, you know, is a field that has not been made commonplace or trite, I hope to bring my acquaintance with Greek and Latin and Persian to bear upon that as a *focus*, and I hope to trace out the influence of the *Greek* mind upon the Hindu mind through Alexander's conquests and colonies. There is great connection between the two languages, and I expect there is equally a connection between the habits of thought and the *ideas* themselves of the two nations. Every nation has its leading *idea*, the ἰδέα, or, as Bacon calls it, the *forma* in which the national character is cast as in a mould, and these ἰδέαι constitute the *nationality* which pervades the features of the nation's intellectual character and embodies itself visibly and tangibly to the eyes of other nations in actions, words and

nature when he said you were a philosopher, for wonder is the feeling of a philosopher and philosophy begins in wonder. He was not a bad genealogist who said that Iris, the messenger of Heaven, is the child of Thaumas (wonder).—Jowett's Translation, Vol. IV., p. 301.

thoughts, or, in other words, in war, poetry and philosophy. There you see my theory; I wonder if it is only a toilsomely spun *cobweb* after all! I must not send you a very long letter, and I am afraid you will be hardly able to read what I have written! You see, my hand is becoming very literary in its illegibility! How does the Sibyl progress? I fear that the Prize Essay is deceased, but I am not sure. I couldn't succeed with mine. How do you like Oxford and its studies? Are you bothered with wine parties? Have you seen Professor Wilson, the *Sanscrit* Professor? And what are you reading now? There are some questions for you to answer. Let me hear from you soon."

"Ipswich, May 17, 1847. . . . I duly received your letter and thanks for the enclosed poetry. I liked it on a second reading quite as well as on the first. I tried to find a better motto for your Xenophon's *Banishment*, but I didn't succeed, to my mind. I am glad you like the *Pericles* and *Aspasia* so much. I thought you would. But I don't quite agree with you in your judgment about the poetry. They must be studied well before you can appreciate them. Donne (E. F. G.'s friend) calls them '*severely ethnic*,' and a better definition couldn't have been given—just think of Landor's task! He had to discard all our present 'ethnic' peculiarities and reject all except strictly antique Grecian ideas, and only Goethe even entirely succeeded in this self-conscious metempsychosis. Landor had *not* to send the stream of poetry gushing through its native springs, but he had (if I may say so) to divert it into other channels, and make it bubble up through the pipes of ancient Greece, which time had long since dried up.—Many of Landor's poems are exquisite, and all are exquisitely *Grecian*. How exactly he has caught the spirit of the authors under whose names he publishes the pieces! What a splendid dithyramb you find in Letter 49!—Then the charming Myrtis in Letter 52, and the Erinna in Letter 98, which is the most beautiful imitation of a Greek song I ever saw anywhere. The very rhymes beat like a pulse, in the throb of sorrow. It clings in my memory and I continually find myself repeating it. Then there is another Erinna in 148.—Then what exquisite poems are to be found in Letters 51 about the swan, and 91 about life, and 113 about the little Aglae, and 107 about music.

"Oh! indeed, George, you are very wrong about your opinion of Landor's poetry. You must not judge it by our present style, but compare it with the extant fragments of these very poets in *Athenæus* and elsewhere, and then throw yourself in Landor's position and see how scrupulously he has preserved the 'severe

ethnic' character that he aimed at, and rejected every image or association which would be inconsistent with his object.

"What a beautiful little refrain there is in Anaxagoras' Letter 212! I have just opened on it, as I turned over the leaves. It is exactly like an Ode of the *Anthology*. This is what Landor aimed at. It would have been out of place to have given a lot of beautiful original poems, full of bold ideas, which a Greek mind would never have conceived—he has tried to daguerreotype the lighter and evanescent *nuances* of the Greek poetic character, and I think he has succeeded marvellously well. He has not completely succeeded, and people tell me that none but Goethe in his *Iphigenia* and Shelley in his hymn to Diana ever did. I hope you will read the poems more *likingly*. Good-bye now. You will like the *Pentameron* very much.—I have been just reading Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica* and like it very much. Good-bye."

"Ipswich, June 24, 1847. . . . I had your letter all safely, and I liked your Greek *Anacreontics of Aglae* very much indeed, I am not quite sure about your ἔμπαλιν—look at that again and see if you have quite kept to the original there. I am not certain, but it struck me rather that ἔμπαλιν was not wanted. However, I liked the verses very much, and you must do some more like them. I find that our different views of Landor's poetry, which at first seemed to start from such different points, have been gradually approximating more and more by means of mutual concessions and corrections, and I think they now coincide in one point. . . . I freely grant that Landor's verses have the fault which you name and I give up that hemistich 'and think it fun'—I own that mars the whole verse, but I have no doubt Landor took a good deal of pains to bring it in! It is just like one of Ovid's wilful perversities, like that verse

'*Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum*'—

which tradition says was one of Ovid's greatest favourites of all the pentameters that he ever wrote. I am sure that Landor and Ovid have a great deal in common, and I don't wonder that Landor sticks up so for his favourite.

"I have just finished Ovid's *Fasti* for the second time; I like it very much. It is far the best work Ovid ever wrote. What a pity it is that he left it thus unfinished! I have also been reading Plautus' *Mercator*, which I have enjoyed very much. It contains all Plautus' usual humour and more than his usual poetry. There

are several touches of real pathos in some of its scenes. I hope you will read it some day.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit to Germany. You must send me a long account of your tour when you return. I saw Collett the other day—he spent Monday evening with me, and we played chess the whole evening.

"What a jolly 'little war' has just been played in China! It reminds one of a game of tenpins—it is like that grand battle in Washington Irving's *Knickerbockers*, where nobody was killed or wounded at all. I am reading a very interesting book that I have always wished to read since I was a child—I mean Busbequin's *History of his Embassy in Turkey in the Reign of Ferdinand, the Predecessor of Charles the Fifth.* It gives a very animated and interesting account of his adventures in that country, which was then a romance-land of wonder to Europe. Solyman the Magnificent was the Sultan It is written in very good Latin and contains several beautiful descriptions of the scenery and manners and opinions of the people. I am very much pleased with it. I have been reading lately, too, Plato's *Phædrus.* What a most wonderful dialogue that is! It has a wonderful myth about the fall of man."

The above selection from Cowell's letters at this period fully shows what a gourmand he was in his reading. His books were selected in no narrow spirit. The best Latin and Greek authors charmed him most. But he was quite familiar with the Fathers, and with writers in French, Italian and Persian. He read English poetry and prose. He did not despise novels. In all he devoured, whether in prose or in verse, whether dramatic, historical or philosophical, he analysed subtleties, he appreciated humour, he was intoxicated with beauty and grandeur, and he illuminated all with what he had gleaned and remembered from other writers in a manner and with an interest which was quite phenomenal in so young a man. The letters too show that he had really begun to study his Sanskrit Grammar. His business duties necessitated frequent visits to London, and in one of those he made the acquaintance of Mr. H. H. Wilson, the Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford and the Librarian of the

India House. He was the author of the Sanskrit Grammar and also of the first English Sanskrit Dictionary, and was then really the great authority on Sanskrit in this country. Cowell's visits to him were frequent, but he did not take regular lessons in Sanskrit from him until his Oxford days. He, however, worked at it as well as he could, and continued to read Persian and probably Arabic also with his friend Major Hockley.

The first of the published letters[1] of Edward FitzGerald to Cowell is attributed by Mr. Aldis Wright to 1846, when the latter was only twenty. It alludes to his having bought Spinosa, and expresses the opinion that his Háfiz was fine. He goes on to say :—

"I have read nothing you would care for since I saw you. It would be a good work to give us some of the good things of Hafiz and the Persian; of bulbuls and ghouls we have had enough."

Evidently the intimacy between Edward FitzGerald and Cowell was well begun. The former was thirty-seven when this letter was written. In a letter dated Sept. 15th in the same year, he asks "What have you been reading, and what tastes of rare authors have you to send me?" In 1847, FitzGerald again writes :—

"Dear Cowell . . . . I am only got half-way in the third book of Thucydides; but I go on with pleasure, with as much pleasure as I used to read a novel. I have also again taken up my Homer. That is a noble and affecting passage where Diomed and Glaucus, being about to fight, recognise each other as old family friends, exchange arms, and vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray (*N.B.*, and this in the tenth year of the war!). After this comes, you know, the meeting of Hector and Andromache, which we read together—altogether a truly epic canto indeed."

The intimacy of which these letters are the evidence arose in some measure, probably, from the knowledge of

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald," by W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

the young student's devotion to the study of Persian, and the curious interest which FitzGerald took in hearing about the studies in that language, and in reading the Persian Odes which Cowell had translated for the *Asiatic Journal*. There is no evidence that FitzGerald at that time even desired to learn Persian, but it is plain that Cowell had rapidly obtained a remarkable influence over him, the secret of which was probably the new interest he gave to the classical authors they read together both in Greek and Latin, the greater exactness he followed in the translations, and the new meanings that passages acquired when illuminated by parallel passages and illustrations from other authors, which his marvellous memory enabled him to give to their readings in both those languages. He raised in FitzGerald's breast an interest and enthusiasm which he equally inspired in Spanish and Persian, when later they came to read together the best writers in both those languages. In FitzGerald's letter just quoted he tells us that he had come to read Thucydides with as much pleasure as he used to read a novel—no mean tribute to the classical insight with which Cowell had inspired his pupil and to the influence which had created or revived in him a love for all that was best in scholarship.

Whilst Cowell was by much perseverance thus strengthening his scholarship he was also increasing his proficiency in Persian. He at the same time began to write some short articles for various magazines, such as translations from the Persian and articles on Oriental subjects. A list of these so far as they have been traced will be found at the beginning of the list of his works which forms one of the Appendices of this volume. Several of the Odes that he translated were printed in various numbers of the *Asiatic Journal*, 1842–5, the first being dated Jan., 1842, and therefore written just before his sixteenth birthday and before he left school. It will be interesting to print a few of these translations, and I will select as specimens of the rest the first, the fifth, and the nineteenth, which is the last. The Odes are all,

or nearly all, from the Ghazel of Háfiz, and are translated into English verse.

ODE I. Translation dated Jan. 20, 1842.

"The fairest of roses no longer is fair,
If she who possesses my heart is not there:
If wine, the bright ruby, be ever forgot,
The spring hath no charms and delighteth us not
The walks of the garden are lonely and drear,
If the song of the nightingale strikes not my ear.
The cypress may wave, and the roses may bloom,
But in vain if the queen of my heart does not come
The wine and the roses are charming, I own,
But if she is absent, their charms are all gone.
The most lovely designs which art can devise,
Without my fair mistress delight not my eyes.
O Háfiz, thy life is but useless at best,
Scarce worth a *nivár* to be thrown to a guest."

ODE V. Translation dated Aug. 29, 1842.

"Again comes the spring, in its beauties array'd:
How soon we forget all the vows we have made!
Go—look at the rose and bid sorrow depart,
And pluck out the roots of all care from thy heart,
The zephyr blows softly o'er garden and bower,
Awakening each blossom and gladdening each flower;
The roses exult, as if filled with delight,
And throw off the veil which concealed them from sight.
Leave ascetics to harp on the follies of youth;
This liquor will teach thee religion and truth,
And the cypress inculcate true piety's rules
Far better than such hypocritical fools.
See the jasmine and hyacinth scattered around,
And the leaves of the rose bestrewing the ground;
Its smiles, like a bride's, are so witchingly fair,
That sorrow and grief are dismissed to the air,
With amorous strains, see the nightingale come,
As the roses escape from their wintery gloom:
Be joyous too, Háfiz! receive from the bowl
The visions of fancy that gladden the soul!"

ODE XIX. Translation dated Dec. 16, 1844.

"The sweets of the rose on the zephyrs are borne,
The garden's perfumed with the breath of the morn;
Yet call not, my friend, for the harp or the bowl,
Lest the censor should come with his withering scowl.
Though the wine should allure by its craftiest wiles,
Though thy love should be near with her sweetest of smiles
Oh, for once, friend, be sober, and learn to forbear;
Such charms may attract thee, but fly from the snare.

Oh, seek not for joy; hide the cap in thy sleeve,
And learn for the present from nature to grieve;
For destiny frowns, and the heavens, as they shine,
Drop sorrow and ill, as the bottle drops wine.
Yet cease not, O Háfiz, thy conquering lays;
Farsistan and Izak are loud in thy praise,
And Bagdad is eager thy sweet songs to hear,
While Tabreez without thee seems vacant and drear."

The *Asiatic Journal* contained the work of other translators than Cowell, and in answer to a general attack upon some unliteral translations of Persian poetry which had appeared, Cowell came to the rescue in the following letter to the Editor :—

"Ipswich, Jan. 13, 1845. Sir,—Oblige me by inserting the following in the *Asiatic Journal*, in reply to some remarks in your last number by 'Old Judge' :—

"There must always be a wide difference between translations from European and Eastern languages, not only on account of the essential difference in manners, habits of thought, &c., but also of the frequent flights of nonsense in which the poets of the East indulge far more daringly than their brethren in the West. Surely a translator is not to be bound to his author's Pegasus, to follow him through all his freaks and vagaries like Tappecoue and his horse in Rabelais, '*Qui se mist ou trot, à bondz et au gualot, à ruades, fressurades et double pedales, tant qu'elle rua bas Tappecoue, quoyqu'il se tinst à l'aulbe du bast de toutes ses forces.*'[1] Wherever I have deviated from Háfiz in consequence of obscurity, or nonsense, or allusions which would seem pointless to the general reader, I have almost invariably inserted passages from some of his other Odes; and I have done this on purpose to avoid the fault your correspondent has censured, viz., that of filling one author with the common expletives of 'Helicon's rhyme-jingling crew.' I had hoped that one so skilled in Persian literature as 'Old Judge' seems to be would not have failed to see this."

Another letter in the same Journal gives a translation of a very remarkable passage :—

"Persian Poetry—(To the Editor.)

"I send you a short passage which I met with in the *Yūsaf* of Jámi. Amidst much that is rude in metaphor, surely there is

[1] Pantagruel, IV, 13.

much that is just and fine, particularly towards the end. Literally translated, it is as follows :—

'The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection ;
The world is a bud from the bower of his beauty ;
The sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom,
And the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power.
His beauty is free from the spot of sin.
Hidden in the thick veil of darkness,
He made mirrors of the atoms of the world,
And threw a reflection from his own face on every atom !
To thy clear-seeing eye, whatsoever is fair,
When thou seest it, it is a reflection of his face'

"Surely there is something beyond mere Oriental bombast in this; Coleridge has an idea very like that at the conclusion.

[Here follows the Persian text of the passage.]

"Ipswich, April 14, 1845."

Short articles appeared in *Wade's London Review;* one on "Rabelais" in April, 1845, one on "Persia and her Poets," in January, 1846, and another on Longus (Daphnis and Chloe) in February and March of the same year. In the first of these articles he states that "Many persons are not aware that in Rabelais' strange book can be found by far the grandest passages of French prose. Many of his serious sentences rival Bacon."

The first striking article by Cowell appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1846, on "Homeric Influence in the East; or some remarks on a passage in Ælian." It is headed with this sentence : "Aristoteles maintient les paroles d'Homère estre voltigeantes, volantes, mouvantes, et par consequent animées." *Rabelais*, IV. 55. Much had been written on the influence which the Homeric poems had exercised upon the mind of Europe, but little attention had been paid to the question, how far that influence had extended to the East. The object of the paper was to show how largely the gigantic epics in the ancient language of India had been so influenced.

"The resemblance," he says, "pervades not only the outward but even their inner character, and appears no less in the thoughts

and manners of the age that they reflect than in the incidents and style. On opening the *Mahabhârata* or *Shâhnâmah* we seem to be reading an Oriental edition of Homer. The simple majesty of the Greek wears indeed an Oriental dress (like Themistocles at the court of Persia), but the general lineaments are too alike to be passed over unnoticed. There are especially many passages in the *Shâhnâmah* (as we shall shortly prove) which, to use a trite Latin word that once contained a beautiful thought, cannot be other than an '*adumbratio*' of the *Iliad*, as its memory floated dim in the popular traditions."

The passage from Ælian which he accepts as a partial solution of the difficulty is translated: "The Indians have translated Homer into their native language, and not only they sing his poetry, but also the Kings of Persia, if one may believe the historians." The article goes on to show that Themistocles resided at the Persian Court, and learned their language thoroughly in a year, and that he might have spread the fame of the *Iliad* if it were unknown before; and if once the national bards learned to recite any of its episodes, it might be easily conceived that they would mould the character of all their future songs after them. The resemblance of the *Shâhnâmah* to the *Iliad* in style is touched upon, and examples are given, together with a long translation of the story of Sohráb.

In the July number of the same Magazine of the following year, 1847, there is another article, "Some remarks on a Persian Legend in Athenæus." His former paper appeared to throw light on a part of the romantic literature of Persia as preserved in the national epic of *Shâhnâmah* in which is preserved, as in a Mausoleum, all that the nation knows of its ancient history. In continuation of his desire to show how Greek writers throw light upon those Oriental works, he gives the following translation of an extract from Athenæus, the bearing of which on the Persian epic he thinks has never been noticed. He adds that probably most of the *Shâhnamah* legends might be identified and proved, in a similar manner, if time had spared us more of the Greek authors on Persia. The following almost identical legends, the one translated

from the Greek of Athenæus, and the other from the Persian of Firdusi, were printed and buried in the *Gentleman's Magazine* so long ago that it will not be uninteresting to call them to recollection and reproduce them here in evidence of Cowell's early recognition of the relation between them.

He tells us that in the thirteenth book of his "Deipnosophists," Athenæus relates the following story from the twelfth book of Chares of Mitylene's history of Alexander :—

"Zariadres was the younger brother of Hystaspes, and both were fair ; and the tradition amongst the people was that they were born of Venus and Adonis. Hystaspes ruled over Media and the country below it, and Zariadres over the country above the Caspian gates as far as the Tanais. Now Omartes, the king of the Marathi, a tribe beyond the Tanais, had a daughter named Odatis ; and the legend runs that she once saw Zariadres in a dream and fell in love with him ; and the same thing also happened to him. And for some time they continued thus, deeply loving each other from the image in the dream. Now Odatis was the fairest of all the women in Asia, and Zariadres too was fair ; but on his asking her in marriage of her father, Omartes would not consent, as he had no other child but this one daughter, and he wished to marry her to someone of his own people that she might be ever near him. And not long afterwards Omartes summoned all the noblemen of his kingdom and all his friends and relations and made a marriage feast, but he told no one who it was that was to marry his daughter. And at length when the feast was at its height he called Odatis into the hall and said to her in the hearing of all the guests, 'O my daughter Odatis we are now making thy marriage feast ; look round therefore on the guests and view them all and take a golden cup and fill it, and give it to him whom thou wilt choose as thy husband ; for his wife shalt thou be.' And she then looking round upon all, walked slowly away, longing to see her Zariadres. For she had previously sent a message to him, how that her marriage was about to be solemnised. And he happened at the time to be encamped by the Tanais ; and immediately on hearing it he left the army secretly and set out with his charioteer, and after driving hard over more than 800 stadia he reached the city by night ; and on drawing near to the place where the revel was held, he left his attendant with the chariot hard by and marched

boldly in, having put on a Scythian dress. And on his entering the hall he beheld Odatis standing by the cup-board (*τοῦ κυλικείου*) and weeping bitterly as she slowly lifted the cup; and standing close by her he said in a low voice, 'O Odatis, I am come as thou badest—I, thy Zariadres.' And she turning round and beholding the fair stranger, so like him whom she had seen in her dream, joyfully put the cup into his hand; and he, seizing her in his arms, bore her away to his chariot and fled. And the servants and handmaidens who knew of their love stood silent; and when the father ordered them to speak they said that they knew not whither she was gone. And this their love is known amongst all the dwellers in Asia—and greatly indeed do they prize it; and they sculpture it on their temples and palaces—aye, and even in their own private houses—and many of the nobles call their daughters Odatis after her."

It would have been sad, Cowell says, if this well-known legend had perished, but it had been preserved in the national poem of Persia, with wonderful exactness considering the vicissitudes to which it had been exposed. Every trace of the old ballad-literature of Persia was believed to have been destroyed by the Mahometans after their conquest of the country, until in the reign of Mahmoud of Ghazni, an old chronicle was discovered (compiled by the order of Yezdjird, the last king of Persia) which preserved these ballads in a prose form, as Pictor and Cincius preserved those of ancient Rome. Firdusi was employed to remodel them into a poetic form, and this he has done in his *Shāhnāmah*, in which great epic the story took the form of which the following is Cowell's translation:—

"How Gushtasp Wooed His Bride.

"The King of Rúm cast about in his mind,
That since his daughter was now of age,
Since she was now tall of stature and ripe for marriage,
It was time that he gave her away to a husband.
He resolved that he would gather an assembly at his palace
Of all his wise nobles and counsellors;
There should meet together all his friends and chiefs,
And all his mighty men proved in war.
In her father's palace that moon-faced maiden
Was to come forth to that assembly, seeking a husband,

And her maidens were to stand round her on every side,
So that no man might see her face.
Now in the chambers of this mighty king
Lived three daughters all like roses in spring ;
Fair in stature, and countenance, and manners,
Fair, too, in judgment, and modesty, and virtue.
And the eldest of the three was Kitaiyun,
And wise was she, and glad-hearted, and happy.
And one night Kitaiyun had had a dream,—
She had seen in her sleep a land of sunshine,
And a band of chieftains were gathered there
In a bright cluster, like Pleiades ;
And amongst them all was a stranger,
A wanderer, all desolate and alone,
His stature like a cypress, and his face like the moon,
And he sat on the ground like a king on his throne.
And she dreamed that she gave him a garland
And he gave her another, full of colours and scents, in return,—
And in the morning, when the sun came forth,
The nobles all awoke from their sleep,
And the King called a great assembly together,
Of all who were valiant and illustrious ;
And with joy did they hasten to the assembly,
And they called the fairy-faced princess in.
Kitaiyun came with her sixty attendants,
And she held a bunch of fresh narcissus in her hand,
And she walked along, and sadness crept over her,
For not in that assembly was the man of her choice.
And she turned away from the hall and went back to her chamber,
Walking slowly and weeping, with a longing heart.
Night came, and the ground grew dark like a raven's wing,
Till once more the sun lifted his head from the mountains ;
Then the king commanded that all the youths in his kingdom,
High and low, should meet at his palace,
That all should come in assembly there,
Till his daughter found a husband to her heart.
And when the news spread through the city,
To the nobles and the high and the low,
All turned their faces to the palace of the King,
All blossoming with the colours and sweet odours of hope,
And the good husbandman[1] said to Gushtasp,
Why dost thou sit in obscurity here ?
Go, thou may'st see the palace and the court,
And perhaps thy spirit may lose its load of care there.'
And when Gushtasp heard this, he rose and went with him,
And he came in haste to the palace of the king.
And he sat down in a corner apart from the chieftains,
He sat full of sorrow and with a wounded heart.

[1] Gushtasp had fled from his father's kingdom, who had continually shown a great partiality for his children by another wife ; and Gushtasp and his brother Zarir (Hystaspes and Zariadres) had received many proofs of it ; the former therefore left the country and fled to Rúm, and lodged the . . ith a poor husbandman.

The attendants came forth with cheerful looks,
And Kitaiyun, and her rose-cheeked handmaidens ;
And she slowly walked around the hall,
With the counsellors behind her, and her maidens beore.
And when she beheld Gushtasp at a distance,
She exclaimed, 'My dream has returned out of darkness !'
And she called the young man before her,
And placed her crown on his happy head.
When the wise Vizier beheld what was done,
He turned and hastened at once to the King,
And cried, 'She has chosen a man from the crowd,
In stature like a tall cypress in the garden,
With a cheek like the rose, and broad shoulders ;
All who look on him behold him with wonder :
You would say that he was a son of heaven ;
But I know him not, nor who he is.'
The King replied, 'God forbid that my daughter
Should bring disgrace on her noble race.
If I give my daughter to an unknown fellow like this
My head will lie down low in dishonour !
Go take her and him whom she has chosen, too,
And strike off their heads in the palace.'
The Vizier replied, 'This must never be done,
For too many of the nobles were present before thee.
Thou badest thy daughter choose her husband,
Thou saidest not that she was to choose a king.
She sought for one who might please her heart ;
For the sake of Heaven strike not off her head.
Such has been the custom of thy ancestors,
The custom of those mighty and pure-hearted heroes ;
Through this hath thy kingdom been established,
Seek not to break thine oath, nor wander in an unknown path of error.
When the King heard these words he changed his purpose,
And he gave his peerless daughter to Gushtasp ;
But he said to her, 'Go with him such as thou art,
Never shalt thou have treasure, or throne, or sceptre from me.'
When Gushtasp beheld this, he marvelled greatly,
And he prayed in heart to the Maker of the World.
And he turned and said to the maiden,
O thou, who hast been brought up in softness and luxury,
With a rank so lofty and a crown thine own,
Why hast thou made choice of such a wretch as I ?
Thou hast chosen an outcast, and if thou livest with him,
Thou wilt find no treasure, but a life of woe.
O seek one of thy equals, amongst these noblemen
That thy father's face may look brightly on thee once more.'
Kitaiyun answered, 'Thou knowest me not,
Repine not at the decrees of heaven ;
If I am contented to share thy lot,
Why should'st thou talk of a crown or throne ?'
Slowly then walked out of her father's hall
Kitaiyun and Gushtasp, with many a sigh,
And they came to the house of the husbandman,
And sat them down there, unseen and unknown."

Some thirteen or fourteen centuries had passed since that ballad first telling this beautiful story was sung, but Firdusi the Persian poet found the materials as fresh and living as ever, and the similarity of the names and many of the incidents leave no doubt as to the identity of the stories as told in the two ancient languages. Another point of great interest is the idea that Gushtasp is Darius. If this is not fully true it is certain, as Cowell says, that much of their history is identical.

Cowell has himself told us that the first long article that he even got printed was one on "Persian Poetry" in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1847, when he was only in his twenty-first year. The book that he reviewed was the *Rose Garden of Persia*, by Sádi, and the opening sentences of his article may well be quoted here to show the warm and vigorous grasp of his subject that he had already obtained :—

"No nation in the world, we believe, has ever produced so many poets as Persia. By far the greater portion of her literature is in verse, and the longest life could scarcely read through the never ending series of manuscripts that contain it. But happily for human patience her writers are not all first rate. Even more than the usual proportion are worthless, and a selection that would include the best, and a course of reading that would embrace their works, are by no means unattainable. Among the multitudes that 'lisp in rhyme' she has produced many that it is impossible to read, but she has also produced some that would be an honour to any age or clime. The names of Háfiz, Firdusi, and Sádi are well known in this country ; and, as usual, the public mind in its strong rough way has managed by a kind of intuition to lay hold of the best. Time is just, and in the long run we can trust the 'common sense of most' in everything."

The article, which is charming from its sanguineness and the freshness of youth, is a long one and showed great industry in the number of passages Cowell had translated into English verse, some of considerable length. Here is a short one, a translation from Firdusi, of one of his sweetest descriptions of a night scene over a battlefield :—

"The bright sun sank down into the ocean,
And the black night followed in haste;
The stars came forth like flowers, and the heaven was like a garde . ;
The Pleiades were like a moth, and the moon was the lamp."

Cowell makes the following pertinent remarks on this :—

"A Persian mind imbued with these favourite superstitions feels the full force of the allusion, and to him it is a symbol of beauty; and to appreciate Persian poetry aright it must seem so also in our eyes. Why is it not as good an illustration as Tennyson's 'fire-flies tangled in a silver braid,' as he describes the Pleiades in 'Locksley Hall'? In some respects Firdusi's simile is better, because a swarm of fire-flies has no particular association connected with it, while the Persian simile to a Persian audience (and Firdusi wrote for no other), abounds with such associations and recalls a hundred pleasing memories along with it."

Cowell then goes on to give his opinion of the *Mesnavi*, a long poem in six cantos by the poet Jelaleddin. It is, he says, a remarkable production of the Eastern mind. It is full of tales and apologues in longer or shorter form, containing either jokes or more or less pathetic tales, or even splendid allegories. Here is one of the stories as told in the article :—

"There is a story told by Jelaleddin, probably founded on some old Jewish legend, which describes a shepherd coming to Moses and offering to be his servant. 'Where dost thou live that I may be thy slave? I will mend thy garments and adorn thy head; or if sickness come nigh thy tent I will nurse and love thee like thy very self.' Moses rejects the suppliant as unworthy of his notice, and God's voice is heard from heaven rebuking the prophet's pride, and reminding him that all his talents were from above and were only lent to him for the good of the world and the relief of man's estate. If our space allowed it we could quote largely from this fine old story, as it is told in Jelaleddin's best manner."

I will complete my notice of this first article by inserting one of the longer translations in it. But before doing so I will interpolate an extract from one of

FitzGerald's letters[1] to Cowell as it criticises the article and especially the Mosaic legend just quoted :—

[Jan. 25, 1848.] "I liked your paper on the 'Mesnavi' very much; both your criticism and the Mosaic legend. That I may not seem to give you careless and undistinguishing praise, I will tell you that I could not quite hook on the latter part of Moses to the former; did you leave out any necessary link of the chain in the hiatus you made? or is the inconsequence only in my brains? So much for the legend; and I must reprehend you for one bit of Cockney about Memories rosary at the end of your article, which but for that I liked so much. So judges Fitz-dennis; who, you must know by this time, has the judgment of Molière's old woman, and the captiousness of Dennis. Ten years ago I might have been vext to see you striding along in Sanscrit and Persian so fast; reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within my self whether it *is* done well."

The remark about Memories rosary which FitzGerald criticises in this letter occurred in another article.

The longer translation which I select from the article as most interesting in itself as well as a type of the style and manner of several of the others was then in seventy-two lines. I give, however, a copy which was written out by Prof. Cowell as late as September, 1902, which contains only sixty lines. I have, however, restored the twelve lines omitted for the sake of completeness. It is called

THE PERSIAN APOLOGUE OF THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

"A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,
A beautiful parrot confined in a cage;
And one day the good merchant's fancy planned
A journey of trade to far India's land.
He bade all his servants and handmaids come,
And he asked them what gift he should bring them home;
And each servant and handmaid with thanks confessed
What gift it might be which would please them best;
To his bird then he turned and said smilingly,
'And what Indian gift shall I bring for *thee*?'

[1] *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*, by W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

The parrot replied, 'When thou goest thy way
And beholdest my fellows as there they play,
Oh, give them my message, and tell them this—
Let them know from me what captivity is;
Oh tell them, "a parrot, a friend of yours,
Who has danced with you in these happy bowers,
Has been carried away by ill fate's design
And now is confined in a cage of mine;
He sends you the blessings that love should send,
And he prays you to think of your absent friend,"
He says, "is it right I should pine, alas!
While you dance all day on the trees and grass;
Is this to be faithful in friendship or love,—
I here in a prison and you in a grove?
Oh remember our union in days gone by,
And send me some help in captivity."'
The merchant set out and his way pursued
Till he came at last to an ancient wood
On the borders of Ind, where in summer glee
The parrots were dancing from tree to tree.
He stayed his horse as he past them went,
And gave them the message his parrot had sent,
When one of the birds, as the words were said,
Fell off from its branch to the ground as dead.
Sore lamented the sage as the parrot fell,
'God's creature is slain by the words I tell.
Yon parrot and mine were not *friends* alone,
Their bodies were two, but their soul was one.
This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,
And all that it utters are sparks which kill.'
So he went on his way with a heavy heart,
And traded in many a distant mart,
And at length, when his traffic and toil were o'er,
He returned to his welcome home once more.
To every servant a gift he brought,
To every maiden the boon she sought,
And the parrot too asked, when his turn was com
'Oh, where is the gift thou hast brought me hom
''Twas a bitter message,' the sage replied,
'For when it was given thy companion died;'
And the parrot as soon as the words were said,
Fell off from his perch to the floor as dead.
When the merchant beheld it thus fall and die
He smote his head with a bitter cry;
'Oh my sweet-voiced parrot, why fallest thou low
My faithful partner in joy and woe?
Oh alas! alas! alas! too soon
A deep cloud of night has veiled my moon!'
Then out of the cage the bird he threw
And lo! to the top of a tree it flew.
And while he stood gazing with wondering eyes,
It thus answered his doubts, and removed surprise:—
'Yon Indian parrot appeared to die,
But it taught me a lesson of liberty.

That since 'twas my voice which imprisoned me,
I must die to escape, and once more be free.'
It then gave him some words of advice ere it flew,
And then joyfully wished the good merchant adieu ;
'Thou hast done me a kindness ; good Master, farewell !
Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of that cell ;
Farewell, my good Master, for homewards I fly,
One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I.'"

Cowell had, as we shall see in the next chapter, been for some time working at Sanskrit, although it is believed that his systematic study of the subject under Professor H. H. Wilson did not really commence until 1851. His remarkable industry prevailed, and he must also have profited by his frequent visits to that Professor at the India House, for in October, 1848, there appeared a long article signed (C.) in the *Westminster Review* on "Indian Epic Poetry" (Sanskrit). I shall have to refer to this article again. But meantime it is interesting to discover how it was that Cowell came to select this particular Review for his first important essays in literature. He himself tells us this in a most interesting letter[1] of as recent a date as June 15th, 1902, written after reading Mrs. Fawcett's most fascinating life of Sir William Molesworth. The memoir, he tells us, carried him back to his boyhood when he was a vehement "Radical" (like his father), and made Grote and Molesworth his two heroes. His father had always subscribed to the *London Review*, and subsequently on its change of name to the *Westminster Review*, and he remembered, as I also remember, those books on the shelves in the Library of his Ipswich home. It was natural then that he should try to find a place for his first articles in a magazine with which he was so familiar. This interesting letter shows also that the book which inspired it reminded him how in his schoolboy way he had followed Mr. Grote after that term. He says : "I was carried away from Politics by the far more vehement enthusiasm for Classical Literature, and then from 1843 for Persian, just as Mr. Grote retired from Parliament to bury himself in his Greek History !"

[1] This letter is printed in Chapter IX.

CHAPTER II

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE—LIFE AT BRAMFORD

1845—1850

It is remarkable that in none of Cowell's letters that have come into my hands is there a single word with reference to his engagement and marriage. In the many letters written to his most intimate friend, George Kitchin, which have been preserved, and some of which were printed in the previous chapter, there is no allusion to either. At this distance of time when one has to trust to the recollections of survivors it is difficult to obtain details of events which became so far-reaching and potent in shaping his future career. There is little more than the simple history that by a Mr. Thomas Leech, a relative of Cowell's grandfather's second wife, he was introduced to John Charlesworth, a young man about his own age who had been at a private school at Ipswich, and was then an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge. Thomas Leech and his friend Samuel Clarke, both undergraduates at Cambridge, came in the year 1843 to stay at the St. Clement's house in Ipswich, and during the visit Cowell took his friends for a ramble to Bramford, a picturesque village three miles from Ipswich, and always a favourite walk in those far-away schooldays. On nearing their destination they were minded to call upon their college friend, John Charlesworth, and proceeded to take Cowell with them. On passing over Bramford

bridge, across the river Gipping, the party met, I had almost said *accidentally*, John Charlesworth and his sister Elizabeth, and thus Cowell and his future wife met and were informally introduced to each other, and walked together to the home of the Charlesworth family.

The Rev. John Charlesworth was Rector of Flowton, near Ipswich, and resided in the neighbouring pretty village of Bramford. The sons were, Samuel, who received a legal training but afterwards gave up the law and took holy orders and became, in succession, Rector of Limpsfield, and Rector of Limehouse in East London; Edward became famous for his geological researches and died Curator of the Museum at York; and John, above mentioned, who died in September, 1846, soon after his ordination to his father's curacy at St. Mildred's, Bread Street. The daughters were Elizabeth Susan and Maria Louisa, who were both clever and remarkable women. Maria became known later, and achieved great success, as the authoress of children's books. The most successful and best known of these were *Ministering Children* and *England's Yeomen*, charming books which found their way into the religious homes not only of England but of all English-speaking people, and were translated into French, German, Italian and Spanish. She died in 1880 at the age of sixty.

Elizabeth, in whom we are most interested, was the elder daughter. She was fascinated at once by the shy, quiet, intelligent student to whom she had been introduced as described. The first meeting between Edward Cowell and Elizabeth Charlesworth took place, as we have seen, on the picturesque bridge over the River Gipping at Bramford, and there could not have been a lovelier scene for so happy a romance. That the admiration was mutual was evident to all who saw them together, unobtrusive and retiring as was the deportment of both. One who was then a young friend of Elizabeth's writes her recollections that one evening when she was staying with the Charlesworths, "the young student came 'promiscuously'

and stayed supper, and at once I was sure *who* he was, though no demonstration that I detected was made on either side. Nor did I tell my friend that I knew, nor did she make any remark to me about the unexpected guest, who I need hardly say did nothing to put himself *en évidence*. Thrilling as was the interest with which I found myself in the same room with him, I was unable to perceive anything but an unobtrusiveness amounting to shyness." The same correspondent adds that the courtship "went on for what seemed to me a long time before it was recognised by her father and became an engagement accepted by him." "From Elizabeth herself I knew of the strong affection she entertained for the young student, when it was a hope rather than a certainty that it was returned. During that period I enjoyed the most [*sic*] of personal intercourse I ever had with her before her marriage." No engagement was entered upon or recognised by the families until the autumn of 1845, when a definite engagement was announced. I remember well the excitement and almost consternation that the announcement of Cowell's engagement produced upon us youngsters when the senior amongst us, who was still nearly four months short of his twentieth birthday, had thus early succumbed to what appeared to us boys as an unexpected and unwarranted attack upon his freedom, a feeling which was probably increased by the knowledge that Elizabeth Charlesworth was more than fourteen years his senior. All prejudice was at once overcome, however, when we had the happiness and gratification of being introduced to the gracious and agreeable lady who afterwards became a sister and cousin amongst us. Her bright intelligence, her sympathy with young people, and her desire always to inspire in us the highest aim and an ardent desire to succeed in its fulfilment, added a power to the more mature mind and gave her a great influence over us, the effect of which it would be difficult to exaggerate; indeed it is quite impossible to measure it at this remote distance of time.

Cowell had from the first felt that at the meeting on Bramford Bridge he had met the sharer of his future life. If any addition were needed to the halo of romance which surrounded this remarkable engagement, it would be the fact that Edward FitzGerald, who was so intimately connected with Cowell's career, was himself a great admirer of Elizabeth Charlesworth. He had known the Charlesworths for some years, and amongst FitzGerald's letters[1] there are some to Mrs. Charlesworth written in 1844. Mr. W. Aldis Wright tells us that FitzGerald was collecting information for Thomas Carlyle on the subject of Cromwell's Lincolnshire campaign, and the letters show that both Mrs. and Miss Charlesworth were collecting records and traditions and submitting them to FitzGerald's criticism. In one of his letters to Mrs. Charlesworth he says:—

"I received your last packet just as I was setting off for Suffolk. I sent part of it to Carlyle. I enclose you what answer he makes me this morning. If Miss Charlesworth will take the pains to read his dispatch of Gainsborough Fight, and can possibly rake out some information in the doubtful points, we shall help to lay that unquiet spirit of history which now disturbs Chelsea and its vicinity. Please keep the paper safe: for it must have been a nuisance to write it. Boulge, May 7/44."

Long before the date of this letter Miss Charlesworth used to go and stay with the Bartons and the FitzGeralds both at Woodbridge and Boulge, and explore all that pleasant neighbourhood in drives and rambles.

To the end FitzGerald's published letters abundantly show a discriminative admiration for her mental ability and her charm of character,[2] some of which will be quoted

[1] *Letters of Edward FitzGerald.* 2 Vols. Lond., 1894. Edited by W. Aldis Wright.

[2] FitzGerald took great interest in the charming little pieces of poetry written by Elizabeth both before and after her marriage, and often suggested alterations which occurred to his critical sense, emendations however that were by no means always accepted. Her little poems, many of which had appeared in various magazines, were published in

in their proper place. It is certain, however, that if there was any feeling of more than admiration, Edward FitzGerald never expressed it, and there would have been no evidence at this time of any decided preference had he not remarked, when Cowell announced his engagement in his presence, "The deuce you are! Why! you have taken my Lady!"

At the time of Cowell's engagement, he had made up his mind to commence in earnest the study of the Sanskrit grammar, and under the influence of this determination it was characteristic of the man that his new love could not be allowed to interfere with the old. He forthwith invented a new way of courting. He persuaded his lady to learn Sanskrit and indulged his love of the latter in teaching it to her by letter. They two may therefore be said to have commenced Sanskrit together. Some of the letters remain which bear testimony to the unique use that was made of this engaged time. They must of course be sacred, but a few extracts from them may be permitted, as they tell so faithfully and well the charming character of the man and how concurrently, if not equally, his Lady and his Sanskrit shared his love.

[No date.] "I am writing upon the Sanskrit book, and my eye rests on the word 'aranya,' and this I must send as our first lesson. I always feel such a 'reverential awe' when I think or hear or read of anything connected with the word 'forest.' As far as I can trace the feeling back, it arises from reading in childhood a passage that used to fill me with such a haunting feeling, almost amounting to *terror*—it was in *Pilgrim's Progress*, where Christian parts from his two companions at the foot of the hill of Difficulty, and then go their different ways. And Bunyan goes on, 'And I saw that one went into a gloomy forest which opened into a plain where were many mountains, and he stumbled and fell and rose no more.' I have many a time read these words in the nursery, as dusk was coming on, till I felt afraid. But to return, I suppose it is this that gave me the feeling of awe which haunts me now whenever I hear anything about the word 'forest.'"

1839, under the name of *Historical Reveries*, by a Suffolk villager. A later edition with additions was published by Sceley and Co., in 1891, under the name of *Leaves of Memory*.

[No date.] "I have been thinking that it would be stupid work to send Longus to the December number of *Wade* just at the close of the year—it will be much better for January to begin a new one. I have resolved therefore on making one for this month about Rabelais, and have done some deal of it to-day. Longus will come out with more *eclat* perhaps at the beginning of a new volume and year. . . . . (He sends the Sanskrit vowels.) Did you ever see such dreadful letters. I am sure you have had enough of it for *to-night*. At any rate . . . . Excuse my *scrabbings*, for Sanskrit letters are the worst I have ever yet seen."

[No date.] "I sent to Wade last night the poem about miracles."

"Nov. 7, 1845. What do you think I have been doing? I, the *grave* 'philosopher.' I hope you won't despise me or laugh at me, but I the grave Sanskrit learner have just been playing! Maurice has had his little cousin come to play with him and *I*—alas I! have been blind man in a game of blind man's buff. I am sure our friend Aulus Gellius, if he were here, could never get over it!

"Do not try to learn too much at a time. We have all our lives before us to learn Sanskrit, and let us therefore ground ourselves *well*. I know nothing is lost by that, though you may seem to spend a long time and make but little progress. Yet you know what you have learned, and have it at your fingers' ends."

"Nov. 15. I sent off Longus and Rabelais. . . . . I am going to give you a Sanskrit lesson, a long one too, so, 'good friend of mine,' let us forget for awhile 'rhyme' and 'reason' too, and fancy ourselves two Hindoos of the olden days under the banyan trees, or palms, before Alexander invaded India."

"Dec. 3. Last Christmas Day I first read our Sallust—first found out that the powers of bodies are bodiless—first made the acquaintance of his dear little book which we both are so indebted to. Perhaps next Christmas Day we may find out something new in this piece of Jámi. . . . . The more I think of that piece, the more I wonder that Persia could have produced anything so like Emerson where Emerson is truest and greatest. . . . . 'Every earthly veil is a veil of *this* beauty, every fate that moves the heart of man is a veil of this.' This sentence seems to me wonderfully deep. It seems related to that piece of Sallust, 'the powers of bodies are bodiless,' because everything that hath ever taken deep hold of the heart of man must, according to Sallust, do so by an invisible bodiless influence which Jámi would call the

spirit of beauty. However, be this as it may, Jámi is most magnificent."

"Jan. 13, 1846." (He sends a translation of a poem by Jámi):

"Thou hast filled all my heart with the treasures of lore,
Let my tongue pour forth gems from that infinite store;
Thou hast opened me Nature's rich casket, thy hand
Spreads my fame and my glory like musk in the land.
Let my pen then drop jewels in every line,
And cover my book with a glory divine.
In life's tavern alas! all is empty and vain,
I hear not the sound of a heavenly strain,
My friends have drunk wine and departed and gone,
They have emptied the tavern and left me alone,
They have left me to sorrow, have left me to grief,
And the goblet affords me no means of relief.
The Saki no longer pours wine in the bowl;
Yet wherefore should anguish lay hold of my soul?
Come Jámi, arouse thee, and prelude no more,
Bring forth all the treasures thou hast in thy store."

"I have sent you quite an Oriental letter this evening. I hope you will make it out and like Jámi. Remember, I have been quoted in *Fraser* on account of my extract from Jámi! . . . .

"You may expect ere long (for it isn't begun yet—but it has been running in my head before breakfast to-day) a wild, dreamy poem about the old world fulfilling its young dreams. So you may be thinking about it."

"Jan. 14." (He sends the Sanskrit consonants.) "We find a demon on the threshold *here* too. We have vanquished the other demon that we met with. The contractions, the vowels, and Ksh, we must hope that love and industry can conquer this too. . . . . Remember, we have a real difficulty, a *crowning* one (*real* in Spanish means 'royal') (ought I not to be more serious, more like a grave *pedant* in thus coming to this terrible point?) . . . . We shall find Sanskrit hard and harder, but nothing ever worth getting was attained without toil and trouble . . . . And the Rámáyána and Kalidása ought not to be read by everybody; let them be read only by those who, like us, hope to spend life in quiet, silent, unknown study, and living over again the silent years of the once so busy and loud Past. . . . . I like Sanskrit more and more. I never thought I should get on so well. . . ."

"Jan. 16." (After notes about Sanskrit vowels.) "This is a kind of dry-as-dust letter about words and gerund-grinding, but this gerund-grinding must *seem* important to us or we shall not learn it."

"Jan. 17." (Explaining how the labials are formed, by moving

the lips.) "It reminds me of years and years and years ago, when I was a little boy at school, and when I used to be very naughty and talk in school hours, and I found out that the master could never see me talking unless when I pronounced these very labial letters, and therefore I used to avoid them in my conversation to my neighbours, lest my lips should move and betray me.

"May God teach us more and more that *all* knowledge and learning and talent without His blessing to be *on* them, and the love of Him to be *in* them, are worse, oh! far worse than idle lost gifts, they are curses."

"Jan. 19, 1846. I have actually this afternoon made out a line of the Nala and parsed it grammatically, applying the grammatical rules. Are we not getting on? Sanskrit really, I believe, is not so hard as people make out." (Asking her not to work too hard.) "Remember, if we know Sanskrit ten years hence, it will be quite time enough—there need be no hurry about it.

"As you must remember, *I* can say in languages 'my superior years' (souvenez vous), as Sanskrit is the ninth language I have learned, including English. I find that if you ground yourself well it will spare you great trouble at the last."

"Jan. 26. I have been getting on with Sanskrit lately, you will forgive my haste I know, and my getting a little before you, but I have learnt the first declension perfectly."

"Nov., 1846." (With the ninth declension). "And when this is learned, and the appendix too, I wish you joy . . . . as having really *entered* the temple of Sanskrit. The vestibule is passed and the temple arches over us! Allons!"

"Dec. 4, 1846. I hope now to be able to do one of Augustine's [sermons[1]] for you perhaps. . . . . I have got a 'very wild' seaweed ready for you when it is earned. . . . . I am glad you have got Mr. Barton's book—be sure you do as I told you, and put it at the bottom of these seaweeds of mine, as the *foundation* on which they all rest, figuratively and literally!

"By-the-bye, I remember, and singularly enough never recollected till this moment, that Mr. Ebden knew Prof. W. [ilson], and he could get me introduced to him if ever I went to Oxford."

"Feb. 20, 1847." (At the end of a long paper on Sanskrit verbs.) "Here ends my first 'fytte'; my vestibule into the dark and mysterious 'Elephanta Cave' of Sanskrit conjugation: here are the dim niches and columns, which lead the way to the

[1] During the last year of the courtship Cowell used on most Sundays to translate and send by the evening's post a translation of one of St. Augustine's Sermons.

romance *within*, where Vyása and Valmíki and Kalidása hold their high discourse.

The way is dark, where'er we gaze,
And dimly do our torches blaze,
Throwing a faint and fitful glare
On many a niche and mouldering stair,
And in each columned avenue
Heavy and low Time's wind blows through!
Beneath us rest the bones of sages,
Above us tower the thoughts of ages;
Sages and ages both are *past*,
Yet still their works, like *shadows*, last,
And though their deeds have died away,
Their words of power shall live for aye!

"You must remember Tasso's words:—

'Nello Scuolo d'Amor *che* non s'apprende?'"

They then begin Johnson's Selections from the Mahābhārata, and at the end of his translation of the first he writes:—

"The first selection conquered
Cingile tempora floritus
Suave olentis Amaraci."

Whilst these two were learning and reading *Sanskrit* together, Cowell made other translations which he laid at the feet of his future wife. There was one from Athenæus which she especially treasured, on which she wrote, "translated by Edward, February 2nd, 1845." This copy in Cowell's own handwriting is now in the Cambridge University Library:—

Oh holiest Health, all other gods excelling,
May I be ever blest
With thy kind favour, and in Life's poor dwelling
Be thou, I pray, my constant guest.
If aught of charm or grace to mortal lingers
Round wealth or kingly sway,
Or children's happy faces in their play,
Or those sweet bands which Aphrodite's fingers
Weave round the trusting heart,
Or whatsoever joy or breathing space
Kind heaven hath given to worn humanity—
Thine is the charm, to thee they owe the grace;
Life's chaplet blossoms only where *thou* art,
And pleasure's year attains its sunny spring,
And where thy smile is *not*, our joy is but a sigh.

I will venture to give extracts from two other letters of Cowell's during these courtship days. Miss Charlesworth was an exceedingly clever woman. Her reading had been wide. She was conversant with Latin and Greek. She had got as far as Conic Sections in mathematics, and she had, as we have seen, published anonymously a volume of poems. It is not surprising, then, that she thoroughly appreciated her student lover, and he in his turn loved to confide to her his inmost thoughts with regard to the subjects of his reading.

"Ips. May 22, '47. I put your two flowers in the dialogue of Plato that I am reading—the 'Phædrus.' I am going to translate some of it for you. I find that in a myth which Socrates tells in it are to be found those lines which Emerson quotes in one of his Essays, and which often have made me wonder where it could possibly come from. I wonder whether you remember the bit. It struck me very much. It was this. Emerson says, 'I hear always the law of Adrastera. That every soul which had acquired any knowledge of truth should be safe from harm until another period.' I had been expecting to find this in the wild myth at the close of the Republic, and I was disappointed to find it wasn't there; and I began to fancy that it must be in some one of those wild mystical odes of Schiller or of Novalis. However, I was quite startled this evening by suddenly coming upon it in the midst of a very wild myth in the 'Phædrus.' I was so pleased to find it. You can't think (or rather *you can* think, and nobody in the world can think so well) how pleased I was. I never dreamed of its being in the 'Phædrus.' I enjoyed your account of your time at Blackheath. I liked so to hear of your looking out upon those woods, and Hesperus shining over them, and about your bringing the *Mâhâbhârata*. I like to think that you carry it about as I have done 'Ariosto.'"

"Ips. July 6, '47. I read a letter or two of Pliny's to-day. You know I am very fond of his letters, partly because I like the name Pliny from my reverence of the elder Pliny, partly because I like this Pliny himself, for his style is exquisitely polished, and he is one of those real gentlemen who carry a kind of dignified ease wherever they go, and partly because Pliny was the bosom friend of our Tacitus. Tacitus would not write his Annals until he had quite assured himself that Pliny would not do them—for Tacitus really considered himself inferior to him. It reminds one of Boccaccio and Petrarca in the 'Pentameron.' Do you re-

member how Boccaccio constantly confessed his inferiority to his friend, and never suspects that his 'Decameron' stands higher in point of genius than a million sonnets? I enjoy so very much the letters from Pliny to Tacitus. I always think it strange to read the letters of such an old time as that. It seems to call up the old present from the dead and daguerreotype its evanescent expressions and features, the passing nuances that flit over society and are hardly ever caught by the grave eye of history. . . ."

The following letter from Cowell to Miss Charlesworth stands out separate from the Sanskrit letters. It was written soon after their engagement was acknowledged, and must be given in full, as it is evidently in reply to some expressed scruples in reference to the disparity of age between them. It gives us the keynote of his future homelife, delightfully meeting the scruples with the determination of bridging over the gap with a perpetual youth of heart and mind:—

"Ipswich, Dec. 18, 1845. I am so delighted with your letter that I cannot help sending a line in answer. Oh, darling, I do so rejoice that God *did* give you that light heart, so that you might always be a girl in heart if not in years. Don't you remember those lines of Ausonius [1]—

> 'And may never, oh never, that morning arise
> When either shall learn to repine,
> Or I shall no longer seem young in thy eyes,
> Or thou lose the girlhood in mine.'

"You need *never* fear being 'too old for my companion'—we will go through life, *not* moping and sorrowful, always counting up our years and thinking of 'forty' and 'fifty' like other people, because we won't grow old in *heart*. I dare say ten years hence my hair will be gray, because one of my so-called *sorrowful* (so-called, not really) notions is that nature is never cheated. As Emerson says, man's life is but seventy 'sallads' long, grow they swift or grow they slow; and if people will begin living their duplex life early (as I may say, without *vanity*, I have done ever since I was seven years old), if they begin this early, nature is not cheated, and life, after all, is only seventy 'sallads' long.

'Better fifty years of Europe, &c.'

[1] Ausonius, Epig. XIX, To his Wife.

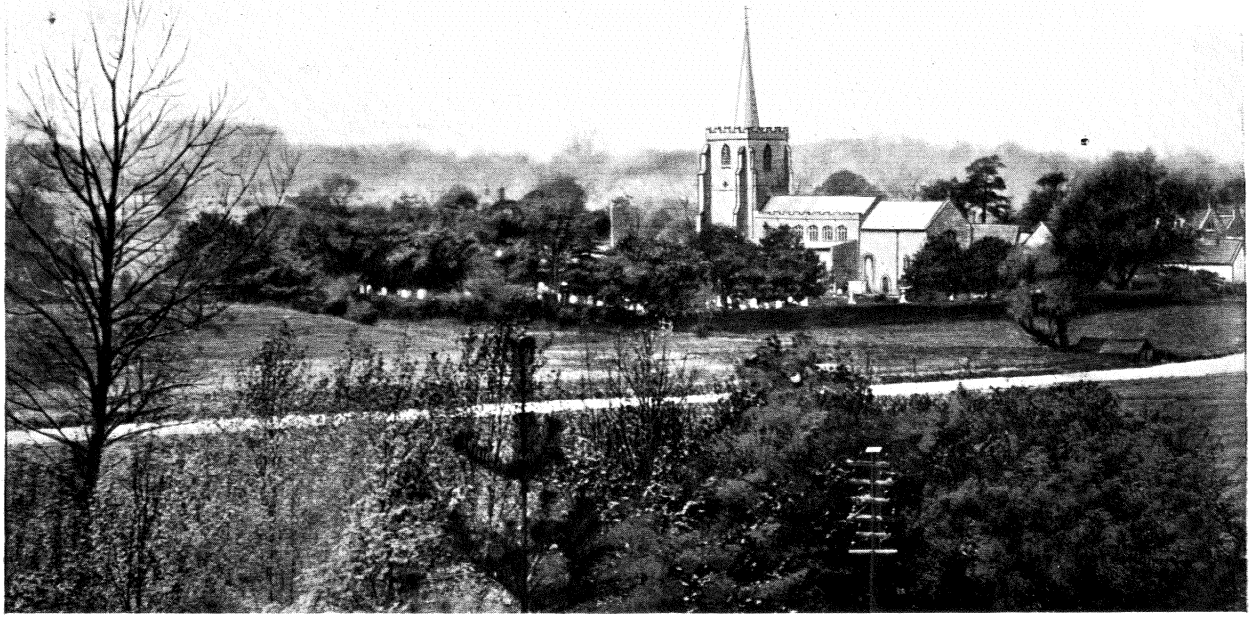
"What I was going to say is that we must go through life just as we are now. I shall never grow different to what I am now, because I *know* I am years older in the *desengaño*,[1] than other people of my age, and you must keep with the same girl's heart. Why should we change? We don't care for the things that make other people grow cross and old—poetry (the poetry as exemplified in *life*, in the harmony of religion, the *rhythm* of good actions and quiet domestic life), poetry, I say, can be a fountain of perpetual youth to us, and our *hearts* and minds shall never grow old. The *heart* is the thing of importance. Many people grow old in heart and become narrow-minded, cross and selfish—but we never, never will. Do you see what I mean 'best treasure this life hath'?

"I am writing very badly and hurriedly, but you must excuse it."

Soon after Cowell became acquainted with the Charlesworths, Mr. Charlesworth was appointed to the Rectory of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, in the City of London, a living then, I believe, in the gift of Dr. Charlesworth, of Lincoln, or of some friend of his. This was at the end of 1843. The family did not at once remove to London, but Mrs. Charlesworth and the daughters kept on the little house at Bramford for some time. When they did settle themselves at 14, King Street, Finsbury Square, and afterwards in Bread Street Hill, the Bramford house was let. We shall see, however, that later in the winter of 1847, after they were married, the Cowells chose for their abode the same little house which naturally had considerable attractions for both of them. The Sanskrit lessons, therefore, that were conveyed by letter were delivered first at this same Bramford house and subsequently at the houses in King Street and Bread Street Hill.

The marriage took place very quietly at St. Mildred's on October 23rd, 1847. No one of Cowell's family was present, as Mr. Nathaniel Byles, his mother's father, had died just a month before. This was a sufficient

[1] A Spanish word, meaning "the detection of error." The first evidence of a knowledge of Spanish.



BRAMFORD VALE AND CHURCH.

To face p. 49.

reason for having the wedding as quiet as possible, and of course it was much more in accordance with Cowell's tastes and wishes. The Register was signed by Mrs. Cowell's brother, Samuel, and two of her cousins, Richard and Maria Beddome. The honeymoon was spent at Dover in continuing the study of Sanskrit, and in reading together Johnson's *Mahābhārata* selections, a fact which he tells us in a note on the title-page of the grammar. These are really the only records of the marriage that we have.

Meanwhile Cowell's kind and indefatigable mother was getting ready for them the Bramford house, the little home they both loved so well, and which lived in their memories to the end. The recollection of it was cherished by Edward FitzGerald almost as much as by the Cowells, and yet it was only occupied by them a little more than three years. A passing description of the house may not be out of place. It stands back a little from the road, giving space for a small garden in front, in which there were usually a few shrubs, the most conspicuous of which was a tree usually called a monkey puzzler, *araucaria imbricata*. The tree still stands before the house, grown far too big for the little garden. There was then some room for a few flowers, and in spring and summer the garden was brightened with varieties of colour. The house was a plain one, with cream-coloured stucco, and containing seven rooms besides the kitchens, and with the front door in the middle. Over the front of the house was trained a luxuriant japonica, whose bright red blossoms in early summer formed the distinguishing feature of the little house.

"It did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom." [1]

There was also a fruit-garden at the back, and a field in which there were usually some cattle feeding, and in spring abundant buttercups and daisies, a truly pastoral scene.

[1] Coleridge.

Here it was that the Cowells made their home until they left for Oxford in the beginning of January, 1851. Here it was that Mrs. Cowell dispensed her bounty and sympathy amongst the villagers in time of sickness and trouble, kindness which was much missed after their departure. Many a time did we boys walk over from Ipswich to see them in their Bramford home, always welcome and always interested in the books which were already rapidly accumulating and which afterwards became at Oxford, in India and at Cambridge so prominent a feature of their house. Our memories go back not only to the house at Bramford, but also to another pretty Suffolk village close by, called Elmsett. Here Maria Charlesworth had a room, which she often occupied, and in which most of her books were written, in an old farmhouse, one of the many halls abounding in the Eastern Counties, inhabited by a yeoman family of the name of Stern. Here there was a large family of sons who, as in the good old days, used to do much of the work of the farm — men of sterling worth and good physique who used to play different musical instruments and take charge of the musical portions of the service in Flowton Church when Mr. Charlesworth was Rector there and long afterwards. We boys took part in many a picnic there with the Cowells on summer half-holidays, visiting Miss Charlesworth and participating in the good cheer of the hospitable Sterns. We carried away a vivid recollection of this family and farmhouse, where the men of the party were full of life and vigour, and drank beer at the meals at which more ordinary mortals consume tea or coffee. This was and is a common custom in the country, but one that appeared then to us unusual. Another thing that we ever remembered of those early days was the existence in the immediate neighbourhood of a calcareous spring, which interested us exceedingly, and which we called a petrifying well. We used to deposit various vegetable things, and among them always a bird's nest, where they were exposed to the con-

tinual drip of the water, and find them again a year later entirely changed to a calcareous friable condition, or in the case of pieces of wood completely indurated and petrified. The very characteristic family of the Sterns furnished Miss Maria L. Charlesworth, Mrs. Cowell's sister, with the characters and facts for her book, *England's Yeoman from Life in the 19th Century*, published in 1861.

Of Cowell's letters which were written during the Bramford period some have already been given taking us to the end of 1847. They are now continued in the present chapter, and will tell in his own words the direction and character of his literary work in that quiet retreat. All the letters are, as before, addressed to his great friend, George Kitchin, with the exception of one to his mother :—

"Jan. 29, '48. I haven't written to you for a long time, for I seem to have so little time; but I hope you have been going on with good omens, &c. I suppose you have been studying deeply lately. I have been going on 'swimmingly' in Persian and Sanskrit at odd intervals, and have read a great deal of my old dream of Ramayana. I like it *intensely*, and I read a few weeks since a most glorious bit about the descent of the River Ganges into the world. What do you think of the following description of its falling from the holy mountain Himeval upon the earth? *I* think it is most splendid.

'With the meeting troops of divinities and with the splendour of their armaments
The cloudless sky shone as with an hundred suns,
With the porpoises and fishes dancing in their falling play
The air was coruscated as with lightenings,
And with the white foam of the water spreading in a thousand directions,
And with the flocks of water-fowl, the sky seemed filled with autumnal clouds.'

"There, I think that is a most splendid bit, and one worth mastering Sanskrit to get at.

"Have you seen the great Professor? You know who I mean —the great Professor Wilson—and have you attended any of his lectures?

"I suppose you have seen Carlyle's new batch of Cromwell letters, and the 'row' he has got into with the *Athenæum* respecting their authenticity and genuineness.

"I have been reading, lately, Schlegel's lectures on 'Dramatic Art.' They have been published by Bohn in a most beautiful volume for three and sixpence, and they are well worth studying. I am sure that you would like them if you haven't yet read them. Bohn is publishing a very nice series of such volumes and a very nice series of translations of *Bede* and *Robert of Malmesbury*, and all those other old chronicles to whose names I look up with so much veneration. You know that 'ignorance is the mother of veneration,' and I own it is so in the present case. I always mean to study them some day. Alas! how large the world of literature is! '*Vita brevis ars longa!*' I shall never read half the books that I mean to read—and yet how wide is the difference between learning and growing! Montaigne says well that we heap up book-learning but neglect to make it our own—we are only brave and heroic in aphorisms and sentences, *not* in deeds and in our lives. He says we are like the man who went and warmed himself at his neighbour's fire, but he brought none of it to his own home, and he therefore returned shivering as before.

"You see I am saying all this against myself. I plead guilty to the whole charge as much as anybody. My favourite *Jelaleddin* says that we are all like bottles whose bodies are full but whose lips are dry!

"Let me hear from you soon. You *know* I like to hear of how you are getting on and what you are reading. Don't forget that you are to come and stay with us in our quiet home at Bramford. I want you to come and see my quiet life there. I have fulfilled all my dreams, and can do what many, perhaps most, cannot do—rest in content. I write occasional articles for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *People's Journal*, &c., and read Sanskrit and Persian and Greek. So I send you a *carte blanche* invitation—come when you like—you shall have a free and undisputed right to my little dressing-room, which I am going to make the ὀμφαλός of the whole world (to make a Pindaric metaphor) this spring! I shall hide myself under the shadow of this gigantic metaphor and conceal my *finis!*—E. B. C."

"Bramford, March 21, '48. . . . I hope you haven't forgot your promise of coming to see us at *Easter*. Elizabeth and I are anticipating your coming very much, and I hope you will come as early as you can. You shall have a room to yourself for your studies, and you shall bring down as many boxes of books as you like, and I will promise you the unlimited use of my library, Sanskrit and all! Perhaps I shall be able to introduce you to Edward FitzGerald while you are here. I know you will like

him. Have you seen Tennyson's 'Princess'? It is the strangest medley you ever saw, but full of beautiful bits.

"I suppose you have celebrated the fall of Louis Philippe in hexameters! Will there be a prize poem on the subject? I go on writing for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and I send you a rough proof-sheet (as I corrected it) of an article on our mutual friend *Athenæus*—in next month's number. I don't want the proof back again, and you may keep it; only you must excuse my not sending you a better copy. I have offered Bohn (who is publishing a classic series) a translation of *Athenæus*—only this is *sub rosâ*—don't mention it to anybody. I don't know if he will accept—he is considering the matter. I sent him a specimen.

"I have discovered a new Romaic translation of the *Mahābhārata*. Fancy a Greek edition of a Sanskrit book! I think about an article thereon for the *Westminster*, but I don't know if 'thought will palsy action' here, as it often has done.

"I am writing at the counting-house; and as this is Tuesday I must cut my letter short, but let me hear from you *soon*. If Elizabeth knew I was writing I am sure she would send a message to you. Let me hear all about your studies and prospects—you know every detail is interesting to me. Good-bye!—Yours sincerely, E. B. COWELL."

"Ipswich, May 8, 1848. . . . I am in the fourth book of *Thucydides*, but I have read some deal of the *Ramayana*. You were quite right that I shouldn't be able to withstand Sanskrit attractions, if you were not there to help the Greek! We have splendid weather now, and Bramford looks beautiful! I am thinking of reading another play of Aristophanes, as I shall read him simultaneously with *Thucydides* as I reach up to the eras of the plays—by way of comparing the Greek *Punch* with the Carlyle.

"I have found in *Thucydides* the reason why he brought in the Persian ambassada in the *Acharnians*. Just at that time a Persian ambassada had been caught in Thrace on his way to Lacedæmon and brought to Athens, and they had read his letters, after some difficulty, in the Assyrian tongue. I think that this explains the *fun* of bringing in the mock Persian words. I dare say you knew this before, but I did not."

"July 28, 1848. . . . I quite enter into your views about Germany and German. It *is* a very useful language, and I must learn it some day. I am reading *Sophocles*. I have finished *Thucydides*, and then I read through Xenophon's *Hellenics*, *i.e.*, his continuation of *Thucydides*. And now I am refreshing myself

with the *Attic Bee*. I have read all his plays over except the *Trachiniæ*, and I think I shall read that next week. I am quite delighted to find how my Greek wakes up to all the niceties of the language and the canons, &c., which I feared I had forgotten. I have written a long article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* about my favourite Persian book *Jellaleddin*, and the *Morning Chronicle* reviewed my article favourably. I sent an article on Sanskrit poetry the other day to the *Westminster*. The editor hasn't decided yet whether it will appear this next quarter.

"My Sanskrit studies progress very favourably, and I hope to discover plenty of new things. I read through the two books of *Arrian's History* which relate Alexander's invasion of India, and I got several very interesting glimpses at India's then condition through this medium. I am thinking of reading *Herodotus* next and of finishing the *Odyssey*—you will finish it long before me. I don't like hurrying through the *Odyssey*; it is so *delicious* to take it and read a book or two and then lay it down again till the fit reseizes you. I liked your observations about it very much and read them to Elizabeth.

"Your scheme of spending eight weeks in the Rhine land will do you good, and you will come back ready for a fresh dive into the deeps of Greek and Latin. I wish you a happy tour."

"Ipswich, May 2, 1849. Your beautiful present arrived quite safely, and I need hardly tell you how very much I liked it. It was really very kind of you, and I shall keep it among my most valuable κειμηλια; and not less shall I keep the Latin inscription [1] which accompanied it. I shall fasten it into the book itself and thus link them together as you and I are. I shall attack German this summer, and you may expect a Nibelungen Lied mania ere long.

"I have this week begun your favourite Aristotle, and I really like the first book of the *Ethics* very much. I shall finish it to-day. There are some beautiful ideas even in *him*. That piece about an Iliad of misfortunes being unable wholly to destroy the

[1] Inscription in the Nibelungen Lied:—

EDOUARDO B. COWELL.

Pueritiae conjunctissime;
Juventutis fraterno labore, iisdem studiis peractae,
hoc monumentum posuit;
Perennis amicitiae;
Societatis ad extremam permansurae vitam,
hoc pignus dedit.

G. W. KITCHIN

ἐυδαιμονία of the good man quite woke up my enthusiasm. I mean those lines in the first book of the *Nicomachean Ethics* '*Τὰ δὲ μεγάλα καὶ πολλὰ γιγνόμενα μὲν εὖ μακαριώτερον τὸν βίον ποιήσει . . . . ἀνάπαλιν δὲ συμβαίνοντα θλίβει καὶ λυμαίνεται τὸ μακάριον (λύπας τε γὰρ ἐπιφέρει καὶ ἐμποδίζει πολλαῖς ἐνεργείαις) ὅμως δέ, καὶ ἐν τούτοις* ΔΙΑΛΑΜΠΕΙ *τὸ καλόν· ἐπειδὰν φέρῃ τις εὐκόλως πολλὰς καὶ μεγάλας ἀτυχίας, μὴ δι' ἀναλγησίαν ἀλλὰ καὶ γεννάδας ὢν καὶ . . . . μεγαλόψυχος.*'[1] I think this a glorious piece, and I don't wonder that Aristotle has been such a name of power in the world. Only think of his having exercised as much influence amongst the Arabians as among Europeans. When I have finished the *Ethics* I shall go through them a second time.

"I finished Pindar the other day, and I am glad I have done with him. I dare say I shall never read him through again. Some of his fragments are very fine. I have brought my Pindar in with me to-day on purpose to copy you out a few lines which pleased me very much, and perhaps you do not know them. They are a description of Spring. . . .

"I think I shall study a good deal of Greek philosophy this summer—Plato and Aristotle will be my companions in my daily walks to Ipswich. But I am afraid metaphysics and philosophy are an unsatisfactory kind of study: there is no certainty possible in them, and you never can find any opinion advanced without there being as many valid arguments to be urged *for* as *against* it. I fancy the Germans have pursued them to their furthest verge, and shewn (unconsciously to themselves) that they lead the traveller no whither. They deal with words, not things, and there is no solid substratum of *fact* to build upon.

"Theology has been called 'portus et sabbatum omnium humanarum contemplationum'; philosophy never can be either. I think that dying speech of poor Aristotle a dirge on all philosophy, 'Anxuis vixi—dubius morior,' and yet this anxious and dubious mind has

[1] Mr. C. W. Moule, of Corpus Christi College, a brother Fellow of Cowell's, has most kindly furnished me with a translation of this elevated passage of Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, I. 10, quoting it from the beginning:—"Now among the many things that take place by chance and differ from each other in magnitude, the small pieces of good fortune, and similarly of the opposite kind, clearly do not change the balance of one life: while things great and frequent, if they turn out well, will make the life-time more blissful, ... and if contrariwise, they crush and spoil its bliss; for they bring in pains and hamper many mental activities. But yet even in these circumstances moral beauty shines through; when a man bears with good temper many and great misfortunes, not from in-
[illegible] but because he is generous and great of soul."

formed *millions* of others who maintained his doctrines to be *certain* and *infallible*.

"Well—I have sent you some of my *cobwebs*—through them at any rate Pindar's fragment *διαλάμπει*, like a bluebottle in a real cobweb!

"Elizabeth is delighted with the Nibelungen—we shall read the modern copy this summer I hope, and spell out the Chaucerian original next year. It will not be harder than Rabelais' old French when one knows German thoroughly. I am going on very well with my Arabic. I am reading the old poets before Mahomet."

"December 10, 1849. . . . I have not heard from you for such a long time, and when you wrote last you promised to come and stay a few days at Christmas with us. I hope you won't break your promise. We shall be so very glad to see you, and I want to read another Greek play—Aristophanes, for instance—and I can always read him better with *you*. I have been reading my favourite Herodotus through again this autumn, and I have enjoyed it very much. I have found some curious discoveries about Herodotus and the remote East, which he talks so wonderingly of, which I will show you when you come.

"I saw Carlyle the other day, and took him my translation of the Sanskrit play which I had begun for him when you were with us. I have been reading some deal of Sanskrit and Hebrew this summer, and the latter I should especially like to perfect myself in. I fancy I shall soon be tolerably perfect in the long-desired and once dreaded Sanskrit. I have lately read through a play by one of their difficult authors, and I made it all out pretty well except a few lines here and there. I have also begun German lately, but I haven't read any of the Nibelungen yet. I have read several of Uhland's beautiful poems, and have been very much delighted with them. They have a *deep* tenderness which I admire very much—they seem tolerably easy in their language and generally worth reading.

"I am going to send you in this letter a German song by Voss, which FitzGerald and Tennyson delight in, as being one of the most perfectly Greek things modern days have seen. It is half allegorical, representing Greek literature as a *vine* given by Dionysius to the poet, which the latter plants for his own solace, in the evil days and forlorn circumstances which surround him. It is indeed a charming poem, and I should like you, some future day, to turn it into Greek Alcaics, after the manner of old Alcæus himself, whose fragments it somewhat in truth resembles. I found a little cluster of Alcæus' fragments the other day in

Athenæus, whom I travel lazily through still. It was page 430 in Casaubon's edition. There was one line which I admired very much, '*ἦρος ἀνθεμόεντος ἐπάϊον ἐρχομένοιο*,' which reminded me of that reading of one of Horace's odes to Chloe, beginning 'Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.' The common editions have:

'Nam si mobilibus vitis inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis, aut virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.'

"Some MSS. read much more poetically, and I think with great chance of being right, considering how Horace imitated Alcæus repeatedly:

'Nam si mobilibus *veris* inhorruit
Adventus foliis, &c., &c.'

'Veris adventus' would correspond very exactly to *ἦρος ἐρχομένοιο*.

"Well, let me hear your plans about Christmas, and bear in mind in forming them how very much pleasure we shall have in giving you a hearty welcome to our little nest at Bramford. My books await your arrival, particularly Aristophanes, over whose pages I glance languidly unless you are near to rouse me up. I shall try the Nibelungen very soon, and tell you how I get on with it. I am reading about Etrurian tombs in lighter hours—how very interesting the accounts about them are."

To his Mother.

"Ipswich, Feb. 20, 1850. You will see by the address of my letter that we are home from our journey. I think Maurice enjoyed it very much. He will give you the details of his adventures, I dare say, and I need not repeat them. He owes George Kitchin a great many thanks, for we find that the order for being allowed to rub brasses in Westminster Abbey is very difficult to be procured, and one of Mr. Beddome's sons has been long anxious to get one but has not yet succeeded. I am glad you are enjoying Clevewood.[1] I suppose spring is beginning to show signs of its approach—as the old Greek poet says, 'You hear the

[1] In Gloucestershire, the residence of Cowell's Uncle and Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fox-Byles. (The Aunt Ella before mentioned.)

footsteps of the oncoming Spring.' We found, when we got home on Monday, the snowdrops, aconites, and primroses peeping from the ground to welcome our return. Bramford looks very lovely. . . .

"I had some delightful hours in the East India Library in Leadenhall Street, and I formed quite an acquaintance with Professor Wilson, whom I have so long known and reverenced in his *books*. He was very kind to me, and actually has lent to me for a month one of the most valuable Sanskrit MSS. in their magnificent library. I saw several thousands of Sanskrit MSS. in that long delightful room, and I used often to go and write and read there. I took Elizabeth to see the Museum. They have several exceedingly interesting things there—among others, a book in Tippoo Sahib's own handwriting—the journal of his dreams and their interpretation. Then they have his copy of the Koran, and also the very copy of the Koran on which Surajah Dowlah swore to the treaty which he made with *Clive*.

"I saw Mr. Hickson (the editor of the *Westminster*) one day at the Publisher's; he happened to be there when I called, and he gave me an order for another article on Sanskrit Dramatic Literature.

"The English book which I am reading to Elizabeth is some of the closing chapters of Gibbon, on the appearance of the Turks on the Stage of Europe. Public interest is turned towards Turkey, and I felt a wish to know how they came to obtain their footing in Turkey. I expect we shall see the downfall of European Mohammedanism as a Government, either this year or the next, and I shall like to have a clear picture in my mind of the beginning of the empire that I may be able to add it to the present picture of its fall, and so form a complete whole. It will be very curious if Popery and Mohammedanism fall together just as they rose simultaneously. Mahomet's flight from Mecca was A.D. 622, and the date of the assumption of the Papal title and power is about 15 years before that."

"Ipswich, Feb. 28, 1850. I am sorry to say that Sophocles somewhat languishes, but I have done something in it for you. I have been much occupied of late with some troublesome business that has taken up my time and thoughts and kept me in London several weeks. I spent several days in the East India House Library and saw much of dear old Professor Wilson, and he lent me a very valuable Sanskrit MS., which I brought home with me. I met with a cheap tattered copy of his valuable (Sanskrit) Dictionary which is out of print, and I have had it bound, and I filled up the few pages that were wanting from the Professor's

own copy, which he lent me for the purpose.[1] I found him very kind, and my reverence and veneration for him are very much increased. When do you go up for your degree? I hope to get the Electra and Tyrannus done for you, but my time is too much busied to allow me much Sophocles. In June I hope to bring Elizabeth for a day or two to Oxford, on our way to Gloucestershire, and you and I must have a hunt over the Oriental MSS. in Oxford. Send me at your earliest leisure your remarks on my list overleaf, that I may write them in my copy and settle all the doubts and anxieties which Sophocles always raises in my mind.

"It was very kind of you to get Maurice that order to Westminster Abbey. He found it very useful, and he spent many an hour over the brasses."

"Bramford, April 23, 1850. You must not think my silence lately has proceeded from indolence, but I have been very busy. I have had a long article to write for the *Westminster* against time, on the Hindu drama, and that has occupied me very much, and then I have written a paper for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and am now in the middle of another. Then I have been very busy learning Prakrit, a later and very interesting dialect of Sanskrit. I have had Lassen's grammar of it lent to me from the magnificent library of the East India House, and I have been daily employed in copying out all that I think useful. I have a hope of perhaps distinguishing myself by Prakrit. I have found a Prakrit MS. in the East India House Library which has never been edited. I mean to try and read it when I next stay in London, and, if it is good poetry, I shall try and edit it. But these things yet *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖνται*.

"I shall have you much in my thoughts next week.[2] I sincerely wish you all possible success, and I have little doubt you *will* succeed. It will give me a strange feeling to read in the lists that my old schoolfellow, with whom I even did equations and Euclid and read French and Greek plays, has risen to the highest academical honours and carried off a Double First!

"We hope to put our plan of visiting you in execution. Edward FitzGerald has half promised to come with us. I should like you so to know him, he is a man of *real* power, one such as we seldom meet with in the world. There is something so very

[1] This Dictionary is now in the Library of Girton College with four insertions of four pages each of beautiful copies written by himself of the missing pages.

[2] His friend George Kitchin was going in for his final examination.

solid and *stately* about him, a kind of slumbering giant, or silent Vesuvius. It is only at times that the eruption comes, but when it *does* come, it overwhelms you!"

"May 8, 1850. I fully meant to have sent you a letter yesterday, but I was too busy. I don't believe a bit that you broke down. I feel sure you got on well, and I shall look with great interest and expectation to see the lists. But I suppose you will know some time before the lists are out. Do let me know all about it. I spent last week in London, and went several times to the dear old East India House Library and saw the great Professor. I found he went down last Thursday to Oxford. I suppose that his examination of somebody for the Sanskrit scholarship comes on. Do you know him by sight? He has a very fine-looking old scholarly face, and Sanskrit sounds very grandly in his sonorous voice.

"When does your Mathematical Examination come on? You will feel relieved, I should fancy, after it all, when all is fairly over and you can look back on it in the calm still light of the *Past*. I have been reading a little German lately, a little of Uhland, and I bought a Sanskrit play with a long German preface, which I read with some considerable labour, and all the notes are also in German, which will be very good exercise for me. I wish I knew German well. I feel more and more that it is so pre-eminently worth knowing.

"I had your answer to my questions in Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* all safely. I think we seem generally to agree in our interpretations. How have you succeeded in Sophocles? What piece did they give you? When you can get me an examination paper, *do* send one to me. I shall so *very* much like to see it.

"I hope our promised visit to Oxford will duly come into effect. If Mrs. Charlesworth be not well enough, Elizabeth and I shall come alone. I shall enjoy a few days with you there very much. It will be quite delightful.

"I saw in London a book which I am going to read some day (not buy), published this year in Oxford—Casaubon's Diary on Ephemerides. You know my love for Casaubon, partly for old Athenæus' sake; and the few glimpses I got of the contents of the book seemed very pleasant. There were various little glimpses of Casaubon at his study, working away for ever, day and night, at his folios. Well, good-bye. Let me hear soon about your examination. Elizabeth and I feel the greatest interest about it."

"May 27, 1850. I am *indeed* delighted to congratulate you

on your success.[1] I felt little doubt that you would win a First Class in spite of your doubts in your last letter. I am very delighted, and Elizabeth too. We think of coming to you next week, say Wednesday, but any day will suit us, either next week or the week after, so don't hurry over your Winchester visit. We shall be impatient to know about the Mathematical Examination."

For some time Mrs. Cowell had been pressing upon her husband the importance of an University training so essential for a reputation in scholarship, and the following letter shows that Cowell was beginning to consider the step of going to Oxford.

"July 1, 1850. . . . We had a delightful stay at Bourton, and I enjoyed being at the little inn very much. I read and walked and did just as I liked. I should have been only hampered if I had been staying at any friend's house, so I resolutely refused all invitations. I read several of Pindar's odes. . . . We then went on to Cheltenham, but I was called home on business, and passed hastily through London, and so I had no opportunity of looking out for Beowulf for you, but I shall be on the look out here for it. I shall write to Smith about it, or else employ Read.

". . . . At present my mind is not decided, but still (like the drawbridge in Marmion) it 'trembles on the rise' towards Oxford. I am much obliged to you for sending me the new Statutes. I don't think I quite understand them throughout. . . . I still tremble about my ultimate success. I know my Latin and Greek composition would be so difficult to get up. Indeed, I should not mind difficulty, for I generally like difficulties—but I fear here there is almost a physical impossibility. Still my mind does really turn towards Oxford, and I am certainly wavering thitherward—but yet it seems to me such a serious step that I am like the hymn:

'And stand lingering on the brink
And fear to launch away.'

I can feel sure of nothing but my own perseverance—my memory, insight, and accuracy all seem to me so problematical

[1] George Kitchin's name appeared in the First Class at the Classical Examination, and a few weeks later also in the First Class at the Mathematical Examination; a Double First Degree that was big with fate for Cowell.

that I feel in a mist as bad as Dante's Selva Selvaggia. Still, after all, I would desire to leave it entirely to God to direct as He thinks best, and I cannot but think I can trace His leading in several very singular apparent openings for me in that direction which have happened to combine in various ways just at this very present time. My mind was before this fairly settled and content, and if He has chosen by the leadings of His Providence to unsettle me, perhaps I can recognise His will.

"You will see by all this how my mind is poised. I shall begin working at Latin prose this week, and see how I get on, and whether any, the faintest glimmer, of former knowledge returns.

"If I decide on coming, should I not come next October, for I cannot but think, considering my age, the sooner the better?"

"Ipswich, Aug. 28, 1850. . . . We shall both be so very pleased if you will bring Mr. Burfield with you, when you come at Christmas. I only wish he could have seen our lovely village when it is in its beauty during summer. In winter it wears a sombre air, which looks *morne* to those who know it not in its prime of brightness.

"I suppose we shall not be at Oxford then, but it is not certain. I shall matriculate in November, and not reside until after Christmas, if I can't let my house, but if E. F. G. should take it at Michaelmas, as he half or, rather, one-tenth thinks of doing, you may find us at Oxford when you return, but I don't think that is very likely. You see I talk of matriculation and residence as of settled thing; but I cannot, nevertheless, help shrinking and shuddering on the brink. I feel deeply that my character might be so well described in Gibbon's words about himself: 'I went up with a degree of erudition, which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance which a schoolboy might have been ashamed of.' This it is that 'sickles o'er the native hue of resolution,' and makes one pause. Alas! that while the soul pauses, the world does not pause, nor does time, nor does eternity.

"I have been reading Cicero's Tusculan Disputations and Horace's Epistles and Satires, and the first book of Thucydides—the two latter with very great care, and I think profit. But much of my time has been spent in Algebra, which I have been toilsomely endeavouring to revive, and succeed therein tolerably well. I find by the new Statutes one must know something of Algebra, which at the bottom of my heart I am truly glad of, for I have a great love for Algebra under a thick crust of outward dislike or distaste.

'. . . . You have heard, I dare say, that Fenwick has resigned

the Grammar School Mastership—Mr. Rigaud, a Double First, has been appointed his successor. I expect he will do great things for the school. I hope we shall be at Bramford at Christmas. I shall so enjoy a visit (a *last* visit *there*!) from you."

"Sept. 26, 1850. I have been intending to send you a few lines every day, but every day's engagements have prevented me. I began a Latin letter, which must stand over until some other time. I mean to send you another letter in a day or two—in the meantime I want an answer to the following particulars: Dr. MacBride in his last letter says that I can matriculate any Thursday in November, &c., but I want to know whether any baptism certificate is needed.

"I am at present paying more especial attention to Latin composition, and daily, or nearly so, doing exercises in re-translating, &c., and to Algebra, which I find I have sadly forgotten; however, by the help of a little cousin of mine,[1] who has a decided genius for Mathematics, and has gone through both parts of Colenso, I have recovered my memory as far as Equations, and I hope to get through Colenso's first part by Christmas.

"What play of Euripides shall I have to read for my littlego! Any I like, or some one in particular? I quite agree with your remarks about him as a poet—it is just as you say. Carlyle says the greatest minds are always unconscious, and I think one sees this so remarkably in Æschylus and Sophocles. They throw themselves so *absorbingly* into their characters that everything seems real and solid in their fancy-created world, we forget the artist in the creator, and everything seems to stand out *alive*. Now, in Euripides one always sees, or thinks one sees (which is nearly the same thing in judging great works of art—we don't even 'seem to see' in the greatest) his self-consciousness at work, and this is destructive to the noblest kind of poetry. Still, I love Euripides—his pathos goes home to the heart in the most wonderful way, and really seems to warm his creations with human blood in their veins. Some things in his two Iphigenias will live in my memory as long as I live.

"I was deeply interested in all you said in your last letter but one, about your future. . . . I can fully feel with you in all your feelings, and glad *indeed* shall I be, if our friendship, begun when we were both so young, rises into the things of eternity as well as those of time, and if during the years we spend together at Oxford,

[1] Mr. Herbert Cowell, who went to Oxford before Cowell left and became a distinguished member of the Calcutta Bar. His mathematical genius descended to his eldest son, Mr. Philip Herbert Cowell, who was Senior Wrangler in 1892.

common faith comes to deepen our sympathies and extend them more and more to the things unseen. I sometimes, though very dubiously, think of what my future may be,—perhaps I may end my days in a little village rectory, and find there that real usefulness has more of happiness in it than all the dreams of the poets of a hundred lands. How little we know our future, and how well we may trust Him, who *does*. I often think of Ali's proverb, 'Perplex thyself not, with seeking after thy lot;—thy lot is seeking thee as fast as the years can bring it.' There is real valuable matter in this, if we hold it fast from sliding into blind aimless fatalism.

"I am very fond of Cicero's philosophical books, his orations I detest. One page of Demosthenes seems to me finer than all the flowery rhetoric of Cicero. In his philosophical books we get him at his best in every way,—very little of his vanity and not much of his rhetoric. . . ."

"October 25, 1850. . . . I will let you know when I come up to matriculate. I have been reading my favourite Acharnians very carefully this week; I have taken it in the course of my reading of Thucydides; when I get through to the third book I shall read the Knights. I have learned up all the words, making a list of them as I went on. I have only two things to ask you about, which will indeed show you I have been pretty careful or should hardly have observed them. . . . I hope you will send me all your difficulties in Hebrew. I shall enjoy being of any use to you there. I am so glad you have re-begun it. How goes on Anglo-Saxon? I have not forgotten my old promise about Beowulf. How the time seems to *thaw* between Bramford and Oxford—four months seemed solid ground—the short time *now* sometimes startles me when I think of my wants and deficiencies. However, I think I grow more hopeful."

A letter from his friend, George Kitchin, to recommend Cowell's going up to matriculate in the second week of November instead of the first, gave the reasons for this, and ended with some remarks which are so germane to the burning subject of this group of letters, and reciprocate so fully all Cowell's deepest feelings which the prospect of his going to Oxford had aroused that they naturally find a place here.

"Christ Church, Oxford, October 27th, 1850 . . . . I feel continually how much I shall rejoice in having you here in Oxford,

and I am particularly glad when I think how, though it seemed what circumstances had marked out, as with the hand of destiny, two very different courses of life for us, friendship has with a strength greater than that of circumstances, snapped the cord which sundered us, and has brought our paths in life together again. For I really feel that our friendship, and my Degree, were the only causes which could have certainly decided you to come to Oxford; and it is amongst the happiest thoughts which the Class Schools of June, 1850, bring to my mind, when I am tempted to think about them, that my labours were not merely crowned then with a temporary success; but did really affect my dearest friends as well.

"It is enough to re-establish one's faith in our humanity to think that the acts of one friend so powerfully affect the other. It is in marvellous ways that men's relations are intertwined even on this earth. And what are the mysteries of our connection with the souls of just men in the Triumphant Church, and with the Blessed Angels, and with the most Holy Spirit of God. We live not for ourselves, but for many others, not now, but for the future and for ever. May our friendship be lasting also, and built up in the sure faith of Jesus Christ.—I am, your's affectionately, G. W. K."

Edward FitzGerald was a frequent visitor at Cowell's Bramford home. He often stayed there several weeks at a time, and together they devoured Greek plays and Greek history. A portion of an interesting letter[1] from FitzGerald to Cowell, to which Mr. Aldis Wright gives the date [1848], shows well that he was still the recipient of FitzGerald's confidences in his Greek reading :—

"I do not know that I praised Xenophon's imagination in recording such things as Alcibiades at Lampsacus; all I meant to say was that the history was not dull which does recall such facts, if it be for the imagination of others to quicken them . . . As to Sophocles, I will not give up my old Titan. Is there not an infusion of Xenophon in Sophocles, as compared to Æschylus,—a dilution? . . . A dozen lines of Æschylus have a more Almighty power on me than all Sophocles' plays; though I would perhaps rather save Sophocles, as the consummation of Greek art, than Æschylus' twelve lines, if it came to a choice which must be lost."

[1] *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*, W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

Towards the end of this Bramford time, in 1849, Edward FitzGerald began with the help of Cowell to learn Spanish. In a letter to F. Tennyson in the following Summer, he tells us what progress he had made :—

"August 15/50. I have begun to nibble at Spanish : at their old Ballads : which are fine things—like *our*, or rather the North Country old Ballads. I have also bounced through a play of Calderon with the help of a friend [1]—a very fine play of its kind."

Cowell wrote several interesting articles during the Bramford period after his marriage, and the variety of the subjects shows the breadth of his work. The first appeared in January, 1848, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The subject was *The Heptameron of Marguerite de Valois*, a collection of stories in imitation of Boccaccio's far-famed work, possessing however some merits of its own. The stories are fascinating and are strung together much in the same way as in Boccaccio's *Decameron* and in Landor's delicious *Pentameron*, and their very names make these books attractive almost before one has read a line of them. Cowell gives the plan of the *Heptameron*, abbreviated from the long introduction, and finishes up with *the ninth novel of the second day*, which he thinks one of Margaret's most pathetic stories, and as it is short I will give it in full :—

"In the time of the Marquis of Mantua, who had espoused the sister of the Duke of Ferrara, there lived in the duchess's house a poor damsel named Pauline, who was so loved by one of the gentlemen of the marquis, that the fervour of his love astonished everybody, since being so poor, and such a pleasant companion, he ought to have sought for a wealthy bride, but it seemed to him that all the world's treasure lay in Pauline, and he should have all in having her. The marchioness, desiring that Pauline, by her favour, should get a richer husband, tried to prejudice her against him as much as she could, and continually hindered their speaking to each other, and remonstrated with them, saying that if they married, they would be the poorest and most miserable couple in Italy. But such reasons as this could not enter into the gentle-

[1] El Magico Prodigioso. The friend was Cowell. *More Letters of Edward FitzGerald.* Macmillan, 1901.

man's head. Pauline on her part dissembled her love as much as she could, but she thought of it not a whit the less often. This acquaintance continued a long while, with the hope that time might at length bring them some better fortune. It brought, however, a war, in which the gentleman was taken prisoner, together with a Frenchman, who was as much in love in France as he was in Italy. And when they found themselves companions in misfortune, they began to discover their secrets to each other: and the Frenchman confessed that his heart was as much a prisoner as his friend's; but he refused to name the spot. As, however, both were in the service of the Marquis of Mantua, the French gentleman soon discovered that his companion loved Pauline, and for the friendship that he bore to him he counselled him to drive it from his thoughts. This, however, the Italian affirmed to be beyond his power, and if the marquis would not give him his mistress as a recompense for his long and faithful service, he declared that he would become a cordelier, and would henceforth serve no other master but God. This his companion could not believe, as he saw no mark of religion in him at all, unless it were his love for Pauline.

"At the end of nine months the French gentleman was released, and by his good diligence he obtained his companion's liberation too, and he exerted all his efforts to persuade the marquis and marchioness to consent to Pauline's marriage. But they continued to remonstrate on the poverty of the match, and at length they forbade him to speak to her any more, in order that absence and impossibility might drive the fancy from his brain. When he saw that he must obey, he asked leave from the marchioness to say one adieu to Pauline, since he was never to speak to her again. This was granted, and forthwith he addressed her thus:—'Since, Pauline, heaven and earth are against us not only to hinder us from marrying together, but (which is still worse) to deprive us of seeing or speaking to each other, and our master and mistress have given us such strict injunctions respecting this, they may with good reason boast that with one word they have wounded two hearts, whose bodies henceforth can do nought but languish, and thereby they prove that pity or love never entered their bosoms. Well, I know that their aim is to marry us into some wealthy connections, for they know not that the true riches lie in content; but they have done me such evil and wrong that I can never serve them any more. I believe that if I had never spoken of marriage, they would not have been so scrupulous about preventing our intercourse; but I assure you that I would rather die than ever sully the pure love with which I have wooed

you. And since I cannot endure this if I see you; and if I see you not, my heart (which cannot continue empty) is filled with despair, which would lead to some unhappy end, I am resolved to devote myself to religion; not that I am ignorant that men can be saved in all estates and conditions, but that I may have more leisure to contemplate the divine goodness, which I trust will pardon the faults of my youth, and change my heart to love spiritual things as I once loved temporal. And if God vouchsafes to me to attain this heavenly knowledge, my labour shall be incessantly employed in praying to God for you. And I entreat, too, that you, in consideration of the firm and loyal love which has been between us both, will make mention of me in your orisons, and pray to our Lord that He will give me as much constancy when I see you not, as He hath given me content while I saw you. And since I may never hope to kiss you as a husband, let me at least give you one last kiss as a brother.' Poor Pauline, who had always been very guarded towards him, seeing him now in the extremity of sorrow, and considering the reasonableness of the request, flung her arms round his neck, and wept with such bitterness and earnestness, that words, feeling, and strength all failed her, and she fell fainting in his arms; and pity for her sorrow, combined with his love and sadness, made him to do the like, until one of her companions thus seeing them fall, called for help, and by dint of remedies restored them to themselves. Then Pauline, who had desired to dissemble her affection, was covered with confusion to see how she had betrayed her feelings; but pity for her poor lover partially served as an excuse. But he, not bearing to say that word 'adieu,' for ever, rushed away, with his heart and teeth so compressed that, on entering into his room, he fell upon his bed like a lifeless corpse, and passed the night in such piteous lamentations that the servants supposed that he had lost all his friends and relations and all that he could esteem precious on the earth. In the morning he commended himself to our Saviour, and divided his few possessions among his servants; and then, taking with him a small sum of money, he told them not to follow him, and went alone to the monastery to demand the proper dress, and resolved that he would never wear any other. The prior, who had seen him at other times, at first thought it was a jest, for nowhere in the country was there a gentleman who smacked less of the cordelier, since he possessed all the good graces and virtues that could be desired in a chevalier. But after that he had heard his speech, and seen the tears running down his face in streams (knowing not from whence the spring arose), he received him kindly. And soon afterwards, seeing that

he persevered, he gave him the proper dress, which he took with great devotion. And the marquis and marchioness were informed of this, and at first could hardly believe it. Pauline, to disguise her love, dissembled her regret as much as she could, so that everybody said that she had soon forgotten her loyal follower's great affection; and thus five or six months passed without her making any other show.

"At length she was one day shown a song which her old lover had composed soon after he took the cordelier's dress, and when she had read it through, being alone in a chapel, she began to weep so bitterly that she made the paper wet with her tears; and had it not been for the fear of showing her affection more than became her, she would have gone immediately into some hermitage without ever again seeing any creature in the world; but her prudence constrained her to dissemble for a while, and although she had made a resolution to leave the world entirely, yet she still feigned the contrary, and she changed her countenance so often, that when she was in company she was utterly different to herself. And she carried this resolution in her heart five or six months, appearing even more joyous than usual, until one day she went with her mistress to church to hear high mass, and as the priest, deacon, and sub-deacon came out of the vestry to go to the great altar, her poor lover, who had not quite finished his year of probation, served as acolyte, and bearing the two *canettes* in his hands covered with silk cloth, came first with his eyes fixed on the ground. And when Pauline beheld him in this dress, whereby his beauty and grace were rather augmented than diminished, she was so astonished and troubled that, to conceal the cause of her changing colour, she began to cough. Her poor lover, who knew the sound of her cough even better than that of his monastery's bells, durst not turn his head, but as he passed before her, he could not keep his eyes from following that path which they had so often traversed. And as he looked piteously on Pauline he was seized with such a heat that he felt almost dead, and while he tried to conceal it, he fell down at her feet. The fear, however, which he had lest the true cause should be known, made him pretend that the pavement of the church had occasioned his fall, which in truth did happen to be somewhat uneven in that spot.

"And when Pauline knew that the change of his dress had not changed his heart, and that it was now so long since his entering the monastery that everybody thought she had forgotten him, she resolved to put into execution her long-cherished desire, that the end of their friendship should be alike in habit, form, and manner of life, as they had once lived in one house under the same master

and mistress. And as she had already four months before arranged all that was necessary for her entering a convent, one morning she asked leave of the marchioness to hear mass at Saint Claire, which she granted immediately, as she knew not the object of the request; and as Pauline passed by the cordeliers, she asked the porter to call her old lover to her, though she mentioned him only as her relation. And when she saw him in a chapel alone, she said: 'If my honour had permitted me as soon as you, I should have taken the veil long ago, and not have waited till now; but having destroyed by my patience the suspicions of those who would rather judge ill than well, I am resolved now to adopt the manner of life and dress that you have done without any further inquiry. And if it be well with you I shall share it with you; and if it be ill with you, I would not be exempt: for by what path you enter into Paradise, by that would I wish to follow; since I am sure that He who is alone the true, perfect, and worthy love, has drawn us to His service by our mutual and honourable love, which He will turn by His Holy Spirit entirely to Himself; and I pray that we may both forget the old body which perishes and is born from Adam, to receive and be re-clothed with that of our heavenly bridegroom.' Her lover was so glad and overjoyed to hear her pious will that he wept for gladness; and he fortified his heart as well as he could, telling her that since he could never have aught of her in this world except her voice, he esteemed himself most happy in that he lived in a place where he could always see her again, and where they should always be the holier for the sight, living as they did a life of love, with one heart and soul drawn and led by the goodness of God, Who they prayed would ever hold them in that hand where none can perish. And as he said this, and wept for love and joy, he kissed her hands; but she bent her face down to her hand, and they gave each other a kiss of holy love. And Pauline then departed, and entered into a convent of Saint Claire, where she met with a kind welcome, and took the veil. She afterwards sent word about it to the marchioness, who was much astonished, and went next day to the convent to try and turn her from her purpose. But Pauline made answer to her, that though she had had power to deprive her of an earthly husband, she must rest contented with that and not seek to part her from Him Who is immortal and invisible, for indeed it was not in her power, nor in any creature's in the world. The marchioness beholding her resolution, then kissed her and left her with great regret. And Pauline and her lover lived so devoutly and holily there, that we ought not to doubt that He, the end of whose law is charity, said to them at the close of their

lives, as He said of old to Magdalene, that their sins were forgiven them, for they had loved much, and that He received them into that world where the reward passes the merits of man."

In April of the same year there was another article by Cowell in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *An Hour with Athenæus*, an author to whom he was evidently much devoted. In it he compared the picture, that vista into past years, which Athenæus gives, to a view from the window of a room in which the passing life of the city's street was visible. The busy din of life seemed to wake again as in Tennyson's *Day-dream* from the sleep of centuries. He thought that the work of Athenæus stood alone in its class, and that there was no book in the world which resembled it. In it the reader can trace the exact lineaments of the author, and in every page his excellences and his defects blend in most singular confusion. He delights in recording some of the stories and legends which are interwoven with the subject-matter, though often the thread of connection is somewhat slight. But especially does he revel in the more original chapters, where Athenæus kindles into poetry as he relates old traditions or customs. Amongst these Cowell mentions some beautiful remarks at the close of the eighth book on the ancient customs of libations during feasts.

Again in July and August of the same year, Cowell contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a delightful article on *The Mesnavi of Jelaleddin Rumi*. Whilst Thomas Aquinas was twisting his syllogisms he little dreamed that "a far greater genius was teaching a far nobler philosophy in the East, building his lessons upon no cunning logic, or dexterous sophism, but on the eternal laws of the universal as enounced in the human heart, or as Rabelais calls it, 'dans l'autre petit monde, qui est l'homme.' This unknown contemporary was *Jelaleddin of Balkh in Khorassan*. On the strength of this article, Edward FitzGerald was for many years constantly urging Cowell to produce a complete translation of the *Mesnavi*, the great work of this poet. Some of the extracts from FitzGerald's

letter that will be given later on will show this, and one can only regret that time was never found for carrying out this reiterated suggestion. Jelaleddin's poetry is full of beauty, and it is full of deep thoughts. Cowell says of him :—

"As life's sun set on Jelaleddin it rose on Dante, and the incident is not without significance. He was the last great thinker of Asia, the lineal descendant of those ancient Brahmins who thought so deeply in the old centuries, before Alexander's invasion paved a little footpath for history into the unknown recesses of Hindustan. The dawn of European civilisation was breaking, while twilight was setting over Asia, and Dante's voice, like the cry of the dervish from the minaret, woke the sleeping hum of thought and life among the nations to grow only louder and louder, we will hope throughout the whole of Europe's eventful *day*!"

"The work consists of six long cantos or defters, and each of them contains its quota of stories, and of course its corresponding amount of digressions and comments. Hundreds of fine thoughts lie scattered everywhere in each, with a profusion which none but master minds can afford, and he often flings away an idea in a casual line which a more economical writer would have expanded into a page. The stories themselves are probably derived from all sources, but his manner of treating them is always his own."

From the translations I will select three short ones as good examples of the rest :—

"Here is a legend, a tradition of some Mohammedan saint :—

'Early one morning he made his ablutions,
And he washed his face and hands in the cool water ;
Next he washed his feet, and then sought for his boot,
But a robber, which he knew not of, was near.
The holy man stretched out his hand to seize it,
When an eagle suddenly caught it from his grasp,
And bore it up like the wind into the air,
And out of it, lo ! there fell a snake to the ground !
Yea, a black snake fell from the boot ;
And thus the good eagle saved the holy seer,
And he brought it back when the danger was o'er,
And Mustaphi bowed his head and turned to prayer.'

"Here is a 'winged word' of his on freewill and necessity :—

'In a thousand things where thy love exercised its will
Thou hast felt the reality of thine own power.
In a thousand things where thy will had no part
Thou hast felt under a secret necessity from God.
The saints have their necessity in this life,
While the infidels have their necessity in the life to come ;
The saints have their free will laid up for them in eternity,
While the infidels have their free will in this present world of time.'

"Jelaleddin had the Platonic reverence for dreams, and he often expresses his awe at the thought of *night*, that mysterious shadow which falls on the earth as if daily to remind it of its end, just as the sleep which it brings to man is a mnemonic of his own mortality. Thus in the opening of one of his chapters he exclaims :—

'Every night, oh Sleep, from the net of the body
Thou releasest our souls, and drawest pictures before them ;
Every night thou releasest them from their cage,
And settest them free, with no master or slave.
At night the prisoners forget their prisons ;
At night the Sultan forgets his royalty,
No sorrow, no care, no profit, no loss,
And no thought or fear of *this* man or *that*.'"

No detached extracts, however, can give any adequate idea of the book, or of the manner in which narrative and moral are blended. I should like to give one of the mystical stories, but they are all too long.

In September, 1848, the *Gentleman's Magazine* had an article on *Xenophon of Ephesus*. He mentions as the more celebrated of the Greek romancists, Heliodorus, Achilles Tatius, Longus, Charito, and Xenophon, and tells us that with the exception of Longus, he prefers Xenophon, who wrote some 400 years before Christ, for his simplicity of style and his genuine pathos. He has translated one of his best stories, and gives it partly abbreviated by himself, but often in the words of the author, and it is worth transcribing here, though it is somewhat long :—

"Habrocomes, the hero, is the only son of Lycomedes, a rich citizen of Ephesus, and he is brought up in all the accomplish-

ments of Grecian education, and the following is the account of his first meeting with Anthia :—

"About this time a customary procession took place in honour of Diana from the city to the temple, which is about seven stadia distant, and all the maidens of the country had to go in the procession clad in the richest dresses, and all the youths likewise who were of the same age as Habrocomes. And a great multitude thronged to the spectacle both of residents and strangers, for it was an old custom at this festival for husbands to be found for the maidens and wives for the youths. And those who formed the procession went in their ranks; first went the sacrifices, and torches, and baskets, and incense; next followed horses, and dogs, and hunting weapons, some in truth seeming warlike, but the most belonging only to peace. And each of the maidens was dressed as for a lover, and Anthia, the daughter of Megamedes and Evippe, both natives of the country, led the band. Wonderful in truth was her beauty, and it surpassed that of all her companions. She seemed just fourteen and her form was in its bloom and her dress and ornaments all contributed to her beauty. Her golden hair was partly braided, but most of it was let loose for the winds to blow it at their will, and her bright eyes had all the fire of youth with all a maiden's timidity; her garments were purple, girt tight down to the knee, and a fawn's skin was thrown over her, while a quiver hung on her shoulder, with arrows and a bow, and hunting dogs followed behind her. Often times when the Ephesians had seen her at the temple they bowed to her as Diana; and now when they saw her the multitude shouted, and divers were the voices of the spectators, some in their wonder exclaiming that it was the goddess herself, others that it was some one in her form, and all bowed to her and paid their homage, and called her parents happy, and the general talk of the spectators was of 'Anthia the fair!' And after the procession of maidens was past, no one spoke of aught but Anthia; but when Habrocomes came up with the youths, forthwith, although the spectacle of the maidens had been fair, it was forgotten in the presence of Habrocomes, and all turned their eyes upon him, and all shouted with one voice, 'Habrocomes the fair!' And some even went so far as to say what a marriage there might be made of the two, and ere long each heard the fame of the other, and Anthia desired to see Habrocomes, and the cold Habrocomes now wished to see Anthia.

"And when the procession was over and all the multitude came to sacrifice in the temple, and when now the procession's order was broken, and men and women and youths and maidens

were together, then indeed they see each other, and Habrocomes stood fascinated by her countenance and seemed unable to draw his eyes from off her; and Anthia likewise was caught, and she gazed on him with open eyes, and she would have even spoken if he could have heard. And after the sacrifice was completed they went away in sorrow of heart, and they blamed the haste of the departure, and often did they turn back and look on each other, and all kinds of excuses did they make for the delay.

"We have slightly condensed the above, but surely there is a gentle vein of feeling running through it which bespeaks a kindly nature in the writer. Perhaps it was but an imitative feeling, and derived from the pastorals and love-songs of older times, rather than from real knowledge of the human heart; but this almost takes the place of originality in such times of national calamity and poverty of thought as the later days of the Roman Empire. Everything had then grown hollow and false; the Greek and Roman nationality had utterly vanished, though the languages in which they once spoke still survived, and indeed, as respects the former, many a sophist boasted of writing the language of Pericles in almost more than its pristine purity. But though the words yet remained, obedient to the old rules of syntax and prosody, the spirit which breathed them forth was no longer on the earth, and they only lingered like bright icicle ornaments round the human heart, which lay frozen in a winter dearth of all that was great or glorious, and waiting in a mournful torpor for some future spring to recall it to warmth and vitality.

"But we return to our author. The lovers returned to their respective homes, and remained for some time without seeing each other, and both through anxiety and care began to lose the bright looks which had once characterised them. At length their parents respectively consult the oracle of Apollo at Colophon, and the god reveals the cause of their alarm, and orders the marriage of their children to be solemnised without delay, after which they were to set out on their travels, where they were to meet with many adventures and perils, but a happier portion was promised them at the end. The lovers are forthwith united and preparations are made for their journey with all speed.

"Egypt was the place fixed for their destination, and when the day for their departure arrived, and the ship was about to sail, the whole city of Ephesus accompanied them to the port. . . . And now arose the noise of the sailors, and the cables were loosed and the pilot took his station and the ship began to move; and a mingled cry came from those on the shore and those in the ship, the former exclaiming, 'O children, when shall your parents see

you again?' and the others replying, 'O parents, and when shall we also, your children?' And tears arose and wailing, and each called his relative by name, leaving their names as a kind or memorial behind them. And Megamedes taking a cup offered a libation and prayed, so that those who were in the ship heard his voice, 'O my children, may ye prosper and escape the sad predictions of the oracle, and may the Ephesians welcome your safe return, and may ye revisit your own land again in peace, but if aught else should happen unto you be well assured that we shall not survive you; but we send you forth on your sorrowful but fated journey.' And while he yet spoke the tears stopped his utterance; and they all returned unto the city, surrounded by their friends, who endeavoured to console them.

"Habrocomes and Anthia then proceed on their voyage and touch at Samos, where they sacrifice at the temple of Juno; they next arrive at Cos and Cnidos and Rhodes; at the latter place they stop several days and set up a votive offering in the temple of the Sun, with an inscription in verse. They then renew their voyage, 'and at first the wind was fair, and that day and the following night they sailed pleasantly over the Egyptian sea; but on the second day it ceased, and a calm came on and the vessel lay motionless, and the sailors grew idle and drunken, and now their sorrows began! And Habrocomes dreamed that there stood over him a woman of more than mortal size, and with an awful countenance, and wearing a purple robe; and it seemed that she set the ship on fire, and that the crew all perished, and only he and Anthia were saved. And when he saw this he woke in alarm, and the dream filled him with an evil presentiment, and the presentiment was indeed fulfilled.

"'Now some Phœnician pirates in a great trireme had happened to lie at anchor near them in the harbour at Rhodes, and they lay there as if they were merchants, and these learned that the ship was full of gold and silver; and they resolved to capture it, and kill all those who resisted, and lead the rest away captive to Phœnice, and sell them there as slaves. Having thus determined, at first they sailed quietly, only taking care to keep close to them; but at last, one day at noon, when the sailors were all scattered about the ship in indolence and drunkenness, and some were sleeping, and others were lying idly about the deck, the pirates suddenly made their attack.'

"Of course the vessel is immediately taken, and all on board were either killed or captured, and Anthia and Habrocomes among the rest. On arriving at Phœnice, where the pirates had their chief station, the leader of the whole band, Apoyetus, takes them

both, with their two attendants, Leucon and Rhode, as his own prize, while the remainder of the booty is divided among the company; and he takes them to his own house, intending to sell them when a rich purchaser appeared. In the meantime, his daughter, Manto, falls in love with Habrocomes, and uses every effort to win his heart, but finding all her attempts fail, love turns to anger, and, like Phædra in the Greek legend, or Zuleika in the Persian, she accuses him to her father, who in sudden passion throws him into a dungeon. While he is thus imprisoned, Manto is married to a Syrian, and Anthia and the two attendants are given to her by her father as a wedding present; and thus the husband and wife are parted.

"We cannot follow the hero and heroine in the numerous adventures which now befell them, and separated them even further from each other; but Xenophon displays no little art in filling his story with a busy, but by no means uninteresting succession of events. His heroine glides gently through them all, like a sunbeam through a cloud; and our sympathy follows all her wanderings. By turns she falls into the hands of robbers and slave-dealers, and kind and cruel masters; and at one time she is on the point of marriage with Perilaus, the irenarch of Cilicia, from which she only escapes by swallowing what she supposed to be poison, but which happily was only a sleeping potion similar to that which Friar Laurence gives to Juliet. At another time she narrowly escapes being offered up as a sacrifice; but, notwithstanding all her trials and temptations, her heart remains devoted to her husband, and her faith is never broken for a moment. Habrocomes also goes through a similar round of adventures, but as he soon effects his escape from captivity, they chiefly occur to him in his lone wanderings after Anthia. At last he forms a friendship with a robber chieftain named Hippothous, to whom he mainly owes his final success. The two friends are in the course of the story separated, but Hippothous carries his friend's memory with him, and at last one day he discovers Anthia in the person of a slave girl whom he has purchased in an Italian market, and then they both set out to search for Habrocomes. The remainder of the story is so full of gentle pathos and truth to nature that we present a translation of the concluding chapters entire.

"'Habrocomes thus worked for some time in his hard labour at Nucerium, but at last, being unable to bear it any longer, he resolved to embark on board a vessel and sail for Ephesus, and having met with a ship bound thither, he set sail for Sicily, resolving from thence to go to Crete, Cyprus, and Rhodes, and thence to Ephesus, and he hoped, too, in the course of the voyage

to learn something of Anthia. Having put his little property on board he set sail, and coming first to Sicily, he finds that his old friend Ægialeus is dead, and having offered libations on his grave, he once more sets sail, and having passed Crete he arrives at Cyprus, where he offers his prayers to the Cyprian goddess, and thence sets sail for Rhodes, where he disembarks once more and takes up his abode near the harbour. And being now so near to Ephesus, there came over his soul a sad rush of sorrows and cares, and he exclaimed to himself, "I shall come to Ephesus alone, and be seen there with no Anthia by my side, and in utter woe shall I sail my empty voyage, and my story will perhaps gain no credence when she who should be my companion is not there to confirm it; still will I persevere and go to Ephesus, and raise a tomb to Anthia, and I will bring my tears and libations there till I rejoin her in the grave." Thus musing, he wandered forlorn about the city, in distress of body for his want of provisions, but in far worse distress of mind for want of his Anthia. Now, it happened that Leucon and Rhode (their former attendants, who had escaped from Phœnice and settled at Rhodes) had set up an anathem in the temple of the Sun, near the golden armour which their master and mistress had set up when they first commenced their voyage; and they had put there a pillar whereon was written in letters of gold concerning Habrocomes and Anthia, and they had written also their own names below. And Habrocomes casts his eyes upon this pillar as he came to offer his prayers to the god. Having read the inscription and recognised his old servants' fidelity, and having seen, too, the golden armour close by, he burst into tears, and he sat down beneath the pillar and wept there. And while he was weeping, Leucon and Rhode came into the temple to pray, as their wont was, and they see Habrocomes sitting by the pillar and looking at the armour, but they recognise him not, and only marvel that a stranger should thus linger by another's offerings. At last Leucon addressed him, and asked him why he felt such an interest in things which so little concerned him, and Habrocomes replied, "These are the offerings of old servants of mine, Leucon and Rhode, and would that I could see them once more with my Anthia." On hearing this, Leucon at first stood speechless with astonishment, but soon recovering himself, he recognised his old master, and immediately he and Rhode threw themselves at his feet and relate their history, and they then conducted him to their house, and took all care of him, and bade him be of good cheer; but nothing could supply Anthia's loss to him, and everything only reminded him of her more.

"'But while he thus abode in Rhodes with them, in doubt as to what he should do, Hippothous in the meantime resolved to bring Anthia from Italy to Ephesus, that he might give her back to her parents, and perhaps learn there something of Habrocomes; and having put all his property on board a large Ephesian vessel, he set sail with Anthia, and having had a pleasant voyage, after a few days arrived at Rhodes while it was yet night, and there lodged with an aged woman named Althæa, whose house was near the shore, and he puts Anthia under her care, and stays there that night, and on the morrow they were preparing to renew their voyage, but they delayed for the sake of a festival which the whole Rhodian people held in honour of the Sun, and where there was a procession and sacrifice, and a great concourse of citizens. Thither, too, came Leucon and Rhode, not so much for the sake of joining in the festival as in the hopes of learning some tidings of Anthia. Hippothous also came to the temple with Anthia, and as she looked at the votive offerings and remembered the days gone by, she could not refrain from exclaiming to herself, "Oh thou great Sun, who seest all mankind, once I came here in joy and prayed in this temple, and sacrificed unto thee with Habrocomes, and I was called happy; but now I come a slave instead of a free woman, and woful instead of joyous, and I am returning to Ephesus, alas! without my Habrocomes!" As she thought of these things she wept, and she entreated Hippothous to let her cut off some of her hair and offer it to the Sun, and at the same time pray for her husband. Hippothous consents; and having therefore cut off several of her tresses and watched her opportunity when the crowd were gone, she hangs them up and writes beneath, "*Anthia offers her hair unto the god on behalf of her husband Habrocomes.*" Having done this, and prayed, she went away with Hippothous.

"'Soon afterwards, Leucon and Rhode, having accompanied the procession, come to the temple and observe the offering, and recognise their mistress's name, and salute the hair and weep at the sight of it as if it were Anthia herself; and at last they wander about, if by chance they may happen to find her. And now, too, many of the Rhodians began to recognise the name and call to mind the former visit and offering; but all that day they found no trace of her, and Leucon and Rhode returned to their homes and told Habrocomes of the strange occurrence in the temple; and he was full of doubts and misgivings, but hope nevertheless carried the day in his heart. The next morning Anthia came once more to the temple with Hippothous, as the wind was not fair for their voyage, and she sat again beneath the

offerings and wept and sobbed; and while she sat there, Leucon and Rhode entered, having left Habrocomes in sad spirits at home, and immediately they see Anthia, and ere long they recognise her, and fall at her feet in silence; and she sat gazing in wonder, for she dare not indulge the hope that they were really her old attendants. After a brief pause they addressed her by name, and they tell her that Habrocomes is safe; and Anthia on hearing their words could hardly endure the shock, and she sprang up, and fell on their necks, and kissed them, and learned all about her husband.

"'She instantly accompanies them to their house, but the glad news had flown before them, and ere they had proceeded half way Habrocomes comes running to meet them. Our readers may picture the joy which ensues in all hearts, and the shouts of the Rhodians follow the glad party to their home.

"'And when it was day, they embarked in the ship, having put all that they had on board, and they set sail, the whole people of Rhodes having accompanied them to the shore; and with them went Hippothous and his friend Cleisthenes, and in a few days they accomplished their voyage and anchored at Ephesus; and the whole city had heard the tidings of their coming; and when they disembarked, they proceeded at once, just as they were, to the temple of Diana, and offered their praises and sacrifices, and they set up their votive tablets; and after this they go up to the city, where they learn that their parents had died in their absence; and they build great tombs to their memory; and there they abode the rest of their days, making their lives one happy festival; and Leucon and Rhode shared all their good fortune.'"

Cowell's second article in the *Westminster Review* before alluded to appeared in October, 1848. It was on *Indian Epic Poetry*, and must not be passed over without notice, as it marked the progress that he had already made in the study of Sanskrit, or as it was still called in this article *Sanscrit*. His opening remarks will show the view he took of a language and literature of which he was later to become so great a master.

"India has however a literature of its own, in which the Greeks are as little thought of as she is in theirs; and the discovery of Sanscrit (for such it may be called) has opened an almost inexhaustible region for the scholar's investigation. In this ancient literature we have the growth of a language in all its stages of

development. In the Vedas, or sacred books, we have it in all its roughness and unpolished rudeness, abounding with archaisms and irregularities, which present strange resemblances with the old tongues of Europe; in the heroic poems of a succeeding age, we find it when it had undergone as little elaboration and improvement, for, as Emerson says, 'language is an edifice, to which every forcible individual contributes a stone'; and in the dramatic poems (some of which were contemporary with Augustus and Virgil), and in the later epics that followed, we have it in all that extreme elaboration which precedes decline, when the weapon by dint of over polish presents too keen and too fine an edge for the daily requirements of life. There is also in the dramas a continual intermixture of Prácrit, a dialect which sprung out of Sanscrit, just as Italian and Spanish grew out of Latin,—this being the language of the female characters, while Sanscrit is confined to the men.

"Now all this had been going on in that very period which we are apt to think served only to ripen Greece and Rome. While Greek was passing from the Homeric dialect to the Attic of Thucydides and Plato, and thence falling into balanced antitheses and sophistries; and while Latin was slowly escaping from its Oscan nurse, and shaping its sound from the *arvales fratres* to fit words to be set to the heroic music of Ermius, and passing from thence to the hands of Virgil, who added to it that grace which inevitably precedes and ushers in declining vigour; while all this was passing, India was witnessing the rise and decline of as noble a speech as these, with a literature entirely her own, exemplifying in itself all those changes which scholars love to trace in the classical languages of Europe."

He then describes how full the heroic poems were of long legends, introduced into them whenever there was the slightest opening for them, and making them perfect storehouses of inexhaustible mythic materials. There is great interest in his translations from some of the striking Indian Epics, but they are all too long for reproduction here.

In April, 1850, the *Westminster Review* printed an interesting article by Cowell on *Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions and Persian Ballads.* It was founded on a Review of the Royal Asiatic Society's papers on "The Persian Inscription at Behistan, deciphered and translated by Major H. C. Rawlinson." This Cowell looked upon

as one of the most valuable of the many discoveries of antiquity which our age has made. Although these inscriptions on the rocks of Behistun only just served to verify the little we knew conjecturally before, they were still deeply interesting as they were confirmatory beyond all question. They were also intensely interesting in relation to the more poetic accounts of history as enshrined in the epic ballads of India and others that have come down to us.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of June, 1850, is a translation of *Sávitri*, an historical poem from the Sanskrit. There are two heroic poems from the epic period of Sanskrit literature. The *Ramayana*, which is somewhat longer than the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* put together, is a great epic, the history of Rama; and the *Mahābhârata*, which is more gigantic still, but is a huge collection of minor poems rather than one epic in itself. Cowell tells us that,

"The author of the *Mahābhârata* is unknown, but he may have flourished about five or six centuries before our era. Vyáse, the name of the reputed author merely signifies 'arrangement.' He is probably only a symbolical personage, signifying that at some unknown period the poem was arranged into its present shape. It is not a little remarkable that Homer's name is susceptible of a similar interpretation (ὁμοῦ and ἄρω)"

The *Sávitri* is one of the marvellously beautiful legends of ancient India which the *Mahābhârata* contains. It is too long to reproduce, and a portion would give no idea of its beauty. Cowell says of it that,

"Unlike many of the other tales, the *Sávitri* speaks to all human hearts and not merely to those which beat under India's burning skies in the old centuries before Alexander's invasion; its interest springs from a root, planted deep in the soul of man, far removed from the surface-varieties of race and clime, down in the sacred depths of our nature, where, if anywhere, linger yet the last faint traces of the Divine since the Fall."

An article on *Hindú Drama* by Cowell appeared in October, 1850, written just before he went to Oxford.

Again the *Westminster Review* was the recipient of his thoughts. The books reviewed, and it is interesting to quote them, as showing the contemporary work that was going on, were *Vicramorvasi*, a Drama by Kalidása, edited for the use of students of the East India College by Monier Williams; and *Mahá-vîra-charita*, or *The History of Rama;* a Sanskrit play by Bhatta Bhavabhúti, edited by F. H. Tritten, member of the Asiatic Society of Paris. In this very interesting article Cowell begins by quoting the passage from Sir W. Jones, in which he describes the manner in which he discovered that the Hindús had not only an ancient epic, but also a dramatic literature. The publication of his translation of the *Sakuntalà of Kálidása* caused a great sensation in Europe. It was translated into several languages, and acknowledged on all hands to be a delightful poem, full of pastoral sweetness and simplicity.

"Professor Wilson, in his *Hindú Drama* (the second edition of which was published in London, 1835), gave admirable translations of six of the best remaining plays in prose and verse, with notices of all the others; and various translations and editions of separate plays have from time to time appeared on the Continent. The two works, however, at the head of this article, are the first specimens of the original text which have been published in England, and we trust they will be followed by others. England, in spite of her vast opportunities, has done least for Oriental literature of the learned nations of Europe; France and Germany have in every department (except lexicography, where Wilson stands unrivalled) left her far behind; and this reflection is truly humiliating, when one visits the Library of the East India House, and sees the stores of Oriental lore which lie on their shelves, unread and almost unknown. German scholars come over to London, and study the MSS. to correct their own editions; but hardly a solitary English scholar can be found to avail himself of the treasures which his countrymen have brought from the remote East almost to his very door."

Cowell did well to call attention to the long-standing neglect of the study of Oriental literature in this country, a reproach which the publication of Dr. Max Müller's *Rig-Veda* under the patronage of the East India Company did

something to remove. Cowell himself was destined in the next half-century to do much to promote and help forward an accurate study of Oriental literature, but the Government of a country with an Oriental population of more than 299 millions is still sadly wanting in any adequate appreciation of the importance of giving greater facilities for obtaining that sound knowledge of Oriental languages and literature, which is essential if we are to retain our Eastern power against countries that are more far-seeing in this respect than we are.

In the same article the writer goes on to point out many peculiarities of the Hindú drama, such as, for instance, a character much resembling the *Parasite* of the Greek and Roman comedy, or the *Gracioso* of the Spanish. Another peculiarity is the fact that while the heroes speak in Sanskrit,

> "The women use a different dialect in which Sanscrit appears softened down by a similar series of changes to those which have melted Latin into the modern Italian; and these dialectical varieties are more or less regular and euphonious according to the rank of the speaker; the domestics, both male and female, use dialects still more removed from the present Sanscrit."

These various dialects go by the name *Prákrit*, a word signifying "inferior." It is more than probable, Cowell tells us, that both Sanskrit and Prákrit were co-existent, as spoken languages, for some centuries after those changes had commenced in pronunciation and grammar which produced the later dialect.

The article then goes on to describe the earliest extant Hindú play, the *Mrichchhakati*, or, *Toy Cart*, and afterwards well shows the spirit of the Hindú drama by giving a translation of several scenes from the *Vicramorvasi*, which is the history of the love of King Pururavas and the nymph Urvasi, and is written partly in prose and partly in verse in five acts, a number which is somewhat fewer than the average.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD

1850—1856

MUCH of the success of Cowell's career was due to his wife. She was a clever woman, and in the early days of their marriage had the additional advantage of a mind more mature and experienced than her husband's. She was possessed too of a striking personality, a woman's tact, a warm, affectionate nature, a boundless sympathy, with learning and scholarship. With these qualifications she at once obtained a great influence over him and became to a great extent his guiding spirit, a power which he recognised and trusted to the end of her life. She was, indeed, his good angel, or, if we may adopt the words of Wordsworth :—

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a Spirit still, and bright
> With something of angelic light."

Besides the gifts that I have mentioned, she certainly had those of courage and determination, a wholesome spirit of ambition, and a desire for distinction for her husband, qualities which in him were somewhat deficient. She therefore supplied just the impetus and aim to which he was too often indifferent, and was thus in herself the complete realisation of the complement or *helpmeet* for her husband.

With this brief but indispensable appreciation of Mrs. Cowell, I must not omit to mention an important determining factor which had its due weight in originating in her a desire for an Oxford career for her husband.

The Rectory of Flowton, which Mr. Charlesworth held before he was appointed to St. Mildred's, was an Evangelical conservatory, watched over by the Thornton family, and the able and energetic wife whose qualities we have been enumerating had been naturally brought up and trained in accordance with the straightest views of "Evangelicalism," and from the time of their engagement her predominant wish had been that her husband should give up business, go to a University and take Holy Orders. Her husband was strongly imbued with similar views and a religious feeling which, under ordinary circumstances, would probably have led him to accept *con amore* such a career of usefulness. The circumstances, however, were not ordinary. Cowell had for some years taken the strongest interest in Oriental languages and history, and as he has himself told us, was wont to indulge in a dream of a professorship and work in India. So distinct and persistent an aspiration could not possibly be ignored, and as time went on his wife's desires were modified and the question of orders was left to later circumstances; but the determination that her husband should go to a University, and by preference to Oxford, gained strength from opposition. Only a very determined woman would have overcome the many difficulties in the way. It was no light thing, in fact by some it was held to be an act bordering on insanity for a married man to give up business and become an undergraduate when he was nearly twenty-five years of age. Cowell's good mother made no difficulty. She had full confidence in her son's ability and future distinction and kindly promised all necessary help in his Oxford expenditure; but it was his want of confidence in his own powers and the absence of any due recognition of them which postponed for some time a decision in the matter. The chief opposition came

from himself, so modest was his appreciation of his own capacity and chance of success.

Whilst this weighty matter was under consideration, Cowell's great friend, George Kitchin, achieved at Oxford the great success of a Double First Degree. We may well imagine that Mrs. Cowell made the most of this success. The presence of his great friend in Oxford had for some time been held up as not the least of its attractions, and now how much that friend had added to his power of attraction by taking such high honours! And were not similar honours to be obtained at Oxford by Cowell himself? Mrs. Cowell had not failed to secure the advocacy of Mr. Kitchin towards the decision she so much desired, and there are many of her letters to him still in existence which show the persistency with which she happily pressed forward her views. In one of these, dated July 15, 1850, she speaks of

"my *overjoyedness* at the way his mind seems turning more and more towards the fulfilment of my hopes for him. Certainly your success has had a most *wonderful* effect upon him! I believe *nothing* else and nothing less could have done! It combines so remarkably with many things in his past and present circumstances all tending to the same result."

In the same letter, speaking of Cowell's and her visit to Oxford at Commemoration time to see Mr. Kitchin take his Degree :—

"Nothing will *ever* efface from our minds the memory of that week at Oxford, even if it have no further consequences; you can hardly think what it was to us to be with you in *such* a *place* at *such* a *time*; especially to Edward, whose deep affections concentrate themselves so strongly upon the few on whom they *do* rest; but it does promise to have the most *important* influences upon our future life, for certainly Edward's mind is more and more settling into the wish to go to college."

The following extract of a letter of Mrs. Cowell's to Mr. George Kitchin, dated September 30th, shows that

her hopes with regard to her husband eventually taking orders were by no means extinct :—

"I know not how to write of your reply to me, still less of that to Edward, but you know enough of his reserve to read much of their effect in that admission of his to you in his last, which perfectly astonished me, as to what *he* too might *one* day be. Anything that touches upon *his* assuming orders has to do with thoughts which, as Wordsworth says, 'Lie too deep for tears.' Anything you can do towards bringing about such a consummation of his studies will, I am sure, be its own reward. He is having the hottest correspondence just now in Latin with E. F. G.,[1] and in Persian with Hocklein's Major, as E. F. G. calls him."

By this time it was nearly settled that Cowell should go to Oxford, as on October the 14th Mrs. Cowell writes :

"I am so *glad* you are advising Edward to read for honours in algebra. His talent for algebra is proving to be, as I always expected, just like his talent for all other things ; and his love for it also : it is the universality of genius."

On the 17th of the same month she writes :—

"I am enjoying a foretaste of the happiness of Oxford in having Edward at *home* now all day for one or two days in every week, and much *more* at home in almost every day, for Charles Henry is installed in the Counting House. He was rejoiced to have your letter this morning, and if he does not write to you in *this* I shall steal a fragment of an unfinished Latin letter to you and put it in. *How* I build upon the development of his great and *unknown* powers by 'concentration' at Oxford."

On the 28th of October Mrs. Cowell, in her letter to Mr. Kitchin, discusses the question of lodgings and the regret of leaving Bramford :—

"Meantime what I want to say is about the lodgings to be chosen there. For a long time I clung to this little Home (which we love so much) as a Home to *return* to, and was full of thoughts how to keep it *on*, and have it to return to in Long Vacations. I begin to feel more and more, however, it will be best to take to

[1] The well-known initials of Edward FitzGerald.

Oxford as our *Home;* that is for Edward's great powers the fitting career; Suffolk offers nothing in comparison. His dear mother, of course, I would think of before *all* things,—but then she can better and with more enjoyment come to us in Oxford than we to her here. We must 'burn the fleet,' therefore. *Many* articles of our furniture we must under *any* circumstances take to Oxford; some we love too much, some we *want* too much, to do without them."

A letter from Cowell to George Kitchin thanking him for "elucidation of my difficulties" commenced with the following sentence :—

"Bramford, Nov. 1, 1850. I can only send you a few lines, but just to say that in consequence of your letter we shall not come up till the week after next."

Elizabeth adds a postscript :—

"E. F. G. came yesterday, and they have done nothing but read *Euripides* aloud ever since. Have nearly gone through the *Medea*, they will finish it to-night. Meantime Edward is hard at work at algebra while E. F. G. is gone for a walk."

Eight days later the movement towards Oxford received a check, and Mrs. Cowell for a time was in despair, as will appear from the following sentences from a letter she wrote to George Kitchin on November 8th.

"Edward did *indeed* tell me about the lodgings and I have been impatient to write to you about them, for I was delighted to find they were in the very place I most wished, that pleasant part of the High Street,[1] the only part near enough to Magdalen Hall for Edward—but a heavy gloom has come over our bright prospects, some evil influences are persuading Edward to give up college altogether and trust to Oriental studies alone for a career —and the misery *is* it is all my own fault, so that I feel almost too ill and out of spirits to write at all, but am anxious to get your help immediately. First, however, about lodgings—it was very kind of you indeed to take the trouble of going and inquiring, and to make that charming little map,—which made me see quite clearly, though Edward, who always says he has no organ of

[1] No. 106 High Street, opposite Brasenose College.

locality, puzzled over it as if it had been a problem . . . . And now for my story of trouble, all through my own wretched fault! Edward has always told me not to talk of his going to Oxford, but the time drew so near, and it seemed so certain, that I asked him if I might send word by E. F. G. to Mr. Donne, who, being a great scholar, I thought would rejoice in it, feeling a kind interest for Edward. *Par malheur* he has taken up very strongly and impressed E. F. G. with it, the idea that all is done and given at Oxford by favour, &c., all Edward could hope for, and that he had far better try for something (of all *nonsense* to talk!) in the wretched Scotch or London Universities. This is never to be thought of . . . . But the mischief of it is that to prove their point they so *distort* College life, in the dreadfully long letters E. F. G. is rousing up his languid energies to send us, that Edward, who was just beginning, to my heartfelt thankfulness, to *rise* to the occasion, and really feel the fitness of his tastes and energies for the career before him, is now almost wholly turned back again, and ready to set off for Bury, as they want him to do, to talk with Mr. Donne,—and if he does that, I fear, but for God's help, the mischief will be *done*!—and that *I* should have done it! whose hope and dream has been his Oxford career! . . . But we must act, not weep,—as I feel as if I could hardly ever stop from doing. . . ."

The letter continues to great length with the object of imploring Mr. Kitchin to write, and pointing out the line of arguments most likely to counteract the opposition of E. F. G. and Mr. Donne. A few sentences, in which she bears tribute to the great powers of her husband, may well be transcribed :—

"No one but you and I know what they are; I doubt if *you* know his extraordinary powers of *application*; the *intensity* he is capable of putting forth for the *mere pleasure* of putting it forth is not to be described,—I never read nor heard nor dreamed of application like it; he has literally to *tear* himself from his books at night! Such a man *ought* to have the *at all* events *chance* of what the advantages of a University may do for him, the unknown *power* its discipline may elicit; you and I can see this,—but it is no use saying so to him,—he does not think he is above other men! . . .

"This is taking up your time with a sadly long and very sad letter, but you love Edward too much not to share my

anxiety. Your own judgment will know best what to do and what to say to him; I should say a long affectionate letter appealing more to his heart than his head was best. But indeed I hardly know. E. F. G. may write again, or very probably return here in a day or two. I wrote to try and stop his writing, or using such influence, but *quite* in vain; it only brought on fresh arguments."

There is no doubt that Edward FitzGerald became strongly opposed to Cowell's giving up his Bramford home and entering upon an unknown career, and that the arguments of E. F. G. and Mr. Donne together brought about a return of Cowell's serious misgivings with regard to the step. The letter which his friend George Kitchin wrote at Mrs. Cowell's instigation is not forthcoming, but it evidently had the desired effect and produced the following letter from Cowell in response :—

"Bramford, Nov. 11, 1850 . . . . I was much pleased to have your letter this morning, and feel fully the force of what you say. I do really trust to be with you on Wednesday night to matriculate,—it is a great step and makes me draw my breath in.

"I am *very* busy to-day, but not, I am sorry to say, about Latin composition. I believe a Sanscrit translation of mine is going to be published. At least, a publisher wrote to me for one,—I had one done and I am now finally correcting it for him, so that I really must not say any more, though I could have said *much* about your letter which I cared about very much."

Mrs. Cowell began on the flyleaf of Cowell's a letter which ran on to another sheet and a half. The following extracts from it speak for themselves :—

"I am most *thankful* to you for your letter, and for the promptness with which you acted, which was almost as important as the writing; for E. F. G. and Mr. Donne are now daily expecting to hear from or see Edward at Bury, and pressing his going over there to *argue* the *point* with them, and I have been *just* able, day by day (*Sanscrit* and *I* have, as he is intensely hard at work), to persuade him *not* to go or write. It was beyond measure important that your letter should arrive before another letter from E. F. G. came, or what would be worse, himself, for

he was to come to us on his return. It was of great importance, too, *that* part of your letter about the Professorships not being given by *favour* at Oxford; you knew indeed *exactly* how to write, *ill* as I had been able to tell you what was wanted. Edward asks if I have fairly represented E. F. G. and Mr. Donne to you,—perhaps not, but you would *see* that they only meant kindly, and were acting according to their *own* view like true friends, and are both really men of the highest principle, as far as a *man* can be, who doubts if Scripture be altogether the highest guide,—and also men of fine taste and real scholarship; but they are men *totally* incapable of appreciating Edward's higher qualities, or your and my views for him. . . .

"But, dear George, we must not look upon this *anxious* battle as won *yet*; a *great* deal depends upon this visit itself; the fact is his *passion* is Sanscrit—and such *wonderful* lights upon philology and past history *do* unfold themselves from the study of that *wonderful* language, that I cannot but look upon it as one of the richest and most *fertile* paths a scholar could choose, especially with Edward's wonderful facility of acquisition. Mr. Rigaud[1] (who is very intimate with the Macbrides,[2]) tells us, laughing, how in the examination for the Sanscrit Scholarship the great business is the reading the lesson, just *spelling* it out!—now Edward, self-taught, is in Sanscrit, where a man reading Sophocles is in Greek. I gather my ideas from what I hear from him; and the Translation he is now about to publish, and which is *splendidly* done, and will, I do believe, be what Oxford will think *no* discredit, is of a very difficult and beautiful drama; his last article in the *Foreign Quarterly* has made a great impression: the reason I am troubling you with *all this* is because it *tells* upon what is to be done if possible. If I thought he must *abandon* Sanscrit for Oxford, *I* should almost think, like E. F. G., he had better cling to it and let Oxford go; it is too deep in his heart to be torn thence, and too noble and fruitful a study; but I cannot but believe that a rising Sanscrit scholar like Edward would be *welcomed* to Oxford, and sanction and encouragement given to his pursuits there, provided, of course, they allowed his giving proper attention to others. . . .

"We *must* take into our calculations this passionate devotion to a certainly not unworthy study, so alarmingly too, as it has just shown its power. We must look the thing in the *face*, and see if it would not tell in our *favour* if the whole truth were known.

[1] Dr. Rigaud was the Head Master of the Ipswich School, afterwards Bishop of Antigua.

[2] Dr. Macbride was the Principal of Magdalen Hall at Oxford and Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic.

Edward hears of *the great want* of some real *instruction* in Sanscrit, for any man who really, through any Indian appointment, &c., *does* want to learn it; then, on the other hand, the progress of Sanscrit research *is* one of the great objects of the Age; I *must* believe that learned men at Oxford would meet and *welcome* thither a Sanscrit scholar did they know about his coming; you *know* how much *sympathy* in these studies is to Edward; *five words* of real sympathy in his love for Sanscrit or Arabic would do more than all E. F. G.'s arguing. . . .

"Oh! you *have* done such *good*!!!"

Cowell went up to Oxford on November 13, and matriculated on the following day. George Kitchin promised to spend part of the Christmas Vacation at Bramford before the home there was broken up, and Cowell wrote thus to him:—

"Ipswich, Dec. 28, 1850. I had been expecting to hear from you, and was therefore very glad when your letter really came. We shall be right glad to welcome you when you come, albeit your time of coming is delayed 'point after point till on to' almost the end of the vacation. Thank you for the list of books. They *all* tempt me, an I could, I should like to have to read them all up. It isn't the reading part of any examination—but the shadow of composition does hang darkly sometimes! I think that I shall stick to my Alcestis and Hippolytus and Epistles (or Satires) and De Arte Poetica. I don't try Euclid—Algebra I have already worked up pretty thoroughly to the end of Quadratics, which will carry me comfortably through the quantity required for the Little Go. I suppose that I couldn't go in for it in February, which is the date fixed in your paper. I want to have my Little Go over and set to work bravely and earnestly for No. 2."

On December 31, 1850, in a letter written from Boulge to F. Tennyson,[1] Edward FitzGerald says of the move to Oxford:—

"The delightful lady . . . . is going to leave this neighbourhood and carry her young husband to Oxford, there to get him

[1] *Letters of Edward FitzGerald*, 2 vols. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

some Oriental Professorship one day. He is a delightful fellow, and *I* say, will, if he live, be the best scholar in England. Not that I think Oxford will be so helpful to his studies as his counting house at Ipswich was. However, being married, he cannot, at all events, become Fellow, and as so many do, dissolve all the promise of scholarship in sloth, gluttony and sham Dignity. I shall miss them both more than I can say, and must take to Lucretius! to comfort me. . . . I have not seen anyone you know since I last wrote, nor heard from anyone except dear old Spedding, who really came down and spent two days with us, me and that scholar and his wife in their village,[1] in their delightful little house, in their pleasant fields by the river side."

Cowell's own letters to George Kitchin during this period were mostly written during vacation time. But they are of value as showing his aims and thoughts and happy life, apart from the routine of work at College during his Oxford Terms.

"Bread Street, Cheapside, July 31, 1851. I was very pleased to have your letter—it was forwarded to us here from Oxford, which we left a few days after you did. We have been making a stay in London, at Bread Street, and are going off to Ipswich to-morrow. I shall make more of a holiday when I get to Suffolk, though in sooth I have not worked myself very hard *here*. I have been copying in the East India House in the mornings, and I have generally done some trigonometry during the day. Conic sections I have done a little in, but only as far as about co-ordinates. I can now understand your old metaphor, which you puzzled me with at Bramford, and which I brought into an article on the strength of your then explanation—about geography and chronology being the co-ordinates of history. I liked the idea very much, and like it the better now that I begin to know something more about them.

"You must enjoy the glorious scenery around you intensely—you have the artist's eye as well as the poet's—and *deserve* to travel in such glorious lands, where Nature reveals herself in her grandest moods. I hope I shall see Geneva some day, but *when*, I know not, and besides, if I could get so far, I think I should go further in another direction first.

"It seemed strange to be in Oxford without you, after having seen so much of you so long, renewing old schoolday times which

[1] Bramford, near Ipswich.

seemed to have passed away for ever. It seems very wonderful and dreamlike when I think of Oxford and my present life, and then contrast it with my *past*. I went near Mark Lane to-day, and felt a joyful feeling of liberty as I thought how quit I was from going there *now*! I am afraid I was not cut out to be a man of business, and yet I am not at all sure that it is not a greater (as it certainly is a more useful) thing than being a scholar! You will think this sad heresy, and so most assuredly would Elizabeth!

"I am so rejoiced to hear you have been so fortunate in your party and your journey. Your men seem the very persons that suit such a thing—enough of similarity and dissimilarity to assimilate and make each other happy. I can't think how reading can go on within sight of such scenery—how can books compete with mountains, valleys, and lakes? If I were there I should have to be entirely idle or entirely a bookworm; I am afraid I could not combine the two.

"Maurice was up in London last week and gave us grand accounts of Ipswich, Prince Albert, and the British Association. I found out that Müller had been asked to take the chair of the Ethnological section, but he could not go. Major Rawlinson was there, and the Chevalier Bunsen. Edward Charlesworth was there, of course, and while he was making a speech, in an argument with Professors Sedgewick and Owen, Prince Albert came in and stayed through the argument. He laid the first stone of Mr. Rigaud's new Grammar School, and it all passed off very well, and poor Ipswich woke up after it was all over and found that it was a dream, and went to sleep again.

"How delightful it will be when we all meet in Oxford again, and your mother with us. I am going to spend a few days in Cambridge with Mr. Preston, the Arabic scholar."

"Ipswich, Sept. 12, 1851. I *do* congratulate you on your safe return to old England; and am truly thankful that your reading party has gone on so well. I am afraid you left Ouchy before my letter reached it. We have been in Cambridge and Bury, and let our time run away there sight-seeing, &c. We don't think of returning to Oxford till the end of this month, so you will not find us there to-morrow. I wish I could be there for an hour or two to give you a bit of a welcome after your absence. However, you must accept the *word* for the deed, and my letter for my personal presence.

"I am amused at your ultra-tirade against the Celts, more violent than even my ideas ever were. You are as bad as Carlyle with his recommended fusillades. I am told that when the Irish emigrate and are merged in the other races, they do admirably,

and none send so much money over to their friends; but where they congregate together and are left to themselves, you find Ireland over again; all the old indolence, dirt, squalor and wretchedness. The Celts, I believe, will last in this way—as Celts they are worthless, useless, harmful—merge them in the Anglo-Saxon race and they do. You see I am more merciful than you are!

"The three upper classes in the school have been promoted to the dignity of gowns, and Ipswich rises to the rank of a collegiate town, and you see gownsmen and gownsboys walking about wherever you go! At present there have been no town and gown rows, but this may follow perhaps."

"Ipswich, Sept. 24, 1851. . . . I hardly know about my movements yet. I am very happily settled here at present, and my mother wishes to keep me as long as possible. I don't think we shall be in Oxford many days before term begins, though I should have really enjoyed most exceedingly to be in Oxford with you. However, it will not be long at the latest before we shall meet, and then our old habits will be renewed—we shall hear you running upstairs, and your welcome knock at the door will again rouse me up from my books, and Elizabeth from making the 'boiled mahogany' or reading German—operations to her equally easy or equally difficult (whichever point of view you regard them from)! I shall be very glad to be settled once more in the happy old time come back (I suppose this sentence is *metaphysically* false, but to the soul and heart really *true*)."

"Ipswich, Oct. 1, 1851. . . . I have been idle, sadly idle, this vacation, will you be very much shocked? In mathematics I have made fair progress—I have had a few lessons with a tutor, and have found much good from it. I am now deep in the Calculus (Differential) which I am enraptured with. It is stunning, to use Maurice's favourite expression. At present I have been doing what Maitland said he did with the Novum Organon 'cutting through it like cheese,' but I fear I shall soon come to an end of my progress. My tutor gave me a push in trigonometry and set me off in the Diff. Calc. and then left me, or rather I left him."

"Bread Street Hill, Cheapside, Jan. 2, 1852. I was so very glad to have your letter the other day and I have been meaning *every day* to send you an answer; but partly I have been out in the daytime until post-time, partly I have been *hors de combat* with a cold and swelled face which prevented my stooping down to write, and partly I have been tolerably successful in my campaign with the *ellipse*. You will smile at my variety of engagements.

. . . I want your kind and ready aid very often and I have several puzzles for you to make out, but most of them I can reserve till we meet. . . . But I send you one of my difficulties. . . .

"However, enough of these private grievances, you shall now hear of my pleasures. Last Saturday, I and Elizabeth and E. F. G. went down and dined with Tennyson and enjoyed it very much. Alfred the Great was very genial and kind and talked very finely about many things, and altogether it was a memorable day. On Friday we went with E. F. G. to see the Elgin Marbles, and he talked to us about them and interested us. I don't think I had ever really entered into them before.

"You will be grieved to hear of poor Ely's death. You remember him at the Ipswich School. He died last November out in India, just as he was getting on so very well, and making a good income and with such prospects opening before him."

"106 High Street, Jan. 13, 1852.—I hope you had my letter which I sent you the other day; I am afraid it was rather a dry one, for my head was rather dry,—however, I hope one's *heart* did not seem wholly dry,—it certainly was not, however it might have seemed. I have been doing very little since I wrote, except giving my head a holiday, so that I may have it in readiness for a desperate 'tug-of-war' when term begins. I have made out the puzzle in Price which I sent you. . . .

"I have done all the sums of the ellipse that I can do, and I must now wait for your help. Maxima and Minima I shall need some help about, and then I hope to take a start again. We have been staying on and on in London, as my Mother and Maurice and Betha keep delaying at their end of the journey, and so we only got to Oxford last evening. I expect them to-morrow or the next day, so that I shall not get much done this Vacation, but if I get my head strong, it will be all the better that I have had a holiday.

"I have been very much interested in Wordsworth's Prelude. There are some very fine passages in it. There are some dull parts, as in all his long poems, but they are over and over redeemed by the very fine parts that surround them.

"I forgot to tell you that I went to the Westminster Play and enjoyed it very much. Mr. Rigaud[1] sent me a ticket, and I got a capital place and could see very well indeed. I was there the night Prince Albert was there. It certainly does give one a far more vivid idea of the original, and particularly the ηθος of the parts. I wish you had been there with me."

[1] Dr. Rigaud had been a Master at Westminster School before he was appointed to Ipswich.

"Ipswich, April 14, 1852.—I have been intending to write to you every day last week and this week and every day I have been hindered. I am going to see E. F. G. to-day, but am going to get a few lines written to you before I and Maurice start. I have not done much this Vacation, a Greek Play and the book work of Conic Sections comprise all I have done. I have been very much interested in one of those curves at the end of that part of Wand which relates to Curves of second Degree. I mean the Conchoid of Nicomedes and its application to the trisection of an angle. Nicomedes' fame floats down 'Far as Time's wide current runs' borne securely on his curve. It seems to me a very fine thing to discover a thing of this sort—an eternal relation in the highest circles of pure thought—I can scarcely conceive the pleasure arising from it. Only think if we could join the Poet and the Mathematician, what a glorious compound it would be; and perhaps the meanest Christian cottager will be this and more, when he has shuffled off this mortal coil. Here one sees the various talents of the mind so scattered—one never sees completeness; the round of faculties always breaks somewhere —the repelling $\sqrt{-1}$ comes in, when we want to trace the perfect curve; but still, I suppose, the heart's instincts are all prophecies, and as Elizabeth says in one of her best poems,

'That which in thy restless bosom ever paints thee joys to be,
Is but the too faint foreshadowing of what thou shalt one day see.'

Dr. Clarke has written a celebrated work to prove the existence of God *a priori*; we have the ideas of Infinity, Omnipotence, etc.; and as they are only attributes, there must be a substance to correspond to them. Certainly one would think the argument would hold with tenfold force to the heart's hopes and expectations. De Morgan says of Euler's expressions for the sine and cosine in terms of the arc, 'we cannot form a more adequate idea of an intelligence superior to that of the human race, than by imagining one, to which these truths should be, in consequence of a sufficient rapidity of power of computation, a purely elementary one.' Only fancy one day seeing—perhaps oneself *being*—all this joined to a more than Miltonic strength of imagination! Huber says every working bee can become a queen bee by feeding on royal jelly; and I don't doubt there are similar unknown possibilities lying beneath our present condition.

"Well, well, here is my mad rhapsody wound off, and now for a little common matter of everyday life. How goes on Oxford and the High Street? I wish you could have come down to stay

a day or two *here*. We shall be in Oxford on Friday week, and then for some more pleasant evenings."

"St. Clement's, Aug. 13, 1852. . . . I have often thought of you and your new plans, which you will well know I feel the deepest interest about. The only thing that I don't understand is why you should quit old Oxford. . . .' I am most truly thankful you are being led to think seriously of ordination at Xmas, and I feel sure it will be for your happiness; and still more it will open new sources of a deeper and holier interest in life, which you are so eminently fitted to pursue. The care of a parish, visiting among the poor, and all the details of a minister's weekly life are all blessed sources of new hopes and enjoyments in life, where God gives grace and gifts for the office; and ever since the earliest days of our friendship, I can always bear testimony to your true ministerial influence on *my* mind. You were my great preserver from many a sin in schooldays, and I have often thought of it since.

"I have been doing very little in anything, as yet; my health has been poorly and I have been suffering from headaches, which are disagreeable, to say the least. My future plans are yet uncertain; they must be settled by circumstances. . . . We want to learn to trust the power of Providence as we do that of gravitation or attraction.

"I was delighted with your account of the Schandau fair, it really seemed to transport one thither bodily. Your description was charming. I suppose Lord Derby will manage to keep in; his opponents are too disunited to overthrow him.

"Goodbye. I long to meet you once more in Oxford, but don't think of leaving it yet awhile unless duty positively calls you. It would be quite a sorrow to us if you thought of leaving, and I really believe your sphere of influence is *there*. Goodbye. God bless you, my very dear friend."

Mr. Kitchin was ordained Deacon in December 1852. He subsequently became the Head Master of an important private school at Twyford and the two friends were much separated.

On taking up his residence in Oxford, Cowell at once entered upon his routine of work with all ardour and diligence. He did not neglect his oriental studies, for in his very first term we find him attending the Lectures of his *great* Professor Wilson. At one of the first of these, Professor Wilson took him to hear Friedrich Max-Müller,

who became Taylorian Professor of Modern European Languages in 1834, give his first Lecture that term on Comparative Grammar, and afterwards introduced him to the Lecturer. (Max-Müller was appointed Corpus Christi Professor of Comparative Philology in 1868, and afterwards edited that magnificent work of over fifty volumes, "The Sacred Books of the East.") And thus commenced a friendship which lasted until Professor Max-Müller's death in 1900. I shall have occasion to insert one or two letters from Max-Müller bearing upon this mutual appreciation and friendship, but it may be mentioned here that amongst the numerous books forming the "Cowell gift" in the Library of Girton College, there is preserved and treasured a translation of the Jātakā Mālā which was presented to Cowell by Max-Müller, wherein he wrote: "E. B. Cowell, from his very old friend F. Max-Müller, 25 Nov. 98."

In addition to attending Professor Wilson's lectures, Cowell for some time read Sanskrit with him once a week until he felt that he had perfected himself in that language so far as it could at that time be done in this country. It was during his sojourn, some years later, in Calcutta, when he was able to read Sanskrit with some of the most learned Indian Pandits, that he learnt the solution of many difficulties and acquired that great knowledge of the Oriental philosophies of which he became so great a master.

In the attempt to give an idea of the life of the Cowells in Oxford, I cannot do better than quote what Professor W. R. Morfill has most kindly written of his recollections of those days. He is now Professor of Russian in the University, but when he came up as an undergraduate from Tonbridge he was introduced by the Rev. Edward Welldon to the Cowells. He says :—

"I came up to Oxford in October 1853, and your cousin and his kind-hearted and clever wife gave me a cordial welcome, and from October 1853 till the end of the summer of 1856 I was a constant visitor at their hospitable house. Nay more, they intro-

duced me to many of their Oxford friends, and I found myself in a delightful intellectual circle, where I learned much. In fact, it had quite as much if not more influence on my mind than the Oxford curriculum. At that time Cowell was busy with his University work, but his great reputation for learning caused him to be sought out by many of the best men in Oxford, who were his seniors, such as Prof. Horace Hayman Wilson, the Nestor, as he has been called, of Sanskrit philologists; Earle, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon; Dr. Macbride, the Head of Magdalen Hall, and many others. In fact one was always meeting interesting men at his lodgings, which were for a long time opposite to Wadham College, in the building now called St. Stephen's House. Whenever I pass it I think of those old days—indeed a golden period for me, and his other friends. There might be seen Aufrecht, the great Sanskrit scholar, and (occasionally) Edward FitzGerald, wrapped in a plaid and a mysterious atmosphere of cynicism. FitzGerald certainly had the *vultus magna et præclara minantis*, and all who knew him believed him capable of great things, but his glories were to come. How well I remember Cowell lending me his 'Euphranor.' I can also remember the translation of Jāmi's Salāmān and Absāl appearing with the complimentary allusions to Mrs. Cowell in the preface, who assisted her husband in these Persian studies, while he was teaching FitzGerald Persian. I believe the preface[1] has not been reprinted; at all events I could not find it in the collected edition of FitzGerald's works, but I may be mistaken. I well remember Cowell's beautiful library of choice Oriental and other works, for his interests were unbounded—indeed, he had the largest receptivity.

"Later in life when I used to see him at Cambridge, I have often told him that to look at the backs of his books was an education in itself. They suggested so much reading one had never thought of.

"How well I remember—though perhaps it is a fact too trivial to mention—that he very nearly lost this fine library while lodging in Broad Street, Oxford. He just found out in time that his landlord was on the verge of bankruptcy and that an execution would be put in. As the law of England then stood, the goods of the lodger could also be distrained upon. Cowell, however, heard of it in time, and those wonderful books, enriched with his valuable notes and the autographs of the writers, were saved to him.

"The conversation of such a man was bound to be fruitful. What things he had read! He is up to the present day the only

[1] A portion of this preface which was addressed to Cowell will be found at the end of Chapter III.

man I have ever known who had studied carefully the chiliades of Tzetzes. He told me that they contained many very interesting traditions of old classical times—strange stories of Pythagoras, &c. Your cousin was thus a Byzantinist before the days of Krumbacker and the *Byzantinische Zeitschrift*. All this curious knowledge was poured out without any attitude or apparent consciousness. One of the great charms about the man was his absolute frankness and genuine simplicity. He was always ready to help anyone, and a late eminent member of this University who was rather celebrated for opposite attributes once said of him to me, in a condemnatory tone, he allows his time to be wasted by anybody that asks him.

"I remember his publishing his Prákrit Grammar at the end of 1853, and I still have a copy of his short Introduction, which I carefully keep. There was no envy or depreciation in Cowell's nature. I recollect the hearty praise he gave to F. S. Growse's versions of Tulsi Dás, which I showed him. He was not only free from actual carping at or depreciating other men's work, but he had none of the pettiness which the Germans have so happily called *Todschweigen*. He knew of no rivals, he was friendly to all. Although coming up later in life and with matured powers he welcomed knots of intellectual undergraduates, many of whom have greatly distinguished themselves."

Only three of Cowell's letters to his mother in his Oxford days seem to have been preserved.——The first I will give now (the other two later). It shows him still uncertain as to going in for honours at his final examination, and still reading for both honours and a pass. It dilates also upon the kindness of his friend Dr. Max-Müller.

"Oxford, April 23rd, 1853.—I hope to send you a long letter soon about several things—my plans for the future, or rather my ponderings about plans, etc.—but there is not time this evening and I want to get some reading done, which I have been hindered in to-day, and which should be finished if possible this week. I want to see my way more clearly than I seem allowed to see it. I certainly feel inclined to read hard this term, and then at any rate it will be all ready for my Examination next term, if I go in for a common degree, and so I shall work at my Livy and get that up, and my Plato. I shall go through them as much for my own pleasure as for the schools. I shall hope to hear something definitely

about my book[1] next week. It is wonderful how kind a friend Dr. Müller has been to me these last two months—it is really quite extraordinary the kind way in which he enters into all my plans and fears. He has been a very great friend—he has real *heart* as well as such a splendid intellect. I bought the other day to amuse myself in the train (coming from Portsmouth and having to wait an hour and more at Reading) a copy of Walton's Lives. You can get it for a shilling in a very cheap series called the Universal Library,—you have read the book, I dare say—it is a most delightful book, a perfect picture of England two centuries ago. One seems to live in those times and breath the air of those old years, as one lingers over the quaint page. I suppose it is one of those books which has no parallel—it is 'sui generis' in every sense."

Professor Morfill's letter alludes to the narrow escape of Cowell's library in consequence of the impending bankruptcy of the landlord of his rooms in Broad Street. We know that he lived for a considerable part of his time in Oxford at the convenient rooms, 106 High Street, but the above letter recalls the fact that he lodged for a few months in Broad Street, until he was warned by Professor Morfill, and that afterwards for a considerable time he lived in Park Street, at what is now called St. Stephen's House, nearly opposite Wadham College, where his brother Maurice was then an undergraduate.

Both in High Street and in Park Street he received many visits from Alfred Tennyson, who used often to stay with his friend Dr. Scott of Balliol College, and liked much to escape from the formality of the rooms of the Balliol don to the quiet of the Cowells' rooms. Much as smoking was detested by both of them, Tennyson was from the first a privileged guest, and he was always accompanied by his short black pipe when seated at their cosy fireside. In both residences FitzGerald was a constant visitor. In Park Street the Cowells also received a visit from Thackeray. This visit is alluded to in the following characteristic letter from Edward FitzGerald in response to an invitation to come to Oxford to meet him

[1] His Vararuchi's Prácrita—Prakásá, or Prákrit Grammar.

at a reception in Park Street. It has not before been published :—

[No date] "My dear Lady, I thought you were going to cut me. Thackeray's visit to you, I heard from no less a person than himself in a few lines. On Monday next I must go to Bedford to meet Spedding and the lawyers by long appointment: there I shall be till the end of the week. I am then going to London to attend to the business of an old College Friend, whose mind has got out of order; and I shall write to you thence about any further proceedings. Meantime if you or your wretched husband have ought to say to me, direct to me next week at W. R. Browne's, Goldington, Bedford. Yes! Ask Cowell to send me an answer to the enclosed paper—concerning which I will tell you by-and-bye—It is '*private.*'

"Ah! you must not suppose I don't wish to go to Oxford—Rather, I don't wish to create a new want to go there. As to your Monday's party, I would rather meet Thackeray with you all alone—and at Bramford—Summer or Winter—in the little old Room of many Memories!—But in order that I may contribute something to the entertainment I commend you to wear that famous (and Papistical-looking) purple silk gown—seeing how I love all purples and lilacs. Thackeray is a noble Fellow—Something of a Great Man—No doubt Cowell sees this :—As for you, you call out 'Hero' too often—So I vent my spite and am yrs.

"Fretful Fitz."

In addition to this letter it will be interesting to cull some extracts alluding to the Cowells from FitzGerald's published letters written during those Oxford days, as they show delightfully what Cowell and he were doing together :—

To George Crabbe.[1]

"60, Lincoln's Inn Fields. [Feb. 27, 1851] . . . My heart saddens to think of Bramford all desolate; and I shall now almost turn my head away as any road or railway brings me within sight of the little spire! I write once a week to abuse both of them for going. But they are quite happy at Oxford . . ."

[1] Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald. Vol. I. W. Idis Wright.

To Mrs. E. B. Cowell.[1]

"Feb. '51. Tell Cowell I read his articles in the last *Westminster* two days ago, with great pleasure.—No, they smack too much of Bramford."

To E. B. Cowell.[1]

[1852]. "I am sorry you think Polonius wants variety: which is just what I desired to give it. . . . I like the bits from Háfiz much. . . . When are you going to do the Mesnavi?"

To W. B. Donne.[2]

"Boulge, August 10/'52. . . . The Cowells are at Ipswich, and I get over to see them, &c. . . . They talk of coming here too. I have begun again to read Calderon with Cowell: the Magico we have just read, a very grand thing."

To Mrs. E. B. Cowell.[1]

"April 4/'53. . . . As to Cowell he is too steeped in Prácrit. Did you leave Oxford this Easter? I want Cowell for some passages of Calderon. Don't let Cowell forget us all in Prácrit. Is the Grammar out?"

To George Borrow.[1]

"Aug. 3/'53. . . . At Ipswich indeed is a man whom you would like to know, I think, and who would like to know you; one Edward Cowell: a great scholar, if I may judge: such as I have not hitherto seen anything at all like from the Universities, &c. He was brought up for a Merchant; but is now studying at Oxford; where, however, he deals more in Sanscrit and Oriental Literature than in the studies of the place, though he is deeply versed in them too, and has a head for anything. Above all, he is most modest—nay shy: with great hidden humour, too. He is just editing a Prácrit Grammar. Should you go to Ipswich (he is there all this Vacation) do look for him: a great deal more worth looking for (I speak with no sham modesty, I am sure) than yours E. F. G."

[1] More Letters of Edward FitzGerald. W. Aldis Wright.
[2] Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald. Vol. I. W. Aldis Wright.

To F. Tennyson.[1]

"Dec. 27/'53. . . . I also amuse myself with poking out some Persian, which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with: I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together. He and his wife are at Oxford: and his Prácrit Grammar is to be out in a few days."

To F. Tennyson.[1]

"Bath, May 7/'54 (with reference to Tennyson's latest Book) . . . The few people I have seen are very much pleased with it, the Cowells at Oxford delighted with it . . . I was five weeks at Oxford visiting the Cowells in just the same way that I am visiting my Sister here. I also liked Oxford greatly."

To Thomas Carlyle.[1]

"Oct. 14/'54.—Please to look at the September number of *Fraser's Magazine*, where are some prose Translations of Hafiz by Cowell, which may interest you a little. I think Cowell (as he is apt to do) gives Háfiz rather too much credit for a mystical wine-cup, and cup-bearer; I mean taking him on the whole. The few odes he quotes have certainly a deep and pious feeling: such as the Man of Mirth will feel at times; none perhaps more strongly."

To E. B. Cowell.[1]

[1855.] "You never say a word about your Háfiz. Has that fallen for the present, Austin not daring to embark in it in these days of war, when nothing that is not warlike sells except Macaulay? Don't suppose I bandy compliments: but, with moderate care, any such Translation of such a writer as Háfiz by you into pure, sweet and partially measured Prose must be better than what I am doing for Jāmi; whose ingenuous prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse."

It was well known, and Cowell's letter to his Mother shows, that he was throughout reluctant to offer himself in the Honours Schools. His wife and friends pressed

[1] Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald, Vol. I. W. Aldis Wright.

him to do so, and we find him sometimes reading for the Pass and sometimes for Honours, so that it was in one sense almost marvellous that he succeeded as he did, and especially when we remember that he found time at Oxford to continue his Oriental Translations, and above all that he was able to produce what was in reality an epoch-making work, his Prákrit Grammar. With all this mass of work he found time also to help undergraduates who had come to Oxford with introductions to himself, and lastly, but not least, to teach Edward FitzGerald Persian—a labour of love that he indulged in during the whole of the year before he took his Degree. Cowell finally allowed himself to be persuaded and went into the Honours School in July 1854.

As a result of the examination his name appeared in the First Class in the final school of *Literæ Humaniores*. He was told by one who knew, that his First was a good one, as he had acquitted himself more than well. The publication of the list naturally brought him hosts of letters of congratulation, many of his correspondents confessing to the fear that the wide and independent reading in which he had revelled before he came up to Oxford might in some way hazard his success in the narrower limits of the curriculum. Not the least interesting of the letters was one from FitzGerald, who, as we have seen, had decidedly opposed Cowell's going to Oxford. As it has not yet been published, I give it *in extenso*:—

"Geldestone Hall, Beccles, Nov. 28/'54.—I heard two days ago from your Brother (to whom I had written for information) you were in the First Class. Accept my Congratulations (among many, doubtless) and, if you have now leisure, let me have a line to say your Health is none the worse for your Honours.

"I came here ten days ago, and have just (and only just) taken up *Zuleikha*. I find it hard but really very good, at the beginning: and I pursue the original plan of making the German teach me Persian and Vice Versâ—I think a really good plan. I had previously pickt up some of the grammatical forms of German from Ollendorf, and also got my nieces to read with me a little here; and I find the German thus both Assisting and Assisted. I'

am not sure I shall go through all the Panegyrical Preambles of the Story now: but perhaps begin on the Story soon. We shall see how Patience wears.

"Are you now reading for Mathematic Honours, &c.? Don't write if you are otherwise much occupied: if not, let me hear from you.—Yours and Miladi's, E. F. G."

At the last moment Cowell shrank from offering himself for Honours in the Mathematical school. At Moderations he had been placed in the Second Class in Mathematics. At the Final Examination he decided at the last moment to go in only for a Pass. His papers, however, were so exceedingly good that he was recommended by the Examiners for an honorary Fourth, a recognition of merit which was perhaps peculiar to Oxford. He therefore received his B.A. Degree at Oxford in December 1854. It may be mentioned here that he took his M.A. Degree in 1857 before his departure for India.

Among the many letters of congratulation which he received, I will give a few sentences from one written by the Rev. Thomas Clowes, a Suffolk clergyman, as it shows very well the feeling which existed in the minds of many before the examinations as well as the general satisfaction at the result.

"Dec. 7, '54.—Your degree seems to have given pleasure to all who know you. None but University men can know how great the difference between being simply a learned man in general study, and being prepared by a peculiar course for an examination. The scholar of enlarged reading is far superior to the artfully trained candidate for Honours, and my own fear was that you, being a scholar before you went up, might read independently and generally and wisely, too, except so far as the degree was concerned. It is, therefore, doubly gratifying that while we know your reading has been much wider than the 'curriculum' of others, you have nevertheless in that carried off so valuable a distinction. It is a great pleasure to me to think of your having gained this distinction, which is to a true scholar something like the image or superscription on the golden coin; it does not give it its intrinsic value, but its conventional. Pray congratulate Mrs. Cowell for me. It is a rare thing for a wife to have a husband take a first-class."

The other two letters from Cowell to his mother may be given here. The former one shows that he obtained the rest that he naturally required by seeking the sea air at Scarborough and Felixstowe. The other refers to the commencement of his struggles at Oxford in search of remunerative work. I have been unable to discover at the Bodleian any record of his arduous work there in cataloguing the Persian and some other Oriental MSS., a work which he tells us in his letters he much enjoyed. Mr. George Parker of the Bodleian kindly helped me in my search. He was also quite unable to find the record of any payment having been made for these services, so it is possible they were rendered quite *con amore*, although perhaps with the view of a possible appointment in the Library.

"Scarborough, Sept. 24, 1854.—We leave Scarborough *to-morrow*. Elizth to York with her mother to spend a few days with her brother Edward, and I come on to London, leaving her to join us at Felixstowe afterwards. We have been to-day to see the old Castle which stands on a fine bold cliff and commands the two bays. I was surprised to find a garrison of soldiers in it and cannon bristling on its walls, though I should fear its capabilities of standing a siege are not of a very high order. On Saturday we went by a steamer to Whitby and had a delightful day for our voyage. Whitby has some very fine ruins of the Abbey mentioned in Marmion . . . . I shall certainly go back to Oxford stronger and stouter for this long vacation of *rest*. It has been almost entire rest; and so one's mind and body have lain fallow a little, ready to receive the new crops of learning which I hope to sow there during the next twelve months.

"By the bye, I must perform to Maurice the office of Darius' slave, who had to remind him every evening that he had to avenge himself on the Athenians. So I must be Maurice's remembrancer and warn him that *mods* are approaching and that he must practise Latin writing. *mods*. MODS. MODS."

No date [1855]. "Oxford.—I had intended to have written you a long letter this evening; but I have been so alarmed by accidentally hearing just now that the Hebrew Scholarship examination comes on the end of this week, that I think I shall have to devote all my time now to my work. I don't think I have much chance. I go in quite at a venture, but it seemed right to

try, as I had some time on my hands, and so I shall not go in quite unprepared, as I did last time (four years ago).—I have worked desperately hard at it this last six or eight weeks, but I suppose my competitors will bring a twelvemonth's work on *their* side, and so I shall have no disgrace in failing. I mean to get it next year, and so this year shall be apprenticeship for *that*.

"I have had some encouragement to-day in the way of my future prospects, which has come very opportunely, for I have been dull lately about them. Elizth went to call on Mrs. Cotton to-day. You know how very kind Mrs. Cotton always is, and she began telling her that she had mentioned my name to a friend of hers (who had great influence in sending pupils) and that he had promised to send me some. This will be a great encouragement, for I know if I could only get pupils, I should get on, for I feel confident I have a talent for communicating my knowledge to others. My pupil Radcliffe told me the other day, 'my coaching was perfect,' which was very satisfactory to hear. She mentioned also a vacant office at the Bodleian—an inferior one, but still one that would eventually lead higher. I have begun my catalogue labours in the Bodleian. This will take me a long time and be a splendid introduction. I am to be elected a member of the German Oriental Society. I suppose Vararuchi has done this."

Cowell offered himself for the Hebrew scholarship, but owing to his short preparation his fears were confirmed and he did not obtain it. Mr. McCall was the successful candidate. But he certainly was not disgraced, for his illustrations from other Oriental knowledge stood so well in his papers, that £10 worth of books was awarded him for special merit as a Scholar by the Examiners.

A few words must now be said with regard to his publications during the time that he was at Oxford. But first I will give a translation that he made from Calderon, which has never, I believe, been published, and the manuscript of which is, I think, in the University Library at Cambridge.

TRANSLATION FROM CALDERON.

Oh nightingale, thy flight of gladness winging,
And news of love's delights and favours bringing,
Thy song my bosom fills with envying sorrow!
Yet no! for if today thy joy is singing
Thou shalt be jealous and will mourn tomorrow!

Oh Golden Sunset, to the distance lending
Hues ever new and vistas never ending,
I long to roam through thy untried dominion!
Yet no! thy hues soon fade, and night descending
Blots out thy glories with her raven pinion.

And thou, tomorrow,—who art ever weaving
Wreaths of new hopes we cannot help believing,—
Art fair as song of bird or cloud of even!
Yet no! we turn from all thy vain deceiving;
Earth has no scenes like thine, but only heaven!

In the *Westminster Review* of January, 1851, there is a most interesting article of forty-two pages by Cowell, on "Spanish Literature." The books reviewed were the *History of Spanish Literature* by George Ticknor, and *The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega* and *Calderon* by G. H. Lewes. Cowell's familiarity with Spanish history and the Spanish language is evident in every page, yet there is no record of how or when he acquired this knowledge. He must have imbibed this language simultaneously with Persian or immediately after he had acquired that language, and was probably stimulated in so doing by the discovery that he could not master the Sanskrit grammar without help. The first mention by FitzGerald of his reading Spanish is made in a letter to Donne in Aug. 1852, where he says, "I have begun again to read Calderon with Cowell," *vide* p. 105. Later on we shall hear plenty of evidence of his reading Spanish with Edward FitzGerald, but now this article comes to us as a surprise, as it probably did to others when it appeared.

In the article whole scenes are translated to give an idea of the dramatic power of both the writers. His criticisms show careful thought and considerable insight, and were remarkable in so young a man. He himself modestly winds up his appreciation of Calderon in the following concluding paragraph:

"In the above sketch we feel that we have given but a very faint image of the greatness of Calderon; but perhaps we may have excited some one to go and view for himself. It is pleasant to have a new star rise in the intellectual firmament; and it is

not with these as with those in the natural: these stars are new worlds, into which the souls *may* enter, worlds akin to that within us, for the soul hath a right to all that man has done, and more, it hath the power to take possession thereof for itself. Calderon has long been a great name, but we would have him be something more: for as Paterculus said of Pindar, *Thebas unum os Pindari illuminavit*, so too would we say of him; in him alone the nationality of Spain finds a worthy voice, for her other poets only sang for their own times, while his soul, being of larger dimensions and deeper sympathies, contains them all in itself; and as the language which he used is the result of the varied speech of Spain's previous centuries, so in the thoughts which that language bears to us, we see condensed all the epochs of Spanish history, and we hear (as in Roderick's enchanted tower) the sounds of old Gothic days mingled with the Moorish war-cry, while they are drowned in the more recent and yet louder notes of Pelayo, the Cid, and the glories of Castile!"

Edward FitzGerald, in one of his published letters,[1] says of this article:

"Oct. 25 1853.—I think I forgot to tell you that Mr. MacCarthy (my literal Rival in Calderon) mentions in his preface a masterly critique on Calderon in the *Westminster*, 1851, which I take to be yours. He says it and the included translations are the best commentary he has seen on the subject."

Well may it have been said by one who knew Spanish well that Cowell gave him the impression of having devoted himself to nothing else.

The article on "Spanish Literature" is immediately followed in the same number by a Review of "Makāmāt; or Rhetorical Anecdotes of Al Harīri of Basra," translated from the original Arabic by Theodore Preston.

"Háfiz, the great lyric poet of Persia," was the subject of an article which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in September 1854. He is styled by Sir W. Jones and others the Persian Anacreon, for his odes abound in the praises of love and wine, but under this dress lay the true

[1] Vol. I. of "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald," W. Aldis Wright.

soul of the Persian poet. His allusions were mystical for he was a great Sufí-philosopher, and Cowell in this article explained what Sufí-philosophy as a system was :—

"Sufeyism is a form of that Pantheism which has been native to the dreamy East from the earliest times of Gentile history. But the purer creed of Mohammedanism, as compared with idolatry, has exercised a most beneficial influence on its development; and though we would not conceal its many errors, much of the language of the Sufí writers, if modified in its Pantheism, may be paralleled in St. Augustine or St. Bernard, and easily adapted to express the true hopes and aspirations of the Christian. The world, say the Sufis, and the things of the world are not what they seem; our life here is a fall and a ruin; for the soul has once been absorbed in God, and only in re-absorption can one hope to find rest. All its higher aspirations here, as it vaguely expresses them in heroism, poetry, or music, are unconscious yearnings after its better home; and in the odes of Sufeyism these unconscious feelings and dumb longings are supposed to find their utterance. Human speech is weak and imperfect, and can only express these deeper emotions by images drawn from the sensuous and temporal. Hence arises the two classes of Sufí metaphors, those drawn from wine and those from love. Thus in some odes wine is the love of God, and ebriety represents religious ardour and abstraction from earthly thoughts; in others, which apparently express the joys and sorrows of an earthly passion, the beloved object in reality means the Deity; and all the woes of separation and hopes for reunion with which they are filled, shadow forth the soul's spiritual exile, and its longings for the hour of reabsorption into the Divine Nature."

In 1851 Cowell also published a translation of the *Vikramorvasî*, a drama of Kâlidâsa. The greater part of this work was done at Bramford, but it was completed and printed during his first year at Oxford.

But by far the most important work that he did at this period was one that has already been alluded to in these pages—I mean the translation of Vararúchi's *Prákrita-Prakásá*, with various readings, copious notes and an easy introduction to Prákrit grammar. In a review of the above-mentioned drama of Kâlidâsa in the *Westminster Review* of October, 1850, Cowell gave an account of

Prákrit, and in the last chapter I ventured to give an extract from the article in order to explain to non-Oriental readers the origin and use of the language there described. He had obtained the loan of Lassen's Prákrit grammar from the Library of the East India House and mastered it, copying out as usual all that he thought would be useful. The very able translation of Vararúchi which he made after he had acquired this important knowledge—made too while he was reading for his examinations and degree—introduced Oriental students to the study of this most interesting dialect as to a new language, and enabled them for the first time fully and thoroughly to understand and appreciate the Sanskrit dramas. Cowell was fully aware of the importance of the work and sought and obtained leave to dedicate it to his great Professor H. H. Wilson, as the following letter will show :—

"E. I. House, Dec. 2nd, '53. DEAR COWELL,—I have been much engaged, but if it will be any gratification to you to dedicate your Prákrit labours to me I shall accept it as it is meant, and feel proud of the compliment. Your's very truly,

"W. W. WILSON."

The publication of this book made indeed an epoch in Oriental study, and the ability with which it was done at once placed the translator and annotator in the first rank of Orientalists. The importance of the book and the value of it and its successor, which was published in 1875, have been amply recognised ; and it is interesting to note that they have retained their place in the estimation of scholars, and to the present day continue to be the authority on the subject.

During his Oxford days Cowell wrote an interesting paper on "Persian Literature" for the first volume of a publication which ran on only for four years, called *Oxford Essays*. The article appeared in 1855 and opened with a brief historical account of the Persian Empire. Nations once fallen seldom rise again. Persia was an exception, as it had seen three successive rises and falls. The Persia of

Cyrus fell under Darius Codomannus. The Persia of Artaxerxes, who established the Sassenian dynasty, fell in the same way. The third rise of Persia towards the close of the 9th century was attended with the development of a Persian literature

"with peculiar characteristics, original in its beauties and its faults,—a poetry which rose as the natural expression of the national sentiments, where the poet, fettered by no arbitrary rules, and cramped by no foreign imitation, spoke as nature or temperament inspired him, and found an enthusiastic audience, because all hearts were tuned like his own."

No poetry has ever been more peculiarly natural than that of Persia: none has ever fixed a deeper or more lasting hold on the people's love. There is, too, a peculiar nationality about Persian poetry, and one of its distinguishing charms is the mystical tone which pervades it everywhere. The object of the article is apparently to bring this out thoroughly. He says:—

"The outer form of the poem may appear a romance or a song; it may tell of the loves of Yúsúf and Zuleika, or of Majnún and Laili; or it may plant us by the bowers of Mosella, amid the light-hearted revelry of the wine-worshippers of Shiraz; and to the idle listener the words may have conveyed nothing more. But just as in Calderon's comedy of *the open secret* (Il Secreto à Voces), the very words, which to the common persons of the drama only conveyed a common meaning, bore to the two partners of the secret the whole history of their sorrows and joys,—so to the ear, which is rightly attuned, in these utterances of the Persian muse, echoes of a deeper harmony untwine themselves from the confusion of sounds. This mystical meaning never obtrudes itself; we may, if we will, pass it by, confining ourselves exclusively to those passages which sing of a mortal love or an earthly summer and wine."

After thus impressing upon the reader this rule for the proper understanding of the Persian poets, the article gives translations of mystic odes from the writings of Háfiz, Ferdusi, Sadi, Jámi and Jellaleddin Rûmi. The great

work of the last-mentioned writer was the Mesnavi before alluded to, and from that great work Cowell again gives a translation in somewhat different form of the apologue before given of "The Merchant and his Parrot."

In the same year, August, 1855, Cowell contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a Review of "The Rig Veda Sanhitá" translated by Professor Wilson, Volume II. This was published almost simultaneously with the second volume of the original Sanskrit text, as edited by Professor Max Müller, and published under the patronage of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. He heartily welcomes the translation, and especially as the translator has followed the guidance of the Hindu Scholiasts, supported as it is by the authority of immemorial tradition.

In *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1856, appears an article by Cowell on "The Rose Garden of Sadi," in which he gives a full account of this thirteenth century Persian poet. It is very interesting and contains a number of stories translated from this writer, many of which have become formulated into proverbs. One short one I will give, as it shows the mode of administering *justice* in the East and at the same time conveys a moral of the advantages of self control :—

"Two dervishes of Khurasan, travelling together, united in companionship. One was weak, and used to break his fast after every two nights; the other was strong, and made three good meals a day. It happened at the gate of a city that they were seized on suspicion of being spies, and were both imprisoned, and the door closed up with mud. After two weeks it was discovered that they were innocent. The door was opened, when the strong man was found to be dead, but the weak man was safe and alive. The gazers were still wondering thereat, when a wise man said,—'The opposite of this would have been strange; for this man was a great eater, and could not bear want of food, and so perished; but the other was in the habit of controlling himself, he endured, as was his wont, and was saved.'"

There was an equally interesting article on "Jámi" in *Fraser's Magazine* of November of the same year.

Cowell was not destined to remain long at Oxford. Towards the end of 1855, his friend, George Kitchin, who was still the Head Master of the school at Twyford, wrote to him to say that Sir James Stephen had asked him to recommend some one who was thoroughly eligible to go out as Professor of English History at the recently established Presidency College in Calcutta. But the letter shall speak for itself:—

"Deanery, Winchester, 29 Dec./'55. DEAR EDWARD,—Read the enclosed. Write by return, or, if too late, send by Telegraph to Twyford and let me know if you are at Oxford.—If you are, I will travel thither on *Tuesday*. You will only receive this on Monday morning. I would have started to-day, but for divers engagements here which detain me (I think necessarily) till Tuesday. I have written to Sir James to-day, mentioning your name, dignities and claims on such a Post—telling him that of course I had not seen you on the subject, but would write directly I had.

"I think it ought to suit you exactly—and with your Oriental connection you ought to stand well for it—only three other competitors, too. What fun if you get it! How I shall rejoice.

"Your's ever affectionately,

"G. W. KITCHIN."

This was just the opening that Cowell had been looking for,—here was the dreamed-of opportunity of becoming a Professor in India and bringing to account his Oriental knowledge. It is true that English History was not exactly his subject, but it was one that he enjoyed and appreciated, and it presented, what he most wanted—an opening, and he at once set to work to communicate with his friends. The following letter is to his mother:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Oxford [Dec.], 1855. Elizabeth will have told you of my sudden news, which called me away unexpectedly. The fact is that Sir James Stephen has written to George Kitchin to ask him whether he knows of a person fit to be nominated as Professor of English History at the Government College at Calcutta, salary 1,000 rupees per month. It is to be one of *four* candidates out of

which the India Company decide, so that Sir J. Stephen can only give the nomination as one of the candidates. I feel amazingly tempted to go out, it would be a splendid post for all one's energies and powers, and if one's health holds out, one of great usefulness. I have seen Dr. Acland this evening and had him examine me, he pronounces me perfectly fit to go, and he sees no reason why my health should not hold out, with care and prudence, as well as any one who goes there.

"I go to London to-morrow with George Kitchin to see Sir J. Stephen on the subject, then I will write to you further about it. I fear, dearest mother, this will be a trial to you, but I cannot but think *India* is the place for one. My peculiar powers are not wanted in England, there they are invaluable. After all it is only a chance my getting this, as English History is not my *forte*, and they may very likely require some more experienced person. It is now *entirely* in God's hands, and I am content to leave it there. He knows what is best for us *all*. I shall be perfectly content whichever way it is decided, Oxford and a narrower sphere, or India and a larger one. In either sphere I can do good service for truth and mankind, and one should not forget that this unexpected opening has been wholly brought without my own seeking in the least."

To his Wife.

"Twyford, Jan. 1, 1856. I can only send you a few lines, but George and I are coming to Oxford to-morrow (Wednesday) and I expect we shall be with you by 11 or 12. I shall be glad to get back to you. I am all unsettled about this India business. I have been thinking over it, and I certainly should *abstractedly* like it very much. And I should amazingly like to be *settled* for life, where I could hope to do some good in my generation and could also look forward to earning an honourable competency. The more I think of it the more I incline to it. It seems such an opening—and if I did not get *this* (as of course is after all very doubtful) it might open the way to something else of the kind. To devote one's life to the study of History would be very delightful, and the position would be one well worthy filling and in every way a *carrière ouverte aux talens*. Every thing in England is after all only a *chance*—and here would be what would (with health and God's blessing) be a *certainty*. I have constantly looked forward to India. I told my mother so when I was at Clevewood last August, and I can't help feeling it is where one ought to be. One is wasted in England—not wanted—while

in India every one is wanted who can go. I should like to mention it to Dr. Kay and hear his views about the Government College—so I have written to him at Lincoln Coll., I remember he purposed returning to Oxford either Wednesday or Thursday, and I shall hope to catch a sight of him and have a few words talk with him about it.

"I can't help thinking, the true thing to do is boldly to dash at it and take the chance. I often think of the lines:—

> 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

"Why should not *we*, cherie, see something of life and the world and see the sun set 'in other skies than ours.' Anywhere, Oxford or India, I shall always want ma cherie—I shall want her trebly in India."

To his Mother.

"[London, Jan., 1856.] I have only time for a line—I will write you from Oxford to-morrow. I *have* offered myself. I could not do otherwise. Saturday was one series of impelling Providences which I *could not* resist. It is now in God's hands for Him to decide—as I have endeavoured to leave it to Him and rest contented with His decision. I leave London to-night. Good-bye."

To his Mother.

"Oxford, Jan., 1856. I sent you a hurried line yesterday. I enclose you a letter I had from Mr. Marshman and another I had from Mrs. Grant. They will give you the bright side of India. I cannot help feeling confident in my own mind that God is leading me, and I do entirely desire to commit myself to Him. Life at best is short, and it will be something to do even a little for the spread of His Kingdom in the world. I took the Sacrament last Sunday, and I could not help feeling how perhaps this might be brought before me to test one's principles. I feel sure I trace God's hand in it, and I have endeavoured throughout to seek to keep His will in view. I do not fear for my health in the least, the opening has come utterly unsought by me—brought before me in the direct course of Providence, and if I endeavour as far as I can to follow the leading of Providence, I will not let a thought of my own health disturb me. I saw Dr. Acland again, and he said, he had been thinking the matter over, and he began to think I

ought to go. He said I should lose nothing by going, a year's residence in such a position in India would give me great advantages for any post in England. If God has work for me in India (and I cannot doubt He has, or why should He have so providentially opened the way) it will be a delight indeed for us *all* hereafter that I had courage given me to do it, and that we all rendered our wills to God, that His will might be done on Earth as in Heaven. Compared with a post of usefulness in India, a quiet and idle Librarianship in the Bodleian were but poor employment. I cannot but feel it will be a really noble life to live for to do anything to promote the welfare of India. I know it will be a bitter trial to leave you for so long, but there will be the constant intercourse of long and cheerful letters, and the bright prospect of a furlough, and perhaps the hopes of seeing you in India. I know you would like Indian life."

Edward FitzGerald received the news of the possibility of Cowell's going to Calcutta with dismay. It seemed as if all the happy readings they had so much enjoyed together were abandoned. He wrote :—

"Your talk of going to India, makes my heart hang really heavy at my side."[1]

There is the first sheet of a letter from him without date which has not been published: but it shows how anxious he was that Cowell should not go to India :—

"My dear Cowell,—I was talking to *Doctor* Carlyle ('Great Tom's' brother) about India; and he gave me an ill account, I thought, of the Climate of Calcutta—damp and relaxing—and he mentioned the disgust of the frequent sight of Bodies floating down the Hooghly, &c., which I have often read of. He says in general of India that it is not well to set up there after thirty. I don't know if Dr. C. is a very nice Doctor: but I suppose the long experience of the Faculty in this matter attains to Prophetic strain. I can't help writing it to you, come what may of it. For there is at least now *an opportunity* to *decline* the whole affair if afterthought shows it perilous. At the same time I am ½ afraid of speaking because I know in my own constant Experience how troublesome it is to be puzzled by one's own and Friend's Counsel. I can't tell how it is in the Interior of your Family

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright, 1901.

Economy; but I can't see why you should not prosper well in England instead of that Exile. You have as much Coaching as you want at Oxford; you rise constantly in Reputation; I and all who know you feel sure you will get on. Some Professorship will one day relieve you from Coaching and then you can work at Things you ought. The Calcutta Plan would be capital were it not at Calcutta, which is of course a Truism. Only if you remain in England you must limit your number of Pupils, and *strictly limit them to their due Time*; not only for your Health, but because you are wanted to do other Things—Háfiz, Ramayána, &c. This is positively so. Let me say that should you want Money to make it up, I."

Again in a later letter[1] FitzGerald remarks :—

"I see in the Ipswich paper you are printed as having been appointed."

Cowell after being kept in suspense for three months was at the end of June appointed Professor of History and Political Economy in the Presidency College, Calcutta. A short time before he left England he received the following characteristic and pathetic letter from Edward FitzGerald, who could not bear the idea of personally saying farewell :—

"Bredfield, Woodbridge, Monday, July/56. My dear Edward and Elizabeth Cowell,—I think it is best for many reasons that I should *not* go to see you again—to say a Good-Bye that costs me so much.

"I shall very soon write to you; and hope to keep up something of Communion by such meagre Intercourse. Do you do the same to me. Farewell, Both!—Ever your's,

"Edward FitzGerald."

On August 1st they both sailed for India round the Cape. They took their books with them and by this route avoided transhipment, and the length of the voyage was favourable to their learning some of the native language they would require in Calcutta. They both made good use of their opportunities in acquiring this

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

knowledge, and Cowell studied Political Economy and got through a good amount of reading besides. His mother and brother went with them to Southampton to see them off, and on the part of the mother the parting was undoubtedly a blow from which she was slow to recover. On board the next day he wrote the following letter to her :—

"On board *The Monarch*, August 2nd, 1856. MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,—You will, I know, be pleased to have your first letter from our new home (as we may call it). Our first twenty-four hours is nearly up. We have had a delightfully calm day, the sea almost like glass, and we have been slowly passing the Isle of Wight, which is now faint in the distance. The Pilot leaves early to-morrow, and we are told to have our letters ready for him to-night. The cabin is very far advanced towards completion, and we have plenty of room. I am sitting writing this letter at a little table and you will see by the writing how calm it is. The life on board ship is very regular—Breakfast at 8.30, Luncheon, wine and water and biscuits, at 12. Dinner at 3.30. We slept well, undisturbed by cockroaches—the Captain says there are very few in this ship. I have thought of you a good deal since you left, and travelled in thought with you by the mail train. You must not allow your mind to be anxious at the length of time that may elapse before you get your next letter; it so depends on chance encounters with homeward ships. I shall be sure to keep a letter written and ready to be sealed and sent off in a moment. Our cabin looks very well and comfortable. I am quite well and have spent a good deal of time on deck, amusing myself watching the sailors—there are over fifty—and the Midshipmen or 'young gentlemen' as they are called. One or two are new and make strange blunders, for which they are laughed at. One of them climbs up the shrouds very deliberately. The mate (who was superintending the boats) seems a first-rate officer—so active and prompt. We were all woke early by the great noise of weighing anchor. I got up at 6.30 and was on deck at 7—we had some splendid views of the Isle of Wight, particularly of Ventnor, Bonchurch, &c. I hope you got to shore comfortably—I watched your boat but it was growing too dark to distinguish you in it. I hope you and Maurice took no cold. I have seen something of Mr. and Mrs. Milward and like them. I hear Star Point is the last land we shall see. Good-bye.—Your's affectionately, EDWARD."

An interesting letter was written on the *Monarch* to his brother Maurice. It was dated off Sangier Island in the bay of Bengal and enclosed a copy of the Log Book of the voyage, in which Cowell had been much interested. The first part of the letter was a careful account of the ship's route and the principle of great circle sailing and getting down south almost to the coast of Brazil in order the better to avail themselves of the right winds for their eastern voyage. The story was told quite mathematically with diagrams to make it better understood. The rest of the letter shall be given :—

"Nov. 27, 56. . . . . I have been very much wondering how you have got on at Oxford, and also how my pupils have done in the examination.[1] It is all over by this time. Jeffcock is my only chance of a first, Harrington I hope a second. I often and often think of old Oxford, it looks all like a dream now! I wonder whether I shall ever live there again! I can't help hoping I may.

"We are very near our journey's end now. We shall have a steamer to-morrow to tow us up to Calcutta, and then we are arrived. We expect to arrive on Saturday or Sunday morning. How strange it will be landing on such a foreign shore surrounded by blacks in unknown dresses and speaking unknown tongues.

"For the matter of Hindustani, I have been very fortunate. Mr. Astell on board has been twenty years in India and knows Hindustani like a native; and he and I have read Hindustani every day between luncheon and dinner; and I have pretty nearly mastered it. My next thing will be learning to speak it, which is quite *une autre affaire*, you know. I found I could understand very little in the Hindustani conversation which Mr. Astell held with a native who came on board last night; the natives always seem to talk so fast, and the ear has to be *educated* to catch the sounds readily; they seem so different in a native's mouth; even the words you know come with a novel and foreign *twang*.

"The pilot brought some Indian newspapers, so that we caught a distant *hum* of Europe and England. The only paper worth reading in India, I hear on every side, is Townsend's *Friend of India*. Mr. Marshman and Mr. Townsend have certainly done

[1] It may be interesting to note that Jeffcock obtained a second class, and Harrington volunteered to go out and fight against the mutineers in India, looked up the Cowells in Calcutta, and as a soldier greatly distinguished himself. He thus missed his Degree altogether.

a great thing in establishing one really good influential paper. We have seen land—Sangier Island, off which we anchor to-day—our last sight of land was Madeira, and that only lay like a dim cloud on the horizon. Sangier is very distinctly visible—a bleak jungly shore, with a lighthouse; it is peopled by tigers and alligators! Fancy being so near real jungle and tigers! We could see them drink, if they came down to the water's edge—I mean with a telescope."

Just before the *Monarch* sailed for India, FitzGerald brought out his translation of Jámí's *Allegory of Salámán and Absál*. The letter of Introduction to the Book was addressed to Cowell, and as in it he shows how full his heart was of the Cowells, not only in past association but now in prospect of a much regretted separation, it will be interesting to introduce some extracts from it here.[1] The first part of it confirms what has already been said of the Persian studies together and would have naturally found a place earlier in the chapter. But it cannot be separated from the later tribute to both Mr. and Mrs. Cowell which with its touching shadow of an everlasting farewell must find a place at the end of this chapter, whilst in heart we follow the speeding of the *Monarch* on its long voyage:—

"My dear Cowell,—Two years ago when we began (I for the first time) to read this Poem together, I wanted you to translate it as something that should interest a few who are worth interesting. You however did not see the way clear then, and had Aristotle pulling you by one shoulder, and Prákrit Vararúchi by the other, so as indeed to have hindered you up to this time completing a version of Háfiz' best Odes which you had then happily begun. So continuing to like old Jámí more and more, I must try my hand upon him; and here is my reduced Version of a small Original. What scholarship it has is your's, my Master in Persian, and so much beside; who are no further answerable for *all* than by well liking and wishing publisht what you may scarce have Leisure to find due fault with . . . . . Especially, cheered on as I was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog of a Persian scholar

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." Aldis Wright. Vol. III.

never hunted with before; and moreover—but that was rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently brightening about us like Aurora's Self, or chiming in with musical Encouragement that all we started and ran down must be Royal Game!

"Ah! happy Days! When shall we Three meet again—when dip in that unreturning Tide of Time and Circumstance!—In those meadows far from the world, it seemed, as Salámán's Island—before an Iron Railway broke the Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Mill-wheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy Streams that turned it as they chased one another over to lose themselves in Whispers in the Copse beyond. On returning—I suppose you remember whose lines they are—

> 'When Winter Skies were tinged with Crimson still[1]
> Where Thornbush nestles on the quiet hill,
> And the live Amber round the setting Sun,
> Lighting the Labourer home whose Work is done,
> Burn'd like a Golden Angel—ground above
> The solitary Home of Peace and Love.'[1]

"At such an hour drawing home together for a fireside Night of it with Æschylus or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls, modest almost as those of the Poor who clustered—and with good reason—round, make to my Eyes the Towered Crown of Oxford hanging in the Horizon, and with all Honour won, but a dingy Vapour in Comparison, and now should they beckon from the terrible Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the Shadow of everlasting Farewell."

[1] These verses were written by Mrs. Cowell, altered by FitzGerald for this preface, vide Cowell's letter of July 11, 1888, p. 307.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIA.

1856—1864.

THE Cowells started on their long voyage round the Cape on August 1st, and they did not reach Calcutta until November 29th. Nearly four months would now be considered a long time, but from their letters our travellers did not appear to consider it tedious, as they had plenty to occupy them. To the letter addressed to his brother Maurice at Oxford, dated November 27th, part of which was given in the last chapter, the following postscript was added announcing their arrival and subsequent adventures :—

"Dec. 7. 56. Monday, Spence's Hotel, Calcutta. We arrived at Calcutta late on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 29—we went to Spence's but could not get in, and so we had to get lodgings where we could. Early in the week we went off to Serampore to stay with Townsend and enjoyed it very much. We are now settled in Spence's, but you had better direct the letters 'Presidency College,' as I am not sure how long we may stay here.

"You shall have an account of Calcutta—a really Eastern city—in my next letter. Good-bye. Elizabeth sends her love. Remember me to all Oxford friends—I name particularly Mr. Moodie, Hitchcock, Harrington, and Morfill. Have you got your *Sismondi*? Mine is not yet come."

The letters written by Cowell from Calcutta upon which all account of the nearly eight years in India must

mainly depend, were, unless otherwise stated, addressed to his mother :—

"Calcutta, Jan. 22, 1857. We have been daily lately realising to ourselves the joyful thought that by this time you have certainly had our large packet of letters which we sent by the first mail after our arrival. I have been thinking of it often enough and picturing the way in which you received my first letter—whether Charles Henry brought it from Ipswich or whether it came direct to Rushmere, &c., &c. We are expecting the mail every day. Three guns are fired from the fort when she arrives. The *Monarch* has left Calcutta, we bade Captain Wiltshire good-bye yesterday. It seems strange to think that we are *here*, and she is going to England, with somebody else in our pleasant cabin, which had become so much a part of our life, for a while. . . . .

"I enjoy India at present very much,—it seems such a realisation of one's dreams. I enjoy watching the natives in their different costumes and customs,—so picturesque and *Eastern*. You can't walk in the streets in the morning without at once feeling that you are in a new world. Everything you meet is so different from England! All the better class of natives wear *white*, which looks so very well against their dark skins,—I always admire the effect. They all walk very upright, and many of them are tall fine figures. You can easily distinguish the Mussulman from the Hindú. There is a touch of Arab fierceness in the former which you don't see in the latter,—and the Mussulman generally wears a beard while the Hindus always shave their chin and often their upper lip too. As we walk out in the mornings we meet the *Beesties* or water-carriers bringing the water into the town from the tanks, &c.—they are generally very small men, I suppose some particular tribe—and they carry the water in a great black leather skin, which looks when filled just like an animal on their backs. The legs are made into the handles and one is fitted with a cork to act as the *spout*. As we came home this morning we passed an adjutant bird, quietly picking his way in the streets, amid all the horses and carriages and men—with most undisturbed gravity. They are most ludicrous birds, and always remind me at a distance of a tall old gentleman with very long thin legs, picking his way with his hands behind his coat tails. They are privileged birds, as they act as scavengers, and there is a heavy fine against killing one. They are about four feet high, or perhaps 3½.

"Every afternoon we take our drive,—there is only one drive—

the course. You must take that, but we always diverge from that at the end, instead of doing as the great majority do—drive up and down by the riverside, and strike off into the country, and drive through a village called *Kidderpoor*, through pleasant lanes and by quiet sheets of water, with their banks covered with palms, mimosas and trees with immense long leaves, which I fancy must be *bananas*, as they remind me of those in the Oxford Botanical Gardens. I enjoy these drives very much. The air is delightfully cool after the hot sun of the day. It is very pleasant too to observe the villagers. The villages are very large,—India being so populous,—and all the inhabitants seem to turn out, when the day's work is done, for friendly gossip with their neighbours,—what Carlyle calls 'a sweet breath of human news,' or to look at the English carriages which drive by. In the streets of Kidderpoor they stand *by hundreds*. We drive through them—our syce, who stands as a footman behind the fly, or else runs by the side, keeps shouting out 'hy, hy,' as a signal to clear the roads. It is very amusing, and I always watch their faces through my glasses with great interest.

"My work at the College goes on much as usual. I like it very much and begin to be interested in some of my pupils. They are intelligent and willing, and have capital memories,—almost too good as they are apt to learn by rote, and give you the very words of the book, instead of reproducing it as their own. I give them little extempore sketches of history now and then, which, I find, interest them very much. I am going to belong to the Asiatic Society, which I think will introduce me to the different Orientalists. Mr. Beadon, one of the Secretaries of the Government, strongly recommends me to apply myself to Arabic in my leisure time, so that I shall have plenty to occupy me, and keep me employed,—which I expect is one secret for keeping well.

"If you have an opportunity, read Mrs. Spier's *Life in Ancient India*,—it is a very interesting book, and you will be pleased to see that two chapters are made out of my article in the 1848 *Westminster Review*. It quotes a great many of my extracts, and to my amazement, expressly names me as the author of the article in question! The book itself is very well written and illustrated with some charming engravings."

"Jan. 23rd. This is my birthday! I have just received your letter of Dec. 1st—a very charming birthday present!"

In March Cowell received the following letter from Edward FitzGerald, who had mourned Cowell's departure

in the August before, and yet had apparently failed tc realise that he could write to him :—

[1] "Jan. 22/57. MY DEAR COWELL. As usual I blunder. I have been taking for granted all this while that of course we could not write to you till you had written to us! Else how several times I could have written! could have sent you some Lines of Háfiz or Jámí or Nizámí that I thought wanted Comment of some kind: so as the Atlantic should have been no greater Bar between us than the two hours rail to Oxford. And now I have forgot many things, or have left the Books scattered in divers places; or if I had all here 'twould be too much to send.' So I must e'en take up with what the present Hour turns up. It was only yesterday that I heard from your Brother of a letter from you, telling of your safe arrival; of the Dark Faces about you at your Calcutta Caravanserai! Methinks how I should like to be there! Perhaps should not, though, were the journey only half its length! Write to me one day. . . . .

"I have now been five weeks alone in my old Lodgings in London, where you came this time last year! My wife in Norfolk. She came up yesterday; and we have taken Lodgings for two months in the Regent's Park. And I positively stay behind here in the old Place on purpose to write to you in the same condition you knew me in and I you! I believe there are new Channels fretted in my Cheeks with many womanly Tears since then, 'remembering the Days that are no more,' in which you two are so mixt up. Well, well; I have no news to tell you. . . . ."

"Jan. 23. I must write you a second letter (which will reach you I suppose by the same post) to tell you that not half-an-hour after I had posted that first Letter, arrived yours! And now to make the Coincidence stranger, your brother Charles, who is now with us for two days, tells me that very Thursday is your Birthday! I am extremely obliged to you for your long, kind, and interesting Letter: yes, yes: I should have liked to be on the voyage with you, and to be among the Dark People with you even now. Your brother brought us up your Home Letter, and read it to us last night after Tea to our great Satisfaction. I believe that in my already posted Letter I have told you much that you inquire about in yours received half-an-hour after: of my poor Studies at all events. This morning I have been taking the

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

Physionomy of the 19th Birds . . . . There are as I wrote you, very pleasant stories. One, of a Shah returning to his Capital, and his People dressing out a Welcome for him, and bringing out Presents of Gold, Jewels, &c., all which he rides past without any Notice, till, coming to the Prison, the Prisoners by way of their Welcome, toss before him the Bloody Heads and Limbs of old and recent execution. At which the Shah for the first time stops his Horse—smiles—casts Largess among the Prisoners, &c. And when asked why he neglected all the Jewels, &c., and stopped with satisfaction at such a grim welcome as the Prisoners threw him, he says, the Jewels, &c., were but empty Ostentation—but those bloody Limbs prove that my Law has been executed, without which none of those Heads and Carcases would have parted company, &c."

In the next letter to his mother, Cowell tries to reassure her that the May heat was supportable and even pleasant with the Punka, and also mentions a slight attack of prickly heat. He goes on :—

"May 15th, 1857. I enjoy my holidays very much after the hard work which preceded them. I gave myself a rest the first week and read Scott's *Monastery* and *Abbot*. The last few days I have been reading Hindustani with a Moonshee, which I find very easy and pleasant work. It is very easy and such a total change that it seems a perfect rest."

"May 16th. Yesterday we had the delight of receiving your two joyfully long letters, written in the beginning of April. It was delightful to have that packet via Marseilles, for it gave us news of you only five weeks or so ago! We enjoyed your delightful accounts so very much,—your description of your quiet Rushmere life, and your account of the Spring beginning. I often think of the idea in Urvasi of 'the beauty of the garden as the *Avatar* of Spring is gradually revealed.' One sees it so especially in England. You remember the Hindú Avatars, the descents of their gods upon earth. There is a very pretty idea in one of my favourite Horace's Odes,—about the advent of Spring being heard in the shivering noise of the leaves. I have often heard the sound, it corresponds to the trees '*soughing*,' as the Scotch say, before a storm. The soughing of the trees here before a storm is quite remarkable. By-the-bye do you remember that little pocket edition of Horace which belonged to Grandmamma's Uncle, Mr. Clarke? She gave it to me just before I went to

school. She sent it, I remember, from Walton, and it was brought one Sunday evening with a letter, that she had sent it to me as a book which I should one day want, and should look forward to reading. My name was written in it then and there, E. B. Cowell, 1833. I always prize the book exceedingly, and it has always been a favourite companion of mine. I had it on board the *Monarch* and read it almost every day; and it always lies on my table here, and I take it up to unbend myself with.

"I enjoy my readings with my Moonshee very much,—you know the Mahommedan teachers are called *Moonshees*, and the Hindús *Pundits*. I am reading Hindustani with him every other morning from 10 till 12. He comes in his white dress and turban, and makes his salam as he enters; we talk Hindustani, only adopting English (which he knows very well) when I am utterly at a loss to express myself or to understand him. We read together a curious kind of allegory,—which represents the animals as appealing to the King of the Genii for deliverance from the tyranny of men; maintaining that they were by right *free*, and mankind had unjustly degraded them to slaves. It is very curious and amuses me a good deal.

"I heard on board ship of the strangest morning call! A judge up-country somewhere used to pass his vacant mornings, sitting up to his neck in a chair in a swimming bath; and one day a friend of his called, so he had him brought in, and received him as he was. Very soon the friend began to envy the very cool position of the judge and so he proceeded to join him in the bath; and the call of the two dignitaries was carried on in this amphibious state. I remember reading of Mr. Pitt receiving some minister in his bedroom. Pitt was in bed—it was a bitter cold morning, and there were two beds in the room but no *fire* place. So the minister soon betook himself to the second bed for warmth; and the affairs of State were settled in this position."

"Spence's, Calcutta, June 3, 1857. I am grieved to think you will have been so often thinking of our sufferings from the heat, this last month, but really we have never found inconvenience from it any one day. Of course it has been hot, but we have found it a very pleasant month, quite as pleasant as April. The thermometer has always been 90 and sometimes 91, still we have not minded the heat. You will have been anxious too about a very different matter, which will make *this May* one of the most memorable months of British Indian History. It will have come like a thunder clap on England, I fancy;—I sent you a hurried line via Marseilles by the After Packet which I trust will have

reached you all safely. It will help to explain matters. I will now try and give you some account of them. I little thought that I should arrive in such stirring and alarming times. It has indeed been a *crisis*;—nor is it yet all over. To use the *Friend of India's* fine words, 'the gale is gone down but the waves are still running high.' But you shall have an account of it.

"On Saturday, May 16th, I sent off your letters and went and delivered a little lecture on Greek History to a kind of debating society of Hindus,—everything was quiet and the day passed as usual. In the morning our Khidmutgar said at breakfast that there was a rumour that the Sepoys had mutinied at Delhi and massacred a great many *Sahibs*. This was all I learned that day. I must now tell you what I fear I have never mentioned in any of my late letters,—that for the last three months there has been a mutinous spirit spreading through all the Native Army of Bengal. I have several times intended to mention it, but I have always forgotten it when I was writing. Nobody seemed to think much of it. The Sepoys were despised and we rested in our fancied self-security. When I tell you that the Commander-in-Chief has been away shooting for his own amusement in the hills, all this hot weather—you will easily see that nobody was very anxious about it. Two regiments were disbanded in April at *Barrackpoor* for mutinous conduct, and still no one took alarm. It was known that nearly every regiment was wavering and still things went on as usual. It is very remarkable that Sir Charles Napier wrote a letter to the Government six years ago (it now comes out), telling them that the Bengal army was rotten to the core; but nobody believed it; and Lord Dalhousie, on his retiring, in his famous Minute, expected so little what was coming that he actually says 'the state of the Sepoys hardly admitted improvement, it was so excellent.' So little do even wise men know of the Future.

'There are signs in human things
To be read by gifted eyes,'

but where are *they* to be found? There can be no doubt that this is one of those religious movements which sweep over Eastern nations in such an unaccountable way. The fact is we have misunderstood the Hindus as a nation. Because the educated natives of our large cities have begun to disbelieve Hinduism, and to throw off the restrictions of their Shasters, we have fancied that the great bulk of Hindus—the uneducated multitude—have the some doubts and disbelief. Some people have actually said that if

Government were to abolish Hinduism by law in one day, the people would be glad of it. I believe there never was a greater mistake. The mass of the uneducated people believe their system *as much as ever*; it is only when education has spread that Hinduism is shaken, and education does not touch the immense mass; it must necessarily be confined chiefly to the *towns* at present. It is the old lesson of history, which Trench draws from the very word *Pagan* which means *villager*. Long after the inhabitants of the cities and towns in the Roman empire had become Christian, heathenism lingered in the villages and out of the way hamlets; and so it is and will be in India. Here even, only a few cities have been touched,—education is now beginning to spread; but Hinduism as a system, retains its hold, I am convinced, on all except the educated of the large cities such as Calcutta, &c. I don't speak of individual converts, but the general state of feeling. The natives feel that Hinduism has begun to be shaken,—that the *system itself* is beginning to totter; and the idea has sprung up that Government intends to make them all Christians *by force*. A new kind of cartridge has been lately introduced into the army—and this has furnished a *pretext*, by which the already existing feeling is fired into a blaze. Maurice will remember Aristotle's remark that revolutions never come without great *causes*, though very often they arise on trifling *occasions*. Some unknown designing men spread the idea that these cartridges had been greased with beef fat to break the Hindu's caste, and with hog's lard for the Mohammedans, and this has become a fixed idea in the native mind, which no arguments or threats can eradicate;—like the English frenzy at the time of Titus Oates. Regiment after regiment have refused to take these cartridges, and at last they refused to accept even their *old cartridges;* and then the struggle began.

"At Meerut, the native regiments there refused in this way; and the commanding officer, being backed by a regiment of English, stationed there, held a court martial and sentenced a hundred of the ringleaders to very severe imprisonments. This was so far well,—but instead of guarding against any attempt at rescue, the Europeans went away to their quarters some two miles off; and that evening the native soldiers rescued their imprisoned comrades, shot their European officers, murdered all the Europeans they could find and burnt their houses, and got away just before the European regiment came up. Great blame is attached to the commanding officer for not coming up sooner and pursuing them with his Cavalry. These rebels then marched off to Delhi, where there were only native soldiers, Delhi being

considered so entirely secure. They arrived there next day and spread the flame at once. The Sepoys rose and committed the same atrocities, and many Europeans were murdered. We do not know the names of most, because Delhi has been seized by the rebels, and is in fact their headquarters; and all communication is cut off. Of course the flame spread—but in most cases prompt measures have been taken to put it down. Only Alighur has really fallen—there the regiments behaved very well to their officers, who were of course powerless to resist. The armed mutineers and the rebels quietly marched off to Delhi, without any bloodshed or riot. At Ferozapoor the flame was *stamped out* by an English regiment near, which came up and with grape and cavalry charges annihilated the mutinous regiment at once,—hardly any escaped.

"In the midst of the dark scenes of cruelty, there are some bright traits of fidelity on the part of native servants, who did their best to save their masters and mistresses and often succeeded. We have been in some danger at Calcutta, but I think *not* since we knew of it. Our danger really was in that week which preceded the arrival of the news, as we were utterly unprepared. There are four regiments which we know are nearly if not quite as mutinous, as the two that were disbanded, and they have only been kept quiet by a part of a European regiment stationed there. Our danger really ceased when we became aware of it,—people at once grew alarmed and prepared for the worst. Volunteer bands were formed,—*everybody* armed, even I bought a pair of pistols which lay always ready on my bedroom table,—and so the natives felt there was no chance and remained quiet. It now turns out that there was a plot among the native soldiers to seize the Fort on the night of that Fête which was given by the Rajah of Gwalior in the Botanical Gardens, when so many of the English officers would be away. It only failed in consequence of the evening being very wet, which caused the Fête to be postponed and so the plot was discovered, and quietly hushed up to prevent alarm. This will have taught the English a grand lesson, which I hope they will lay to heart;—the necessity of having more European soldiers to keep the native corps quiet.

"The whole thing is a singular instance of what Grote calls the principle of *constitutional morality*;—I mean an illustration of its *absence*. We naturally think that Law is a tangible influence; the forms of Society seem *real walls*; but such times as these show us how little worth they are when they are, not backed by brute force. It all rests, after all, on *muscle* and *pluck*. We have been fancying that the Bengal army was perfectly to be trusted—

that the invisible walls of loyalty and discipline were effectual of themselves to restrain; and so for a long series of years they seemed to be. We become blinded in our confidence,—the old barrier of English soldiers is more and more removed,—we take down the tangible barrier and leave the invisible wall of sentiment *alone*. Now for a time this does as well; Delhi guarded by native troops alone seems just as safe, as it was when there was an English regiment as well; and the few English residents seem quite secure there. They rest on the security of the sentiment of discipline, which seems so strong.

"The mutineers have now held Delhi since May 11th and I question if it can be retaken before the cold season! The steamer which comes in to-day with the mail landed *all her passengers at Madras*, and comes on with troops. Lord Canning has risen splendidly to the crisis, and has been doing all that man can do to get troops from Burmah, and Madras; and if he can get the troops with Lord Elgin from the Chinese expedition, we shall do. Only the rainy season is coming on, and I fear little campaigning work can be done then. Fancy moving guns and stores with every road a quagmire! The only thing that has been in our favour is that the Persian war is over;—if we had war on our hands as well as this Mutiny, I can't think what would become of the Empire!"

The Cowells had indeed come out to India in exciting times, and it will be seen that the successive events of the mutiny as narrated, and the unwonted feelings that could not fail to be aroused, add much to the interest of the Indian letters of the first fifteen months.

While these stirring events were taking place Cowell received another long letter from FitzGerald, of which I transcribe a few fragments[1] with the note touching on the Persian days at Oxford:—

"March 12/57. 'Old Johnson said the Poets were the best Preservers of a Language: for People must go to the Original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Háfiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, the most Persian of the Persians. . . . . While I think of it, why is the Sea (in that Apologue of Attár once quoted by Falconer) supposed to have lost God? Did the Persians agree with something I

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

remember in Plato about the Sea and all in it being of an inferior Nature, in spite of Homer's 'divine Ocean, &c.'!"

In a note to this letter on p. 251 of *FitzGerald's Letters*, Mr. Aldis Wright says:—"This struck E. F. G. so much that he introduced it into *Omar Khayyám*, stanza xxxvi. Prof. Cowell writes[1]: 'I well remember showing it to FitzGerald and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1855. I laughed at the quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and, like Virgil with Ennius' rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had only seen tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it.'"

Four days later E. F. G. began another letter[2]:—

"By the bye again, what is the passage I am to write out for you from the Volume you gave me, the old Bramford Volume, 'E. B. Cowell, Bramford, Aug. 20, 1849'? Tell me and I will write it in my best style: I have the Volume here in my room, and I was looking into it only last night; at that end of the Magico, which we read together at Elmsett! I don't know if I could translate it now that the '*cestus*' caught from your sympathy is gone! . . . ."

"Mar. 29. I should think Bramford begins to look pretty about this time, hey, Mr. Cowell? And Mrs. Cowell? There is a house there constantly advertised to let in the papers. . . ."

But we must continue Cowell's letters to his Mother, and his interesting account of the Mutiny:—

"Calcutta, June 14th, 1857. We have been very anxious about the state of Calcutta. Rebellions have been breaking out every where, though at every place, we hold our own bravely, and at Lucknow and Benares the rascals have been most soundly and gloriously *thrashed* to their hearts' content. At Lucknow they have an army in Sir Henry Lawrence, who stamped the mutiny out like a hero, and has been hanging batches of the rebels every morning and evening as a lesson to the disaffected populace. Still

[1] This letter is printed in full in Chapter VII.

[2] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

Delhi remains untouched, and thither the beaten rebels fly; they must have a large army of mutineers there by this time.

"Calcutta has been very *quiet*, but very *uneasy*, if you can understand this antithesis. We have some three regiments of native troops at Barrackpoor, all disaffected to the core, and only kept down by the presence of some two hundred English. The chief native newspaper has been stopped and its editor seized for publishing most inflammatory and atrocious articles. The native mind seems in a ferment which a spark may kindle. On Sunday morning, June 14th, about a quarter past six, a friend came in very hurriedly to say that there was going to be a rising, and that the troops had mutinied in Barrackpoor and were marching on Calcutta, and he advised us to take refuge in a ship on the river, and gave us the name of a vessel. He himself had left his house with his family, and was going to take refuge in a friend's house near the fort. You will easily judge that my dislike of hurry and precipitation came to my help and I determined to hear something more before I took such a step; so I went down and made enquiries in the Hotel. There I found that it was not so bad as this, though quite sufficient to cause alarm. In the middle of the previous night (Saturday) Government had received notice that at 4 a.m. the troops at Barrackpoor had planned a revolt, intending to march on Calcutta, if successful, there to be joined by all the fanatics and rabble of the city. Government did not let the grass grow under their feet, but at once sent off all the troops they could spare, and sent for a regiment from Chinsurah (a few miles beyond) to march on to Barrackpoor to help if any row arose. Every Ghari was seized by Government to convey these troops; and consequently we had no Ghari that day and were forced to keep at home, as it is too hot now for Palkies. Every body is armed and we form a body of 50 men at Spence's, so this is a little fortress in itself. The day wore away amid contradictory and flying rumours; until about 5 p.m. as I was looking out from our window on the Inn Yard, I saw to my amazement a Hackney or bullock cart enter *filled with muskets* and boxes of ammunition. These I found had been supplied by Government to make the Hotel secure, as it was to be one of the appointed places of refuge in case of emergency. These arms were given to those who had none:—nearly every body had one of his own. I got one for myself with a bayonet and 20 cartridges, and these with my pistols made me well armed. I think one's staircase could be made a kind of Thermopylæ now. At the same time by a bold stroke all the native troops in Calcutta were disarmed. I went out in a Palki and came upon them just as it

was done. They made no resistance, in fact they were cowed by a strong body of English soldiers; and these Sepoys are mean, cowardly wretches, when they are not kept up by English officers. It does one's heart good to read how a few determined English soldiers scattered them like chaff at Benares. Well, at the same hour the mutinous regiments at Barrackpoor, who had been cowed from any rising by the new troops arriving,—were then paraded and disarmed, without any resistance. All night the city was in great commotion,—bands of patrols guarded the streets, and you continually heard the challenge of sentinels and the changes of the guard; but no riot took place. Government was thoroughly prepared,—it was our 10th of April, and the rabble dared not show their faces. If they had they would have learned a lesson that they require to be taught in a deep, deep red letter.

"On Monday morning the King of Oude, who has been living close to Calcutta, at that village of Kidderpoor where we so often used to drive, was arrested with the leading officers of his Suite, and safely lodged as a State prisoner in the Fort. Papers have been found deeply implicating him in the whole plot of the Rebellion. —If he is found to be guilty, I hope and trust they will hang or shoot him,—it would be as splendid an example to awe the natives as Hastings having the first Bráhman Nincomar hanged.

"Accounts seem more cheering I think from the Provinces. Rebellions keep breaking out every where, but vigorous and prompt measures put them down. Still many valuable lives are lost,—and one grudges any brave man falling by the hands of such cowardly ruffians.

"I suppose in a few days from this, the Marseilles Telegraph will convey to England the first shock of the Insurrection. I suppose it will reach England about the 27th of the month—perhaps even a day or two before. I was interested in seeing in one of the *Illustrated News* that came the other day, an account of those mysterious chipalties or cakes which last spring were flying about in such a mysterious way from station to station in the Presidency of the North-West Provinces. It mentioned several hypotheses to explain it,—one was some vow of a rich Zemindar,—another was an intended *insurrection*. I believe they have now found out beyond a doubt, that this latter was the true solution. It was a preconcerted signal to secure unity of operation, besides probably conveying some secret intelligence.

"We have both been very well,—I have never been better in my life than during this hot weather, no headaches, no dimness of the eyes, no sick feelings when I wake, which I used to be subject to at Oxford. I generally wake quite fresh, and after my bath

feel as vigorous as possible and ready for any hard work. We generally drive in the evening from 6 to 7½, when we return to tea, and after tea Elizabeth and I have lately played *Chess*. We began this when I was tired with Examination work, and somehow have kept the plan up afterwards. Chess has occupied us instead of our old friend Lord Mahon's History. I have been lately reading Burton's *Meccah*, with very great interest indeed. I have quite devoured the three volumes. I am going to begin Froude's *Henry VIII.*, which looks very interesting."

"Calcutta, July 3, 1857. . . . . This revolt will have caused a most enormous amount of human woe and misery; and all for nothing! The natives will lose in every way by it, as they will find to their cost. All that feeling of hostility to their race as a race,—the feeling of antipathy to black—which used to be so strong,—and which has been gradually of late years giving way to better and kinder feelings, is all rekindled with more fierceness than ever. Nearly every Englishman you meet now talks with haughty bitterness of the 'niggers,' the newspapers generally use that opprobrious term in their articles; I am amazed how public feeling has changed.—India will henceforth be governed much more by the strong hand of unconsidering power:—the white man must make himself and feel himself safe; and the black man must be crushed into his proper place, and kept down by bayonets and muskets. He will have only his own folly and wickedness to blame—it is these that have changed his too trusting and indulgent masters into a sterner stuff. . . . . .

"I may as well tell you of the new fruits that we have been having the last six weeks, but which are now going away. I mean the Mango. I had heard so much about this fruit in Hindú poetry, as in Urvasi, &c., that it was always a great dream of mine. We have found it very nice,—certainly the best of the Indian fruits. It is about the size of an orange, only its skin is thinner and of a pale green colour. It has a very large stone in the middle, and you cut it round the stone in four slices, two broad like halves almost, and two small at the ends. The fruit is something like a melon. There is a very fine flavour in it,—I always say you distinctly taste the warm kindly sunshine which has ripened it. I am sorry they are nearly over as they were a really fine Indian fruit. The fruits generally are poor—far inferior to those of England. However, every month brings a new fruit, and we shall see what follows next. We have had some guavas, but they were not nice at all, although from them is made that very delicious guava jelly.

"The weather continues as all this week, thermometer 84. It seems very unlike India to look out of the window and see the sky covered with deep banks of clouds. We had a heavy storm of rain this morning, and the books begin to get mouldy with the damp. . . . .

"The poor survivors are beginning to come to Calcutta; Bishop's College is in part set aside to receive those who are friendless. Yesterday five poor orphans arrived at Spence's from Delhi. They are now in the inn, poor things, and will doubtless be sent to Bishop's Coll. I have not seen anything of them yet. One's blood boils to think of the wanton and useless misery the atrocious conduct of these Sepoys has caused. Really vengeance against such wretches become a sacred feeling,—one feels they *ought* to be made a memorable example of. I hope and trust Government will be unrelentingly just and stern in their treatment of them."

"Calcutta, Aug. 8, 1857 . . . . This mail will be the most disastrous we have yet sent you, it abounds with bad news. The worst news is in the paper this morning that General Havelock, who had marched from Cawnpore to relieve Lucknow, and has had a series of victories in his march, has been forced to retreat after all when within about ten or twelve miles of Lucknow. His very victories have thinned his little army so much that he dared not go on. Every inch of the country had to be fought for, the whole population was up in arms, and the march (only about 40 or 50 miles in all!) was one series of encounters! I hope he will get reinforcements at Cawnpore and try again; but one's heart bleeds for the poor heroic little garrison at Lucknow. There they are—pent up in their fortified Residency,—a band of Englishmen at *bay*, with thousands of ruffians trying to seize their stronghold, and this little Spartan band holding it against all the odds. Still one fears they cannot hold it much longer. Ammunition and supplies must at last fail and no fortifications can hold out beyond a certain time. One longs sometimes to set out as a Volunteer and join General Havelock's army and march to the rescue. I should certainly do so if I were unmarried. The present crisis is one which calls for every unemployed English arm,—it is now English versus native,—*white* versus *black*—the fight is one of *race* and *blood*. Here in Calcutta we know nothing of it, through a merciful Providence,—but a very few miles out of Calcutta life and property are insecure. The Mutiny itself is no nearer than Dinapore (near Patna), but if you look on the map, and run your eye down the successive stages of the rebellion, Meerut, Delhi, Bareilly, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares and Dinapore, you will

see how the tide has come, wave after wave ;—ebbing for a while and then rolling in again.

"I have just heard that some more China troops are in the river—so that a regiment will be moved on from Calcutta up-country where they are so terribly needed. You would have been *amused* to have been here last week to have seen me practising with my firearms. I had been unable to practise in the Inn, and so I asked a very kind friend of ours Mr. Richards, the Clergyman of St. John's Church where we generally now attend, to let me come and practise in his garden. He lives out of Calcutta at Ballygunge, and he at once gave me a cordial invitation. So I went several times last week and practised for hours with my own pistol and his revolver. I found myself improve, and I think I could become a fair shot, for an amateur, in a few more lessons. I am very glad to have learned how to handle one's weapons,—one feels helpless without that. Now one feels more at home with them. Till then I did not know how even to load a revolver.

"I shall send you our Overland Newspaper. It gives you all our news and a graphic account of the nine men in Delhi blowing up the Magazine on the memorable day, May 11. I have just learned that Lord Elgin is in the river with some more of the Chinese force. The heroic little band at *Arrah* near Dinapore are saved, and General Havelock has deposited his wounded and the guns he had taken, in safety, and has started again with reinforcements for Lucknow. So I have some better news to finish with."

To his Brother, Maurice B. Cowell.

"Calcutta, Sept. 11, 57 . . . . I am working hard at History full swing at it now, and enter into it with my whole heart and soul. It is a most engrossing study and grows in interest as one goes on. I have bought a *Polybius* and find it more interesting than I even expected. I am running through it for Roman history—he seems the only real authority for the First Punic War, and far better than Livy even for the Second. I cannot conceive why they should not make men read at Oxford (instead of the stupid and misleading First Decade) Livy's Third Decade and Polybius. It would be really interesting, and besides exercise men's analytical and comparative faculties . . . .

"I have been very much interested in Thirlwall's 8th volume about the history of the Achæan League and its rival the Ætolian. It was an unknown period of Greek history to me—it comes into

my work as connected with *Rome* and the Roman conquest of Greece. Dr. Arnold calls it the Martinmas summer of Greece's closing year. I have found several very interesting characters in it—two Spartan Kings in particular, whom I knew nothing of, Agis IV. and Cleomenes—one of the most romantic histories I ever read. I should like to write the history of the Martinmas summer of Greece. You should read the account of the Carthaginian *Sepoy* mutiny, at the end of the first book of Polybius. The parallel to the present mutiny is marvellously close—even the very atrocities are verbatim."

A long letter dated October 7 describes an expedition down the Hooghly to the Sandheads and out to sea, the boats and the river. On the voyage back up the river, the Captain undertook to tow an American ship, and at the sweep round Hooghly Bight, the latter vessel ran on a bank. Here is Cowell's description of the scene :—

"You may imagine the excitement which followed. We cut the hawsers directly to free ourselves and give the vessel play, and the American Captain threw out two anchors to steady his ship under the tremendous pressure of the rising tide. In a very few minutes we saw every hand hard at work at the pumps, and several times we feared she would heel over and go down. One time she almost lay level on her beam ends, but after a few minutes she righted very much, although she was still out of the perpendicular. She was a fine ship—1,800 tons and drew 21 feet of water; but American ships are not built with the solidity of English ships, and it soon became evident that she was a doomed vessel and would never 'plough the deep again.' The Captain sent his wife and children and stewardess on board by 12 o'clock, and determined to make a last effort to save the ship. We went near and tied a hawser to her and tried desperately to pull her off, but she was imbedded too deep and never stirred. In the afternoon we sent off both our boats to help to save the crew, and we anchored the steamer as near as we could with safety. The river ran like a millstream—eight miles an hour, and the difficulty was for the boats to make their way to us. The only way was for them to make for the shore and creep close in where the tide was slack and work up a long way past the steamer and then pull out strongly across—so that the tide might drift the boat in the diagonal so as to reach the steamer. We put out ropes to help them, but three times one boat missed us and whirled past in the

vortex of the tide. Each time took more than an hour, and it was becoming rapidly dark. At last some of the boats reached us, and two others, I believe, made their way to the shore despairing of reaching the steamer at all. When we left the place the next morning to steam up to Calcutta, in order to send cargo boats down to save what they could of the cargo, the vessel was still above water, but as the tide rose she rolled about, and was evidently a complete wreck. Her cargo of salt of course made things worse, as with water in the ship's hold, the salt would rapidly melt. I see by the papers that the ship finally drifted off the sand and went down. It seems strange to think how soon the accident occurred,—it literally was over in a second. The river is a very dangerous one and especially at spring tides.

"Last night, I went to the Asiatic Society and, to my surprise, was proposed a member of the General Committee, or Council as it is called. Archdeacon Pratt used to be on the Council, but he has this summer resigned."

FitzGerald wrote numerous letters to Cowell during the latter half of 1857, and I will give a short extract from two[1] of them:—

"July 13/57. . . . . This day year was the last I spent with you at Rushmere! We dined in the Evening at your Uncle's in Ipswich, walking home at night together. The night before (yesterday year) you all went to Mr. Maude's Church, and I was so sorry afterwards I had not gone with you too; for the last time as your wife said. One of my manifold stupidities, and avenged in a Lump now."

"Oct. 3/57. Last night I had some of your Letters read to me: among them one but yesterday arrived, not very sunshiny in its prospects: but your Brother thinks the *Times* newspaper of yesterday somewhat bids us look up. Only all are trembling for Lucknow, crowded with Helplessness and Innocence! I am ashamed to think how little I understand of all these things: but have wiser men, and men in Place, understood much more? or, understanding have they done what they should! . . . . Love to the dear Lady, and may you be now and for time to come safe and well is the prayer of your's, E. F. G."

A letter of the same date, October 7th, mentioned his recent attack (the second) of mild fever, the result of

[1] Letters and Literary Remains of Ed. FitzGerald. W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

which had been a loss of hair. He was, however, quite well. The news with regard to the progress of the Mutiny was good, as Delhi had been captured and Lucknow relieved. Cowell was glad that two of the Moghul's sons had been shot at Delhi, an example that he thought would tell.

To Maurice Cowell.

"Oct. 21, 1857. I have just been copying out in my MS. book, which I begun on board the *Monarch*, and called *Horæ Historicæ*—the account of Jewish History which you sent me from Stanley's Lectures. I mean to make use of it when we do Jewish History. My MS. begins to swell with continued analyses and extracts, and it now really has some useful and interesting materials. History becomes every month more engrossing, as I go deeper into it. I long to fix on some period to explore thoroughly for myself;—at present I dig various *shafts* and bring up ore of all kinds. I have lately read Robertson's *Discovery of America* with extreme interest. This led me to read that chapter in Alison which gives the subsequent revolt of the Spanish American Colonies. The whole story from Columbus to Bolivar was one continued wild romance. There is nothing like it for fierce interest. It never flags, but carries you on through a chain of marvels and hairbreadth escapes. In some respects it is one of the mournfullest of all sad histories.

"I have just finished Froude's *Henry VIII.*, which I admire immensely. I don't believe all he makes out about Henry and Anne Boleyn, but the main story seems to me unimpeachable. This is the way to write English history—to make the times tell their own tale by extant documents.

"I send you by this post a copy of my article,[1] in the new *Calcutta Review*. You will see how very much my studies have lately lain in a new direction. It is very different from any former article of mine. I have just had sent from England Whitaker's edition of that chronicle by Jocelin de Brakeland of the Abbacy of Abbot Sampson, which Carlyle abridged in *Past and Present*. It is very well translated with ample notes to explain feudal customs—and furnishes a most vivid picture of the times. By all means buy it and read it. I should like a collection of such books. How they would hold the mirror to past times, if we had a library of such!

"I have had a nice edition of *Froissart* from England, which I

[1] "Historical Evidence."

shall begin soon—but at present I am not touching French History. My *Sismondi* lies at present untouched, but it lures me very much and I have to exercise my 'will' to keep hands off it."

The next letter was dated November 24th, 1857. Cowell had at this time arranged to go in for an examination in Hindustani for which he had for some time been reading, but only this month he discovered that *Colloquial* proficiency was required. He therefore postponed offering himself till January in order that he might further prepare himself. He tells us that his college duties took up nearly all his time, and there was not much left for Hindustani, and yet he undertook the Secretaryship of a very interesting society, the Vernacular Literature Society, in the hope of improving the tone of the native mind by the provision of some wholesome moral literature, the present native literature being unspeakably vile. It was intended to provide cheaply translations of popular English works. This was an aim in which Cowell would naturally take a great interest. He says :—

"The Society have this year begun to sell. Until this year, our books have made little way. *Robinson Crusoe* is now in a second edition—*Paul and Virginia* has sold nearly 1,000 copies—Macaulay's *Clive* the same; but the most popular are selections from Hans Andersen's charming tales. They have sold 1,600 in two months. We have already published his *Mother's Story* and the *Wild Swans*, the *Tinder Box* and *Little Claus and Big Claus*, and they seem amazingly liked. What an immense difference between such really delightful stories, and the impure atrocities which teem from the native Bazar presses. My duties as Secretary are very light. They chiefly want the name of somebody connected with education. There is a native Hindú Secretary who does all the routine work and attends to the sale of books. I have lately been introduced to Mr. Grote's brother,—he is a great Persian Scholar. I have not mentioned our grand news that Sir Colin has relieved Lucknow splendidly—he went armed with an overwhelming artillery and smashed all opposition. He describes the enemy as fighting very stoutly. He himself and nearly all his Staff were wounded, he himself very slightly. The old King of Oude and his Vizier remain in the Fort. I suppose they will be

let off. Public opinion runs very strong that the hoary miscreant at Delhi has been spared. I think that is the most atrocious act of idiotic folly I ever heard of. We do not know who is to blame. . . . . I only hope some soldier may take the law into his own hand and shoot the old vagabond as he passes. There are many men in India who have lost many friends, and if ever 'killing was no murder' it would be in such a case. I never felt more savage at anything than I have done lately, in hearing that he was not only *spared*, but that he is at this moment living in state in his Palace, and called 'your Majesty' by the English officers who attend him."

On January 9th Cowell was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, a post which he continued to hold until July, 1863.

A letter dated January 23rd, 1858, written to his brother Maurice, gives a full account of his day's continuous work from 7 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., and giving too the subjects of his lectures. He had, he said :—

"A long spell about Charles I. and the Parliament which led me to sketch extemporaneously the whole history of the House of Commons from the beginning; and this led to my favourite doctrine that Queen Elizabeth's internal history is the true interpretation and key to Charles' reign. She managed the Commons and passed a long reign without any serious collisions—he had nothing but such collisions from the very beginning of his reign."

In April Cowell's examinations were very hard work :—

"April 9, 1858. The University Examination has occupied me wholly. I have had an enormous deal to do, as the whole 920 papers had to be read and examined in a limited time. Happily the last half being geography was much shorter, and I could run through the papers more than twice as fast. Forty history papers were as much as I could do in the day on the average, as I had almost always one lecture at least at the College. And this could only be done by beginning at 6 a.m. as near as possible, and so getting a good start before breakfast. I tried to time my work and never do more than three hours consecutively. In this way I got through my large block of work every day, keeping my average of forty nearly unbroken. I got through the labour

remarkably well, and have had no bad effects from the strain. When the thing was done, I unbent for several days, and did nothing—absolutely nothing except read novels. I was very much pleased with Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*, which I have never seen before. I also read Boswell's *Johnson*, and delighted in it more than ever. It really is a wonderful book, and does indeed carry you into the very stir of the times themselves. You seem to live as a contemporary. I was quite reluctant to finish the book, and find like Bunyan that it was a dream. . . . . There are several very interesting accounts of the two Wartons, Joseph and Thomas, some of whose poetry is in our *Aikin*. That of Thomas is very pretty, and quite original at that time for its minute painting of scenery. He describes some of the villages near Oxford, and the Oxford walks very well, especially a village which the Miss Plumtres used to walk to—beyond the foot of Headington Hill and St. Clement's Church. I should like to see all Thomas Warton's poetry—such poetry as that is very refreshing in India. It carries one so thoroughly to English, nay even Oxford, country scenery. The minute description of the different natural objects is very delightful."

"Mountain's Hotel, Calcutta, June 17, 1858. The heat here has been very great (11 degrees higher than it has been for 15 years). Still with it all I have been very well. Elizabeth has felt it a good deal and has been poorly, but I think the cooler weather will do her good directly.—Certainly one can now well understand the excessive joy felt by the natives at the beginning of the Rains, which is expressed in all their poetry, and especially in the 4th Canto of Urvasi. . . . . The Rains always begin some time between the 5th and 20th of June.

"We have settled ourselves very comfortably at Mountain's Hotel. We have three windows directly looking on the Maidaun, so we are sure of getting the Southern breeze if there is any. We have quite a beautiful view,—the expanse of the Maidaun, the Ochterlony monument, the Cathedral, and in the distance the trees of Allypoor, the loveliest part of the country near Calcutta. It is a great improvement on Spence's, though we were very comfortable there throughout. Now that the heat has gone, we may hope for at least two months of very pleasant weather. I have plenty to do, but this is what I like—but I find plenty of time for my private studies. I think a person can do more in India in the way of quiet study and work than even in England. The heat favours quiet work, it only hinders *active* employment. I have been trying to persuade Ed. FitzGerald to come and spend next cold season

here. I think it would do him good. He could improve his Persian, which now seems one of his great amusements, and he would be able to pick up many books, which he cannot have now, besides the pleasure of the journey itself. I hardly think it likely, however, that he will come, though I am sure he would be glad he came if he could determine on taking the step."

"July 7, 1858. I had the Warton's Poems and am *very much* obliged to Maurice for his thoughtful kindness in sending them. Their fresh descriptions of the country scenery of our old walks in Oxford will be very delightful to read over every now and then. . . . .

"I am now hard at work editing a very old Sanskrit MS. for the Asiatic Society; and I am hoping to begin reading Bengali for my examination ere long.—I can't help thinking that the way to keep well in India is to have the mind constantly occupied. I never read anything hard after tea, and we are always in bed by ten. But in the hours of daylight I can't help thinking a man may work (within bounds) as much as he chooses without any harm. In India an Oriental scholar finds every where things to interest him. I pity the Englishman who finds himself thrown out here as an exile, without any interest beyond what he could feel in England. Now I find myself in the midst of everything which I have been interested in since I was fourteen. I go to the Asiatic Society—it is the very *room* which I have known from Sir W. Jones' life. There is Sir W. Jones' bust—there is Colebrooke's, there is Wilson's and Dr. Mills'. The books round the rooms are all more or less my own sphere—all Oriental in some form or other. I find there MSS. which I could hardly see in England; and here for a few rupees, I have them copied for my own. I shall be glad to return to England and see my dear friends again; but in itself I would not have missed visiting India for anything. I find the second year just as pleasant as the first, the heat is only a *bugbear* if you are really interested in the country. Of course, if a person feels an exile and is constantly sighing to return, the country seems an unbearably miserable one; but if the mind can create its own sphere of interest, and throw itself into its new world and resolve to live its life (according to Goethe's idea of happiness—living one's life out), then a man can be very happy, in India amongst the pundits and the moonshees. I pity those who are only this or that,—only Governors General or Members of Council. But if a man is something more in himself,—and really interested in the country beyond the routine of his daily business (be it high or low, it matters not) then the country becomes a

different scene at once. One feels a new world opening around one,—just as one detects world-old roots in the very words addressed to you by your servants, roots that survive the revolutions of empires, in England and Italy. I feel equally in the Mohammedan and the Hindú, on different counts, though of course the Hindú is more associated with my old studies and feelings. My Pundit has now come in. He comes every afternoon at five. To-day he has come before his time, and so he must wait a while. He is now sitting opposite me reading—a fine intelligent Bráhman. —His name is Ram Nasagan.—I have read a good deal with him first and last. He knows English very well."

"Aug. 4, 1858. . . . I am very pleased you like my Omar Khayyám. I am now correcting the proofs of another article about *Caste*. It is not so interesting a subject as the poetry of Omar, but more useful perhaps. Omar Khayyám was the short Persian MS. that I copied out for E.F.G. while he and I were staying at Rushmere. I used to do a certain number of lines every day for him, I remember. I hope he may write for Fraser an article on the same poems. That is why I sent it to the *Calcutta Review* and not to Fraser. I sent an article to Fraser about 6 weeks since, but I don't know whether it will suit them or not.

"The Muharram has just closed—very different from the anxious period last year. I went out last night and saw some of the processions. The great Mohammedan streets were filled with different throngs beating tomtoms and dancing wildly, with torches and pans of flaming tow or something of that sort, which they were waving wildly round their heads. In each of these crowds there was an immense tower, moved by 40 or 50 men, built in stories like a Chinese pagoda and covered with lamps,—perhaps 40 feet high. This represents Husain's house. Then there were others carrying a representation of a bloody hand on a pole—others waving escutcheons on high poles, with swords hanging dangling in the air from the corners. It was a most curious scene! They throw all these things into the river, in solemn procession to-day, except the tower (called taziyas) which they keep as being too costly to destroy so wantonly. In October we shall have the great Hindú festival, the Durjá Poojah, and our three weeks' holiday at the College. I think we shall probably take a little trip to the curious old French town Chandernagore and stay a few days there. The holidays will be later this year and therefore cooler."

"Aug. 25, 1858. You will be surprised to hear that we had a smart shock of an earthquake here yesterday. I was sitting in a room on the ground floor after tiffin, when suddenly about half past three we heard a rumbling like a heavy waggon, and then a strange tremour ran under one's feet, like the vibration of a loosely built house when a heavy waggon passes by—only very much more violent. It lasted about half a minute and was strong enough to make one feel a little sick. Calcutta has such visitants every few years, but this was the smartest that has happened for many years. India is not a volcanic region, so that the earthquakes are never very dreadful, as in other hot countries. Elizabeth felt it very much as she was in an upper room. The motion ran along from north to south. It was certainly a very peculiar feeling, the ground literally rocking under your feet, like a boat on the river. . . .

"I find that the lectures take now very much less time to prepare as the different subjects begin to be familiar. Elphinstone's *India* and Hallam's *Constitutional History* are now quite 'got up' and give me very little trouble to prepare. Elphinstone is one of my favourite books now, and I try and make my private reading bear upon and illustrate different parts of the Hindú or Mohammedan periods. They thus become more familiar and more interesting,—one's own discoveries add a new interest to the narrative and prevent it growing dull or insipid by frequent repetition. I am now reading it with a class for the *sixth* time; and I shall probably read it with a *second* class this year. I ought to know it well after such practice! My great helps are Greece and Rome, as there my old Oxford studies stand me in good stead and I need hardly any preparation for my lectures."

"Oct. 8th, 1858. I have been hard at work at Bengali, and have passed the examination. I undertook this work because I found out that the present head of the Sanskrit College, a Pundit, has resigned, and there was a vacancy and a great doubt as to who should fill it. The difficulty in my case was not fully knowing Bengali, and you may easily imagine I was not likely to let the grass grow under my feet in removing that disqualification, although I said nothing about it. I have been already partly rewarded. The Government are very undecided as to what changes should be made in the Sanskrit College and its studies, and I only this morning received the official letter appointing me Acting Principal for three months to report upon the present condition of the College and the state of its studies, and to give suggestions for its future management. I am only to hold the

office for three months, but my appointment was very gratifying and I shall throw myself *con amore* into the duties of the post while I hold it. I don't expect to have it as a permanent appointment, as they object to uniting two offices, and I hold this necessarily with my old professorship, as the salary is only on the Native's scale about £300 per annum. Still I am very pleased indeed to have it. It is the very post which Professor Wilson held when he was out here. In those days they did not mind pluralities. It will give me a good deal to do this cold season. I shall examine every class in the College to test the studies which they pursue and the kind of teaching which is given. It is peculiarly my own field, and it is well worth undergoing a little trouble and extra fatigue about it. I shall begin my duties directly the holidays end.

"You will enter less, I fear, into another great dream of mine which has come true, viz. I am to edit with Dr. Roer the only remaining unedited *Veda*. Dr. Roer had begun to edit it but had stopped for want of time, and I have undertaken in my leisure time to help him in carrying it on. I fear my new post will hinder me for the present, but when that is over I shall look forward to doing something in the old Veda field,—my Veda will be the Black Yajur Veda which I fancy will remind you of Mrs. Radcliffe's Confessional of the Black Penitents in her Italian! . . . We have a most magnificent Comet visible early in the evenings,—it is much the largest I ever saw. Its tail sweeps along in a most splendid manner. I should think it sweeps over 15 or 20 degrees, and it is very bright as well. I suppose it is visible with you too.

"I have half agreed to send another article for the *Quarterly* here. My paper this time was a review of Dr. Muir's new book on the Mythical and Legendary accounts of Caste,—I mean the various Hindú accounts as to how Caste originated amongst them. Maurice will be interested to see, that I took his favourite first two volumes of Grote as a parallel, and tried to compare the two periods, and the lessons to be learned from the study of each.

"And now I must not forget to say how very much delighted we were to hear that you were really off, for your charming journey. I do so reckon on hearing your accounts. I am sure you will *all* enjoy very much the mountain scenery of Switzerland."

"Nov. 8th, 1858. Your letter was very delightful the other day, we enjoyed exceedingly the account of your tour, and the fine scenery that you had been seeing. How much you must enjoy the recollection of it. One great good of travelling, I

think, is that it stores the mind with such a number of pleasant images. Your descriptions of scenery are capital—they quite made me realise the places and the people. . . . The natives are very much perplexed about the Comet (it has quite left us now). I had a long talk with our bearer—a thorough old-fashioned Hindú; and he had made up his mind that 'it meant blackman no good.' I astonished him by showing him a picture of a Comet in my Astronomy Book. He seemed amazed at seeing it in a book, and I heard him telling the other servants about it, and I had soon a request to show this wonderful picture to one of his friends. Their name for it is dhūm ketu, *i.e.* the smoke-meteor; and of course their ideas about it are vague and superstitious in the extreme. To them still as to Europe in old time, the Comet

'from its horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.'

I am anxious to see some good account of it in an English paper, and to have the question settled which people have been debating here, with more or less knowledge and with *corresponding* less or more certainty—as to whether it is the expected Comet of Mr. Hinds or not. It seems a very nice and dubious question: but of course the observatory and its delicate measurements will soon settle it.

"I have begun my duties as temporary Principal of the Sanskrit College. They are not heavy in themselves but involve a good deal of reading. To-day I hope to begin my round of going into the thirteen Sanskrit classes, which I shall enjoy when I have got into the way of setting about it. . . .

"Since writing the above, I have been my first round in the Sanskrit classes to-day. There are one or two old Pundits there. One I had a little talk with. He is a thorough Pundit of the *old* school—as innocent as a babe of English or English ways,—as heedless of our customs and language as if we had never entered India. He only knows Sanskrit and Bengali. Sanskrit is his *world!* Most of the Pundits know a little English, and the new school know English *well.* The old ones are only the lingering remains of the bygone generation—the true Hindú Pundit class, more like *Rabbis* and their Rabbinical ways than any other class of men. There always seems to me some marvellous similarity between the later Jewish mind and the Hindú mind in its true unadulterated state! I can't help feeling a great tendresse for these old men—real scholars in their way, but drifted on the shore and left high and dry by the receding tide. The tide has turned and they are left stranded. Ere long their generation will

be extinct—like the village dame school or stage coach in England. I shall hope to get some practice in Bengali, before my superintendence in the College is over."

"Jan. 22nd, 1859. . . . Yesterday was an epoch. I sent my first sheet of the *Veda* to press. I shall expect my first Sanskrit proof sheet next week! . . . . I will send you one of our Asiatic Society Reports when they are printed. I only wrote part of it. The native wrote most of it, but I retouched the style throughout. I hope to send you soon a preface of mine in Bengali, to one of our new publications in the Vernacular Society, a book of very old fables like *Pilfray*, translated by my Pundit from the Sanskrit. I think of holding a little meeting at the Sanskrit College soon for distributing the prizes, and I am trying to screw up my courage to make a Bengali speech, but I almost fear I should break down if I tried, so I can't tell whether I shall do it."

The *Calcutta Review* was an ably conducted quarterly publication which had been founded by Sir John Kaye and Dr. Duff, to promote literature and science. Of course in India the circulation of such a periodical was of slow growth, and for many years it was quite unable to pay either its editors or contributors. It was then no slight credit to those able men who wrote for it in those early years and who were apparently proud to give it from time to time a helping hand. We shall multiply evidence to show how liberal Cowell was throughout his career in promoting learning, never refusing to enlighten those who came to him for help. Cowell contributed at least three important and thoughtful articles to the *Calcutta Review* whilst he was in India, and these contributions, made nearly half a century ago, testify to that benevolent spirit.

The first of these articles appeared in the *Calcutta Review* in September, 1857. It was founded on a notable lecture which he delivered at the Presidency College on "The Principles of Historic Evidence." It was a remarkable piece of reasoning, terse and clear, and well calculated to impress the native mind. As it has been reprinted it need not be further mentioned here.

The second article appeared in March, 1858, and was

a very interesting review of a French translation of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, a poem which was some years later to make Edward FitzGerald famous in the world of literature. Cowell was of course familiar with the Persian, and familiar also with the interesting history of *Omar Khayyám*, for in 1855-6 Cowell and FitzGerald had been reading together a copy which Cowell had made of the beautiful Persian MS. of the *Rubáiyát* which he had found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. FitzGerald had made a free translation of much of it for Cowell, and this review afforded an opportunity of which Cowell availed himself to tell us something of the Persian astronomer.

He begins by reminding us that we all enjoyed in our childhood reading in some form or other the story of the Crusades, and yet the Crusades were still in the future when Omar Khayyám was received as one of three students by the Imám Mowaffak of Naishâpur, the great doctor of Islam. It is from the writings of one of the three, Nizam-ul-Mulk, who afterwards became Vizier to the Sultáns Alp Arslán (the "Valiant Lion"), and Malik Shar, that we have an interesting account of their intimacy. When Nizam-ul-Mulk first came as a pupil he found, he tells us, two others of his own age, Hakim Omar Khayyám and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh, all sent to employ themselves in study and learning under the guidance of the most illustrious teacher of the day. Both his fellow pupils were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers, and the three formed a close friendship together. The rest of the story shall be told in his own words :—

"When the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naisháput, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will;

what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied; and on those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán. The Vizier kept his word and when Hasan demanded a place under the Government it was granted. But he failed, plunged into intrigue, was disgraced and fell. Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share; but not to ask for title or office. 'The greatest boon you can confer on me,' he said, 'is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity.' Thus at Naishápur Omar Khayyám lived and died, busied in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in Astronomy where he attained to very high pre-eminence."

It is interesting to know from this article that in Cowell's opinion Omar Khayyám's scepticism belonged to a similar phase of mental history with that of Lucretius. His unsatisfied religious fervour had turned to asceticism and mysticism following a natural law. These in their turn failing to give peace to the inquirer, Cowell tells us :—

"His tetrastichs are filled with bitter satires of the sensuality and hypocrisy of the pretenders to sanctity, but he did not stop there. He could see with a clear eye the evil and folly of the charlatans and empirics; but he was blind when he turned from these, to deny the existence of the soul's disease, or at any rate, of the possibility of a cure. Here like Lucretius, he cut himself loose from facts; and in both alike we trace the unsatisfied instincts,—the dim conviction that their wisdom is folly,—which reflect themselves in darker colours in the misanthropy and despair, which cloud their visions of life."

In January and March Cowell received long letters from FitzGerald which contain passages that are interesting in connection with the printing of the translation of the

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, and with FitzGerald's doubts and anxieties concerning it, combined with his appreciation of Cowell's views of the poem as laid down in the above article in the *Calcutta Asiatic Review*. It will perhaps be convenient here to trace out once for all from the letters the relation between him and Cowell in the putting forth of the poem, now so well known and appreciated throughout the world.

I will quote the passages in succession, although I shall be passing beyond the present date :—

"Nov. 2/58.[1] . . . . As to *Omar*, I hear and see nothing of it in *Fraser* yet: and so I suppose they don't want it. I told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines: he took it however and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back; add some new Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away; one to you, you won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tessclated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden."

"Jan. 13/59.[2] I am most anxious to write to you, so much have I forsaken Persian and even all good Books of late. There is no one now to 'prick the Sides of my Intent'; vaulting Ambition having long failed to do so! I took my *Omar* from Fraser (? Parker) as I saw he didn't care for it; and also I want to enlarge it to near as much again, of such Matter as he would not dare to put it in *Fraser*. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your account of Omar, and your Apology for his Free-thinking. It is not wholly my Apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your Apology extremely also, allowing its Point of View. I doubt you will repent of having showed me the Book."

"Dec. 7/61.[3] I shall look directly for the passages in *Omar* and *Hâfiz* which you refer to and clear up, though I scarce ever see the Persian character now. I suppose you would think it a dangerous thing to edit *Omar*: else who so proper? Nay, are you not the only man to do it? And he certainly is worth good re-editing. I thought him from the first the most remarkable of the Persian Poets: and you keep finding out in him Evidence of logical Fancy which I had not dreamed of. . . .

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

"I don't know the value of the Indian Philosophy &c. which you tell me is a fitter exercise for the Reason: but I am sure that you should give us some of the Persian I now speak of, which you can do so easily to yourself; yes, as a holiday recreation, you say, to your Indian Studies. As to India being 'your Place' it may be: but as to your being lost in England, that could not be. You know I do not flatter. . . .

"I declare I should like to go to India as well as anywhere: and I believe it might be the best thing for me to do. But, always slow in getting under way as I have been all my Life, what is to be done with one after fifty?"

The above extracts are from three letters addressed to Cowell, who had received his copy of the *Omar* translation with something of a shock, and there had been frequent correspondence between them; but the following is from one addressed to Mr. W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity:—

"December 9/61.[1] As to my own Peccadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubáiyát*. I had translated them partly for Cowell; young Parker asked me some years ago for something for *Fraser*, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use as he choose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them, I printed some copies with Quaritch; and keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious Man: nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old *Omar* up."

As the final episode of this history, in *Fraser's Magazine* of June, 1870, after the publication anonymously of FitzGerald's second edition of the *Rubáiyát*, there appeared from another hand a favourable review of the translation. In it the writer gave the history of *Omar* from Cowell's article in the *Calcutta Review* and also

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

mentioned his comparison with Lucretius. This review produced the following letter from FitzGerald, which has not before been published :—

"Woodbridge: July 8 [1870]. My Dear Cowell. Your letter was forwarded to me at Lowestoft: from which place I sailed here yesterday, in order that my man may attend what they call a Shipwreckt Seamen's Dinner. I am very glad indeed that you think of coming to Lowestoft, though I cannot but say that I think you would get more benefit in some stranger and pleasanter place. Be sure to let me know when you think of coming; and also whether I can be of any use about lodgings. Miss Green is just now at Liberty.

"In consequence of your letter I got *Fraser* from the Railway Stall, and was well pleased to be so belauded. I suppose the Article is by some friend, though I cannot guess who—not you certainly—nor Donne, I think, I cannot say there is much in it: the piece from Rabelais was interesting, and to the point. Quaritch perhaps will hope that he may sell a few of his Eighteen-penny copies in consequence; having wondered from the first that I did not stir up someone to do that friendly office. By the bye, he sent me, of his own accord, a funny account of what he calls the 'Disappearance' of the first Edn.—which was bought up he says by the Editor of the *Saturday Review* (Wilks?), who (at a penny a piece) gave them to friends. Why he did not say so much in his Paper I don't know.

"We shall read, I think, a little Sophocles together—What an audible *Cry* is this! *ἔτικτε γάρ, μ' ἔτικτεν, ὤμοι μοι κακῶν, οὐκ εἰδότ' οὐκ εἰδυῖα.*

Ever yours, E. F. G.

"I was amused at Fraser's Man gravely talking of my 'endorsing' the *Calcutta Review!* I knows about it all—I knows—I knows."

After this rash digression, I now come to the third article which appeared in the *Calcutta Review* in September, 1858, on "The Mythical and Legendary Accounts of Caste." It is a delightful article on a very complicated subject. The books reviewed were, 1. *Original Sanskrit texts on the origin and progress of Religion and Institutions of India*, collected, translated into English, and illustrated by notes. By J. Muir, D.C.L. Part I.

The Mythical and Legendary Accounts of Caste. London, 1858. 2. *A History of Greece.* By George Grote. Vols. I. and II. *Legendary Greece.* London, 1845. I will only give the concluding passage :—

"It is only from comparative philology and a rigorous cross-examination of every dialect of India, that we can hope for any real light on India's early history. We shall then perhaps be able to interpret, with something like certainty, those obscure but constantly recurring allusions in the Veda to 'dark' tribes and 'white' tribes, of hostile language and religion, who were then contending for the country. It is not from native sources that any definite information is to be gained; their scattered hints can only be of use to confirm our foreign researches. In *Arya* and *Dasyu*, with their respective Indo-Germanic and Turanian relations (if we may venture to speak confidently on what is still the subject of investigation and discussion) will be found the Key to much that, viewed from the Hindú side alone, is 'darker than the darkest oracle.' As the Veda is subjected to the rigorous scrutiny of Europe, and confronted with the other extant monuments of the old world's belief, it will be forced to break its sullen silence and one by one yield up to us its secrets. But it is no spontaneous witness,—it has no perennial gush of narrative, like the epics, and Puránas; it has closed its lips as doggedly as Iago, and only science with its systematic *torture* can make it speak."

In July, of the same year, 1858, an article on "The Hindú Drama" from his pen appeared in the *Edinburgh Review.* The book reviewed was *Sakuntalá, or the Lost Ring;* an Indian Drama translated into English prose and verse from the Sanskrit of Kálidása, by Monier Williams, Professor of Sanskrit at Haileybury. It was Sir W. Jones' translation of this same work which had at first attracted Cowell's attention to Oriental study. This writer, some seventy years before, on his arrival in Bengal, had as before mentioned made the startling discovery that the Hindús had any ancient drama. His translation, which had been published in 1789, had excited much interest and had been retranslated into most of the principal languages of Europe. Professor Monier Williams' translation Cowell considered to be of considerable merit,

and was important as being made from a careful collation of manuscripts, with an ample collection of notes, and as presenting a much more adequate reproduction of this great classic of Hindú literature. The article is full of praise, and goes on to give a delightful and interesting analysis of this most dramatic story, illustrating it with many of its most striking passages. One soliloquy which Cowell speaks of as strangely beautiful I must give as an example, as it will bear separating from its surroundings :—

> 'Not seldom in our happy hours of ease,
> When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,
> Or mournful falls of music, breathing low,
> Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul
> With a mysterious sadness, and a sense
> Of vague yet earnest longing. Can it be
> That the dim memory of events long past,
> Or friendships formed in other states of being,
> Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit?'

In a letter dated March 24th, 1859, Cowell gives another account of his hard work at examination time. The number of candidates had rapidly increased from 200 in the first year to 440 in the second, and to 700 in the third. He had three and a half weeks to examine the papers, which meant, he said, 36 a day. Last year he told us he read Boswell's *Johnson* to unbend him; this year he had Talfourd's *Letters of Charles Lamb* and Elia's *Essays*, which he thought thoroughly adapted to the purpose. Their effect on the tired brain reminded him of Landor's pretty verses about music and its effects on the tired mind :—

"that is like water thrown on a dry and dusty mosaic pavement which in a moment brings out all the colouring and images in such bright and vivid distinctness. I forget the lines, but I remember the idea—it occurs in one of his poems in my old favourite the *Pericles and Aspasia*."

"May 3rd, 1859. . . . . I often think you would think my work very singular—lecturing amid a circle of intelligent, bright-eyed, dark-faced, white-robed Bengalis,—all catching at what one says and seizing any new idea with great vivacity and interest.

The natives are admirable pupils. I can't conceive a better soil for sowing scientific or historical truth; and I trust education (even in its secular form) is gradually developing a *moral tone*,—the national conscience is awaking; and Mr. Wylie told me the other day that he found in his experience as judge an immense difference for the better morally between the natives in general and those educated in the Government Institutions. One sees hope for poor benighted India in the far distance—however dark the night which rests on her sons now."

In the letter was enclosed a copy of the following extract from a letter to the Director of Public Instruction from the Secretary to the Government of Bengal :—

"You will be good enough to convey to Mr. Cowell the thanks of the Lieutenant Governor for his clear and comprehensive report, and for the efficient manner in which he has conducted the enquiries into the present condition and future prospects of the Sanskrit College."

It will be seen that Cowell had given much satisfaction at the way in which he had done his work in India. He certainly liked his duties and performed them in no niggard spirit. The home authorities had expected much from him, as they had given him a somewhat higher salary than was then usual in the Presidency College. A correspondent has informed me that there were then two grades of Professors, Junior and Senior. The former used to draw Rs. 300 and 80 house rent a month, and the senior Rs. 600 and 100 house rent. Cowell had Rs. 800 a month. When he was appointed to the Sanskrit College Principalship, he drew another Rs. 300 a month. It will be remembered that he was appointed Professor of History and Political Economy, but he had to teach Philosophy and sometimes even English in addition to his own legitimate duties. Later it will be seen that he added to this work a Bible class on Sundays at his private residence. He often used to say to his pupils that he took a delight in reading with them Hallam's *Constitutional History of England* and Hallam's *Middle Ages* to show them how

wrong they were in thinking and saying they were uninteresting. Neander's *Church History* was a favourite reading with him.

Before Cowell went out to India there was no class for the study of the M.A. course in the Calcutta University. He saw the want and commenced one in the Presidency College, and in this way added much to his own work. He was, all the time he was resident in India, a Fellow and active member of the Syndicate. And on this body he was a Counsellor of the University with regard to the selection of Text-books in English History, Political Economy, Philosophy, Greek and Latin. He never seemed to spare himself, in fact he thought the secret of maintaining health in India was work. In the first year when he took charge of the M.A. class in History and Political Economy, he read with these more advanced students Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Whitelock's *Memorials*, Guizot's *History of Civilisation*, Carlyle's *Cromwell*, and Fergusson and Mill's *Political Economy* and some other books. His duties as Member and Secretary of the Asiatic Society were not slight, and yet with all this mass of work he found time to hold the post of President of the Philological Section of that Society and to edit several Sanskrit books.

In May of 1859 Mrs. Cowell was struck down with an attack of cholera. Fortunately the attack was a mild one, but it is a disease which is always dangerous in a tropical climate, and for some weeks there was great anxiety with regard to her. However, with great care and good nursing she mended gradually. The first news of her serious illness reached England on June 17th, by which time, happily, the patient was convalescent. Bishop and Mrs. Cotton were extremely kind to the Cowells in their trouble and anxiety, and in July they pressed them to go and occupy the Palace for a year whilst the Bishop was making a visitation of the outlying parts of his vast diocese. We find, therefore, the Cowells taking up their quarters in the Palace, the vastness and airiness of which,

with its balconies and verandahs on all sides and its flat roof for evening and early morning exercise, conduced not only to Mrs. Cowell's complete recovery, but tended greatly to the health and comfort of both. The letters of this period were naturally sent to Mrs. Charlesworth, and, unfortunately, have not been preserved.

About this time, too, Cowell's appointment as Principal of the Sanskrit College was made permanent, and he was gratified at retaining this most genial work.

"Sept. 25, 1859. I suppose this letter will really find you fixed in your new house in Bolton Hill—the Rushmere episode closed and that pleasant page of life turned over and a new page begun. . . . . Elizabeth is getting on very well with Bengali. She generally reads some Bengali every day, and of course on Sundays, as I have so much more time at home, I can give her a longer lesson. I have been much interested lately in reading a most interesting book by Professor Balfour of Edinburgh, called *Botany and Religion*. I have seldom read a more interesting book. It is a series of popular lectures which he delivered. It made me long, had I time, to study my old favourite, Botany. When I go back to England, I shall certainly try and commence it, in the course of our country rambles. His sketch of the wonderful adaptation of the different parts of plants in the economy of the vegetable world was intensely interesting.—To read such books makes one feel the infinite world of interesting objects of study which lies open on every side—the various thoughts of the Almighty mind. The *Bombay Telegraph* tells us that Leigh Hunt is dead. I did not like his later books, but his *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* is one of my very favourite books.—I often take it up and read parts of it over and over. I used to enjoy pastoral poetry, and this is a very pleasant sketch of the pastoral poetry as connected with Italy and Sicily. It abounds with references to my old favourite poets, and quite brings back old days and old associations, as I read their names,—Theocritus, Tasso, Guarini, and a dozen more. I have no time to read them now, and I dare say I should not now care for them as I used to do. But the pleasant memory remains like Shelley's beautiful lines,

'Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,
Odours when the violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken!'

Remember me very kindly to Colonel Hockley when you see him."

"Bishop's Palace, Calcutta, Oct. 22, 1859. I begin my letter to you, sitting out at the Chota Haziree in the pleasant Verandah opening out of our present large bedroom. The view is very pretty indeed from where I sit, and there is that blue mistiness over the scene which tells of the approaching cooler season. The sun is already losing much of her scorching red hot power and the mornings and evenings are delightfully cool. Thank Charles Henry very much for me for all the trouble which he took for me about *Celsus*. It has not yet come, but I suppose I shall receive it by next mail. I remember the copy very well at Mr. Read's shop,—it is an ancient 'shop-keeper' I fancy, for I suppose one may apply Charles Lamb's joke about the apples in sober truth to the books one knew as a boy, he said the apple-women looked as if they were selling the *same apples!* I think I remember this *Celsus* very long ago, when I was a frequent though not very expensive purchaser of the second hand treasures in that shop. It was an era in my life when Mr. Levett first showed me that shop. I had no conception before that there was such a place in Ipswich. I found myself in faery-land at once, with hundreds of books within reach of my arm and purse too, which I had never seen in real paper and leather before, but had only heard of by the *Penny Cyclopædia* and other such oracles of mine in those days. I always maintain that second-hand bookstalls are some of the choicest delights of civilised life! If all the separate hours were summed up, I must have spent months in that shop, especially before it was repaired, and while it still retained its old dingy dark backshop where my favourites were exiled—the gayer modern vanities occupying the front shop and the better and more conspicuous places.

"Next mail I hope to send you the first number, 96 pages, of Dr. Roer's and my edition of the Veda. It is printed but not yet bound. It does not contain one letter of English from beginning to end, so I don't think you or Betha will criticise our labour much. So far it is one quarter printed and is issued in the Asiatic Society's *Bibliotheca Indica*. We print it at the Baptist Mission Press on Circular Road, a name which I knew very well in England as most of my Calcutta-printed Sanskrit books (as the *Mahâbhârata* for instance) bore that name on the title-page. By the eastern side of Circular Road runs the far-famed Mahratta Ditch, or at least its remains,—dug to protect Calcutta in old times from the dreaded incursions of those freebooters when they levied their

chout or blackmail on Bengal—in days when Clive was stealing birds-nests in his native village and getting bullied by his schoolmaster for being such a hopeless dunce. One of the Anglo-Indian names for persons born and bred in Calcutta is Ditchers—this ditch being like the sound of Bow bells for Cockneys, I suppose.

"I see there is a book published which will interest you,—*The Rose and the Lotus, or Life in England and India.* I daresay you saw an account of the native proposal that the Lotus should be inserted into the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock as part of the arms of the Empire. However, I fancy all sons of old England will hold that India must prove herself worthy of such exaltation before her symbol is allowed such proud company.

"We have been reading Scott's *Marmion* and are now reading the *Lord of the Isles*,—it is our evening book after tea. I enjoy Scott's poetry more than ever,—one returns with such zest to his sparkling freshness and life, and clear simple style, after the modern affectation of obscurity and depth. I had no idea that *Marmion* had such power. I don't think I ever read it before. I remember once beginning it, but I found that most of the poem was quite new. The *Lord of the Isles* is very interesting,—it is not so fine as *Marmion*, but there is a great deal of stirring incident and description in it. Then I am so delighted with the amount of historical information in the notes,—they are really a mine of gold for English and Scottish history. My history of Scotland is Scott's in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and these notes of course tell on the history directly. They are like a volume of Appendices and Illustrations.

"In the palace there are Verandahs on all sides (and not as in most houses merely on the south) and so you can always find a shady place to enjoy the cool fresh air. I am sure that our year's residence here, with God's blessing, will do Elizabeth a very great deal of good."

"Nov. 6, 1859. The *Celsus* arrived quite safely. It was the very copy that I had in my mind's eye when I first wrote about it. I recognised the old stain on the bottom of the leaves directly! It has been a 'boy's lifetime' and more in Mr. Read's shop. We were very much pleased to hear of E.F.G.'s visit to Charles Henry, and his walking home with you to Rushmere. I was particularly interested in hearing that he *talked* a little, though ever so little about coming to India. I am sure that he would enjoy it, and he would come back to old England with his love for its familiar haunts, its 'homes of ancient peace' only

strengthened by his having seen a little of tropical suns and Asiatic faces.—I very much wish he would come, though I certainly have very little hope that he ever *will*. I hope Rushmere troubles have been settled ere this by a little firmness. It is odd to see how many a pleasant man in social intercourse, becomes totally changed the moment he enters into any business relations. . . . . Elizabeth and I go for our early morning walk on the broad roof of the Palace at 5.30, and it is now often quite cool. The red disk of the sun appears above the horizon a minute or two after the Cathedral clock chimes for six. Then we adjourn to the large Verandah out of our bedroom and there I sit and read or write until half past eight. One gets a splendidly long morning by this early rising, and I get through all my proofs of the Veda, &c., by this time won from what the Sanskrit poets call the 'forehead of the day.'

"I sent you by last Mail the first number of Dr. Roer's and my own edition of the Veda. It amuses me to think that you and Müller have had a copy and nobody else in England. I see by your letter that you approve my not being an Examiner this year. I desired to have my holiday free this year and should like very much to run up to Benares, or down to Rangoon, or to go a few days in a boat on the river as before. I enjoyed the little break of the Durjá Poojah vacation in October very much, and during that time we never left the Palace for a day. I have agreed to give a lecture at the Bethune Institution for educated natives next January. Dr. Duff has become the President and he is trying to throw new life into it, and make it more useful to the large class of educated natives, who now grow up in idle listlessness and let their trained powers rust,—either thinking of nothing but rupees, or burying themselves in self-indulgence. My subject is to be, the importance of the study of History and Historical Evidence to the educated Hindú. It will be very much the same ground that I have already gone over, but I daresay when I take pen in hand, I shall find new ideas coming up,—one often finds 'Invention's fabled spring' in the flow of the ink from the pen! You remember, I daresay, the many mystical pieces I used to find in Persian poetry, representing the reed-pen as the type of the human soul, whose thoughts it expresses.—Certainly it does marvellously help one in composing to have the pen and paper before one,—one Persian poet calls them the 'flint and steel.' This plan of giving lectures was proposed by Mr. Wylie and the Bishop and has been followed in other parts of India. It is very interesting to feel that one has had a hand, however small, in commencing a movement which may tend to do a great deal of good."

Cowell mentions in this letter his custom, after the morning walk on the flat roof of the Palace at 5.30, of adjourning to the large verandah out of their bedroom and there sitting and reading and writing until his breakfast at half past eight. But he does not mention that many a time he went on with his work, too much engrossed to remember his breakfast, and that often one of the many crows that abound in Calcutta watched his opportunity and flew away with the cutlet provided for the professor's sustenance.

"Feb. 8, 1860. . . . . We were amused at one part of your last letter, which mentioned Indian luxuries, and when you expressed some fear as to how we should relish plain English fare after the delicacies of the tropics. The fact is India has no luxuries or delicacies,—the finest Indian things are inferior to third rate things in England. There is nothing good in India which is not very inferior and five times, ten times dearer than the corresponding thing in England. We live almost entirely on legs of mutton, chickens, ducks and eggs; and none of them is to be compared in size or flavour with those in England. I never touch any of the preserves.—Guava is the best and it is very beautiful to look at, but I can't bear its excessive sweetness. Then all the fruit (as I read in Hooker's *Himalayas* before I came out) is very insipid and poor; and it is not very wholesome either. I generally keep to plaintains, which are like a *very* poor pear, grafted on a potato. The only luxury in India is the *Pundit* and that you can't get in England. I always say that to those who don't care about the languages and the people, residence in India must be very disagreeable. But to me it is very different, because I can engage every day in my favourite pursuits at the fountain head. And besides this I am deeply interested in the people, with all their faults; and it is something to have one's lot cast in the first awakening time of a nation after 2,000 years of lethargy, and to assist in any way, however small, in rousing up the dormant and tepid faculties of the people.

"I was very sorry to hear that we have lately lost in England two such distinguished men as De Quincey and Macaulay. Poor Macaulay—his history will remain unfinished work, a kind of torso,—and we shall have missed the very part which he could have done so well, Queen Anne. That he could have done magnificently and thus have led the way to Lord Mahon who carried on our history from 1713 to 1783."

"Feb. 22, 1860. . . . . I had a great *tamáshá*, as we call it here, at the Sanskrit College last Saturday morning. I gave away the prizes for the last year's examination. I had been very anxious to improve the grammatical attainments of some of the classes, and I had offered several extra prizes. We had a holiday to celebrate it, and I gave them a Bengali oration (not extempore however) and very much delighted the old Pundits by inserting an original Sanskrit verse to celebrate the return of the Sanskrit College to its own old quarters. I compared it to the fragrant Sandal tree which only grows to its full perfection on its native Malaya hills,—and so the fragrancy of the renown of the College would I trust spread far and wide, now that it had been restored to its native seat! It is one of those frequent commonplaces which never fail to delight a Pundit like the rose and nightingale of my old favourites in Persian poetry. The room was very hot, as you may easily imagine, for it was crammed with boys and there was hardly room for the successful candidates to force their way up to my desk to receive their prizes. I can hardly realise that you are really settled in your new home, and that the Rushmere page of life is now turned over."

In a letter dated March 8th, Cowell makes allusion to some of his school fellows, remarks that have already been quoted in connection with his schooldays. He expresses pleasure at hearing of Col. Hockley, and mentions that his own Bengali speech mentioned in the last letter had given great satisfaction to the native community :—

"Several of the native newspapers have had articles upon it and my Sanskrit verse has completely touched the proper chord. On Tuesday we had a grand tamáshá at the Town Hall, the conferring of the University Degrees. We had an ex-student of the Sans. Coll. who had won a B.A.—and I had to take him up to the Vice Chancellor and present him. It was a curious parody of our Oxford Ceremony, as there were no gowns nor any signs of Academic ceremony. It wanted some pomp to enliven it. They ought to make more show, and the Principals ought to have worn their College gowns.

"I will send you a copy of my lecture. It took a great deal of time and cost me some hard work; but it quite answered my end and so I cannot grudge the time or toil. I admire Dr. Duff so much that I was glad I could in any way help him in any of his plans. His energy is marvellous, and I am astonished to find the amount of influence he has among the natives.

"I had a very nice letter from Ed. FitzGerald by this mail,—he dated from Lowestoft. I should think he would like Lowestoft, as I know of old his excessive love for the sea. How well I remember his staying with us at Felixstowe! I think he wants me by his side for a few weeks to rouse his love for Persian, which I fancy begins to flag. I have received the diploma constituting me a corresponding member of the Vienna Geological Society! They have included my name with a number of other members of our Asiatic Society, but they have made a ludicrous blunder. I only wish I could transfer it to Maurice, who would fill the post well. My time is fully occupied with Sanskrit in the early mornings, and my duties at the Presidency and Sanskrit Colleges fill my day. I have certainly doubled my amount of Sanskrit knowledge since I came out; I really seem to *know* Sanskrit now. I often find that I can set my pundit right on many points—though of course in many things he knows an immense deal more than I do."

"April 23, 1860. . . . . Elizabeth has borne the hot weather very well and does not seem to mind it so much, I think, as in former years—thanks to our fine airy apartments. . . . . We are hoping that Mr. Woodrow may be made the new Director of Education as Mr. Young has taken a three years' leave and gone to England. Mr. W. would make a splendid Director, as he has the interests of Education and the natives so much at heart. There are several candidates, but none so fit as Mr. Woodrow. He was Arnold's last head-boy, and he is thoroughly imbued with Arnold's spirit in his enthusiasm for education. He would really throw some soul and heart into the Department—things would not slumber on, as they do now, in red-tape, indifference and apathy. But I fear the present Lieutenant Governor is not very anxious about education. One of the good points of the late Lieutenant Governor was that he really did desire to extend education among the people, and was interested in the spread of schools. In India things want the 'smile of power' to foster them—we can't stand the 'shade of indifference' here. It makes *all* the difference,—the interest which those in power take in education. They can foster or blight in a very little time. It is really a great, and I fear, little regarded, responsibility. . . . . .

"I was reading a very striking piece of poetry yesterday, on Bengal as a land without *Echoes* physical or moral, as there are no mountains to break the dull monotony of its endless plain level, and no high ideas among its people and no great names in their past history to rouse them to emulation. The idea struck me very much. It is indeed sadly remarkable that Bengal with its 45

millions has hardly produced one known great man,—there is not one great living Bengali *now*. Rammohun Roy was their nearest approach to a great man, and he certainly was in many ways a remarkable man. But greatness and baboo-hood are incompatible; and baboo-hood is the beau ideal of existence to a Bengali."

The letter concluded with inquiries after his friends Morfill, John Bridges, and Matheson. He also discussed a new piece of poetry by Mrs. Cowell, a copy of which he had sent to Maurice by the previous mail.

A long letter of June 18th speaks of their troubles when the night punka men go to sleep, with the result of their waking up in a profuse perspiration in a stifling atmosphere of 92°, not a breath stirring within the mosquito curtains! The expedient was going and waking them up with a jug of cold water dashed in their faces. Cowell was amused with the housekeeper's description one morning of the heat of the previous night—"you woke in the morning feeling as if you had been boiled!" The letter was, as usual, to his mother:—

"I was very much pleased with the poem you sent in your last letter and so was Elizabeth. I liked the whole conception of it extremely,—it seemed so thoroughly to bring before me the scene you were describing, and I saw how the thoughts were suggested by the scene. . . . . I was deeply grieved to see the death of my revered friend Professor Wilson in the latest *Intelligencer* by last mail. I heard from him not very long ago, and he mentioned that he felt the infirmities of age coming upon him. He then told me he had finished his translation of the Rig Veda, though it was not yet all printed. I am very glad that he lived to finish that great work. It would have been sad if he had died in the middle of it. I don't believe that I have any chance of being chosen to fill his post at Oxford, as Max Müller, besides being on the spot, has distinguished himself as a far better Sanskrit scholar than I am. I don't allow myself to dwell on the thought, as it would only unsettle me to no purpose. I feel with my whole heart thankful that I ever came out to India,—I should do exactly the same if I could live life over again. I feel more and more it was the right thing to do. I am here in the proper place, and am more useful here than I probably should be at Oxford. At the same time, I should be very thankful and joyful if I were called home, but I shall be

perfectly willing to work on here. I have written to some of my Oxford friends and they can put me forward if they think it advisable. I went over yesterday to Bishop's Coll. and saw Dr. Kay and had a long interesting conversation with him on the subject. He took precisely the same view of it as I do, but advised me to write to Oxford. I feel more for you than for myself as I well know you will wish to have me back. The death of Prof. Wilson is an immense loss to the Literary world. We have not had such a wide and deep scholar in England this century. The scholars on the Continent looked up to him as reverently as those in England. The Pundits here always speak of him with the greatest respect and esteem."

"June 4, 1860. I won't dwell much on the main subject of your second letter, as I wrote you a full account of my views and feelings by last Mail. I shall forward by this mail a few testimonials to the Warden[1] to be used if need arise,—which I don't expect. The Warden and Dr. Cotton have been most kind about it. They met directly they heard the news of Prof. Wilson's death and consulted what could be done, but they were forced to the conclusion that Müller and Williams were both too strong, especially as in the field already and on the spot, for me to have any chance. The Warden however would not let my name drop unmentioned, and so he has addressed a short printed letter to the Members of Convocation about my claims and position. I have never let it make me unsettled at all,—one great reason why I came out to India at all was that I was convinced that Müller deserved and would obtain the Chair; and so I chose my own line of career *here*. As Charles Henry says 'it is too early in the day for me to retire from a post of influence to one of ease and leisure.' I may be the third occupant of the chair years hence.—It will certainly look better in the record of my life, that I laboured *on* in India, than that after a short residence in India I returned in full health and strength, *opere in medio*, in the middle of one's work, to a post of lucrative ease in Oxford.

"If you and Betha want any pleasant books to read, I should strongly recommend you Miss Frere's *Memoirs of Jean D'Albret* (the mother of Henry IV.) in two volumes, and those of Henry III. in three volumes. I have not seen such interesting works for a very long time. They gave a most animated history of the long struggle between the Huguenots and the French Court; and some of the characters are such noble ones that one

[1] Dr. Macbride.

feels doubly interested in their period. At the Asiatic Society this evening Mr. Grote our President is to make some remarks on Professor Wilson's death."

"Off Chandernagore, Oct. 19, 1860. This letter will be written on the river and posted at Chinsurah or Hooghly to-morrow. We started at 2 a.m. this morning, the moon had gone down, but the stars were shining and there was plenty of light, more than I expected. The noise of getting off woke us, but we fell asleep again after we were once off. It is cooler and we need no punkas. We have ten men to row, and of these six row at a time. They generally row standing at their oars and they step back with a slow swinging motion all in time, and come to the end of the pull with a heavy simultaneous stamp, which sounds odd in the dead stillness of the night. When we come to a piece of shore with a level sward, they get out and tow the boat, fastening the tow line to the mast of the boat,—which may remind Maurice of a line in Ausonius' description of the Moselle, which George Kitchin illustrated by a little drawing at the side of the page in my *Corpus*. It is amusing to see them running along the shore, climbing the steep ascents and jumping down the hollows and fording and sometimes even swimming the creeks. We have two large rooms and a little bath room and in the morning and evening we have our chairs taken out on the deck and enjoy the cool air. We shall try and get as far as Nuddra,—I should have liked to get as far as Plassy, but I fear we shall not have time. Mr. Woodrow has lent me a famous map of Bengal, which will tell me every village we come to. We have of course brought plenty of books, light and heavy, so that I daresay the time will only pass too quickly.

"I have sent you and Maurice and Colonel Hockley a copy of my little paper on the Persian historical poem. It was really a kind of discovery of mine, this old poem, and I took some pains to make it complete and accurate. I was very lucky in identifying some of the characters mentioned—that one note about Mir Khusram's potion in Oude was got by comparing the different hints of *three* separate authors,—it came out clearly after I compared the several isolated statements.

"A fourth part of my *Black Yajur Veda* is published this week, but I have not seen it yet. The former numbers have been favourably noticed in the *German Oriental Societies Journal*."

"Sept. 30, 1860. We were *rich* this mail—it brought us *ten* letters from England. We never had such a packet before, I

think! One was from Oxford. The contest certainly lies between Müller and Williams, but it seems very doubtful indeed which of these two will be successful. I heartily wish that Müller may win it, but no one can guess. It depends on the number of Non-Residents who may come up, and I see the papers have taken it up in a very unjustifiable way.

"I am trying to carry out the Bishop's wish expressed in his Charge to have a voluntary class out of College hours for Religious Instruction. The authorities are decidedly against it, and I don't think it will be granted at present. I should like to remain here until I have set this fairly going. It must be done quietly and temperately at first, and I feel that I am the proper person to begin it. It may come to something in the course of next year. Perhaps when the Bishop returns he may be able to give an impulse to the movement by his personal influence and weight.

"Our four years in India are now nearly up—they have been years of great mercies, and I trust we are all thankful for them."

"Rajmahal, Jan. 5, 1861. We have been enjoying our stay here very much, the air is much colder and fresher and purer than Calcutta. We were disappointed at first in Rajmahal itself as it lies away from the hills and there is nothing of the fine scenery we had been led to expect, still there is much to interest us in it and we shall be sorry to leave the place when our time is up to return to Calcutta. Some parts of the railroad journey were very beautiful—the road runs through the centre of the Southal district where there raged a rebellion among the wild tribes of natives seven or eight years ago; and several very beautiful mountains skirted the horizon rising blue in the distance above the continuous line of hills which shut in the view. The hills round Rajmahal are like Malvern. I could almost fancy myself looking on the Herefordshire Beacon from the windows of our room in the Hotel. A shallow narrow stream runs by us, with its banks covered with a low jungle, which joins the *real* Ganges about a mile and a half further down. I have walked to see the great river—my first sight of the true Ganges in fact! This place was at one time the capital of the Mohammedans in Bengal, and the hotel has been very cleverly formed out of the ruins of the palace of the old Nabobs. The great thick walls and a number of Saracenic arches remain, and give great interest to the building. Ruins of former splendour remain everywhere. One day we went a delightful excursion to see the ruins of an old mosque deep in the jungle under the hills about five miles off. The ladies could not join us, as we could get no covered vehicles. Our companions Mr. Vigers and Sir

Mordaunt Wells rode on horseback, Mr. Ritchie and I rode on an elephant!—my first experiment on an elephant, in a howdah. The motion of the unwieldy animal was certainly very strange at first. You mount by a ladder, the animal kneeling down at his driver's order, and waiting quietly until you are seated firmly before he rises, which he does slowly and deliberately as if a house were moving itself. He rises first on his forelegs and then on his hind ones, and you can fancy the immense inclined plane which his back forms as he is rising. You have to hold hard with a vengeance! Then his pace is a singular succession of great lunging strides, which at first made me fancy I must slip off. However I soon got fairly used to it. As we came on the mosque which stands in an enclosure, the driver wanted to drive the elephant round a part of the old outside wall, in order to reach the large gateway. It chanced to be a very rough descent, and the elephant positively refused to go,—and after a brief struggle with the driver (or mahout) it suddenly swayed round and in an instant tumbled down a piece of the old wall and passed over the ruins into the enclosure. It was the work of an instant, and it gave me a curious proof of the animal's enormous power. We enjoyed our picnic at the mosque exceedingly. The old ruins were very perfect, and we clambered outside to the top of one of the domes for the sake of the fine view of the surrounding country. This very mosque was a tiger's lair five years ago, and Mr. Vigers told us that the rooms were full of the bones of the deer that it had devoured.

"After walking to see a fine Mohammedan bridge of six arches which the Government repaired a few years ago, we started on our return and had a bit of an adventure which certainly *sounded* awkward,—our elephant *shied*. He has a great dislike to the noise of the train, and as we passed a tramway, a truck was running along, making a great noise, down the inclined plane. Our animal stopped and then suddenly bolted round, in spite of all that the Mahout could do, though he gave him several severe blows with his iron hook. One felt very awkward at the time, as I did not know what the brute was going to do, however he soon came round and as the carriage passed on he recovered from his fright and went quietly home."

"3, Middleton St., Calcutta, Jan. 22, 1861. We are now settled in our new rooms which we like very much. The house itself is very airy, as it stands in the midst of a large compound, and the view from our windows is really beautiful. We are open to the South breeze which will be very delicious in the hot

weather. The house is conducted on somewhat different principles to any we have lived in before. We have all our meals in our own room except dinner, and that we take at a kind of table d'hote. I find it quite pleasant as several of the other lodgers are very pleasant people.

"We were grieved as well as surprised by the issue of the Boden election. I had heard just before that Müller's success was considered secure. I fear he must have felt it a great disappointment. Monier Williams will, no doubt, fulfil the duties of the post very well, but they should have secured the best man, and which was the best man of the two was a question which could admit of no doubt in the eyes of those persons who are competent to judge. I have never heard one dissenting opinion on this point. However, if the successful candidate be the person he is represented to be, his influence will do good in Oxford, and so higher interests than those of language will be served.

"I suppose you have seen by the papers that we are threatened by a severe famine in the north-west. It used to be said that our Ganges Canal had abolished famines for the future, but it seems now that this boast was premature, and though the famine will be less intense and over a smaller area than former ones, it still will embrace, I fear, an enormous amount of human misery, only part of which can be alleviated by our efforts. No doubt subscriptions will be organised over India, and it will be a noble return to the mutineers and the land of the mutiny.

"I am very busy just now, as I am engaged to deliver my lecture shortly at St. Paul's School, and the Bishop asked me to send a short paper to the magazine called the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, which his Chaplain edits. So that between my usual employments and this extra-work, I am pretty fully engaged.

"The Bishop returns next week. I wrote to him when we left the palace, and he sent me a *very* kind answer in return. I hope his journey has done him as much good as it seems to have done Mrs. Cotton. He will have been away sixteen months or more; we were about fifteen in the palace."

"June 21, 1861." (Gives an account of the heavy rains and the inundations.) ". . . . Next week the 14th number of the *Veda* will come out, the sixth since I undertook its joint editorship with Dr. Röer. As he has left India, the work will henceforth appear in my name alone, and this will be the first number thus issued. I sometimes wish the *Veda* was less prolix and more interesting. It has come in my way to do it, and in many respects it is full of interest and importance for the understanding of old

India and the ancient Hindú mind,—but I should certainly have preferred working at my Akbar history, and reading the contemporary records of that most interesting period of mediæval Indian history. Perhaps that may be done one day in England, not in India.

"I generally write a few pages of something that has interested me for each number of the Journal. We have very few Orientalists in India now. I hope their numbers will increase, as some of the competition men have literary taste, but at present there is an absolute dearth of such men, and consequently a great lack of Oriental contributions."

No date [Aug., 1861]. "We have been staying the last week at Mr. Bayley's at Garden Reach, as Mr. Bayley was going out with his daughter for a few days' holiday, and he very kindly asked us to come over and take the house while he was away. I think the change has been good for Elizth., and the sight of so much pure country and green fields and flowers has been very pleasant to her, and she has enjoyed the sight of the river, and the continually passing ships, and boats and steamers, and then Bishop's College looking so quiet and calm over the water. It is cooler than in Calcutta, and we have been able to be without a punkah at night. You will shortly be hearing a great deal of a libel trial which is now going on here and exciting great interest in our Calcutta world. A missionary, Mr. Long, wrote a preface to a translation by a native of a native Bengali play on the indigo cultivation,—showing the native feeling as to the miseries which the present system of planting entails on the ryots. The Indigo Planters' Association have prosecuted him for libel, and I dare say he will be sentenced to pay a large fine. It is said that the Bengal Government are in some way mixed up with the publication of the play, and the trial is no doubt instituted with one of its objects to find this out if possible. But I fear the main object is to wreak a bitter party spite on a missionary who has always taken a leading part in exposing the iniquities of the indigo system. No doubt there is something to say for the planters,—the Govt. have allowed the system so many years and they had no right to break it so rudely up all at once, but it is quite certain that the system was bad in the very core and could only lead to oppression and discontent. I hope the whole matter will be fairly represented in England, and then I have no doubt the public good sense will see the real state of the case. I always have thought that the play was never worth translating or writing a preface for, but apart from that original mistake, I can't see anything particu-

larly libellous in the part objected to. It undoubtedly faithfully represents the native idea of Indigo Cultivation, and it would be hard for anybody but an indigo Planter to maintain that the native idea is very far wrong. It is astonishing how violent party spirit runs about it here; men are quite fierce about the *Neel darpan*, as the title of the book is called, that is, Mirror of Indigo—Neel being the Indian word for *blue*, Neelgherries or Nilgherries meaning the blue mountains.

"I am glad you liked my lecture,—it has been rather popular out here, I think,—its subjects appealed to men's sympathies and daily life more than my Hindú myths or Persian mysticism, and so more people were interested in it.

"I think I told you that the cocoanut only grows within reach of the sea air, and it ceases to grow at Burdwan, a little way beyond Calcutta to the N.W. I often envy Madras its sea beach, and ever murmuring sea by the course, far better than our river, though that too is a pleasant sight in the evening drive."

"Sept. 6, 1861. I went the other day to Government House to see the Star of India conferred upon Sir Hugh Rose. It was an interesting sight, and one will always like to look back to it. Sir Hugh Rose has certainly well deserved the honour. There was a general holiday given for the day . . . . Sept. 7. Thank you for the *Suffolk Chronicle*. I was very much interested in seeing that Mrs. Pawsey's son had gained the Sanskrit Prize in University College. I know the Professor there by his works—Dr. Goldstücker,—he is an extremely learned man. Then the extract from the letter of Carlyle on the death of Mr. Braidwood was very characteristic as well as very interesting.

"You will be interested in hearing that a Frenchman has just published a French translation of the *Vikramorvasi*, and in the preface he speaks in flattering terms of my little book. I was pleased to see that he quoted some of my notes. I hope ere long to publish a very old and important work for the ancient Hindú philosophy—one of the so-called Upanishads. It is all printed, but I am still engaged in the translation. I hope it will be all out in another month. My *Veda* goes on too,—I had the leisure today to give it two good hours or more, and the Pundit and I got through six pages in all. I fancy I tired *him* out first! He considers that I was a Brahman in a former birth and hence my great *penchant* for Sanskrit. I am just *now* sole secretary to the Asiatic Society, as Mr. Atkinson is gone on a tour to Assam, and that gives me a great deal to do. Happily, I enjoy the work, as one's tastes get more and more absorbed in Oriental subjects. It

seems a long time ago now since I first learned the Persian letters in the autumn of 1841. By-the-bye, how goes on the Literary Institution? If that old Library is dispersed, be sure to buy me that copy of Sir W. Jones' works. I should value that more than almost any other book. It is really a piece of my past life. Few volumes influenced my future more."

"Sept. 9, 1861. I sent you a letter yesterday, and now I find that the steamer is delayed another day. . . . I prefer giving my quiet early morning to reading as I can get a good deal done in those fresh, clear, morning hours. I sit at my cabin table at our open south window, with a pleasant view of our garden and paddocks and tank, and really I could fancy myself in the country, —we seem so shut in by trees from Calcutta. The south breeze blows in delightfully, and I am sure these rooms are more airy than the Palace. We miss, however, that delightful verandah, where I used to write and read in the early mornings last year.

"I have been very much interested in reading Sir E. Colebrooke's memoir of Mounstuart Elphinstone. I think I have told you about his History of Hindú and Mohammedan India, which is one of our great Class books here. I lecture on it twice every year, besides once revising it. He was Governor of Bombay for seven or eight years until 1827. He had been President of the Court of the Mahratta Peshwa (the father, by adoption, of Nana Sahib), and had managed all the great events which led to the last great Mahratta war. He seems to have been a most remarkable man. He lived to over eighty. He was the Duke of Wellington's secretary at the great battle of Assaye in 1803.

"I was grieved to see that my old acquaintance Mr. Morley was dead. He was the first Oriental scholar I knew after Colonel Hockley, and was very kind to me when I called on him in London. He was our best English Persian and Arabic scholar. We are going to publish in our Bibliotheca a Persian work which he had prepared with immense labour for the press. He sent us the MS. containing some 1,200 pages of Persian, all copied out in his own handwriting. It is a valuable book on the early history of the Mohammedans in India, that of the son and successor of Mahmud of Ghazni. I shall send a copy to Ed. FitzGerald, as I think it may very likely interest him. I see Dr. Müller has published a volume of Lectures on Language, delivered last year at some Institution in London. They are sure to be full of original and striking ideas."

"Feb. 10, 1862. . . . Mr. Tremlett (our young civilian friend who had so long been our fellow lodger, and with whom I used to read Persian last summer) has returned by the last mail with his bride, a Miss Gibson, a relation of Layard's. We went to the steamer to meet them, and as fortunately there was a room vacant here, they occupied it until they left for Lahore on Thursday. We have another young civilian here now, Ward, a scholar of Wadham, who knows Maurice and Herbert.

"You will have seen by my last letter, that we were still in doubt, when it was written, as to the news about poor Prince Albert. We were very grieved to find that it was only too true. I feel for the Queen, as she has had so many griefs and anxieties this year. I was looking back, and I find that Queen Anne lost her husband during her reign,—only the great difference was that her husband was such a perfect nonentity, that many histories don't even allude to the event, while Prince Albert really displayed consummate ability in his peculiar position and commanded the respect of the whole nation. The whole of England seems to have really mourned *with* the Queen. It is a great mercy that she seems to have been hitherto so much sustained under her blow. I fear that she will feel the reaction after the immediate shock and the counteracting strain to meet it are over.

"I can hardly believe that Herbert will really be here next mail. I shall go and meet him, and Elizth. will send him a letter to meet him at Kidgeree, as he is coming up the river. I wish he had come out a little earlier—however, the weather is still very delightful, only it is sensibly getting warmer.

"I am very glad you are reading Tennant's 'Ceylon'—I read it on board the Burmese steamer, and enjoyed it excessively. Ceylon residents say his accounts are *too* vivid and beautiful, so that the reader is disappointed by the original. Did you notice that in his account of the Ramayana in Vol. I. he referred to my old article in 1848 in the *Westminster*. It is singular to see how those two or three articles seem to live on.

"On Saturday week I held my annual distribution of prizes at the Sanskrit Coll. Mr. Atkinson was there. I delivered a longer Bengali speech than usual on the advantages of a thorough study of grammar, and I clenched my argument by a verse of Sanskrit poetry of my own, at the end, which pleased the Pundits very much. I think my accent was better this year, as I observed the younger boys seemed to enter into a little piece of playful metaphor which I brought in. The boys don't like to study grammar, as it seems dry—they prefer reading poetry,—and so I compared myself to a parent giving his children, not always

sweetmeats but sometimes healthful bitter herbs! My verse was:—

'The sweet taste in poetry like white candied sugar
Attracts the entire soul of the feeble-minded;
But he who is strong in mind and thinks himself a man
Is not lured by the bait of a sweet taste.'

The Sanskrit word for *taste* has the same double meaning which it has in English."

"May 9, 1862. . . . I have been very busy lately. Some of our Professors have been ill, and this has thrown some extra work on me. But so far a little extra sleep and perhaps a little extra appetite have been the only results. I gave my lecture on Biography to a very full audience of natives in the large Assembly Room of the Free Church Institution, and I think I was heard pretty distinctly by all. The Lecture will be printed in the *Christian Intelligencer*. I was asked to deliver it again at Mr. Mullen's Institution, and so I repeated it to a new audience on the following Monday evening. I like giving a lecture now and then, as it keeps up one's power of public speaking. I brought in a good deal more about Christian truth in this lecture than I ever ventured on before, and it was listened to very well, and I have had some conversation with some of them about it since. The three divisions of my subject were:—

1. The historical uses of the study of Biography.
2. Its moral uses.
3. The position which Biography fills in the Bible."

"August 8, 1862. I suppose that Maurice's wedding-day is over, and that the pair are now enjoying their pleasant Scotland trip. We thought and talked of them much on Tuesday, and we wished we could have been, as Maurice said, 'Oriental' enough to have availed ourselves of some of the 'Arabian Nights' machinery to have flown across the intervening lands and seas to have been present. I shall long to have your particulars—and how everything passed off. I wish that George Kitchin could have married them. I can quite fancy how very much Maurice will enjoy his Scotch trip. I certainly never enjoyed any of the three trips so much as that journey of ours in 1844, I mean with Uncle J. Byles and Aunt Ella. The scenes of the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, &c., remain most vividly impressed in my memory. I have just been reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*,—I began it in 1855 at Clevewood, and I began it again lately and have gone steadily through it. I have enjoyed it exceedingly. I wish we

had visited Abbotsford (we saw it from the top of the coach) in that trip, as I should have liked to have realised the scene of his dreams—his successes, and his grand struggle with adverse fortune. Those brave lines quoted by Lockhart are a grand moral to the whole story,

'The glory dies not and the grief is past.'[1]

I never read anything which touched me more than the sixth volume—coming as it did after the bright sunshine of the preceding four. I would have given almost anything to have once seen Sir W. Scott and Chalmers,—the two great contemporaries of Scotland. Scott's whole character reminds me of what Emerson said of the English national character—in prosperity, wayward and moody, but in adversity, grand. It comes out with an epic splendour toward the close. . . . .

"There is a boundless field of new and unexplored interest in the Antiquities of Asia, but it requires a man to bring habits of research. I cannot conceive a better training for an Oriental scholar than a good classical education. Sanskrit and Arabic can be the superstructure on the Latin and Greek foundation. We shall get plenty of good scholars by the new System of Examination, and I hope the Asiatic Society will, ere long, recruit its members."

The Cowells, all through their residence in India, were cheered by a numerous correspondence, and they always looked forward to the gun-fire which announced the arrival of the English mails in the river. One interesting letter to Mrs. Cowell has been preserved, written by Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, who twenty-two years later became Lady Tennyson. It was received early in August. A few sentences of it may be quoted here :—

"Farringford, June 24, 1862. My dear Mrs. Cowell, Midsummer Day, but scarcely midsummer weather. Yet how pleasant to you would be the gray sky and cool temperature; pleasant as the sound of whetting of scythes and the sight of the long swathes falling under the strokes of the mowers to all. I have so many remembrances to thank you for of late! and I thank you for all. —My Aunt[2] and cousin have reached London in safety I hear

[1] From sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott, by Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762–1837).

[2] The aunt was Lady Franklin, wife of the Arctic explorer.

today. It is well that they have some excitement ready for them in the great Exhibition, or I fear life would seem dull to them in England. My sister Anne Wald tells me that the very evening of our Aunt's arrival in town she made her appearance at a monster soirée at the Athenæum, and was of course the Lion of the evening. She is looking remarkably well.

"I do very much rejoice that Mr. Cowell does not lose his interest in his work and does not repent of having gone out, but this follows of course. I cannot but hope that one's dreams for India are beginning to be fulfilled. If the Queen's own spirit could be infused into her Empire I am sure they would. I do not believe any one knew till now how really great a being she is. Ally has had a good deal of intercourse with her since her great sorrow came upon her, through letters written by Lady Augusta Bruce and others, and one private interview most interesting. She stood pale and almost motionless as a statue, and in a low sweet voice poured forth her love and sorrow. He said there was a stately innocence about her, different from any other woman. She really does seem to know what it is to meet a friend heart to heart, spirit to spirit, and also that to which this leads, what it is to live in Spirit with God: and is not this the lesson which we have to teach in this world, a lesson which it should seem the East could learn more easily than any other part of the Earth.

"I shall weary you with my tattle.—We had a delightful letter rom Mr. FitzGerald not very long ago. He seems almost to live in his boat. I should not wonder if Ally were to live a little part of this year with him if all be well. Last year we were three months in France. In Auvergne and the Pyrenees but I cannot say it suited any of us. The boys are big strong fellows with rather delicate looking features and faces and golden hair. We have a tutor at home for them, that I may keep them as long as I can persuade myself it is good before sending them to school. Just now their great delight is in going to the fort to be drilled on foot and on pony back by the Master-Gunner. I must hope they will some day like Latin better than they do now. They both delight very much in music, though it is only Hallam who has yet submitted to the drudgery of playing from notes. Lionel runs every spare moment to the piano not to practise but to make wild tunes of his own sometimes not inharmonious; also he delights in writing what he would call poems if one did not tell him that they are only Lionellines.

"This year sadness is over us all here. The loss of the Prince, the distress in Lancashire, the gloomy weather giving prospect of an indifferent harvest. One cannot but hope, nay be sure, that

good will come out of the evil if we do but make proper use of it. One much desired good is a comparative independence of other countries and dependence on our colonies.

"With our kindest regards and best wishes to you both,

"Believe me, affectionately yours, EMILY TENNYSON."

Cowell's next letter to his mother was dated :—

"Sept. 23, 1862. . . . . You will be interested in hearing that my Oxford Essay has been praised and quoted in the preface to a new English book by Captain Raverty—a translation from Afghan poetry! He seems to have made it his chief study for his preface. I don't know him, though I know his name, as he sometimes used to write for our Society's Journal. It is pleasant to see that what one wrote has been appreciated. I have been again busy, as Mr. Atkinson has gone to Darjeeling, and I am consequently left the sole Secretary of the Asiatic Society. You will be glad to hear that I have at last got rid of my Secretaryship of the Vernacular Society, which had long been a heavy burden on my patience and time. The Secretaryship to the Asiatic Soc. I like, only it takes up too much of my time. It makes my name known to all Oriental scholars in Europe. You would be amused to see how they print extracts from my letters about Oriental matters in the German Reviews and Journals. My old friend Tremlett, from whom we heard, by-the-bye, this morning, is settled at Jellundhur in the Punjab. I see that more and more of new young civilians come from private tuition. This will be a growing evil in the system—it shows a wrong system of examining, I fear. A public school should tell in its training of the mind over mere cram. I was very sorry that Mr. Shirley failed in getting the History Professorship, and so will Maurice have been. It is really Müller's case over again on a small scale. Dr. Pusey has been lately publishing a most splendid Commentary on the Minor Prophets,—the work of all others which he ought to do, as they and Isaiah have always been his favourite study. It reminds me of pleasant hours spent at his lectures in 1855, and gives an immense mine of interesting and valuable information on some of the obscurest parts of the Old Testament. Hosea is beautifully done.

"We took a drive to Alipore last night, and you can't think how very beautiful the fireflies were. They danced by hundreds about the tall cypress and cedar trees that fringed the road, flashing to and fro amid the dark branches just like an illumina-

tion. You could quite have fancied that they were tiny lamps being waved about in the branches. Calderon calls the jessamine

'A firmament of emerald
With silver stars in it,'

but in this case the stars were golden.

"I was so very much pleased to hear of Mr. Ebden in your last letter. I will certainly write to him this vacation."

"Oct. 9, 1862. I have been knocking over a good many correspondence debts this vacation. You will be pleased to hear at last I have sent Uncle J. Byles a long letter, giving him some account of our Burmah trip. I am sorry you did not get my letter with the account of my visit to Rangoon, as I thought you would be interested in it. You will see part of what I wrote at fuller details there, in Uncle's letter. Herbert has gone to Monghir to stay with some friend of his, and it will do him good. He is getting on well at the Bar and has certainly established himself. If his health holds out he will earn loads of money. I think his seasoning is over. It was a sharp trial and he has weathered it very well.

"India is a sad place for working the 'willing horse.' I am often amused to see how very keen the great men here are to put work on their friends, while they most carefully abstain from interfering themselves. I am growing wiser as I get more Indian experience. I learn gradually the great importance of being able to say *No!* sometimes. I feel more and more that it is only by rigidly economising and exercising the most penurious thrift over the golden dust of time's minutes that anything really great can ever be done."

"Oct. 23, 1862. This is the fifteenth anniversary of our Wedding Day. I shall not have much of it at home as Thursday is my busy day at the College, and I have besides a Committee of the Asiatic Society at 4½ p.m. It is my favourite Committee, as my peculiar *protégé* is the Philological Committee, and I am the principal member there now. . . . .

"I hope to send a letter shortly to Colonel Hockley—it is my turn to write. Who could fancy that it is just twenty years since I first began to read Persian poetry with him at his house! I certainly owe a very great deal to his kindness. I should hardly have mastered Persian without his help, and certainly never have done it with so much pleasure and comfort. It would only have been with great labour and pains."

"Nov. 21st, 1862. I have been lately writing a paper for the Journal on the Hindú Materialistic Philosophy, which I hope may get me some little fame in Europe. An English scholar has singularly just anticipated me on the same subject in the Royal Asiatic Society, but I have been fortunate enough to outstrip him in my acquaintance with the subject, and I give ten times the amount of information on it that he has done, besides solving some of his proposed doubts. We must have been, unknown to each other, engaged on the same researches in exactly the same time. My paper is now being printed and will be published next month.

"My Sanskrit labours go on, though I haven't much time except before breakfast, for literary work. I have published 300 pages of Sanskrit this year, besides helping a friend with one of his works, which he has acknowledged very warmly in his preface. Certainly Professor Wilson was quite right when he used to say—India was the land to work in. The fact is that the sedentary nature of the climate makes work really agreeable, particularly when the work itself is what you like doing. I don't find that my strength is at all impaired yet by my six years in the tropics! It will be six years this day week since we first disembarked from the old *Monarch*, and the day will fall on a Saturday as it did then.

"We have been much interested in two volumes of Mrs. Browning's minor poems—some of them are very beautiful. I had never read any of them before. Her verse is peculiar and I can't help calling it unmusical,—her rhymes are often atrocious—as mihi and highway, front and hand upon 't, blesses and tenderness is, &c., but many of her thoughts are magnificent. I liked the 'Vision of Poets,' 'The Poet's Vow' and 'The Knight's Page' very much. I can't bear her husband's poetry, which has what Dr. Johnson called the nodosities of the oak without its grandeur, the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration. Her poetry is on a far higher platform of Parnassus than *his*.

"You sent us a very interesting letter last time. I was glad to hear that Mr. FitzGerald had been to see Charles Henry again. I heard from him the Mail before last. He seems letting his years run on in a sad cloud of melancholy. I wish he would come out for a year to India. It would do him a world of good, and I am certain he would enjoy the change of scene. I fear nothing can move him—he seems too firmly rooted to be transplanted."

"April 5, /63. . . . To-day being a holiday, I have been paying *calls*. I paid my respects to Sir Charles Trevelyan. He was not at home but I paid my call, which is the important thing. I think a very amusing essay might be written *à la Elia* on the

dreadful necessity imposed by civilised life—unknown to earlier and less refined states of society,—yclept 'calling,' and discussing the problem whether the advantages of civilisation are not dearly purchased by our ordeal of 'calling.' We don't scalp, nor make one another slaves, but we 'call'! Perhaps the old practice of 'calling out' was less tremendous! However, I have gone through the ordeal to-day, and have achieved a good many long-outstanding calls, so that I shall be able to enjoy a long respite and peace!

"I have been very much interested lately in reading the account of Madagascar—certainly one of the most wonderful events which have taken place during the last thirty years. It is very remarkable to witness how as the attacks seem to thicken against the external evidences of Christianity, the internal evidences are only more and more strengthened. I was explaining this only yesterday to some intelligent Hindús. I showed them how on purely scientific grounds we are justified in placing the martyr dying amidst an unsympathising crowd, as one of the very foremost men of the race—it dims in real glory a Shakespeare or a Newton, because it more entirely depends on moral causes and it is man's moral nature which is his true glory. We share intellect with *Satan*, but we share moral feelings with angels and archangels. Now, in the late accounts, we see how one generation can witness a gigantic stride between the savage and the pinnacle of human greatness. These accounts of the eighteen Madagascar converts—four of whom were buried alive—recall Polycarp and Ridley;—there is really no difference between the heroism of the savage and the educated Greek or Englishman. In the very highest possible sense there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all. I have been reading with avidity every recent account of Madagascar, and I try and impress it on my Hindú friends here. If I had time I should like very much to give a lecture on Madagascar and its recent history.

"Will you send me out half a dozen of our St. Clement's Hymn Books. I find Hymns very useful among the Hindús, and I know of no collection which has more suitable hymns in it. I have lent nearly all my hymn books of every kind, and I see that they are well used and appreciated. In a quiet way I have quite a new work opening in encouraging and helping on the many enquiries which are agitating the Hindú mind in reference to Christianity. I had students with me nearly six hours yesterday —Good Friday!—and the whole time passed in quiet reading the Bible and discussion of certain doubts and difficulties. It is wonderful to witness how the Hindú mind is being gradually stirred

up to its depths. Every kind of error is rife—except belief in *Hindúism.* Tom Paine is studied by thousands as well as Colenso and Theodore Parker, and so are Watson's Apology and Dr. Chalmers, and we can only trust that here, as elsewhere, the truth will naturally prevail over its antagonist. When I first came here I used to think the moral part of the people *dead*,—they seemed to have no appreciation of religion or religious truth. It is very different now. I should not be surprised if a great change took place suddenly in a large section of the educated mind. The great obstacle is caste. A Hindú who turns Christian has in his way to undergo a Martyrdom, though not of fire and sword,—and this makes such numbers 'linger shivering on the brink.'"

"May 9, 1863. I gave to Maurice a full account of the baptisms, so I will not dwell on them in this letter. You will be glad to hear that the thing has passed off hitherto without any notice being taken of it by any of the papers, native or English. I was afraid that if the Christian papers wrote in an exulting tone, it would provoke the Hindú papers to complain and denounce, and it is much better to have these things quiet. I have now several come to me pretty regularly every Sunday, and I have quite a large correspondence with old pupils, answering their doubts, &c. I have great hopes that a long letter I wrote on the Personality of the Spirit lately has helped to decide an old pupil who was wavering on the brink of Unitarianism, and that I may ere long with God's blessing see him baptised in Calcutta. I wrote him eight sheets full of this paper,—so you may easily judge that my Sanskrit studies have been somewhat hindered lately, but not very much after all.

"I am going to deliver a Lecture on Madagascar. I have been reading every thing relating to it which I could lay my hands on. It reminds me wonderfully of the early Christian times,—Polycarp and the Martyrs of Lyons. It gives a new and *present* feeling to old Ambrose's words, 'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee!'"

"June 26. 1863. . . . . Dr. Kay is coming to dine with us next Monday, and in the evening those Hindú converts, the Dutts, are coming to meet him. You will remember the Dutts and our being sponsors for two of their children. We met them at the Bishop's at tea not long since. They are a wealthy family in high position.

"A great ferment is certainly going on in the native mind here in Calcutta—every sect is advocated *except* orthodox Hinduism. I

know Theists, Atheists, Pantheists, Comptists, Unitarians,—every phase of human thought seems current,—and of course there cannot but be many who in this 'noisy strife of sects and creeds,' begin to think of inquiring into Christianity. As an instance of what is going on,—I had a class of some ten reading St. Matthew with me on Saturday last from 3 to 5. Two of them came on Sunday to read Romans,—and two others (not in the Saturday class) spent two hours on Tuesday examining Colenso and McCall's answer. We are not allowed to hold these classes *in* the College, and I think this is not an unreasonable restriction; but we may hold them next door if we can get a room. Mr. Sandys has lent me a room conveniently near the College, but some prefer to come to my house on Sundays. I shall not be surprised if I get well abused in the native papers ere long. However the course of wisdom is to keep everything quiet."

To Krishna Chandra Roy.

"July 2. 63. I wrote directly as you wished to my friend Mr. Sutherland and was glad he was kind to you. I should have answered your letter sooner, but besides being busy I was ill for a fortnight at the end of the hot season. If you have leisure do not forget my recommendation about the B.A. examination. I dare say you have plenty to do but much can be done by a resolute will and taking advantage of spare half hours. The English proverb is that a fortune is sooner *saved* than *made*; and I am sure it is true of the wealth of time. It is only the *busy* men who do anything; those who have ample leisure, do nothing. Thus we see that *Grote*, the *busy banker*, finished a history of Greece in 12 volumes; while Macaulay, with leisure enough for anything, leaves his history of England unfinished in the fifth volume!"

To George W. Kitchin.

"July 22. 1863. I am quite grieved to have left your affectionate letter so long unanswered. The fact is that every year finds me more immersed in busy occupations, and Mailday always comes on me unprepared and leaves me alas! a conscience-stricken debtor!—Besides my daily Lectures in two Colleges—always four and frequently five hours—I am Secretary of the Asiatic Society—Editor of two Sanskrit books in the press—Member of the University Senate, &c., &c., so that from 'morn to dewy eve' life runs on in an endless round of things to be done which can

only be got through by vigorously dispatching every duty as it comes and taking as little credit as possible from the morrow. I always manage eight to nine hours a day—and I don't find that at present it has done me any harm. We are beginning however to think of furlough. I fancy England will brace us up a bit!

"I don't regret leaving Oxford when I see how it is distracted by theological disputes,—and in fact I don't regret leaving *England* itself for the same reason. I begin to come round to the idea that I used to scout so years ago—that the *συντέλεια τῶν ἀιώνων* is nearer than we dream. One seems to see the cycle *rounding*—every kind of obsolete error is reviving—we are burrowing out old Zoroastrian, Babylonian and Hindú dreams which have not seen the daylight for millennia,—and now even the old Nile has had to give up its secret.—*Renan* seems to me to be going back to Buddhism, with his abstract Godhead of le beau, le vrai et le devoir, and inexorable Law as Providence; and Colenso is Porphyry and Celsus over again.—Here one only gets the faint echoes of these disputes—and I am trying hard in quiet and secret to spread a little light among my pupils by forming classes at home of any who care to read the Bible.—I have had half-dreams (only *dreams*) of perhaps taking orders, but I don't think I shall. I feel that I was made to be a Layman and my line seems to be clearly marked out as such. But the thought will sometimes come to one naturally.—At present I have plenty to interest one's deeper feelings in the few who are studying Christianity under me,—and if one can only be an instrument under God of doing some good in that way, one will never regret coming to India. One begins to feel a middle-age feeling creeping over one—and as one leaves 35 behind, I feel literary aspirations sensibly decrease, and more practical ones take their place. I don't give up my old love for Literature, but she quietly seems resigning the first place and consenting to be one of the 'ignes minores.'

"I was greatly interested in your Oxford news of yourself. You are exactly in the sphere suited for you, but Oxford would less and less suit *me*. Here I am in my proper element and here I have a certain amount of influence and should be *missed*,—in England one would be lost in the crowd.

"I am not surprised that none of your friends cared to come out in the Educational Department. Unless a man feel strongly drawn to India my advice *now* to him is not to come. I like India intensely, but most men loathe it.

"I have been working hard at Indian logic lately and have partly mastered it. I am printing a very curious book, with translation—giving the Hindú proof of God,—a sort of Hindú

version of Plato's Laws X. on Aristotle's Metaphysics XII. I will send you a copy when it is finished. Your's E.B.C.

"P.S. You can't think how useful I find my little Mathematics in the Sanskrit College. We read Trigonometry there and it won't do for the Principal to be ignorant of anything taught, and I find my Trigonometry quite able to pass muster. I have now and then a hard sum to answer and I can generally 'stand fire' pretty well."

To his Mother.

"July 29. 1863. . . . . You would have been a little startled at a letter I wrote to a Babu lately, whom I have helped by a recent correspondence in settling some Unitarian difficulties. He wanted to know the differences between Church and Dissent. I told him they belonged to the region of *Feeling* not *Conscience*. Those who by temperament admired antiquity and system and held by the aristocratic part of our constitution, would always prefer the Church,—while the lovers of change and reform and the democratical principle would as a rule prefer Dissent. To my mind, any hymn book or Missionary history is a convincing proof that the Spirit's influence is diffused on *each*. The Catholic hymns of the whole body are contributed by members of every denomination. A dissenting hymn book cannot exclude the hymns of Bishop Ken and Keble, and we are forced to include Watts and Wesley. I think at this crisis the putting into prominence extreme High and Low opinions very unwise. We want to draw nearer those who unite in essentials and present a united front to the common foe. I am getting together my long dreamed of commentary on the Bible, and it will be carried out in this manner. I have Barnes for the New Testament, Dr. Pusey for the Minor Prophets and I hope for Isaiah, and Dr. Kay for the Psalms; so that my commentary is catholic at any rate. I am very glad that I am not living in Oxford now; these movements would not suit me at all, although their era has been gradually approaching. This is why I so much dislike Stanley,—he has so much that fascinates and yet it is mixed with so much that is bad. He interests by the intense light and warmth which he throws on the scenery and framework of Scripture,—he makes us realise so vividly its human and secular side,—that which it has in common with Greek and Roman story; but it seems to me that this is more than counterbalanced by the chill he throws over all that is Divine and Spiritual. His attempts to nibble at the Miracles is just a part of

the same tone of mind which leads him to represent Abraham's offering up Isaac as an attempt to introduce Phenician human sacrifices into Judaism,—*i.e.* to abolish any idea of atonement by blood from Old or New Testament. However the world is in for it now, the battle has begun round the Old Testament, and now it must go on. I always tell my Babús when they are perplexed about any of these difficulties, to remember Isaiah LIV. 17. It has certainly been fulfilled hitherto. What do men know of Celsus, Porphyry, Julian, Proclus, Politian, Ficinus, Voltaire or Paine now? How very little, how absolutely *nothing*, their influence now is on the thoughts of our present world, and so I draw the inference that as it was in their day so it will be in ours; the smoke seems thick and obscures the scene, now,—but wait awhile and it will all clear off and pass away *as smoke*, and leave no trace behind.

"I have been carefully reading through St. Paul's Epistles lately, to qualify myself for reading them with some of my Hindú friends. I have read them in Greek with one or two Commentaries and I have been extremely interested in them. I have also been exceedingly interested in Dr. Pye Smith's *Scripture Testimony to a Messiah*, which is a first rate book. It it heavy and dull perhaps in itself but abounds with information on many points which I have never found elsewhere. The best part of it consists in the extracts from others. I have also been perfectly fascinated by a book by Dr. Mill on the Mythical Interpretation of Scripture, which has been lately republished to meet the 'Essays and Reviews' controversy. I have copied out of that volume I should think thirty or forty pages. His learning enables him to *settle* so many points. So you see I find time for some new reading, in spite of all my engagements,—but you must remember this is bought by ignoring nearly all the current literature. I have read no Reviews or new books, not even Kinglake's 'romance.' My interests are with the old world,—I am getting like Gibbon's Libanius, 'whose mind regardless of his contemporaries, was incessantly fixed on the Trojan war and the Athenian Commonwealth'!!

"I fear that I shall not have much chance of saving money this year. I must be content to have been *useful*. Now that I am trying to promote some little good among the students, it is essential that I should help as far as I can in temporal assistance to any good work going on. In this way alone can personal character tell,—and in this way I can best conciliate the outside world of Hindus. I have given three scholarships in the Sanskrit College this year, and I am printing at my own expense two Sanskrit books for the College. I shall probably get back this latter expense

after a few years, as the students will slowly buy the copies,—but in this way I hope to retain the goodwill of the orthodox party even though I am trying to spread a little religious light.

"You will be sorry to hear that Dr. Duff has determined to leave India. He has been here 33 years and his health is quite broken. He will be an immense loss to Calcutta."

"Dec. 9. 1863. . . . . I have been lately making a list of some of the most striking protests of great men against the paganism of modern civilization. Thus Arnold said,—'The Gospel sets Christ before us as the object of our intense admiration, and this feeling is necessary to our highest perfection.' Joubert says,—'The surprising surprises once,—the admirable is always more and more admired. That knowledge which takes away admiration is an evil knowledge.' Wordsworth says—'In a life without love there can be no thought, for we have no thought (save thoughts of pain) but as far as we have admiration.'

"I should fancy the pride of human intellect never reached a higher climax than what I was reading the other day from Comte, when he said, that it was no longer true the heavens declare the glory of God—that was only true of an ignorant age,—they now only declare the glory of Newton and Laplace.

"The grand remedy for the present epidemic of doubt seems to me personal interest in the struggle against evil,—every body who wishes to keep his spiritual intuition clear must try and *do* something to make his convictions living. The world is now just like Solon's republic,—no man can continue neutral in the conflict. You see it in society and in every newspaper,—the progress of doubt draws a strong line of demarcation wherever you go. Elizabeth is much interested in the Normal school here, could not Betha work something for it? I like the principle of ladies working,—it is giving *themselves* and not *their property*, for time and thought and labour are truly *ourselves*. I have determined to increase my subscription to all our useful societies here,—one must economise elsewhere than here, in the present state of Europe and India."

With the beginning of 1864, it became evident that Cowell's health was giving way to the climate. The following letter, the last he wrote from India, speaks for itself:—

"April 4. 64. I begin my letter with some good news,—we are really coming home; in fact we shall be already on our way

when you receive this. I have found my strength going this year and a weary lassitude gradually creeping over me as the heat came on, and so I have obtained fifteen months sick leave. I am undecided between coming by steamer round the Cape or overland. At first I fancied the former and in itself I certainly prefer the idea of the calm rest of the long sea-voyage amidst the 'antiqua silentia mundi' the 'primeval silences of nature,' but I begin to think it would be better for Elizabeth to come the other way. She is naturally anxious to get to her parents as soon as possible, especially in Mr. Charlesworth's precarious state; and so I have applied for a passage by the mail of the 23rd. We may fail of getting this and then we shall either come by the mail of the 9th of May or by the *Indiana* steamer round the Cape which starts about the end of this month. I want to get away as soon as I can, for the heat of April will no doubt be trying. You must remember that I am not *ill*, I am only overdone and want *rest*. I begin to feel as I used to feel at Oxford when the long vacation came round, so this half furlough must be my long Vacation after my seven years and a half of 'term.'

"I can hardly believe that we are really coming—but I have got my leave so far as the Medical Certificate is concerned. I went before the Board last week. What remains is only the formal application to Government for leave, on the strength of the Medical Certificate. We had at first thought of taking six months at the Nilgherries, but on the whole it seemed best to do as we have done and decide on coming *home*. You must make up your mind however that I am coming back to India again;—at least unless anything very alluring offers in England, which is not very likely. I daresay we shall have reached England by the time June is half over.

"I certainly long for some cessation of the round of lecturing which begins to wear my nerves,—I have wakeful nights, loss of appetite for food as well as work, and a general kind of languor. All these things are symptoms and so it is no doubt wisest to be warned betimes. To remain in Calcutta so long is no doubt trying to the constitution. I should not be surprised however that the voyage alone will do me good, and that my tone is restored by the time I get to England. I long very much for the pure bracing sea-air,—it will be a kind of elixir of health after one's frame has been gradually unstrung by the damp hot airs of the plains. I suppose one's nervous system is just like an instrument untuned, the strings are loose and need tightening. . . .

"I shall be able to tell you definitely by the next Bombay mail what our plans are. You will hardly be able to realise, I

expect, any more than I can that we are really making preparations for coming home. We are beginning to pack things! Goodbye, your's ever most affectionately, E. B. C."

The Cowells deposited the greater part of their books at the Sanskrit College, and succeeded in securing their berths and left Calcutta on the 23rd, much to the regret of their friends, European and native alike.

CHAPTER V

LONDON—THE PROFESSORSHIP

1864—1867

THE Cowells left India on April 23rd, 1864, on a fifteen months' furlough. They called it a *half furlough*, as presumably the full furlough was two years, and as they had not been in India quite eight years they were probably not yet entitled to the full period. The terms of the appointment had not been changed, although the Government of India had changed from the Company to the Crown. The last letter written from Calcutta, given at the end of the last chapter, told us how that Cowell had felt his strength going, and that a weary lassitude was creeping upon him as the heat came on, and that he was losing his appetite for food and work, and failing to sleep at night, all sure signs of the loss of that nervous tone which is essential to fit a man to cope with his laborious work and the trying tropical climate of India. Armed with the requisite medical certificate he obtained his leave, and both were delighted with the prospect of the rest and quiet of the journey and the magic attractions of *home*. Another cause also strongly stimulated their desire to return. Mrs. Cowell had received tidings of the illness and failing health of her father, the Rector of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, and she was naturally glad of the chance of seeing him again which the immediate return to England afforded. Both of them had borne the climate of

India exceedingly well. It is true that Mrs. Cowell had been laid up in 1859 in their second hot season with an attack of cholera, a serious disease in Calcutta, but she had pulled through it, and appeared afterwards to bear the climate and changes of temperature better than ever. They may be considered to have been most fortunate, as they only suffered from the minor tropical ailments from which no one is exempt. Now of course a rest and change had become necessary, and in June we find them arriving once more in England.

The Cowells did not leave India without some feeling of regret, as there is no doubt their time there had been one of great happiness to them. Neither did they leave without being aware of a widespread feeling of regret and almost dismay on the part of the past and present native students of the two colleges with which they had been brought in contact. As soon as news of their impending departure became known, they were inundated with letters of regret and affection. One of these letters I will give as a type of the rest. It shows well the estimation in which they were held, and it shows too how generously he helped those who, owing to his teaching and example, had become Christians, and thereby had become estranged from their parents. All these had become accustomed to address him as *father*.

"Calcutta, Apr. 9. 64. Dear father, I am exceedingly sorry to learn that you will leave Calcutta very soon. Ill health has obliged you to go, and therefore you cannot but go. However, I hope you will soon restore your health and come back to India with additional strength of mind and body.

"I cannot express in words the gratitude I feel for you. I have left my parents to follow the word of God; I have left behind all that I had in this world; but God (blessed be his name) has not left me comfortless. He has given me a father in you and a mother in your wife. O dear father how shall I express the love and affection with which you have looked to my interests. I doubt whether a father can bring up his child so affectionately as you have done; or whether a mother can love her child more than your wife has done to me.

"Dear father, I don't know how to thank you for your kindly bringing me up from my infancy in Christ to the present day. Thanks be to my Heavenly Father in his choosing you as an instrument in his hand to bring me from the darkness of idolatory to the marvellous light in Christ Jesus. I had been roving in darkness, being an alien from the Kingdom of God, but you kindly took upon yourself the trouble of instructing me in the truth as it is in Jesus. You taught me every Sunday (morning and noon) all the doctrines concerning the Christian plan of salvation. Though I was a believer in Christ even before I came to Calcutta, I was hitherto perplexed by several doubts. But you mercifully removed all these, and enabled me to stand at rest upon the strength of Jesus Christ. Even after my baptism, you have been looking with great interest to the progress of my soul and by your instructions you have taught me the way to approach Jesus.

"Besides these you have not neglected to look anxiously like a father to my temporal interests. You have helped with money in all times of need. What more can a father do for a son? The best books that I have are all from your kind hands. Dear father, you have not confined your charity to me only, but your mercy has also extended to my relatives at home. You have given clothes to my mother-in-law and wife and have also given some rupees to my sister. How can I express all these in words? They are too many.

"Besides all these, the good you have done to our nation is incalculably great. You have given your whole strength and learning to teach the students of the Presidency and Sanskrit Colleges. Your vast learning has enabled you to bring up the boys of these Colleges in the best possible way. No professor has ever taken so much interest in teaching; no one has ever so thoroughly sacrificed his own time and strength for the benefit of the boys. You taught the boys two or three hours more than you are required almost every day. Such a self-sacrificing professor the students never had. You have not confined your labour to these Colleges, but you have liberally instructed some of the boys of the medical and engineering Colleges. I mean the instructions in Philosophy and Pope's works which you gave us at your home. Such a self-sacrificing benevolence has never been seen in any man. The benefits you have conferred upon us are innumerable.

"Now, I beg your leave, praying to God, that he may take you home safely through the vast oceans, and hoping that though we are separate in body we are united in spirit in Jesus Christ our Redeemer. As the gratitude I feel for you, I am unable to

express in words, I try to do it by silence which in such a case is the best way. Your most affectionate son in Jesus,

"CALY PROSUNNO CHOWDHORRY."

Oriental as this letter is, it has a genuine ring, and shows how good Cowell was to Calcutta students. This letter was only one of many, and fully explains the fact that Cowell saved nothing from the stipends that he received for his Indian labours.

Mrs. Cowell was, unhappily, disappointed in her hope of once more seeing her father. Mr. Charlesworth entered into his rest a short time before the travellers reached England, and it was a happiness to the daughter to arrive so opportunely to assist in offering consolation to the sick and widowed mother. But the happiness of the home-coming was potent to mitigate the grief, and it is pleasant to record that from three to four months were spent with the two families, and that the quiet and happiness of home gradually completed what the voyage had begun, and restored both our travellers to the health they were in search of.

We may be sure that as soon as the felicitations and novelty of home were over, Cowell wrote to announce his arrival to his old friend, Edward FitzGerald. In reply he received the following letter from him:

"Market Hill, Woodbridge: May 25,/64. My dear Cowell, It was indeed a surprise to find a Letter of your's dated from Ipswich. Well you have come at a good time of the Year so far as English Nature is concern'd; I suppose you must be out in it, and away from Sanskrit, as much as you can.

"Ah! I am afraid you will find me a torpid and incurious Man compared to what you left me; and *then* I was just wearing that way, you know. Since then I have been still more diligently cultivating (as Spedding said) the stupid part of my Nature; seeing none of the nice People, and only reading Memoirs, Travels, &c., just one grade above Novels.

"As I write these last words a Letter from F. Tennyson is put into my hands; but first I must dine: and then read it—all which is done, and so now I will finish this Note under the Spell of a few Glasses of Sherry.

"In a week, or ten Days, I shall be embarking in my little Ship; you must come one Day and see our River in her—you and Elizabeth—though my Boat does not shine in the River way. You know I go nowhere; think of not having *seen* old Spedding for 5 years! But you will let me hear of you before long, I dare say; and Time will clear up what it has to unfold. Ever your's E.F.G.

"Pray remember me very kindly to your Mother, and such of your Family as I know. I was in Ipswich (with the *Chorus*) the Day your Note was written."

A later letter, written after Cowell had paid him a visit, and somewhat sad in its tone, was published by Mr. Aldis Wright, and I will transcribe part of it [1] to follow the above:—

"Aug. 31, [1864]. My dear Cowell, . . . I hope you don't think that I have forgotten you. Your visit gave me a sad sort of Pleasure, dashed with the Memory of other Days; I now see so few People, and those all of the common sort, with whom I never talk of our old Subjects; so I get in some measure unfitted for such converse, and am almost saddened with the remembrance of an old contrast when it comes. And there is something besides; a Shadow of Death: but I won't talk of such things: only believe I don't forget you, nor wish to be forgotten by you. Indeed your kindness touched me.

"I have been reading Juvenal with Translation, &c., in my Boat. Nearly the best things seem to me what one may call Epistles, rather than Satires. . . . Remember me to all. Ever your's E.F.G."

It would appear from these letters of FitzGerald's that during Cowell's long absence he had become shy and much of a recluse, and that he had somewhat neglected his old friends. He had written to Cowell in India, but this intercourse had not availed to avert this change. The letters show too that he could not all at once shake off what he himself calls a "torpid and incurious" condition and resume his intimacy on its old footing. That he did gradually shake off this feeling—the shyness took a little longer—is

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

well shown by the following additional letters to Cowell, which have not been previously published :—

"Market Hill: Woodbridge, Nov. 19th/64. My dear Cowell, Thank you for your Letter. I am so far glad to find that the Pliny is not at once intelligible to you, any more than it was to me after much longer reflection. Probably Pliny himself was as much in the Dark as we.

"My own version I knew was shaky—both in the direct sense of the words and the Logic: which made me trouble you for Counsel. The Truth is, I simply wanted to drop at once to Ciprian's objection to the *Plurality of Gods*.—I will however transcribe my Version of this part; and you must see if it hitches as I think it does—with the consent of Pliny himself.

"I wish you would be so good as to transcribe and send me directly *the Latin of the Passage;* of which I also send you Philimon Holland's Version; the Latin of those two Sentences only; of which I see I have left out one clause in my Version—*Si qua Deus est* or some such Words; meaning, I suppose, if there be any other God than the Anima Mundi, &c.

"I am sure you will be very pleased with my Play,[1] which, while it preserves the Lines (to use a Ship-Builder's Phrase) retains scarce a Plank of the original Ship. This, I know, does *not* sound promising to you; but, on altering one part to suit modern sympathies (as I take them to be) I was obliged to alter others, and so I can't call it a Translation at all. I am not Poet enough for single Passages: but there is some Poetical *Invention* still in what I have added; especially in the conduct of Justina's Dream. I don't publish, because I found there was no use in the other Translation: more trouble to others and oneself than Good. If any Magazine or Miscellany chooses to print this Play—(supposing you and others approve it) well and good.

"Do send me the Latin when you can. It is true that I don't at all like to hear of your going to India: I like to feel you are in England: and if I am now too shy to go to you; should always be glad of you here. Ever your's E.F.G."

"Woodbridge, Dec. 7, /64. I have sent you up a Brace of Pheasants: which I inform you of, not to be thanked: but that you mayn't be at a Loss to account for their coming to you.

"Thanks for the Pliny. I think the Editor blunders in explaining 'alius' as referring to *the sun*—for two reasons. First that (if P. Holland is to be trusted) the very first Chapter

[1] "The Mighty Magician," from Calderon's El Magico Prodigioso.

speaks of *The World*—or Universe itself (I suppose *Mundus*, or κοσμος) as in some sort *Deity:* Secondly, that it would *not* be absurd to make an Effigy of God if he were only *the Sun:* of which such a Picture as our Sign boards represent is an intelligible Emblem at least. Whereas, there can be no intelligible Representation of World or *Universe*—made up of Skies, Seas, Land, &c., but the World itself.

"I don't doubt Pliny means 'If there be any distinct, or personal God other than Nature's Self.'—But still the '*totus ses*' are not so easy to translate, though the Sense may be guessed at. It's no matter: one can leave out the Latin, even if the whole thing were of any moment.

"I sent the *Magician* near three weeks ago to C. Childs; but he is so busy, I told him to put off printing till the New Year. Since then I have taken up the '*Vida es Sueño*,' of which a rough Draft has long lain by me. But I don't know if I can lick this into such Shape as will satisfy me: one can't run and rattle on as one used. Don't say anything about these things please.

"If I don't write again, let me wish you a happy Xmas now. Perhaps you'll be spending it at Ipswich?—If so do come over here. Ever your's E.F.G.

"I am enjoying Max Müller's 2nd Lectures."

I have two other unpublished letters of FitzGerald's to give, but I must observe some chronological order, and before giving them trace Cowell to London. From some of his letters, written to his wife, who was for some time away from him at Nutfield, and with her sister Maria engaged in nursing her mother, I will make a few extracts:—

"Ipswich, May 26, 64. . . . I shall be glad when the weather becomes a little warmer—it does not bring back my cough, but it rather chills one's blood after Calcutta. . . . To-day I paid a visit to my old friend Mr. Read.[1] I found him much as usual, and he can get me a copy of that book of *Eusebius*. I found the great Nyaya book of Dr. Roër,—you had brought it after all. I don't want it to read, I only wanted to feel that it was safe. I have now got safe with me on *terra firma* that and the *Sarva Darśana*—the two books on which I shall hope to build my future Oriental fame, if I don't go back to India. I begin to think vaguely that

[1] The Bookseller of his youth.

perhaps after all, I shall go back. . . . I heard yesterday from E.F.G., if I have space I will enclose his gloomy but characteristic letter. I shall go over by train and see him one of these days. . . . I hope Maria is able to get a little change and rest, now that you are there."

"June 28. . . . I am sorry I shall not see E.F.G. this time but it is only a deferred visit, as I don't doubt our next arrangement will be more *precise*. One need be a lawyer and weigh one's expressions with an ultra grammatical nicety to be sure of meeting him."

"July 7. . . . I rather dread my speech this evening, but I dare say I shall do well enough—I shall think of myself as lecturing a very *ignorant* class at College, and so I shall 'lay down the law.' The Indian letters have come to-day and I send you yours. I have had a capital letter from Ram Naragan which deserves a warm answer. . . . I have had a very nice letter from Mr. Whitney in America and from George [Kitchin]. The latter recommends King's College. I shall certainly be very glad if my lot should be cast there."

"July 8. The meeting last evening passed off very well—I made my speech and got on very fairly with it. There was a good meeting and it seemed quite a successful one."

"July 22. . . . I hope you are coming down soon—you must be here in Harvest time, and we must go over to Ashbocking and see something of it. I want you sadly, and you will say I am getting back into my old ways without your 'hindering.' Yesterday I had a long reading for hours at the Kerat and enjoyed it very much. I am also thinking of recommencing my translation of the *Sarva Darśana*. . . ."

To W. B. Donne.

"Ipswich, Sept. 20. 1864. I have to thank you very sincerely for the books you kindly sent me the other day. I have been quite refreshing myself with the extracts from Catullus and Tibullus,—my Latin books being all left behind in Calcutta. I hope to come to reside in London (for the winter) at the beginning of next month, and to have some temporary work at King's College.

"I have not had time to read the Essays on the Drama yet, but I wish you would combine into a similar volume that series on Propertius, Martial and Juvenal which I remember reading with so much interest in the *Edinburgh* some twelve years ago. Mrs. Cowell is away with her Mother or I am sure she would unite with me in kindest remembrances to yourself and your daughters.

She retains a very lively impression of our delightful visit to Bury in 1852."

Cowell spent the winter in London and occupied rooms in Hereford House, Park Lane, at the Oxford Street end, which his wife had found for him, and got through a good deal of literary work. He was missed in Calcutta, and he received many letters from his old pupils there. Here is a reply that he wrote at this time to one of the earliest of them, a Hindú who conceived a great admiration for his teacher, and whose impression and appreciation of him will be found in the final chapter of this book. The letter was most probably written from Hereford House :—

To Krishna Chandra Roy.

"London, Jan. 6. 1865. I have just this moment received your letter, and I really beg your pardon for my silence. The truth is that I moved from Ipswich to London and mislaid your first letter in my move and I did not know where to direct to you. I have been hoping to find it and answer your kind inquiries, but I have not been able yet. I have been very poorly this winter and suffered much from sleeplessness at night, which sadly unfits me for hard work. I hope the milder weather of the spring will set me up. My old headaches too have returned and often trouble me. My plans are somewhat unsettled but I still hope to come back. I have often and often wished myself back in India, for certainly the happiest part of my life was spent there,—but family circumstances are somewhat in the way and my Mother does not approve my going out again. I must try and leave it to God's Providence, but the uncertainty often worries my mind. I hope if I do not come back you will always let me hear from you occasionally as you may be quite sure I shall always retain a very warm feeling for you.

"I found the India House Post given away when I reached England. This vexed me at first, but I have no doubt it was really for the best, and, if it leads to my return to India (as it probably may) I shall not regret it.

"I don't expect to return till next cold weather,—the summer in England will be sure to do me great good. Last summer quite gave me new life. I have seen the two young Hindús studying in London several times. I am sorry that I missed Satyendra, who

has gained many warm friends everywhere in London and has passed his examinations and his entire two years most triumphantly. Everybody speaks highly of him. I shall post this letter to-day. I am very sorry that I grieved you by my silence, but hope you have by this time forgiven me. God bless you. I don't put my London address as I shall be leaving it soon. My safest direction is Bolton Hill, Ipswich."

Cowell always wrote in this warm and intimate way to his Indian protégés, and won them by the interest he took in their hopes and successes. He opens his mind too with regard to his return to India, how he could not avoid, on the one hand, being influenced by his Mother's dread for both of them if they returned to face again the climate of India, and, on the other, by his own yearning to return to his genial work. His friend, George Kitchin, and his brother Maurice were both strongly opposed to his return. Much, however, depended on his obtaining some home appointment that would give full scope to his special learning and energies, a possibility which held him long in suspense and uncertainty.

Here is another letter to him from FitzGerald, which refers to the printing of *The Magician*, the translating of *The Vida*, and also to Cowell's pining for India :—

"Market Hill, Woodbridge, Feb. 23 [1865]. By this post travels also the Magico—which has been delayed one way or another, I don't know how. Mr. Childs has been busy, and ill too. Well, here it is, anyhow. *The Vida* is, I believe, some while ago in hand; but I have no proof of it yet—I somehow doubt you will like these things *too* well; but if you will find a jolly Fault, I shall know there must be something very wrong; and then how shall I chuckle at not having the Fear of the *Athenæum* over my head!

"Donne wrote me word you had been dining with him and old Spedding; and how pleasant it was. But he said you neither of you (I mean, Wife and you) seemed quite in good case; you pining for India, and not liking the Harness you are now in. Tell me about this one day; I dare say when you have done your day's work you are glad enough to have no Letter writing.

"Garcin de Tassy has sent me his photograph: really just the

man one would fancy: humane and scholarly, but not very powerful. I suppose he has sent you also.—

"Do you know Munro's Lucretius? Thompson recommended it to me as a piece of conscientious good work: and I am delighted with it.—Oh! how I have been regaling on Dickens' *Mutual Friend!* Quite absurd, I know; but yet the Mighty Little Magician in every Page: as true *a Genius* as ever lived, though not the highest or completest. He has taken to be Carlylese, I think: not for the better; and in several respects one sees he is not all he was: but he is Dickens still. Love to the Lady—ever your's E.F.G."

Two days later FitzGerald wrote to Archbishop French in Dublin:—

"Feb. 25. 65. Edward Cowell's return to England (in June 1864) set him and me talking of old Studies together, left off since he went to India. And I took up three sketched out Dramas, two of Calderon, and have licked the two Calderons into some sort of shape of my own.[1] . . . . ."

M. Garcin de Tassy, who is mentioned in the above letter, was a French Persian scholar who translated *Omar Khayydm* into French, a work which brought him into correspondence with FitzGerald. He was anxious to quote both E.F.G. and E.B.C. in his translation, but the former was most anxious that E.B.C. should not be compromised in connection with a work the philosophy of which he was known to disapprove. The following letter was written in English to Cowell, and I insert a portion of it as it tends to show that Cowell was early persuading himself that he would not return to India.

"Paris, Jan. 26. 66. MY DEAR SIR,—It was useless to make any apologies. I am only sorry to learn that your health has been partly cause of your silence. I thank you for all the literary news you give me about Elliot's paper and the Essay of Kavamah Ali. I must write to Sir Charles Trevelyan about his prize. . . .

"As you have taken the resolution of remaining in England it will be easier to be in correspondence with you and I hope also that

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

you will visit Paris and that I shall be able to be honoured with your acquaintance. Believe me always, my dear Sir, most sincerely and faithfully yours, GARCIN DE TASSY."

In the summer of 1865 Cowell was offered the post of Examiner in the Oriental subjects for the Indian Civil Service Examinations. He alludes to this fact in a letter to his wife which referred mainly to family matters. I give, however, a short extract :—

"Bolton Hill, Ipswich, Aug. 1. 1865. I reached home quite comfortably about seven. George Cowell came down with me—I met him at the Shoreditch Station. . . . I had a very pleasant visit to Mr. Walrond[1] and Sir E. Ryan.[1] They seemed very pleased that I thought of accepting the post."

The following are some extracts from one more Indian letter that Cowell received towards the end of May, 1865. They show his marvellous influence on the native mind :—

"Hindu Hostel, Lal Bazár, Calcutta, April 2. 1865. Your very kind letter came to my hand about two months before the examination and I cannot express the delight with which I read it. The tenderness with which it was penned and the anxious interest which it showed you take in me did me much good. It filled my heart with more love and regard for you. Nor was it I only who enjoyed the boon of perusing the letter. Often had I the pleasure of reading it to my friends and they felt themselves as happy as I. It not only grieves me but makes me ashamed when I think of the long interval after which I am going to write to you. There is no excuse for me, but my examination, but I know you will look with a kind eye over this my fault. . . . .

"Your letter informed me that the climate of your native land had already done you good. . . . Sometime back Nilambar told me the happy news that you were well in England and that you will very probably return to India. We fondly hoped that we should see your face in September next. But now it seems that still some more months must pass before the hope can possibly realise its object. It is reported here that you have applied for six months' further leave. So you are not coming back within a year, if you are coming at all. Your letter to me left me in the uncertainty as

[1] Of the Civil Service Commission.

to your return, but may I not hope? I see you are taken to editing books at home. I was glad to learn that a valuable work on Indian History edited by you will shortly be published. A large demand of the work I believe will be made in India especially by your pupils.

"You often think of your pupils. Not less they of you. I often think of you. Many a circumstance, many a thought remind me of you. Why? For I am much indebted to you. You are my teacher. Not only did you teach me many intellectual truths with which I enriched my stock of knowledge, but you taught me far nobler things. You taught me Christian virtues—patience, sacrifice and meekness—by your life. Your life was not fully disclosed to my view; I had only a side view. But I have benefited much. The crumbs which fall from your table save a man's life. I wish I could always enjoy the society of men whose lives teach and lift all those who surround them. . . . .

"Your affectionate pupil, DEBENDER CHUNDER GHOSE."

A most interesting and characteristic article on "La Fontaine and his Fables" appeared in *The London Quarterly* (Vol. xxiv), in July, 1865, of which a short notice must be given.

Jean de la Fontaine, "Le bon La Fontaine, notorious for his immoralities, his indelicacy, the looseness of his principles, and the licentiousness of some of his works," has ever been considered the most original writer of his epoch. He was born in 1621 and died in 1695. Cowell gives an interesting history of this writer, and analyses his character very fully. The following amusing paragraph calls for reproduction here :—

"Most great men have their peculiar legend, founded upon a defect or foible which characterised them, and which issued in some curious fact duly recorded and often amplified by biographers. The dreamy habits of our poet have been alluded to; they led him to commit occasionally the drollest blunders, and his absence of mind fully equalled that of the well-known Marquis de Brancas, celebrated by La Bruyère. 'His sincerity is perfectly naïve,' remarks a critic; 'he thinks aloud, and when people weary him he tells them so point blank. He is credulous to the last, and according to his own statement he remains for ever the same grey-bearded child, who was duped by every body, and will always be

so. He knows neither how to guide himself nor how to behave himself; like Nature he brooks no constraint. During his younger days he had been trusted by his father with the message, on which depended the success of a lawsuit. He goes out, meets some friends, repairs with them to the play, and only on the morrow remembers both the lawsuit and the message.' . . . . In a letter written to Madame de la Fontaine he relates a fit of absence which happened to him whilst at Orléans. He walked out of the inn where he was staying, for the purpose of seeing the city. On his return he mistook another hotel for his own, and entering, went into the garden, where he sat down and began reading a volume of *Livy*. The waiter came up to him and told him his mistake; he immediately rushed out, ran to the right place, and 'arrived,' he said, 'just in time to pay the bill.' On another occasion he was at Anthony with some friends, who had taken him to spend a few days in the country. One day at dinner time La Fontaine could not be discovered. They call, the bell is rung, inquiries are made; no La Fontaine. At last after dinner is over, he appeared. 'Where do you come from?' He answered that he had been attending the funeral of an ant; he had followed the procession in the garden, and had accompanied the family back to the ant-hill."

La Fontaine's works next came in for consideration, and Cowell is intensely interested in tracing how many of the stories of his fables are founded upon apologues which occur in Oriental writings. He says:—

"No less than twenty of his fables may be traced back to the *Pantcha-Tantra*, or the *Hitopadesa*; and the question naturally suggests itself, Did La Fontaine borrow immediately the subjects of these Apologues from the Hindús, and if so, what versions had he at his disposal? for his ignorance of the Oriental languages is beyond a doubt."

The article then goes on to suggest a solution of this interesting question. One more quotation shall be given with the view of comparing La Fontaine's and the Hindú version of one of the stories:—

"In order to show what La Fontaine made of the Eastern Apologues, we shall select the fable entitled *The Tortoise and the Two Ducks*; it is one of the poet's best, and besides it has been

treated not only by the author of *Pantcha-Tantra*, but by Hoçain-Vaiz, Babrius and Æsop or rather Planudes. Our first excerpt is from *Calila and Dimna* :—

" 'On a certain occasion, the hen-bird of a species of sea-fowl, called Titani, said to the cock, "I wish we could find a secure place to hatch our young; for I am afraid that the genius of the sea will discover them, and take them away." The cock desired her to remain where she was, as there was plenty of food; upon which she reproached him with his inconsiderateness, but received the same answer, with some observations on the unreasonableness of her alarm. The hen still persisted in urging her apprehensions, and cautioned the cock not to treat so lightly what she said, reminding him of what happened to the tortoise and the two geese, who being in the same pond with him, and living on terms of intimacy and friendship, were unwilling to go away, when the too great decrease of the water made their departure necessary, without taking leave of him. The tortoise observed to them that the diminution of the water was more a reason for his departure, as he was almost as helpless on dry land as a ship, than for theirs, and begged that they would take him with them; to which they agreed, and for that purpose desired him to suspend himself from the middle of a long piece of wood, one end of which each of them would take hold of, and in this manner fly away with him, strictly forbidding him to utter a sound. They had not flown far, when some persons below, seeing what was passing over their heads, and crying out from astonishment, the tortoise alarmed at the discovery, and forgetting the injunction which he had received, expressed aloud his wish that their eyes might be plucked out, and losing his hold upon opening his mouth, fell to the ground and was killed.'

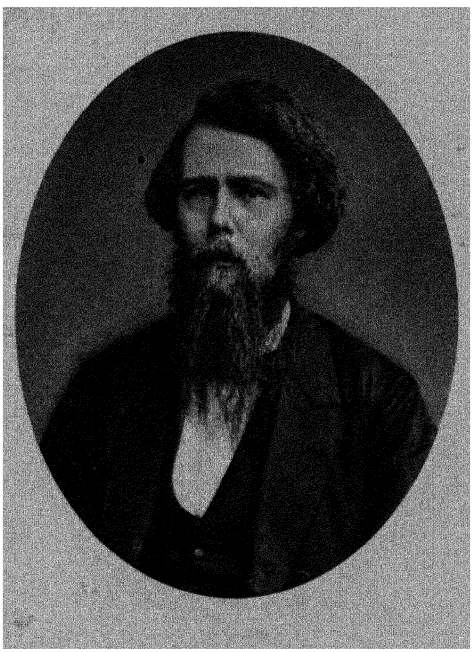
"The same story occurs in the *Hitopadesa* with a few variations :—'In Magrada-desa there is a pool called Thullotpala. In it for a long time dwelt two geese, by name Sankata and Vikata. A friend of their's a turtle, called Kambri-Griva (shell-neck) lived near. Once on a time some fishermen having come there, said "We will lodge here now, and in the morning we will kill fish, tortoises and the like." The turtle overhearing that, said to the geese, "My friends you have heard the conversation of the fishermen: what must I now do?" The geese replied, "First of all, let us be assured of it; afterwards, that must be done which is proper: could another lake be reached, thy safety would be secured: but what means hast thou of going on dry land?" The turtle replied, "Let means be contrived so that I may go along with you through the air." "But how," said the geese, "is the

expedient practicable?" "Why," observed the turtle, "with my mouth I can hang on to a staff, held in the beak by both of you; and thus by the strength of your wings I may go with ease." "This contrivance is feasible," said the geese; "let it be so; but something is sure to be said by the people, when they see thee borne along by us; on hearing which, if thou givest a reply, thy death will ensue: therefore on every account remain here." "Am I then an idiot?" said the turtle, "not a syllable shall be uttered by me." The plan being accordingly put in execution, all the herdsmen, when they saw the turtle being borne along in the air, ran after, exclaiming, "Hallo! a most marvellous thing! a turtle carried by two birds!" Then said one, "If this turtle falls, he shall be cooked and eaten on the very spot." "He shall be taken to the house," said another. "He must be cooked and eaten near the pool," said another. On hearing this unkind language, he cried out in a passion, forgetting his engagement, "You shall eat ashes!" Whilst he was speaking he fell from the stick and was killed by the herdsmen.'"

The Cowells spent the summer of 1865 at some very nice lodgings at No. 1, England Lane, Haverstock Hill. He this year became a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, a membership which was only terminated by his death. He was full of literary work, and the list of his writings printed as Appendix iii. shows that he was busy with the fifth edition of *Elphinstone's History of India*, which he brought up to date by the addition of some most valuable notes. He also at this time was editing the posthumous fourth volume of Prof. H. H. Wilson's translation of the *Rig Veda*. They were important works and most conscientiously carried out, and both were published in the following year, 1866.

The following letter addressed to Cowell shows his extraordinary benevolence in readily giving a helping hand in any literary work:—

"Göttingen, 28.11.65. MY DEAR SIR,—The Dictionary being almost finished, I cannot but express to you my deepest thanks for all the kindness you have shown me in revising, correcting and improving by your most valuable additions the work which you have assisted me in conducting through the press.



"I am not only very sorry that you have declined to be mentioned and thanked publicly for your most important help, but I feel it indeed as a heavy burthen, to bring before the public a work without being allowed to say that I am indebted to you for a large part of that by which it may be useful.

"Therefore I dare beg you to allow me to mention your name in the preface and so unburthen my heart at least a little. I say a little. For even thus I shall feel every time the obligation by which I am bound to you, and I should be very happy if I could some time have an occasion to requite the benevolence you have shown me.

"I am, Dear Sir, your's most sincerely,
"TH[EODORE] BENFEY."

Prof. Benfey evidently did not receive a free hand in the direction he suggested, and he concluded his preface as follows :—

"I cannot close this Preface without expressing my sincere thanks to Mr. E. B. Cowell and Professor Max-Müller, for the assistance which they have rendered to me while carrying this work through the press. Göttingen : Jan. 1. 1866."

While it was still uncertain whether Cowell would return to India or not, he received an offer of an appointment on the staff of the Bodleian, in connection probably with the Oriental MSS. The only evidence of this that I have found is the following letter from Mr. H. O. Coxe, its distinguished Librarian, written evidently on receipt of Cowell's refusal of the appointment :—

"Bodleian Library, Oxford, 9 March /65. MY DEAR MR. COWELL,—I am not in the least surprised that you have resolved as you have. I only can regret it for the selfish reason that we shall not have you, and I am quite sure that all my Curators will join very heartily with me in the same feeling. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you amongst us before you return to India, —when I dare say I shall find much to consult you about touching our Oriental collections. Believe me to be most truly your's, H. O. COXE.

"P.S. I shall read your note to our Curators at their meeting on Saturday."

FitzGerald was gradually getting over his shyness and reviving his dormant interest in literature. Here are two other letters of his :—

"Woodbridge: Decr. 26" [65]. "My dear Cowell,—You know I shall be very glad if you can come here; but I say, as before and always, pray don't come to any inconvenience to yourself or your Family, who will want all they can of you.

"I did not know you had so many calls upon you in different directions; I mean editing for several Publishers, &c. Well; one helps another, I suppose; and all bring grist to the Mill; and I can't doubt but that something to your own Heart's Content will spring out of it all before long.

"I suppose you had a Letter I directed to you a fortnight ago, I think. Not that I want you to answer when busy, &c., but that I wish you to know that I do write.

"R. Groome was here for a day—very pleasant—and talking of you. I am glad you think young Crowfoot promises well.

"*Notes and Queries* said the other Day that, according to Mahammedan Legend, it was the Peacock who admitted the Snake into Eden—which made me think of the Mantic again—You must do the Mesnavi—our Persian will beat you Indians, I think; but there is no great compass in either as I believe.

"Love to the Lady: Happy Christmas! Happy New Year!

"Ever your's E.F.G."

"Market Hill: Woodbridge, March 20/66. My dear Cowell,—Donne enquires in a letter I have from him To-day *where* you are to be found. And I have positively lost the certainty of your Address:—though I know so much as Haverstock Hill, Hampstead. I *think* '11, Maitland Terrace'—But do you make all sure by letting Donne see, or hear of, you. I have told him that I know it is not from want of wishing to see him that you have yet *not* seen him:—but that you are so busy you have scarce had time to come down to see your own kinsfolk here. But manage to see Donne.

"*He* has been busy too—and *is*—editing some Correspondence of George III. which must be heavy work to do, and will be to read, I should think. I hope he will be well paid: else one will regret so much Time and Pains taken for such a Business.

"I don't ask you to write to me—nor even wish you to do so—while you are so busy. I have too good cause to feel assured that you always remember me more kindly than I deserve. I

am not very well just now; I believe *a Change* would be a good thing:—in some respects—but, again, not in others. So I must let be.

"Love to the Lady, ever her's and your's, E.F.G."

In 1866 another sphere of work was suggested to him by Mr. Coventry Patmore, a connection of the Byles, that of a post in the Printed Books Department of the British Museum, but the mass of literary work that he had undertaken effectually prevented all thought of such an appointment for the present, and he returned a similar response as in the case of the Bodleian.

Cowell's residence in India made him much in request to speak on Missionary subjects, as he was known to be much in sympathy with such work. One of his letters has already mentioned a speech at Ipswich which he dreaded, but which came off satisfactorily, and the following letter is written from York whither he went to attend the Church Congress. Dr. Kay was to read a paper, and he was to speak on the subject of "The Colonial Church and Foreign Missions." The letter was addressed to his wife:—

"York, Oct. 9. 66. I write you a line early before breakfast, as I don't know how I may be hindered afterwards. I am staying with Dr. Shann—Mr. Cadman, Mr. Garbett and the Hon. Mr. Napier are here also. I met Mr. Fox (who was the Secretary who wrote to me) and liked him very much. I rather dread my speech which I believe comes on *to-night* and not tomorrow night. I feel anxious rather. I have been writing notes this morning early—as I don't think I shall read my speech at all. I enjoyed my journey very much. We had a full carriage all the way. . . ."

It has often been said that *laymen* make the best missionaries, at all events in India. Those of them who lead consistent Christian lives exercise a practical power and influence over the native mind which is rarely obtained by the precept of those who are looked upon as the

official teachers of Christianity. It was said only the other day by Bishop Montgomery when addressing the Guild of St. Luke at the inauguration of their Medical Missionary College, that the men whose names are most worshipped in India, such as General Nicholson, Reynell Taylor, and Sir Donald McLeod, were all laymen. This is probably because laymen are considered by the native mind to be guided by conviction, whilst the Clergy are largely bound by authority, and to that extent not equally free agents. There is, of course, a wonderful power in the lives of such men as these. The Bishop told the story of a native Hindú gentleman who said: "India, I know, will become Christian—you need not send us missionaries—all you need do is to send us *ferishtas* (angels) like Reynell Taylor and Donald McLeod, and we shall all become Christians." The name of Cowell still lives in India, and it is certain that he is honoured by many as a missionary, even as much as he is esteemed as a Professor.

It may be interesting in this connection to print a letter that was written to Cowell by Mrs. Cotton, the widow of Bishop Cotton, of Calcutta. The Bishop was much interested in Cowell's missionary efforts, but in 1866 he disappeared suddenly in the waters of the River Hooghly and was never heard of again. The letter, to which this was a reply, followed the widow to England :—

"Lower Seymour Street, W. Jan. 22. 67. I have been intending for some little time to write to you, I thought you would like to know that a letter of your's to Calcutta bearing date October 2nd has been returned upon my hands, and thus I have had the pleasure of knowing what was your final communications with one who could no longer receive them. He would have been so deeply interested in all your letter, and in what you say of your own conflict of feeling between England and India, from his own point of view he had never ceased to deplore the withdrawal of your presence and personal influence from those strange beings, to whose minds you were so blessed in finding a passage. . . . Your project of writing in concert with Dr. Kay and others some Christian Church tracts would have

interested the Bishop deeply, as meeting so great a need. I hope it is being carried out. If the English MSS. should be printed or published here, I should much like to be told, as I would certainly get them,—as I have long felt how any selections which reveal the inner life of the bright lights of that early Church, are so deeply valuable and edifying to women and the unlearned. . . . I fancy you will shortly have a call from Mr. Cowie. He will talk to you much of the wish that has been expressed that some account of that eight years' episcopate should be given to the world. Mr. Cowie is most kind in the matter, and is ready to collect materials and facts and explain correspondence, if you could be induced to aid in the work of compiling the narrative. He and I both feel how much you knew of the Bishop, how well you knew his character, and how much you could supply of his views and opinions on many subjects. It would be a deep interest to me if I could hear that you are willing to discuss the matter with Mr. Cowie, and fall in with his ideas and mine on the subject."

When Cowell received this letter, he had heard of the determination of the University of Cambridge to appoint a Professor of Sanskrit. This was just what Cowell wanted, and he at once took the necessary steps to place himself on the list of candidates. For a short time there was a fear that Prof. Max Müller of Oxford would offer himself, and it was more than probable that his great reputation and his distinguished personality would have commanded success. I hardly think that anything would have induced Cowell to offer himself against his great friend; but a correspondence at once settled the doubt, and it soon became evident that the contest would lie between himself and Prof. Aufrecht of Edinburgh. Of course he had to rely principally upon his Sanskrit reputation, and he felt that his residence in India for some seven and a half years would count as a point in his favour. He was not much known in Cambridge, except to Orientalists, and it was necessary that he should apply to his friends and get them to interest themselves with any Cambridge friends they might know. It was necessary also for him to get together some written testimonials from distinguished Professors who knew him. The next letters, written to

his wife, show that as soon as he had got his testimonials ready he went to Cambridge to prosecute his canvass.

"The Bull, Cambridge, May 27. 67. I have only time for a line, as I am very busy. I have made plenty of calls to-day and seen many people, some *for* some *against*, and most, diplomatically civil. I wrote to Kingsley and thanked him cordially for his kind hearty letter which did my heart good to read. I shall be supported by some of the greatest tories and some of the greatest radicals in the University. I have just come back from dining with Mr. E. Perowne, I like him exceedingly. I went to make a few calls with Mr. Porter of Peterhouse this morning. Many of them were pre-eminently disagreeable and did no good. I had a very pleasant call on the Master of Sidney, E.F.G.'s old friend. He is warmly with me. I like Mr. Burn very much—though it is characteristic of me and him, that we have seen one another several times and I lunched with him on Saturday, and yet we have never said one word about the Professorship, and I have no idea which way he means to vote, unless I may judge that his open kindness means favourably. . . . I find Mr. Liddon's fame as a preacher has spread to Cambridge. . . . I think it is quite certain I shall not fail ingloriously, though it is by no mean certain I shall win."

"May 29. . . . I am very tired of canvassing and shall be glad to get back to London and quiet. I go to-night to dine with a Fellow of Peterhouse at 7. I have called on some very interesting people to-day—some of the Professors. The wife of one of them Mrs. Cayley knows Mrs. Fennell, and was staying with them when we had our great party at Nalder's.[1] She said we included her in the invitation, but she could not stay. Professor Cayley they say is the greatest mathematician in Europe.

"I am sure the election will go close,—but I don't expect to win. Aufrecht is supported by many of the Professors on account of his Philology. Your enclosures were very interesting. Mr. Ebden's was a charming letter; I have written to him by this post."

"May 30. I had your letters this morning with Prof. Whitney's testimonial which was very nice indeed. I don't think I shall want it. Everybody—opponents as well as friends—is satisfied with my testimonials; the only question is, as I said, about the primary or secondary importance of Comparative Philology. I have made a great many calls to-day—they were very satisfactory as showing that I have many friends; and even

[1] The Cowell's lodgings at Oxford. Party to meet Thackeray.

my opponents are very kind and admit that I am as nearly as possible equal. I called to-day on the Master of St. John's. I met him on the doorstep—he knew me as I had been with Dr. Thompson to his evening party—he told me that he was going to write to me that he heartily supported me. So I get plenty to encourage me as well as discourage. . . .

"I hope to return to England Lane on Thursday, and I shall be very glad to quit the scene of canvass! These calls are a terrible nuisance. I see no difference between Cambridge and Oxford. The people are exactly the same in both, and I have met with plenty of kindness to cheer me."

With reference to the mention of Professor W. H. Whitney, of Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A., in the last letter, Cowell had received a letter from him, dated March 1st, 1867, thanking him for the copies of *Kāvya-Prakāça* which he had received. The conclusion of his letter was in the following terms :—

"I have learned for the first time within two or three days that there is a Sanskrit professorship open for immediate filling at Cambridge, and that yourself and Prof. Aufrecht are competitors for it. My information came in a letter from Aufrecht himself, in which he applies for my 'testimonial' to his rank and standing as a Sanskrit scholar, to be used by him along with others. Of course, I could not do otherwise than comply with his request: his attainments and services as a scholar give him a right to demand such a testimonial from any one engaged in the same studies: but I should be sorry to be understood as having taken sides with him and against you in any competition between you for such a place, or as expressing any opinion in his favour instead of yours upon the general sum of claims and merits. On the contrary, I should regard myself at perfect liberty, if called upon, to express also my sense of your deserts and your qualifications to fill the place to full satisfaction. . . .

"I remain with high respect, truly yours,

"W. D. WHITNEY."

This kind letter showed Cowell the estimation in which he was held by the writer. I have no doubt he wrote a suitable reply to Professor Whitney showing him how actively he was preparing himself for the contest. The

promised testimonial arrived, as we have seen, after the book of testimonials had been printed and sent out.

I propose to give in full the address with which Cowell headed his testimonials, and also a few of the more important testimonials that he received, as together they give a good *résumé* of his qualifications for the post :—

ADDRESS.

"Gentlemen,—A Professorship of Sanskrit having been established in the University of Cambridge, I beg leave to offer myself as a Candidate for that post and to forward some testimonials.

"As a stranger to the University of Cambridge, I may perhaps be permitted to mention that for many years past my studies have been chiefly directed to Sanskrit and some of the modern vernaculars of India, especially Bengali. I originally commenced reading Sanskrit under the guidance of the late Professor Wilson of Oxford, and in 1853, he allowed me to dedicate to him my edition and translation of the Prákrit Grammar of Vararuchi, which was published under the patronage of the East India Company.

"In 1856, I went to India as a Professor in the Presidency College of Calcutta, and in 1858, I was appointed Principal of the Government Sanskrit College, the post which Professor Wilson had formerly held. During my Principalship, I was ordered by the Government to make a series of changes in the curriculum of the College studies, so as to adapt it to the present state of education, and especially to connect it with the recently founded Calcutta University. The great object of these changes was to introduce more of Western knowledge through an increased study of English, without impairing the efficiency of the Sanskrit studies; and I have the honour to submit an extract from the Report of the Director of Public Instruction, which will show that I was not unsuccessful in the reforms which I introduced.

"In the Sanskrit College, I was brought into daily intercourse with the most learned native scholars of Bengal; and while I had to hold continual examinations of the different classes, and to superintend their studies in grammar, literature, rhetoric and logic, I also endeavoured to avail myself of the opportunities I enjoyed of becoming acquainted with the traditional learning of the Pandits. With their assistance I was enabled to publish a translation of the great Native Text-book

in logic, the Kusumânjali of Udayana. I also edited, during my residence in Calcutta, two of the Upanishads or theological treatises attached to the Veda; as well as the Sanhitâ of the Black Yajur Veda. The last work was at first edited in conjunction with the late Dr. Röer, but the second volume was under my sole charge.

"During the last two years I have been employed as Examiner in Sanskrit, Bengali, and Indian History, in the Indian Civil Service Examinations.

"Should I have the honour of being elected to fill the office, I shall strive to the utmost of my power to promote the study of Sanskrit, both as a philological pursuit and as the great means of understanding and sympathising with the people of India.

"I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD B. COWELL, M.A.

"*London, May* 18, 1867."

TESTIMONIALS.

(Extract from the Report for 1863–64 of the Director of Public Instruction, Lower Provinces of Bengal.)

A complete account of the present condition and recent history of the Sanskrit College is given in the valuable report of the Principal, Mr. Cowell. I have nothing to add to Mr. Cowell's statements except to record my opinion that the Institution is now in a most satisfactory state, and that this is mainly due to his tact and judgment, and to the earnest devotion he has bestowed upon a charge for which he is specially qualified by his University training and his eminent acquirements as an Oriental scholar.

(From Professor MAX MÜLLER, M.A., Oxford.)

"My dear Cowell,—When you told me for the first time that there was a prospect of a Sanskrit Professorship being founded at Cambridge, I at once declared to you that, if you stood, I should not stand. I have never wavered in that decision, and I have therefore sincere pleasure in sending you these lines, which will explain to you and to others why I should not feel justified in standing against you and why, in the interest of the University of Cambridge, and still more in the interest of the study of Sanskrit in England, I most heartily wish you success in your candidature.

"The Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge is expected to teach

three subjects:—*Sanskrit*, *Modern Indian Languages*, and *Comparative Philology*. It is impossible, as you know, to find any man pre-eminent in all these branches, but I know of no scholar in Europe who combines a knowledge of these three subjects in so high a degree as yourself.

First as to *Sanskrit*, I know how much progress you had made before you went to India, and your edition of the Prákrit Grammar of Vararuchi, which was published before your departure, had given an earnest of what might be expected from you, when placed in the midst of the literary resources of India. That edition of Vararuchi has met with an unanimous verdict of approval from Sanskrit scholars in England, France, and Germany, and even now, when a second edition of it is to appear, it may be pointed out as a model of a critical, scholar-like, and, at the same time, practically useful edition of a Sanskrit text.

"The advantages of spending eight years in India can hardly be overrated. We know how highly classical scholars value a stay in Italy and Greece. Yet Greek and Latin are dead and extinct languages, while Sanskrit, though no longer spoken by the people at large, is still the literary language among the scholars and philosophers of India. Journals are still published in Sanskrit, books and pamphlets are written in Sanskrit, and the classical works of Sanskrit literature, constantly reprinted at the native presses, continue to command a large sale in India. Your publications during your stay in Calcutta, show that you have known how to avail yourself of the instruction and assistance of native scholars. I say nothing of the reprints of texts, the publication of which you encouraged and superintended: for by some of your earliest publications in England, you had shown that you were able to read and edit plays like Śakuntalâ or Urvaśî or Râma-Charita. I speak chiefly of your Vedic studies, and of your study of Indian philosophy. Your edition and translation of the Kaushîtaki-brâhmaṇa Upanishad is the best edited Upanishad which we possess, and your edition of the Maitri Upanishad gives evidence of the same critical accuracy and honesty which distinguish your other works. More important, however, than these editions of Vedic Upanishads is your edition of the old Yajur Veda, the only one of the Vedas which it was impossible to edit in Europe. It was commenced by the late Dr. Röer, but after his departure from India the main part of the work devolved upon you. Here, again, in restoring, on the authority of the best MSS., a trustworthy text, you have shown the metal of a sound scholar, and set an example that might well be followed by other editors of Vedic texts and commentaries.

"How you have mastered the intricacies of Hindû philosophy

you have proved by your edition of the Kusumânjali, a Sanskrit treatise on the Hindú proof of the existence of a Supreme God. The edition, translation, and interpretation of such a work has never been attempted by an European scholar; and, with the exception of Colebrooke, I do not know of any Sanskrit scholar who could have produced so accurate a text, so faithful a translation, and so searching a commentary as you have given in that volume. That such a work could not have been produced without the assistance of native scholars you yourself would be the first to acknowledge: yet few English scholars only have known how to avail themselves of the assistance of native scholars and philosophers as you have done.

"If to all this *bonâ fide* work done by you, is added your perfect familiarity with the ordinary text books of Sanskrit literature, such as the epic poems, Manu, the plays, the artificial poems,—all of which you have had to read and to explain over and over again, as Principal of the Sanskrit College, at Calcutta,—I shall not be mistaken, I believe, if from your teaching at Cambridge I anticipate a new and powerful impetus to the study of Sanskrit in England.

"Secondly, as to the *Modern Languages of India*, I can hardly venture to bear witness to your acquirements. I can with difficulty make out a Bengali text, while you not only read Bengali with ease, but speak the language, and write it. Others will speak as to your acquaintance with Urdu or Hindustani: I can only add that few of the best Hindustani scholars possess what you possess, a knowledge of Persian and Arabic, the two principal feeders, besides Sanskrit, of the modern languages of India.

"Thirdly, as to *Comparative Philology*, you have what is most essential,—the stock in trade, viz., a sound knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit; and you are familiar with the results that have been obtained by Bopp, Pott, Benfey, Curtius, and others through a careful inter-comparison of these languages. You will be able to open quite a new and hitherto unexplored field, by bringing the principles of the science of language to bear on the origin and growth of the modern dialects of India, beginning with the language of the Veda, and following up its history through the Gâthâ dialect of the Buddhists, the dialects of the inscriptions of Priyadarsi, the Prákrit dialects, with which you are so well acquainted, down to the modern spoken dialects, such as Bengali, Hindi, Mahratti, etc.

"I maintain, then, without fear of contradiction, that there is no University in Europe which would not be proud to secure your services as Professor of Sanskrit, and of Sanskrit alone: while if,

as in the case of Cambridge, the Professor of Sanskrit is expected to act as Professor of the Modern Languages of India, I do not see, apart from all other considerations, how I could enter the lists against you.

"Sincerely wishing you every success,

"I am, yours, etc.,

"MAX MÜLLER.

"All Souls' College, May 10, 1867."

(From MONIER WILLIAMS, ESQ., M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford.)

"Understanding that Professor E. B. Cowell is a candidate for the Sanskrit Professorship about to be founded by the University of Cambridge, I feel it my duty to express my conviction that no other candidate is likely to bear comparison with Mr. Cowell in fitness for that chair. As a Sanskrit scholar, his works sufficiently attest his position in the first rank; and in deep acquaintance with one of the most difficult departments of Sanskrit learning—Hindú philosophy, no scholar, however eminent, whose studies have been wholly conducted in Europe, can compete with him. His knowledge of Persian and other Oriental languages is also very far above that of other European students.

"But the points to which the attention of the Electors ought chiefly to be drawn are his long residence in Calcutta, his position in the Sanskrit College there as Principal, and in the Presidency College as Professor, his intimate association with native teachers and pupils, and the high respect in which his learning and character are held by the greatest Pandits of India.

"However wide the reputation achieved by European Sanskritists and philologers, Mr. Cowell has enjoyed advantages, and exhibited qualities in his connection with the Colleges of Calcutta which ought, in my opinion, to secure to him the preference in considering his claims to be a teacher of young Englishmen, many of whom are destined hereafter to discharge the duties of rulers towards our Indian subjects.

"When I add that Mr. Cowell is eminent as a classical scholar, that he gained the highest honours in my own University, that he is conversant with our English system of teaching, that he possesses unusual power of imparting knowledge, that he understands the minds and feelings of English young men, and that he delights in striving to influence them as an enthusiastic and hard-working student, I respectfully submit to the Electors that I have

said enough in support of my belief that Mr. Cowell combines qualifications which no other candidate is likely to possess.

"MONIER WILLIAMS.

"Oxford, April 29, 1867."

(From Dr. T. GOLDSTÜCKER, Professor of Sanskrit in University College, London.)

"Though I feel satisfied that the reputation of Mr. Edward B. Cowell as one of the best Sanskrit scholars of the day requires no confirmation on my part, it is still a sincere pleasure to me to be able to express the high opinion which I entertain of his important contributions to our knowledge of Sanskrit literature, and to state my conviction that he would be eminently fit to occupy a Sanskrit chair in any English University. For if the chief requirements in a Professor of Sanskrit consist in an extensive and profound knowledge of the Sanskrit language and literature, and in the talent not merely to impart this knowledge, but also to create and maintain an interest in the subject of his teaching and lecturing, the excellent editions of Sanskrit works of the ancient and mediæval literature of India for which Sanskrit philology is so largely indebted to Mr. Cowell, and the notoriously beneficial influence which in his position as Principal of the Sanskrit College at Calcutta he exercised on the cultivation of Sanskrit studies in India, afford ample proof that Mr. Cowell combines these requirements to a degree rarely met with in Europe.

"Having had the advantage of a long personal acquaintance with him, I should not do justice, however, to his other qualities as a scholar and gentleman, were I not to add that, from his great classical erudition I also believe him to be fully competent to impress on students the importance which, for purposes of comparative philology, Sanskrit has as a branch of philological studies in general, and were I not also expressly to say that his disinterested love of scientific pursuits and his amiability of disposition and integrity of character, by winning him the respect, confidence and affection of all those with whom he associates, also forbode the success which he would doubtless obtain in any Professorial capacity.

"TH. GOLDSTÜCKER.

"University College, London, May 13, 1867."

(From the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History.)

"Dear Sir,—I am quite incompetent to give an opinion with regard to your special qualifications for the Professorship for which

you are a candidate; but I willingly bear testimony to your general abilities and high attainments in another branch of study. I well remember, when I was Examiner *in literis humanioribus*, in 1854, being struck with the ability and extensive knowledge shown in your papers, which obtained for you a place in the first class.

"From what I saw of your work on that occasion I have reason to think most highly of your powers of acquiring and communicating knowledge; and from what I know by report of your reputation as a Sanskrit scholar I have no doubt that those powers have been successfully applied to that department of learning.

"Yours faithfully,

"H. L. MANSEL.

"Christ Church, Oxford, May 14, '67."

Other testimonials were from FitzEdward Hall, D.C.L., who said :—

"The translations, edition of Sanskrit texts, and essays published by Professor Cowell, would, for their very subjects, variety and extent, entitle him to marked consideration as an Orientalist. Those scholars, moreover, who have examined his works minutely, must award no stinted praise to his uniform accuracy, to his soundness of judgment, and also to the wide scope of his research. His Prâkrita prakâsa, prepared previously to his residence in India, encouraged hopes which have been amply fulfilled; and no better proof of mastery of the Sanskrit could be offered than is found in his version of the Kusumânjali, the most difficult treatise of Hindû speculation yet translated into any European language."

Also from Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, the late Bishop Cotton, of Calcutta, the Rev. Dr. Kay, late Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, E. Thomas, Esq., and M. Garcin de Tassy of the Institute of France.

On receipt of his early copy of Cowell's testimonials, Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, encouraged him with the following very satisfactory letter :—

"Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, 18 May, 1867. My dear Sir,—Your testimonials are excellent, and I think ought to bring you in

without difficulty. M. M. has risen in my estimation. His testimony is that of an honest man and a true friend. M. Williams's and Goldstücker's are also important—but all are effective.

"Still if you have any more I would print them and I think you might subjoin to your address a list of your works—you might also mention the article in *Fraser*, and the essay in the Oxford Essays. R. Groome was here yesterday as you will have been told by himself. He sent me some numbers of the *Christian Advocate* containing papers by you—which also it would be no harm to mention—unless you are afraid of the High Church zealots who might hold poor R. G.'s organ in abomination.

"I have just heard from the V. C. that the Election will take place on Friday, June 7, at 1 p.m. The voting is to last from 1 to 2½. Yours very truly, W. H. THOMPSON.

"Lose no time in circulating your testimonials when they are ready."

Edward FitzGerald took immense interest in his friend's candidature for the Professorship. He had all along been naturally anxious that there should be no return to India, and now he was very warmly desirous of making known Cowell's scholarship and peculiar fitness for the post he was seeking. He wrote most strongly in his favour to Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, who was probably one of the Electors of the Professorship. It will be interesting to give FitzGerald's letter to Cowell at this important period of his life :—

"Lowestoft, May 15./67. My dear Cowell.—You will be sure to let me know what progress you make about this Sanskrit business: I mean when there is any decided progress to report. Do not trouble yourself to write otherwise.

"I have come here for a short while to see my Lugger and her captain; but I shall be back at Woodbridge by the beginning of next week. Hither I brought your *Catullus*: and have been looking into the longer poems you told me of: Peleus and Thetis —Hymenæus—Atys, &c. But I cannot care for any of them as yet. Only some little *bits* about his Brother.—'O quid solutis,' &c., very tender. But what Pretence of any *great* Poem, even on a small scale? What great *Passage* of a Poem, even? I cannot as yet see as you do that Catullus *might have done* great things; I see no indication of that at all. Now Virgil, who may not have

written any great Poem, has written innumerable grand and noble Passages. Really one would think no one but a modern German could have entertained the idea of even comparing him with Catullus. And yet we have had English scholars adopting Niebuhr's idea. Surely, no one, up to these last 30 or 40 years ever dreamed of such a thing. I don't think I shall ever think of Catullus as more than a writer of 'Vers de Société'—and for the most part of such a Society as Rome then offered. Could any man with a soul for great things have written all those nasty and stupid Epigrams? *Could* Virgil have done it? I don't think I shall ever go from home again without a Pocket *Virgil:* for I find I am constantly wanting to smell at that Nosegay. I suppose I must have a *Tauchnitz* on some better paper—that I may write out some words and phrases I am apt to forget. Here also I have *Don Quixote*—delightful; I think he *must* be read in Spanish; more inseparable from his mother tongue than any Work in Prose or Verse, that I know of. Ever yours, E. F. G."

"(Not dated [May, 1867].) My dear Lady,—You have surely gone astray, when you talk of *my* Influence about—a Professorship!—and of Sanskrit!! Don't you think Max Müller, and your Husband's late Professorship—and present Employment—and Editings and Writings—do the work—if it is to be done at all?—However you will persist, I daresay, in giving me too much Credit in the matter. I can only say that I have always spoken of E. B. C. as a real Scholar—a very rare thing—whom men may be sure will not pretend to know what he does not know thoroughly; and who has the Gift of making others know it also. I dare say Groome[1] will do all he can; and that will be something, but E. B. C.'s real Testimonials lie quite apart from all such efforts. If I could, or can, do any more in the same line, tell me, of course. But in truth I had fancied you had both cooled about Cambridge, and were set upon Oxford. I think I should like Oxford best, on the whole, renegade as I am; it is altogether the more venerable and pleasant place, I fancy. But I believe Cambridge *Air* is better. . . .

"I can't be sure of your present Address, which is rather involved in your description of it. So I don't write much. I shall be very glad to hear of the Professorship prospering: I don't even know if it is settled there is to be one. . . . Ever yours and E. B. C.'s, E. F. G."

"Woodbridge: May 28/67. My dear Cowell. I was very glad of your Packet this morning received. Why surely with

[1] Archdeacon of Suffolk.

M. Müller's capital Recommendation you must have, at least, as good a chance as any one. And here have I been *confounding* M. M. for the last Fortnight or three weeks in consequence of your *Heroine's* writing me that he had deserted you, though unwillingly, for a Fellow-countryman: whereas it appears he wouldn't oppose you even for himself! His is a *capital* Letter, I must believe: not a word of too general, or conventional, praise: but all accurate Estimate. I cannot but think that *he alone* will carry you through. The others are judicious and sincere: but M. M. is probably worth them all as an Authority: and he most emphatically immolates himself to set you up.

"You won't have leisure or thoughts for other matters: nor do I wish you to answer this Letter: which is only written to acknowledge yours, and tell you my sincere pleasure, and even my *sanguine expectation* of the result. Yet I am almost sorry to have written that: for I have an old pagan Terror of any confident Anticipation. But it is written now and shall go. . . .

"You still call Catullus' longer Poems grand things: which I can't yet see. But I probably have not taken them properly into my head. Tennyson used to go on murmuring Atys—'Age, age, ferox, &c.,' in his grotesque way as if goading the Lion.

"Really *Don Quixote* seems to me now the most purely *delightful* Book I ever read:—perhaps only because I happen to be reading it in Spanish. I always wearied of it, I think, in English.

"Now I have said more than enough. And this is why I won't now make any reply to the *Missis's*. Only thank her for her Letter: and tell her she will have to do some sort of penance for misreporting Max Müller's; whose health I will drink this very day. Ever yours—and *his*—E. F. G."

"Woodbridge, June 12 (1867). My dear Lady, I had your welcome Telegram (which I forwarded to Crowfoot, as I knew he would be pleased), and should have congratulated you before, but I knew you neither of you wanted that from me. I wrote, however, to thank Thompson for any such share of Attention as he may have paid to Cowell on my Account: very much less than you persist in assigning to me. Thompson knew from other Authority that Cowell was the proper Man for the office: he knew by his own Eyes and Ears that he was a Man whom it was a private gain to be connected with.

"I was all yesterday taking a small Party on the River: and am to-day about to do the same. These little things tire me more than you would think possible: really, I believe, from the talking and hearing talk all day, which is so unlike my way of Life. But I am too selfish already in keeping my little Ship to myself. One

pleasure of it is that one gets away where no Newspaper nor Newsmonger comes, to live with people who know nothing but their own Business—or pleasant Business to me !—and, if one wants other company, *Don Quixote* is at hand.

"All wrong ! All wrong ! I know it : but too late to reform now.

"Ever yours and E. B. C's, E. F. G."

Cowell was triumphantly elected to the Post he sought by the substantial majority of 96 to 37.

CHAPTER VI

CAMBRIDGE (I)

1867—1883.

On his election to the Professorship of Sanskrit, Cowell at once sought a house in Cambridge, and secured one of moderate size in Fitzwilliam Street, a street immediately opposite the Fitzwilliam Museum, leading in the direction of Downing College, and conveniently and centrally situated. To link himself fairly with his new University, he sought an *ad eundem* M.A. degree and placed his name on the books at Trinity College. It is impossible to find room for the many letters of congratulation that continued to pour in from his numerous friends. The appointment naturally gave them great pleasure, and Cowell himself was much delighted to have been selected as the first Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge just as his old hero, Professor Wilson, had been the first Professor of Sanskrit in his old University of Oxford. He could not of course at once throw off his great affection for Oxford, but he characteristically threw himself *con amore* into his new work, joined himself to the interests of his new University, and before many years had passed, had completely identified himself with Cambridge. Henceforth he delighted in the Cambridge system, he praised her professors, he admired her colleges, her prowess in the field and on the river must be rewarded with success ; and

with Mrs. Cowell the "Senior Wrangler" took the place of the "Double First" as the *ne plus ultra* to which all her young undergraduate friends must aspire.

The day after the election, Cowell received the following letter from Mr. Walrond, of the Civil Service Commission:

"June 8. Dear Cowell, I wish you all joy of your triumphant election—though we shall be great losers. Yours ever,

"T. WALROND."

Amongst the numerous letters of congratulation which Cowell received was one from India from his friend, Mr. J. D. Tremlett, of the Indian Civil Service, which pleased him much, and to which Cowell sent the following reply:—

To J. D. TREMLETT.

"Cambridge, Sept. 28. 1867. The sight of your handwriting gave my wife and myself very great pleasure,—it reminded us very vividly of old times at Mrs. Box's in Middleton Street. You may easily judge that I am very much delighted to have gained the Professorship—it opens such a field of quiet steady work after my own heart. I have taken a house in Fitzwilliam Street, and we hope to get into it the week after next. I am spending a day or two in Cambridge just to see how things are going on in the house. My books are arriving. They came very safely on the whole from India. They were kept done up in tin at the College for two years, but I don't think they got much harm, except a brown hue of tarnish which has passed over them all, as if they had come out of a second-hand bookseller's shop. Many of my Persian MSS. have been lost—I fear they must have been stolen in Calcutta. Still many have come safe, and I dare say, more than I am likely to read!

"I spent three months in the spring cataloguing the Persian MSS. in the Bodleian, which I enjoyed very much.

"I hope you will find leisure to do a little Persian sometimes in spite of *law*. The two studies are not wholly incompatible,—though I daresay the latter is very engrossing. You will find the historical series in the Bibliotheca Indica very interesting. I read a good deal last year of their edition of the *Tárikhi Badáúní* by Abdúl Kádir—the most authentic chronicle of Akbar's reign—and found it intensely interesting. It is written in a strong compact

style, more like a Western writer than any Persian book I ever read. It well deserves translation. Some of the little poetical fragments he occasionally breaks into are unusually novel and beautiful. Thus the following lines struck me very much. I can't send you the Persian as I have not the book at hand. But I thought the air of pathos—almost of sentiment—singularly un-Oriental—approaching modern European tenderness:—

Ah! 'tis beyond our skill to bend another's heart at will,
Nor less beyond to school our own and bid its throbs be still.
There's many a queen of hearts, who yet, in secret solitude,
Despondent pines and drop by drop weeps out her life's best blood.
Many a bright eye and lovely cheek, born others' hearts to gain,
But others' eyes are blind to see and so life wastes in vain!'

"I do not know whether you often meet with Persian MSS. If you could get me a MS. of Kháfi Khán's history I should much like to have one. My own copy is lost, and, I fear it cannot be picked up in England. We sometimes get Persian MSS. however in London. I picked up not long since a very good copy of Anwarí's complete works which is rather a rare book.

"I am very glad indeed to hear that you have been transferred to a healthy station. It must be an intense pleasure to be so near the hills. I dream occasionally of coming out some cold season to Calcutta again. I want very much to read a very curious and difficult Sanskrit book with my Pandit. We only began it before I left. It is a curious counterpart to *Sextus Empiricus*—it bears the amusing title 'The Sweetmeat of Universal Refutation' by Srí Harsha. Then I should run up to Benares and Agra which I grieve never to have seen. Perhaps my dreams may come true. If not, it is something to have a dream on the principle of Wordsworth's 'Yarrow Unvisited.'

"I think I shall enjoy my Cambridge life very much, and I daresay my loyalty towards Oxford will fade. I have had a very kind welcome from many of the residents. I mean to throw my whole heart and soul into my work, and shall try and emulate Professor Wilson's work in Oxford. It is a very interesting thought that he and I had the same post in the Calcutta Sanskrit College, and now we fill a corresponding post in England—he was the first Sanskrit Professor in Oxford as I am in Cambridge. I hope I may be able to rouse a real interest here in India and its people—this will be a noble τέλος."

Cowell delivered his Inaugural Lecture on the 23rd of October on "The Sanskrit Language and Literature," and

thus authoritatively introduced a new cult to the University. At first he obtained very few pupils. The number taking up Oriental subjects must always be somewhat limited, and yet it is difficult to see why this should be so, when we consider the enormous size and population of the great Indian Empire that we have to govern. It is impossible to at all sympathise with the aims and aspirations of our native fellow subjects, or even in any way to understand them, without a knowledge of their languages and literature, and the many lucrative posts which in India are open to educated Englishmen ought surely to stimulate many to follow these lines of study. Cowell, during the tenure of this Professorship, did much by his energy and enthusiasm to promote a real taste for Oriental study. He was always pleased to welcome and encourage students who sought his help. He was equally ready to instruct beginners in Sanskrit or in the ancient and modern allied languages, or to lecture on the more difficult Sanskrit books. By the terms of his appointment he was expected to give lectures on Comparative Philology, of which Sanskrit was always looked upon as the key, and perhaps, although this was a subject that he had not previously studied, he at first got more students for these than for Sanskrit. There is no doubt that his teaching soon became known to be of a character particularly attractive from the personality and sympathy of the teacher, and he gradually got plenty of work. After a time he began to lecture on kindred languages such as Páli and Zend until his time became so fully occupied and so successful, that the University saw the necessity of relieving him of some of the more elementary work, and an assistant was appointed to instruct the beginners. But throughout the nearly thirty-six years that he held the Professorship, Cowell never spared himself; he was always at the service of those who showed any interest in Oriental subjects, and he became so completely absorbed in the subject of the day's reading, that he was oblivious of meal times and often even of social engagements until he was again and again

reminded of them. He often tired out his pupils much more than he ever seemed to tire himself.

A few days after the delivery of the Inaugural Lecture, Cowell received the following letter from FitzGerald, and as it has not been previously published, I give it *in extenso*. It refers to a later edition of the *Omar*, and is therefore additionally interesting :

"Woodbridge, Oct. 27, [1867]. My dear Cowell, I have a Letter from the Master of Trinity telling me how exceedingly pleased he was with your Lecture—(and he wouldn't write so to me unless he were) and how indignant at the Negligence of the 'University Marshalls' in not duly advertising.

"I only returned from my Ship last Night: and have only just been looking at the new Omar To-day. If the Editor is right, I am wrong, and *you*, E. B. C., who directed me—in this grand respect; the Frenchman makes out Omar to be a Sufi, and that his Wine, &c., is all mystically spiritual.—How shall this be? Some of the Quatrains favour *his* View: some *ours* (for surely you, my Master, thought so?). You will soon see all about it when the Book reaches you; for in spite of your Lectures, you won't be able to resist a Peep at the new Omar. The Editor says the Omar is much read and admired in Persia: that there is a lithograph Edition of him printed at Teheran. I see some of the readings are different from ours; some of the Notes are very interesting: and altogether you will be glad to have the Book.

I *cannot* find Crabbe's Life which I want to post you. Wesley is ready: but I think, perhaps, you may like him when you next come this way. You can tell me this when next you write. But, as you are busy, do not answer this Letter, which needs no answer; only tell me when you have looked into Omar. I must pause till the question of *The Wine* is settled. Ever yours, E. F. G."

Another letter of Edward FitzGerald's may be given here. I have not got the original but I have a copy in Mrs. Cowell's handwriting, who has thus preserved a high panegyric of her husband which he himself preferred probably to keep out of sight.

"Woodbridge, Feb. 18, 1868. My dear Cowell,—Miss Crabbe has read in the *Times* your Article on [Chinery's Maḳāmāt of] Hariri, not knowing *whose* it *was*, but thinking it might interest me, for me she kept the Paper, and sent it here a few days ago.

"Why, you were quite wrong in not sending it to me yourself, for I think it's *Capital.* I am persuaded that all you want now is, not impudence, but confidence—to *write away*, as also to speak away, without fear, from a full memory set agoing by a just, active and intuitive intellect, *now in its prime.*

"I believe you should always write as if with no more responsible object—than an anonymous article in a Paper, or a letter to *me.* You should *let* yourself *run wild*, for you *will never go astray*, neither in morals, Taste, nor erudition. I say again, you *can never go astray*, constituted as you now are in morals and intellect, so *run wild.*

"Really, when I think of the Scholarship that you can *pour out*, *ad libitum*, in such articles, I am ashamed to think of your taking any pains with such word pictures as my *Omar*, &c. This is true.

"Yours always, E.F.G.

"The Thrush sings another Spring. It will bring out the Wherstead and Bramford Violets. Adieu.—E.F.G."

One word must be said here of Cowell's knowledge of Hebrew. It will be remembered that in early days he used to read it with his friend, George Kitchin. Before he went to India he was a candidate for a Hebrew scholarship at Oxford, when, though he was beaten by one who had devoted a longer time in preparation, he was awarded ten pounds' worth of books for his able philological illustrations culled from his wide Oriental knowledge. He had taught his wife the language, and they were in the daily habit of reading the Psalms together in the Hebrew, and making notes in the margin explanatory of their daily readings. When Dr. Kay was preparing his later editions of his translation of the Hebrew Psalms, he borrowed Cowell's copy in order to get some suggestions from the notes. It will be interesting to print a portion of Dr. Kay's letter on the subject, as it will be the best evidence of his practical and sound knowledge of the language :

"Oct. 29, '69. My dear Cowell,—By to-morrow's post I hope to despatch your Hebrew Psalter. I need not say that I am very much obliged to you for letting me look it over, or that it was a great gratification to me to see how carefully you had tracked the LXX. in company with my little book. I wish I could

have had you here to talk over *very many* points which have occurred to me during my late revision of the Text:—many of them I think of high importance for the interpretation of the Book,—if only I saw my way through them. . . . As to the use I propose making of your notes, there are several that I should like to quote, especially the remark about Philo on Ps. xxxi. 24 (with the passage itself), your correction about Marie de Medici (at p. 135), your quotation from Goulburn (at p. 266), and your remark on 'Peace' (at p. 319)." [He then enumerated a number of points that he thought well grounded and desired to discuss.]

"Yours affectionately,
"W. KAY."

It is the design of this book to let Cowell tell about himself in his own letters. It is somewhat unfortunate that few of the letters of this period have been preserved. We may get a little light from two of Edward FitzGerald's to him, which have been published by Mr. Aldis Wright.[1]

"Aug. 27 [1867]. We have come to be unlucky in our times of meeting. . . . I have been going over *Œdipus Coloneus* again: going over it more carefully with the *Wunder* you sent me. *Wunder* is just what you told me; the best edition I doubt not; but as you say, there is too much of what one does not want cleared up. . . . However I have got a good deal out of the Book."

To MRS. COWELL.

"[1868]. Seeing only local papers I was quite ignorant of E. B. C. appearing in the *Times*—in Asiatic Costume too. What he must do is, to send me that particular paper; and moreover to send me any Paper, and tell me of any Magazine in which he writes such things."

Here is another letter of FitzGerald's to Cowell that has not yet been published:—

"Woodbridge, May 12./70. My dear Cowell,—I hope I do no wrong by enclosing you a letter of Spedding's—which I don't want returned, nor to call for any answer from you. You will see that I had taxed him with perverseness about Browning: and

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901.

had asked him if he went on to Morris's and Gabriel Dante Rossetti, whom the *Athenæum* is now crying up; as also does the *Pall Mall Budget*. I dare say Morris is the best of all three: but how can a Man, especially when not of the very first Genius, undertake Jason and Medea slipshod through a long Poem? Keats has failed in *Endymion*, I think. I really do believe that Spedding would *not* have tolerated—or, rather, would not have noticed, these things 20 years ago. Then if you and I are right about Tennyson's later Poems, where is Spedding? I had told him in my letter that he and others had brought a temporary Judgment of Eclipse on Tennyson by pretending those later works before the earlier. I am sure we are right.

"Here is Spring come at last—on the very verge of what should be Summer. My Captain came over for one Day's Birds-nesting before he went to Sea; not that he *takes* either Nest, or Egg, now, but is as eager to find them as a Boy, and thinks much of my Estate which harbours half a dozen Nests. He was to go to Sea yesterday: as his Luck seems to go, beginning with a Gale of Wind. 'Well,' I thought to myself at Night, 'I want to know that *you* are safe,'—but I do not feel the *same* Anxiety about all the rest of the Crew, who are now not at work for me any more.

"Pray don't think of answering this Letter, nor sending back Spedding's; you have lately written to me, and your time and brains are doubtless fully engaged. Only, before you leave Cambridge let me hear where you are going to for the Summer holiday; and contrive to let me see you somewhere.

"My little Ship is rigging out, and will be ready by June: but I fancy I shall not use her much for some weeks, considering how late the verdure is on shore, and that one does not wish to forego it when it does come. I dare say my Voyages will scarce reach beyond Lowestoft, where I shall however miss some of my old interest—I think I shall have eyes enough for my little Tauchnitz *Sophocles:* and I feel a wish to dip once more in that pure Fountain.

"Ever yours and Elizabeth's, E.F.G.

"There is a beautiful paper by Spedding in the last *Fraser*. But the man that he properly takes to account is probably righter than he is in the main—as in Macaulay's case."

There is an article of thirty-eight pages in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1870, on the *Rig-Veda-Sanhitá*, the sacred hymns of the Bráhmans, translated and explained by Professor F. Max Müller, Vol. I.

These hymns, which date from some 1180 years before Christ, are 1028 in number and are the oldest Sanskrit works that exist, and form the basis more or less of all Sanskrit literature. He speaks highly of Max Müller's translation, and after comparing it with the translations by Wilson, Langlois, and Benfey, he supports Max Müller's claim that this is the first real translation, not a mere rendering of the Veda into English, but a serious attempt to express the meaning and soul of the hymns in carefully considered words. The attempt, he says, must, from the often intangible ideas intended to be conveyed, be imperfect, but this attempt is praiseworthy and often successful beyond all anticipations.

My only clue to this article was an interesting letter from Edward FitzGerald to Mrs. Cowell which has not hitherto been published, and I now insert it here as it also alludes to the places connected with Cowell's home :—

"Woodbridge. Gunpowder night [Nov. 5th, 1870]. My dear Lady,—Your letter was written on Gunpowder Eve, and you see above when I am answering it. I was thinking of you and yours this very day. For I hired a Horse and Gig, and took myself over to Ipswich : chiefly for the dreary satisfaction of seeing the Kesgrave and Rushmere country before all the leaves had fallen : and as I went into Ipswich and again as I came out—I looked, and thought upon one of those white houses on the last Hill as you go down to Ipswich, where you and yours once resided. Then again there was the red house, with a railed-in space before it, as you go to Fore Street, St. Clements—there you all of you once were. I might have called at Charles Henry's Office, but I thought he was always home to dinner about noon : so I did not. . . . I have written my annual Letters to Carlyle, Tennyson, and Spedding. The first answered very kindly by some hand not his ; the second (as usual) by his Wife ; and the third (as yet) not at all. Tennyson has been—and yet is—out of health, into some illness connected with Varicose Veins—which I remember his suffering with some 20 years ago. I have also had a very kind letter from Mrs. Trinity [1]—which tells me her Master is better—Donne writes in good health and spirits too ; his son Freddy is just home on sick

[1] Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the Master of Trinity College.

leave from India, but hopes soon to recover and go out again. This is all I know of those whom you also know.

"I will forward the letters to Maurice along with this to you. I must see the *Quarterly* with the Professor's Article; which I doubt not I shall identify. Tell him I take the *Globe* Newspaper and sometimes read it: but I want him to tell me what to think of it. Ever yours and his, E. F. G.

"What is the exact call of the Muezzen?"

Here are two more interesting letters from Edward FitzGerald not before published, one to Cowell with reference to his (E. F. G.'s) translation of the *Agamemnon*; and the other to Mrs. Cowell again giving expression to his great desire that Cowell should translate the Mesnavi:—

"Woodbridge, Nov. 13 [1870]. My dear Cowell. You know I don't wish you to be troubled with writing Letters while you are busy with Lectures. Your Letter however came to-day. Pray don't answer this: I shall hear of you before you *break up* so schoolboys say: I mean, I shall hear where you go at Xmas. Perhaps you come this way? Robert Groome came to me on Tuesday, and went away yesterday: very well and merry. He told me he had spent three very delightful days with you. He says you are going into a new house. I have heard nothing from Trinity Lodge lately, but Groome tells me that the Master is relieved of his Vice-Chancellorship.

"As to *Æschylus*; I should show it to yourself before finally committed to print, only that it's too hard to make a busy man read MS.—unless very worth reading. Nor will I even send you the sheets to correct: it would be a hopeless Job: my Persian is such a *Per*version that there is *nothing* to be said about *parts*: and I very much doubt if you will excuse *the whole*. My excuse is, that I couldn't make the thing *live* at all by any strict adherence to what is left us of the text; *I* couldn't, I say, any more than others have done: so I hammer out a way of my own, as the best means I have of striking some sort of *Life*—however inferior—into the Play—and may call it a *Libretto* (as of an Italian opera) till the competent man comes to do the Job. However, say nothing about this, please: I print because I can't correct otherwise; I shall send you—and *you only*—a copy: and if you decidedly say it's a failure, I shall quash it all between you and me. So please remember this. Ever yours, E. F. G."

"Woodbridge, Dec. 17 [1870]. My dear Lady,—You will let me know beforehand if you *do* go to Lowestoft? Miss Green's own house is occupied (I am glad to say) all the Winter, but her sister's (next door to her) is disengaged, and it is all as one concern.

"I think I read somewhere that Mr. Palmer, of St. John's, had *not* been appointed Arabic Professor,[1] or whatever it was that I remember Cowell hoped he would be called to. But now that Cowell himself is got back for a time to Persian, tell him he *must* do what is to be done with *the Mesnavi*. I am sure by what experience I have of *Omar*, that this *Mesnavi* is the thing to be done—a much finer thing than *Omar*,—probably the finest thing in Persian—and E. B. C. who could do it so easily, is the man to do it. Surely the finest Persian Poem ought to be known in English? It needs not to be put into equal Verse or Rhyme: but just into the *most musical* English one could hit on, line by line. And I am sure I could help E. B. C. in that, perhaps—but more sure in the selection, and putting together of, the matter: a thing for which I have a talent, and (not being Sanskrit Professor) have all leisure to ruminate—But I don't know how long the Talent is to last with me—nor the Time neither!

"What has made me think of this is, partly what you write of Mr. Palmer drawing E. B. C. into Arabic and Persian once again: and partly another letter I have received from an American Lady at Vienna expressing great interest about these Persians. I don't enclose it because it is a little too laudatory. However this Lady is a Daughter of my old friend Mrs. Kemble, and I think must be one of Mr. Furness' coterie at Philadelphia. Whether this is so or not, tell Cowell what I say: which he will not *do*; any more than go to Lowestoft.

"But I am his and yours always, E. F. G."

These letters show that the close intimacy between FitzGerald and Cowell, which had been somewhat damped by the latter's long absence in India, was now thoroughly re-established. I will add to them an extract from a letter which he wrote to W. F. Pollock[2]:—

"Jan. 22. [1871]. My acquaintance with Spanish, as with other Literature, is almost confined to its Fiction; and of that

[1] E. H. Palmer was appointed Lord Almoner's Professor and Reader of Arabic in 1871.

[2] Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald. W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

I have read nothing to care about except *Don Quixote* and Calderon. The first is well worth learning Spanish for. When I began reading the Language more than twenty years ago with Cowell who taught me nearly all I know. . . ."

In 1868 the *Journal of Philology* was started at Cambridge and Cowell was naturally asked to assist the enterprise by writing some articles for the first few numbers. In the first number, therefore, we find an article by him on the Hindú version of the story of Rhampsinitus in *Herodotus*, soon after followed by a most interesting and learned article on "Thought, Word, and Deed," a phrase that is older in Indian literature than the rise of Buddhism, but which, from its practical utility, was received and adopted in Europe and Asia. It is found independently in Plato's *Protagoras*. Though it was popular with the Manicheans, it was adopted in the Confession of Pope Damasus and later in the Gregorian Mass. This Cowell says[1] "can surely be sufficiently accounted for by its presence in the Sept. and Philo., without our having to assume that the Church borrowed it from the Manicheans. We are all familiar with the phrase from its use in the Confession in the Communion Service, and in Bishop Ken's morning hymn,

> "Direct, control, suggest this day
> All I design, or do, or say."

In the next number he published translations jointly with other authors. Among the three articles in the 12th number there was a most interesting one showing that Cowell had discovered in Persian a parallel story to that of the Chapman of Swaffham. He gives the English form of the well-known legend as it is given by Sir Roger Twysden in Vol. VI. of Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, and then gives a translation of the story he has found in the Mesnavi. They are too long to transcribe here, but they may be read in No. 12 of the *Journal of Philology*.

As further evidence of the keenness with which Cowell

[1] "Journal of Philology," Vol. III. p. 222.

was taking up his Oriental work at Cambridge a quotation may be given from a letter addressed to him by Professor Goldstücker :—

"London, 13 January, 69. . . . The news you give me about the revival of the Zoga, is really so good that it quite cheers me up. I do hope and trust that you will now restore it into existence very soon and very energetically. There is at the I.O.L. a copy of Vyása's comm., and I shall get it for you early next week. I believe that it is a very fair copy, and will do you good service; at any rate you must have it, of course, for collation."

Cowell contributed during 1869–71, the first years of the *Academy*, several valuable reviews of Oriental books in the Philology division of that periodical. In March, 1871, there was an able and most interesting review of the "Sikandar-námah-i-Bahrí of Nizámí," one of the volumes of the Bibliotheca Indica. Nizámí, who died A.D. 1209, was one of the most famous of the Persian poets, and in this the second part of the Sikandar-námah continues to relate the Oriental traditions of the history of Alexander. But the real achievements of the Macedonian Conqueror are lost in a cloud of fables "supplying an instructive lesson how little tradition can be relied on apart from contemporary written history." These legends appear in their oldest Oriental form in the Shárnámah of Firdausi who died nearly two centuries before Nizámí, but Nizámí is the next oldest authority.

In this second part, the review tells us, there is a story that bears a curious likeness to Boccaccio's fourth novella of the tenth day which has been lately naturalised in English by Tennyson's *Golden Slipper*. Then follows the account of the seven philosophers who are the King's chief advisers in his Court, the most curious episode of which is one which relates to a contention between Aristotle and Plato.

"Aristotle claims the pre-eminent seat in the assembly of the sages, and Plato in disgust retires into solitude to listen to the

music of the seven spheres. He there invents a musical instrument with seven strings and a gourd, something like a Hindú *vínâ*; with this he plays, and, like Orpheus, enchants the wild beasts of the desert, who at one time fall insensible around him, and at another fly away in a panic. Aristotle goes to see the reported wonder, but himself succumbs to the magic influence of the notes, and acknowledges Plato's superiority. Plato now returns to the Court, and the King asks him concerning his wonderful invention; and Plato, to illustrate the secrets hidden in nature, relates a story which is a very close version of the well-known legend of Gyges' Ring,[1] as told in the second book of the *Republic*."

The story need not be repeated, but Cowell points out that it can only have come to Nizámí from the *Republic*, probably through some Arabic translation. There *is* one mentioned by Wenrick.

At the end of the review Cowell mentions that he knew Ágha Armed Ali in Calcutta and praises the careful way in which he has edited the text.

As I before stated very few of Cowell's letters of this period have been preserved. We cannot gather from the FitzGerald letters printed above where the Cowells spent their first holidays, save that hint of Lowestoft—those holidays which later filled his letters with so much of interest.

The only letters that I have of this time are two written to one of his little nieces, three to his sister, and one to his brother Maurice. The two former are interesting so far as they show his great love for children—a remarkable sympathy between him and children which frequently manifested itself through his whole life. His little sister, all his nieces in succession, and often the little daughters of his intimate friends were the recipients of his devoted regard, sometimes in the form of letters or verses carefully adapted to their comprehension at the ages when they were written, and those for children of four, or five, or six, were always untiringly written in printed characters.

[1] Cowell published a short article on Gyges' Ring in Plato and Nizámí in No. 2 of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1861.

I shall be able to give a specimen of the verses later in the book.

The former of the two letters written to one of his nieces, who could not have been more than four or five years of age, was printed with the pen in this way; the other written three years later was very plainly written :—

To His Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"Cambridge, Nov. 26, 1870. My dear Ethel, I was very grieved indeed to hear you had been ill, but I can hardly tell you how delighted I am to hear from Grandmamma that you are really getting well and strong again. I hope you will soon get back the roses in your cheeks and become quite strong, as you were when I saw you last in October. You must send me your photograph one of these days. Your Grandmamma and your Aunt Betha are staying with us now. They are gone to bed and I am sitting in the Drawing-room writing to you. I shall astonish them to-morrow by telling them who I have been writing to. I shall make them guess at breakfast who it can possibly be. I wonder whether they will guess right.

I went to London the other day and there was quite a thick fog. The streets were so dark that you could not see across them, and all the shops were lighted with gas as if it were night. It was like evening all day. You never have such fogs at Colne House. I went out to dinner to-day and met a gentleman whom I used to know in India eight years ago. Is not that a long time ago? He has just come over to see England. He will have to go back again next year. I met also a French gentleman. He left Paris just before it was besieged and he cannot get back to his wife and children. He is very fond of natural history and he is afraid all the animals which he left in the Zoological Gardens at Paris will be eaten up while he is away. How would you like to eat some lion for dinner, or some camel? I dare say I told you of the donkey which some people had here for dinner last Christmas. There was some, I remember, at a dinner party where I was; but I think I did what you would have done, if you had been there, I did not try the new dish, I preferred the beef and mutton. Good-bye, your affectionate Uncle, Edward B. Cowell."

No slight labour printing this throughout with a pen, but how well calculated to help on and amuse a little convalescent.

The other letters will come in their order, but first I must mention that in 1870 before the above letter was written the Cowells paid their first visit to North Wales. They both enjoyed this mountainous region so much that they chose Wales for their holidays several years in succession, often in company with Professor and Mrs. Babington. They stayed at Llanberis, Llangollen, Llanfairfechan, and Barmouth, and made excursions from these centres. During these visits to the Principality Cowell began the study of Welsh and succeeded so well that three years later he had translated a great many of the poems of Ap Gwilym and submitted them for correction to a Welsh gentleman, with whom he had made friends, of the name of Williams. The many folios of this translation in manuscript with Mr. Williams' corrections are now in the University Library in Cambridge.

It has already been said that Professor Cowell was examiner in the Oriental subjects for the Indian Civil Service. He began this work in 1866 soon after he returned from India and continued it for some years after he was appointed to the Professorship. I had especial cause for remembering this work of his—it meant to me many very pleasant visits from him, as he was good enough to make my house in London his headquarters on these occasions. And it was a very great regret to me when he retired from this examinership, for afterwards his visits to London were "few and far between."

My special object in recalling these days is to mention how it was that the Professor took up the study of Botany, a pursuit which restored him to health and even enabled him to exceed the allotted span of life and added an untold zest and pleasure to his life, not only in the pursuit itself, but in the happiness it gave to his wife and friends. During these repeated visits to London it became evident that Cowell was suffering in health from his sedentary employment. There is often a tendency to this after living for some years in a hot climate. His many hours' daily work suited him in India, but now the

same without a sufficiency of air and exercise were telling upon him, and there was no doubt that his work fatigued him unduly. This unsatisfactory state of things was noticed by others and his wife became anxious about him, and about this time Edward FitzGerald thought it necessary to write the following characteristic remarks :—

No date, [1871.]. . . . "Mrs. Thompson has very kindly written to me, giving a fair account of the Master. She tells me she hears from your Wife that you *will* read, and *won't* walk. And if you do and don't all this (and eat) you will get ill, indeed you will, and then repent; and we shall all have to repent with you.

"You need not answer this (except by Elizabeth's transcript of the Generals—which I believe are in possession of the late Mrs. Harris) for I really only write because I have a mind to talk to you, solitary as I now feel, 'There are my troubles, Mr. Wesley.'

"Good-night; and believe me yours (in spite of your ill-faith) and Elizabeth's (in spite of the lost MSS.—precious as Livy's), E. F. G."

The remedy for this state of things was obviously a proper amount of air and exercise. When I pressed this upon him he pleaded that he walked to and from lecture, and always felt that more than that was time wasted and taken from his work. It was then that I recommended him to take up the study of Botany, and persuaded him that with a practical knowledge of that fascinating science his walks would acquire a new interest, and that he would soon cease to look upon what was absolutely necessary as a waste of time. I succeeded in this recommendation the more easily, because the idea was not new to him. In one of his letters (Sept., 1859) from India he had mentioned a longing, had he time, to study Botany, and an intention when he returned to England to commence it. Here, then, was the longed-for opportunity. I lent him that admirable text-book, *Balfour's Botany*, the 1855 edition (there have been many editions since). When he returned it to me some three or four months later, he told me that he had been through it three times, and had

much enjoyed it. He had, in fact, in that short time thoroughly mastered it. Professor Babington, the late Professor of Botany at Cambridge, had pressed the same necessity upon him, and had offered himself as a companion in walks, and so successful was the new pursuit that the walks were not confined to Cambridge, but expeditions were made to neighbouring counties, and holidays were in future made invigorating and really refreshing in the ardent search for rare plants. In subsequent years he collected a complete flora of the county of Cambridge. I may add that Geology became also a delight to the Professor, and soon after the acquisition of Botany a third subject was added, that of Archæology, with its attendant knowledge of Architecture, and it will be seen from the letters which follow, and are so full of interest, how very much of their interest is due to his devotion to these three pursuits, which varied much the enjoyment of his holidays. Unfortunately, very few of the letters of the next few years have been preserved. Here are parts of the few that I have already mentioned :—

To his Sister Miss Cowell.

"Cambridge, April 15, '72. I have just heard that there will be no Botanical Lectures this term. I think it is a deep disgrace on the women of Cambridgeshire and the surrounding Counties. However we must have our Botanical Rambles in spite of everything. I hope you have not forgotten all I told you of Gamlingay —our Oasis between the chalk and the green sand of Bedfordshire. Elizabeth is very anxious that we should go next May and spend two or three days at the little Inn there to gather all the rare plants (10 or 14 in number) which grow there in May. I rejoice every day in some new treasure. I found some splendid Marsh Marigolds the other day, and some Garlic Mustard which is called *Sauce Enough* or Jack in the Hedge. I have been revelling in Celandines lately—I only knew them in Wordsworth's lines until the other day ; now they are familiar friends! Did you see a long letter of mine in the *Times* this morning? I have been breaking a spear against the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal!

"I had a very pleasant visit to London,—I only came back on Thursday. We read the *Legend of Montrose* in the evenings.

We finished it the last evening before I left. I wrote to Colonel Hockley while I was in London, as I felt sure he would be glad to have a letter."

TO THE SAME.

"June 26, '72. . . . On Saturday Elizabeth and I went to the Via Lambertina and we found two specimens of the Geranium columbinum, which is very rare. I thought it was our friend the Dipectum—as it has those thin segments; but when I compared it with Bentham I discovered that this was the columbinum as it had its flower stalks much larger than the leaf stalks. I knew the Babingtons were coming home that day, so I went off after tea to see. I found them and showed Professor B. the plant. At first he said it was *Dipectum*, which I disputed, and he then looked at it more closely—took it down stairs to compare and came up saying 'it is the columbinum—the only specimen I ever saw in this county.' He has kept one of the specimens for his Collection. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"Llandudno, Aug. 21, '72. We have been here since Thursday, but we have had great difficulties in getting rooms. We have already had two moves. We cannot stay here beyond Friday, so we shall go off to Bettws or Llanberis. We enjoy Llandudno very much. It stands in the centre of a long bay facing the open sea, with the Great Orme's head on the left and the Little on the right,—the bay being about two miles in width. It greatly reminded me of Beer bay—the great Orme being Seaton and the little Orme the high cliff where the Faulkners were stranded. The Great Orme is about 750 feet high and spreading over several miles. Elizth. and I had a long ramble nearly round it this morning from 11 to 6, starting from the Conway side. The path runs along the middle of the cliff and commands lake-like views of the bay on the Conway side and sea views at the headland, and views of the Llandudno bay as you turn inwards. We have been very successful in the botany. I hope to bring you a blood Geranium,—we have found some splendid specimens,—they grow in great beauty in several places round Llandudno. We have also found some Chlora or Yellow-wort, Erodium maritimum, the yellow Scrophularia and several other interesting things. The grand find of all we have only got in a *shabby* way after hunting for it in vain for several days. There is a plant called *rarissima* here, the Cotoneaster vulgaris, which only grows in a few ledges of the Great Orme, in all Britain; it is elsewhere found in Spain and

in Eastern Europe. I found a man in the market who sold ferns and rare plants, and I have bought a fine piece of it in a pot for 2s. Whether it will live in Fitzwilliam St. I don't know."

These letters show unmistakably how keen Cowell was in his search for botanical specimens, and how diligently he informed himself of the habitat of various rare plants. He had by his enthusiasm made his wife and his sister almost as keen as himself, and later on he inspired his nieces and some of his Cambridge friends with a similar interest in things botanical. In a long letter to his sister of May 3, 1873, he gives an amusing account of his search in the Wilderness of St. John's College for *Goldilocks*. He long looked for them in vain, and his delight at eventually finding them is delicious, only his letter runs to two sheets. He tells us Elizabeth is going to write a poem on the illusory character of human wishes, only she will add a corollary that even Goldilocks have their redeeming points.

The Cowells went to North Wales again in 1873, and here is a letter thence to his brother :—

To his Brother, the Rev. M. B. Cowell.

"Llanberis, Sept. 1, 1873. Elizabeth is gone out, and I have been sitting at home reading Welsh. I saw Stanley Leathes at Chester. He was staying at our Hotel, as he had come down as the Judge's Chaplain. He was of course overjoyed about his son. We have had very bad weather here—worse than last year. I went up Snowdon with the Pratts the day Mamma and Betha arrived and had some fine views from the summit; and I ascended the Glyder last week. The latter was a very severe pull, as it is far steeper than Snowdon,—it was very fine all the earlier part of the journey, and we had some splendid views of Snowdon, &c., but the descent was nearly all in pouring rain. It cleared up near the Llyn y Cwm and the Devil's Kitchen, but I was drenched before I got to the bottom. I have been more lucky in my botany and Welsh studies than in my expeditions and geographical studies. We have found some very interesting plants, among others my long-desired Isoetes, which I searched for in vain last year. I have made good progress in Welsh and have read a good deal of one of

the old Welsh poets. Our landlord has a copy which happily for me has an English translation. Without this of course I could not have made it out. It was extremely hard even as it was. I have also begun a prose Welsh book written in imitation of Dante and *Pilgrim's Progress*—the Visions of the Sleeping Bard. I have no translation for this and have to make my way through it as I can.

"We think of going to Llanfairfechan next Wednesday. Samuel Charlesworth's family are staying there, and I shall enjoy a week with them very much. Annie is a great favourite of mine. We had a delightful excursion to the Suspension Bridge and to Carnarvon Castle. Betha thoroughly enjoyed each excursion. I begin to fear that she will not be able to ascend Snowdon. Last Saturday we all went to Capel Curig and Bettws-y-Coed. It was a splendid day and we all enjoyed it very much. Bettws is a very favourite spot of mine and I greatly enjoyed revisiting it for a few hours. I shall hope to meet you and Anna at Ipswich, and perhaps we may do a little Crag-pit hunting again. I have not done much in it this year, but I have read through Lyell again."

To his Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"Cambridge, Dec. 16. 1873. I am quite grieved that I have left your charming long letter so long unanswered. I have been very busy or I should have answered it by return of post, I think. I quite hope to be in Ipswich some day next week and to see your Christmas tree this year too. The image of old Christmas has stood ever since on my Mantel-piece to remind me of the pleasant evening with you all last year. When you come to Cambridge you will see it there and remember how and when it was given to me. Your Aunt and I went a country walk to-day and it really seemed like a day in February,—only I suppose the hedges would have been more out in February, and we should have seen and heard more birds. I shall hope to see your cat when I come,—I am astonished at its having such a grand name! Who first thought of such a name, I wonder? I fancy it must have been Papa, I think the sisters would have thought of Roland or Prince Arthur or Tom or Gregory or the name we give cats in India, Billy; Elsie would certainly choose Billy, as she would like to know some Hindustani, and *billy* is not an English word, but really means *cat!* I think that your name would have been King Richard or Wallace. I do not think that any one of my nephews and nieces,—no, not even all of them in full council together,—would have thought of this name, and so I come round to my first guess that Papa thought of the name."

Soon after this simple letter was written to his young niece, Cowell lost his good mother. To his inexpressible grief she died on January 11th, 1874. Never were mother and son more closely knit together in mutual bonds of affection and sympathy.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* of April, 1872, there is a review of a Bengali historical novel, *Durgêsanandinî; or, The Fortress-Chieftain's Daughter*. In this Cowell asserts that India is the native land of fiction, and that half the popular stories of mediæval Europe can be traced to ancient Sanskrit sources. With us modern stories have eclipsed the old ones that had filtered to us from the East, but in India they still retain their hold on the popular imagination.

"Every story must begin with its childless King, who at last, by some vow, obtains a peerless son; every princess must choose her husband from some concourse of suitors at a swayamvara; and every tale must be full of the magic metamorphoses which so naturally arise from the universal belief in transmigration."

A modern school has, however, at last arisen which looks from this mystic region of fable to the deeper interest of actual life. This is interesting as the outcome of the English system of education in India. Cowell then proceeds to criticise the story and to give some interesting scenes from it.

In 1873 Cowell edited a new edition of Sir H. T. Colebrooke's *Essays*, with the addition of many interesting explanatory notes.

In the spring of 1874, Cowell was much pleased and gratified by the honour of being elected to a Fellowship at Corpus Christi College, which, however, removed him from Trinity College, the House he had joined on coming to Cambridge in 1867. None of his letters survive to show how greatly he esteemed this signal mark of appreciation, but some idea of such feeling may be gained by the fact that he wrote to inform his old master, the Rev. J. C. Ebden, of the honour he had received, an

honour which he evidently desired should be shared by the Ipswich School and its former revered head. The letter which Cowell then wrote was at once replied to by Mr. Ebden in the following terms :—

"Great Stukeley Vicarage, Huntingdon, May 6th, 1874. My dear Cowell,—The news of your election to a Fellowship at Corpus, Cambridge, is indeed most gratifying to me.—You have most honourably and with good service both to yourself and the world achieved the rewards of a career which from your earliest days you pursued with undeviating industry and energy.—How far the sort of instruction which you had in the opening studies of school may have served towards the superstructure which you have so successfully reared, is what I might err in estimating, but I am willing to believe that the way in which we then discussed the expressions and sense of the leading classics was not superficial, but such as might lead the student to thought, reflection and independent investigation.

"I was not aware that your good respected mother had been removed from the world. Your brothers I trust are prospering.—I daresay you retain acquaintance and correspondence with Geo. Kitchin. I reckon that he is a foremost man at Oxford.

"I am feeling the effects of advancing life being towards the completion of my 80th year, and though favoured with a greater measure of health and strength than is ordinarily allowed at that age, the interruptions multiply, and I am just now recovering from a complex attack of bilious fever and bronchitis, not severe in each separate way, but uncomfortable in their union. Still I hope that I may see Cambridge this spring, before you all disperse.

"Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cowell, yrs ever truly,

"J. C. EBDEN."

Cowell also informed Dr. Holden, the then Headmaster of the school, of the honour conferred upon him, and the reply announced that an extra half-holiday had been granted to the boys to celebrate the success of an old Ipswich pupil. He received also a hearty letter of congratulation from his life-long friend, George Kitchin, who regretted that the Fellowship was not at C. C. C. O, and also that he had not been put on the Joint Examinations Syndicate, as he would have so well represented both Universities, and, as an Oxford First and a Cambridge Professor, a link indeed.

As soon as spring had begun, Cowell was again searching for rare plants, and we shall see by the extracts from some of his letters, and later on by his botanical sonnets, what immense interest he took in applying the full knowledge of the science that he had acquired. Very many of the letters give accounts of his botanical expeditions and finds, but of course only a few of these can be given—enough to show his eager love for this field of nature. That Edward FitzGerald appreciated this new enthusiasm is shown by the following extract from one of his letters to Mrs. Cowell[1] :—

"April, 1874. After hearing from half a dozen people that they should have no difficulty in finding a Hen and Chicken Daisy, at last Ellen Churchyard has found me one in a Cottager's garden at Hasketon. It is now in its little Pot outside my house: and is to be sent off in a Box to you as soon as possible, for your Professor. I will bet sixpence he has found half a dozen just before my poor little innocent reaches him."

In July, 1874, Cowell had another article in *Macmillan* on his favourite Persian poet, Háfiz, of whom he wrote in high praise. From this article the following short extract must be quoted. The poet Háfiz was :—

"the only one who has any claim to be considered in any sense a universal poet; his are the only songs which have spread an influence beyond his own nation or the circle of Islám, and have even touched, however faintly, a chord that has vibrated in the ear of Christendom."

One is sure to find, he says, amongst a collection of Persian MSS. in any town of Persia or India a copy of the *Díwán* of Háfiz. Very little is known of the life of Háfiz, but he died in 1388 A.D., and Cowell gives the inscription on his tomb in the following mnemonic stanza or tárikh :—

"Kh'ajah Hâfiz was the lamp of the spiritually-minded,
An illumination from the divine splendour;
As he made his dwelling while alive in the earth of Musellá,'
Seek in the 'earth of Musellá' the date of his death."

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901.

Musellá is a favourite resort near Shíráz, often celebrated in the poet's verses, and the letters of the words khák-i Musellá when their respective numerical values are summed up, give, Cowell tells us, the date 791 A.H. equivalent to 1388 A.D. The date of Háfiz's birth is unknown.

Cowell's letters are still few in number until after 1880, when we shall find them more plentiful. They begin with one to Mr. W. B. Donne, whose name has been before mentioned as a great friend of FitzGerald's, and to some extent mixed up with the controversy about Cowell's going to Oxford.

To W. B. Donne.

"Cambridge, June 17, 1874. Your letter only arrived at Belgrave Road[1] after I had returned to Cambridge, or I should certainly have tried to answer it in person. When I am in London, I am generally taken up with examination work; but I will do my utmost, when I am next in town, to come and see you. It would be a very great pleasure to me.

"I saw Frank Groome when he was staying with his brother last Term. We were both very much pleased with him. I heartily hope he may find some post nearer home than Ceylon.

"Elizabeth thinks that you will be interested to hear that a sister of Tennyson's, Mrs. Carr, has been here for a few days in lodgings. She has had with her two very nice young daughters of Frederick Tennyson's. Her son is a scholar of Trinity.

"We had a grand dinner at Trinity last night in honour of the honorary Doctors. A hundred and sixty dined in the Hall. Several good speeches were made. Lord Hatherly returned thanks for the former fellows and said, when reviewing his past life, that the happiest day in his life was when he was elected a fellow of Trinity. He then suddenly corrected himself, and added—no—there was one happier day—and only one—the day I lost it!

"Elizabeth sends her love to your Daughters. We were grieved at the tone of an article on Borrow's new book in the *Athenæum* lately. I dare say Borrow has let his Romany get rusty, still I think he deserves full credit for what he did in old days."

[1] Then the residence of George Cowell.

The next letter gives an interesting account of some portion of one of the Cowells' visits to North Wales :—

To His Sister, Miss Cowell.

"Llanfairfechan, Sept. 10. 1874. I am so grieved to think that in the hurry and bustle of leaving Barmouth, I entirely forgot your birthday. So I write to you after breakfast this morning to ensure your having a letter sent to-day. I wish you many happy returns after the day, in retrospect, as well as on the ground that it is better late than never. I suppose you have spent this birthday as you have so often done, at Seaton with Uncle and Aunt. I had your letter at Barmouth, and I sent you a long letter in reply describing our ascent of Cader Idris. I enjoyed Barmouth extremely. I think we shall go there again some time. . . . I found some very pleasant acquaintances there—one a young man whose uncle I knew in Calcutta, a Mr. Beeby, who was a very good botanist. I have promised to send him some of those rare Thetford flowers, and he will send me some of his. He was greatly interested in my account of the *Statice Caspia* which he had never seen growing. He seemed to know every plant by heart at once—the *Siseli libanotis*, which I thought only grows in Cambridgeshire, he at once knew, and said it was found in some one other place. I woke up a botanical interest in a pleasant little girl about Mary's age or rather younger. I wonder whether it will continue or die away. Elizabeth and I walked one day along the road to Dolgelly and enjoyed it exceedingly. It was a fine day and not too hot. The views were most beautiful of the river and the opposite mountains as seen between the trees and rocks of our own shore. We took our time and rested at intervals and dined at Dolgelly, and came home by train. Another day we went a very interesting excursion to Harlech Castle, and saw from the battlements a splendid view of Snowdon with its summit quite cloudless. Then another day we went to a beautiful lake not very far from Harlech, lying bosomed in mountains, called Llyn Bychan—it is rarely visited, but is very beautiful. Then we had a very delightful excursion to the Torrent Walk at Dolgelly—it is about two miles away. You enter a gentleman's grounds and the walk runs through a wood beside a tumbling stream, past a succession of falls and rapids for more than a mile. It is a succession of pictures. The banks are often very steep and everywhere well wooded, and some of the falls are very fine. I suppose the stream comes from Cader Idris or one of its neighbours. I saw several artists sketching at different points. Barmouth abounds with

objects of interest in every direction, in its neighbourhood—you could easily spend a month or two there. We paid several visits to the Panorama Walk at high tide, and were more and more delighted with it. I think you must go with us when we take lodgings there next year.

"We came here on Tuesday. I am delighted to find myself here again as I enjoyed it so much last year. I shall have to go to London next week to the tiresome Oriental Congress, but I think I shall return here for a fortnight when it is over. I shall go to the Grosvenor this time as it will be better that I should have my movements free. I wish I could have stayed on here, but I cannot absent myself from the gathering as many continental scholars are coming. I have made some progress in Welsh. I can ask a question now without any difficulty and understand a short answer."

For some years FitzGerald had been anxious that Cowell should translate the Mesnavi. He had conceived a great admiration for that Persian writer, and about this time he returned to the charge. The following is an extract from one of FitzGerald's letters to Cowell[1]:—

"Feb. 11, 75. But for these Eyes, I think, I should have made a shot at reading the Mesnavi, which I persist in saying, you should translate, and condense forces. You say you do not approve of such abridgments: and Montaine says, 'Tout abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé.' Still if the 'bons Livres' will not get themselves read? One can always notify beforehand that one is not literal; that one mutilates, etc., not intending to improve the original so much as to lead people to it, by giving them a little at first. But I shall not alter your Opinion, which probably has better right to be held by than mine. . . ."

In April, 1875, Cowell visited Edinburgh to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. The next letter announces the conferred honour to his brother, and the following one to his sister gives a short account of the visit:—

To his Brother, the Rev. M. B. Cowell.

"March 31. 1875. Your parcel of books arrived quite safely. They were packed magnificently. I knew you would be

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901.

interested in the volumes of old Augustine. It always reminds me of the old days in St. Clement's, and those dear old folios from the old Town Library.

"I dare say you have heard that I am to have an honorary Doctor's degree given to me at Edinburgh on the 21st of April. I am to stay with my old friend Sir Alexander Grant, with whom I read the Ethics in Oxford in 1854,—and I have not seen him since those Oxford days, except once for a minute in London some four years ago. I shall enjoy a visit to Edinburgh very much. I hope to spend a morning at Abbotsford, as I read Scott's Life to Edith while she was staying here. I go to London next week to stay at Belgrave Road for an examination. We enjoyed having Nellie Welldon here. We read some German most evenings and read through 'Hermann and Dorothea' while she was with us.

"I have been extremely interested lately in reading Sir H. Maine's new Volume on Early Institutions I have seldom read a more fascinating book. It is mainly concerned with the early Irish Laws, but in discussing their early institutions he finds so many parallels to the early Hindú, Teutonic and Roman customs that it opens a complete vista into early times and manners.

"I long to read some of *Gaius* but I suppose I shall never have time !—The Spring seems beginning—I found some Whitlow grass the other day and yesterday some Butcher's Broom in flower. What do you think of the following inscription on a snuff-box given to a Fellow's Combination room ?

'Haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.' Georg. iv. 86–7.

To Miss Cowell.

"Cambridge, May 1. 1875. I am very glad you liked having the paper—I bought one for Maurice too. It gave a very good account of the ceremonial. I greatly enjoyed my Edinburgh visit. I met a great many interesting people. Sir A. Grant was very little altered from old Oxford days. His mother is very infirm and is obliged from heart-disease to live entirely on the ground floor. His children are very nice. I had some botanical talks with his eldest girl, about Mary's age ; and I have sent her Mrs. Kitchener's *Year's Botany* to stir her up to pursue her studies ! I saw Professor Blackie—a very singular man full of Celtic enthusiasm, all motion and life, just like a Frenchman ; and Professor Masson, the author of *Milton's Life*, which Charles Henry was interested in. I stayed from Tuesday till Friday at Sir A. Grant's, and from Friday till Monday with Dr. Muir. I

climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat and had a great many walks about Edinburgh, but I could not get to see Abbotsford. It takes a day to go there, as the trains are not convenient, and I could not spare the time. I dined one evening with Dr. Muir at a Scotch Literary Club and we had *haggis* and cockie leekie soup, which I had only heard of in Scott's novels. I dared not try the former, particularly as the waiter brought round to every one who took it a 'quaigh' of pure whiskey to correct the richness! The other soup was very fair but too strongly flavoured with onions. I found everybody very kind. I never received more overflowing hospitality. I came back on Monday in one day. I left Edinburgh at half-past ten and reached Cambridge at 11 p.m. It was a long journey and I felt very tired at the end."

During 1875 Cowell published another book about Prákrit, a subject which he had made peculiarly his own. He had published his Prákrit Grammar in 1854, while he was at Oxford. The present book was really not only a new edition of his Grammar, but an introduction to the ordinary Prákrit of the Sanskrit Dramas, and with a list of common irregular Prákrit words.

In the autumn of 1875, the Cowells again went to North Wales, and here is a descriptive letter written to Miss Cowell from Barmouth :—

"Barmouth, 2 Tai Issa Buildings, Aug. 18. '75. We have very delightful lodgings and on the whole we have had good weather. Prof. Challis and his son and daughter are here and Elizabeth's old friends Mrs. Rippingale and her sister Miss Guilliband. We have had some delightful walks on the other side of the river towards Towyn—we saw fifty or more kinds of flowers (and not very common ones) so you may judge it was a bright scene, as regards hedgesides. I have found some Geranium columbinum, growing on the road to the Panorama view. I had never found that before. We have found out a view of Cader Idris and the river almost better than the Panorama view. Cader looked splendid last Monday afternoon. The afternoon sun fell full on its rocky precipices and brought out their rugged seams and scars, and threw such deep shadows where one part lay behind another. It would have been a glorious day for climbing it,—there did not seem the faintest film of cloud on any part of the summit. Yesterday it was entirely veiled with thick white clouds, not a

single peak was visible! I have found a Welshman to read Welsh with—he is a very enthusiastic admirer of the old Welsh poetry. There is a bedroom ready for you whenever you can come. We are going to spend a day at Towyn—it looked a pleasant place. We shall go and return by train and spend the time walking about the shores of the river Dyssyni. It is one of the rivers mentioned in the poems of my favourite Welsh poet Ab Gwilym. Barmouth is certainly a delightful place. The walks round it are so beautiful in every direction. I greatly enjoy a stroll at high tide along the bridge. The river then looks exactly like a lake closed in by mountains, and in the evening light every projecting headland seems to have its own character and almost its own shade of green."

The two following letters describe the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Cowell to Switzerland, going by the Rhine and places that he had before visited :—

To Miss Cowell.

"Trois Rois, Basle, Aug. 17, 1876. . . . I send you a short letter from Basle. Our journey has been very successful hitherto. We had a pleasant voyage from Harwich on Friday night—it was a contrary wind which made us an hour late, but it was tolerably calm. Elizabeth was only a little ill. We arrived too late for the first train, and so we could not leave Rotterdam until 3—we reached Cologne at 10.30 p.m. and found a good room at the Hotel Disch. We were very comfortable there all Sunday and went to the English service in the evening. On Monday we went to see the Cathedral, and went again to Vespers. We greatly enjoyed Cologne—especially the Cathedral. We went on to Bonn on Monday in the afternoon, and then went up the Rhine from Bonn to Mayence on Tuesday starting at 10.45 and reaching Mayence about 10 p.m. Elizabeth greatly enjoyed the voyage up the river—there was a cool breeze and plenty of room, and it was thoroughly enjoyable. I was vividly reminded of the delightful day I spent on the Rhine in 1845. There is one immense improvement in the guide books since those days. Baedeker's guide books give plans of all the principal towns so that you can find your way about anywhere. I wandered all about Cologne with my guide book and never once lost my way —even I with my little power of 'locality'!

"On Wednesday (yesterday) we started at 10½ from Mayence by rail to Basle which we reached last evening at 7. The journey

was very sultry part of the way, but Elizabeth thoroughly enjoyed the scenery. We went by Carlsruhe, Offenburg and Freiburg, skirting the Black Forest Country. We were both very tired on our arrival, but a good dinner and a bottle of Moselle helped to set us up! I have been wandering about the town this morning and seen the Cathedral (the Münster), but it is not striking. The grand thing in Basle is the magnificent curve of the broad Rhine on which the city stands—this is really very fine. It was very hot walking in the streets. Near the Minster there is a covered walk of trees overhanging the river. Nursemaids with their perambulators, children playing horses, mothers with their babes and old Germans sitting smoking, filled the place. I sat down on a stone seat in the wall over the river and enjoyed the cool breeze. There is hardly any shade in the narrow streets and no air, and it reminds me of Calcutta to walk in them!

"We go on to Thun this afternoon and hope to reach it by 7. I have telegraphed for rooms. Hitherto we have had no difficulty anywhere. There are not nearly so many travellers on the Rhine as usual. I have written (from Bonn) to Mürren—they are to let us know at Thun when they can take us in. I find my little German helps me a great deal. I can generally make myself understood. I think we have not lost much time on the way as yet. On Saturday and yesterday we had two very long and hot railway journeys, but Elizabeth bears the fatigue very well although she is longing for *cool*. Every place hitherto (except the Rhine steamer) has been very hot.—Our room here is high up and looks over the river. It is like Tennyson's 'moonlit casements opening on the foam of perillous seas'—we look sheer down from our window *into the river*. By night it is very striking to look down on the river with all its lights and to hear its ceaseless rush past."

To the same.

"Mürren, Sept. 6. 1876. It is well after all that I wrote last month anticipating your birthday by mistake, for I see I have let the time slip by and you cannot receive this letter in time for the 7th. . . . We have been here now more than a fortnight and have enjoyed the place very much. The first week we had very bad cloudy weather and several days were very wet, but last week and this week have been very fine and the views of the mountain scenery have been exceedingly grand. The hotel stands on the mountain side, more than 5,000 feet high, and there runs a deep valley between it, a range of snowy mountains stretching in a vast semicircle before it, beginning with the Eiger on the left hand,

then the snowy Mönch and the black Mönch, then the Jungfrau with the Silver horn, and then a long stretch of mountains, the Mittaghorn, Grosshorn and the Breithorn with the Tschingel Glacier on the extreme right. It is a view of unsurpassed grandeur and with the sunset light streaming on the snowy heights, it is beyond all description. There are several good falls near. We saw the Staubbach as we passed through Lauterbrunnen—it is a very beautiful silvery thread! I have made no long excursions,—my longest was to accompany a party of gentlemen who went to the Schilthorn yesterday morning. I started with them at 5 a.m. but I only went half way, about 1,500 feet above the hotel. I only went to find some of those lovely blue gentians, and directly I got to where they grew, I was glad to stop and return home quietly by myself, leaving them to go on and struggle through the ice and snow, to the summit. They were rewarded by a most glorious view at the top, a panorama of nearly all Switzerland,—Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, Pilatus, &c. I almost wished I had gone on, but it would have been a fearful fatigue, four hours' toil to the summit and 3 or 3½ to return!

"We have found a good many Alpine flowers, they are going off now but till now they have been very abundant. Many of them are very rare indeed in Britain—found perhaps only on one mountain in Scotland, and here growing on every rock, as the Astrantia major, Sedum album, Saxifraga aizoides, and Alchemilla alpina. I was particularly pleased to get the last, as I am so very fond of the Alchemilla tribe and this completed my list, as I had found the other two before. I have found several kinds of gentian but I had never been high enough to find the large blue till yesterday.

"We shall soon be leaving Mürren now and shall then go to Interlachen and make some excursions from thence. I think we shall go to the Scheinige Platte and the Griesbach fall and perhaps to the Grindelwald; we shall then go on to Lucerne and I think I shall go up the Rigi Railway.—I hardly know whether I shall persuade Elizabeth to accompany me! We shall then go to Basle and return through France. If you write to me by return as Professor Cowell, Poste Restante, Interlachen, I shall be sure to get it.

"We have found several Cambridge friends here.—Mr. Blore of Trinity, John Pratt (who has been doing some tremendous feats of Alpine climbing), Dr. Butler of Harrow, &c. Stanley Leathes is the Thun Chaplain for September."

Here is another delightful and characteristic letter

written to one of his nieces after her father had been elected Mayor of Ipswich :—

To his Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"London, Nov. 22, 1877. I am up in London for to-day and to-morrow at an examination, and have a little time to write to you, as I do not wish to drop out of Ethel's memory! I was interested in reading the account in the newspaper of your Papa being made Mayor. He made a very good speech I thought. Everybody seems quite to have approved the choice.

"I am now reading to your Aunt, during the winter evenings, a capital book of the tour which the poet Wordsworth took with his sister in 1803 to Scotland. I went over nearly the same round in 1844, and it interests me exceedingly to trace their journey. It is curious to see how Loch Katrine was then in 1803 quite unknown to song. Sir Walter Scott had not yet written his *Lady of the Lake*, and the mountains and valleys were still unknown. It reminded me of those fine lines of Archbishop Trench on the little river Alma in the Crimea, where the great battle was fought between the Russians and the Allies in 1854,—

'*Yesterday* a nameless river, but to wandering Tartars known,
And *to-day* a name for ever, to the world's four quarters blown.'

It is interesting to see how one man's imagination like Scott's wakes up imagination in thousands. Lake Katrine had been just as beautiful since the days of Wallace and Bruce; but hardly an eye had noticed it until the 'Magician of the North' came and gave everybody eyes to see.

"I have lately begun to study architecture. I hardly know anything more interesting than to trace the different styles of architecture in a cathedral. I have been several times to study the different parts of Ely Cathedral, and the other day I went with your Aunt to see Peterborough. My winter walks are now to examine an old arch or window in some village church round Cambridge, just as the summer ones are to find wild flowers. It certainly greatly adds to one's power of appreciating a fine building to know a little of its peculiar character and merits. I have been enchanted in beginning to learn a little of the unsuspected differences between Norman and Early English; then the two kinds of Early English,—then curvilinear, decorated, and lastly perpendicular, and to see how each corresponds to a definite period of English History. It has opened a new world of interest to me quite recently,—I had no idea there was anything half so interesting to be discovered."

To J. A. Crawley, M.A.[1]

"Cambridge, Nov. 30. '77. I do not know the book you mention, but I think it would no doubt do as a first Reading book. You will find Arabic very stiff; I should strongly advise you to stick to Hebrew and learn that well first. It would greatly help you in Arabic afterwards."

In 1878 Cowell was very hard at work. In addition to his Lectures, he completed and published his translation of the Aphorisms of Sándilya, with the commentary of Swapneswára on the Hindú doctrine of Faith. He also completed the translation of the Nyâya-Mâtâ-Vistara which had been left unfinished by Professor Goldstücker.

In May of this year Cowell read a paper on the subject of "Dafydd ab Gwilym," giving a translation of some choice verses, before the Cymmrodorion in London, and it was published in *Y Cymmrodor* in July. He was, soon after reading this paper, elected an Honorary Member of the Society. I may mention here, too, that in October, 1882, a paper was printed in Vol. V. of *Y Cymmrodor* on the "Legend of the Oldest Animals."

With all his work he did not forget to welcome honours to his friends :—

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Llandudno, Oct. 11. '78. I read this afternoon in the *Times* that you had been elected to a Fellowship in Trinity, and I will not lose a day in writing to tell you how heartily pleased I am at the news. There never was a fellowship more thoroughly deserved, and I am sure this will be the unanimous judgment. I am returning to Cambridge to-morrow and shall hope to see you early next week.

"We have greatly enjoyed our holiday in Wales. Prof. Babington spent a fortnight at Llanberis while we were there, and Prof. Rhys was also there. Among other things we explored the old British Fort at Tre'r Caeri."

FitzGerald much regretted the Cowells' annually repeated visits to North Wales, as they put a stop almost

[1] Hare Exhibitioner of St. John's, a Sanskrit pupil of Prof. Cowell's.

entirely to the accustomed visits to Lowestoft and its accompanying pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* and *Calderon* together. FitzGerald's letters at this time show this very clearly. In a letter to Cowell of July 3, 1878, he says[1]: —

"Your letter about your Welsh Holyday set me upon writing this, for it makes me a little sad that now I never meet you in these Summer times: which is my fault not yours. But were I in Wales, I should not manage foot rambles even as well as heretofore, and so stay in old flat Suffolk. You do well, I think, sticking to one Change, once finding that it suits you."

This touching letter was not without effect, as the following interesting extracts from letters to different correspondents well show :—

To J. R. Lowell.[2]

"October 17, 78. . . . The other Letter, or piece of Letter, is from our Professor Cowell, and has surely a good suggestion concerning a Spanish Dictionary. You might put some Spanish Scholar on the Scent."

To the Same.[2]

"June 13/79. . . . Cowell says he will come to this Coast this Summer with *Don Quixote* that we may read him together: so if you should come, you will find yourself at home."

To W. Aldis Wright.[1]

"Wednesday, (Aug. 1879).—Yes! here are Cowell and Wife at 9 Esplanade, and we have already had Chapter I. of the second (and best) part of dear *Don Quixote* together, Cowell never having read it before—not the blessed Second Part. Of course he lights up several passages which I had been contented with seeing darkly before, but not even he can make me love the whole better."

To J. R. Lowell.[2]

"Lowestoft, Aug. 20/79.—I am come here for a month with my friend Cowell; he and I are reading the Second Part of *Don*

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901.
[2] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I

Quixote together, as we used to read together thirty years ago; he always the Teacher, and I the Pupil, although he is quite unaware of that Relation between us; indeed rather reverses it. It so happens that he is not so well acquainted with the Second Part as with the First: indeed not so well with the story of it as I, but then he is so much a better scholar in all ways that he lights up passages of the Book in a way that is all new to me. Some of the strange words reminded me again of his wish for a Spanish Dictionary in the style of Littre's French: he would assuredly be the Man to do it, but he has his Sanskrit Professorship to mind."

To C. E. Norton.[1]

"September 3/79.—Now you would like to be here along with me and my delightful Cowell, when we read the Second Part of *Don Quixote* together of a morning. This we have been doing for three weeks; and shall continue to do so for some ten days more, I suppose: and then he will be returning to his Cambridge. If we read very continuously we should be almost through the Book by this time, but as you may imagine we play as well as work; some passage in the dear Book leads Cowell off into Sanskrit, Persian or *Goody Two Shoes*, for all comes within the compass of his Memory and Application. Job came in to the help of Sancho a few days ago: and the Duenna Rodriguez' age brought up a story Cowell recollected of an old Lady who persisted in remaining at 50; till being told (by his mother) that she could not be elected to a Charity because of not being 64, she said 'she thought she could manage it,' and the Professor shakes with Laughter, not loud but deep from the centre. . . ."

To W. Aldis Wright.[2]

"Sept. 4.—We read *Don Quixote* for two or three hours of a Forenoon, and of course Cowell lights it all up as it was never lighted to me before. He has not found his Roman Nettle yet; but some other not very common flowers he has found, and rejoices in them like the great big Boy he is. I never saw him better in Mind or Body. For some time he was afraid of venturing on the Pier because of Hans Breitman, who was staying at the Royal: but Hans is gone, and the Professor occasionally mixes in the gay Crowd."

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

[2] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901

To the Same.[1]

"Sept. 11.—Yesterday this mad Professor was seized with a wish to talk Welsh with George Borrow: and as he would not venture otherwise, I gave him a Note of Introduction, and off he went, and had an hour with the old Boy, who was hard of hearing and shut up in a stuffy room, but cordial enough; and Cowell was glad to have seen the Man, and tell him that it was his *Wild Wales* which first inspired a thirst for the Language into the Professor."

To F. Tennyson.[1]

"Oct. 19 (1879).—I have been to my old resort, Lowestoft, for near two months; five weeks of which my friend Edward Cowell, whom you remember, was there with his Wife; and we read *Don Quixote* of a morning, and chatted together of a night."

To W. Aldis Wright.[1]

"April 5 (1880) Cowell and Wife came here on Friday, and were at the Rail Station to welcome me on Saturday. We are going to join *Don Quixote* in half an hour."

To F. Tennyson.[1]

"April 5/80. I have been for ten days in our ugly Lowestoft, reading *Don Quixote* with that same Cowell whom you may remember staying with at Ipswich many years ago. He is a delightful fellow; a 'great Boy' as well as a great Scholar: and She is as young in Spirit as ever; and both of them very happy in themselves and one another."

It has often been said that great minds retain almost to the end the simplicity and boyishness of youth. Cowell was a most striking example of this. To the end he showed the boundless enthusiasm, the same full sense of humour, the same matchless appreciation which so strikingly characterised the early letters and through his whole life so bewitched his friends. The above gems culled from FitzGerald's letters are an evidence of the writer's strong appreciation of this and other qualities, and although Cowell somewhat resented the publication of the letters

[1] "More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. 1901.

containing the allusions to this "boyishness" of spirit, it was probably because he did not appropriate to himself the full significance of what were undoubtedly intended as expressions of high esteem and praise. He did not recall perhaps what Oliver Wendell Holmes finely remarks in his *Autocrat*. "You know well enough what I mean by youth and age;—something in the *soul*, which has no more to do with the colour of the hair, than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it."

In one of Sir George Grove's letters written in 1865[1] and recently published, a similar expression is given to the value ascribed to the retention of a youthful soul to the end of his life. He says: "Spring strikes me every year with more force and more moral significance. So may it be always! I long to keep my freshness and my youth: to enjoy the beauties of Nature and Art more and more every year, never to get stiffened against novelty or *blasé* with antiquity, but to keep a boy's heart to the end of life. And what I wish for myself I wish for you and all my friends." Cowell was so fortunate as to retain a boy's heart to the end, and may we not apply to him and to Mrs. Cowell too, Wordsworth's last stanza addressed *To a Young Lady*:—

> "Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
> Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh,
> A melancholy slave;
> But an old age serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave."

The next letter was written from Wales, the last visit, probably, that the Cowells made to the Principality.

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Llanfairfechan, Ap. 23. 79. . . . Wales is full of old historical monuments from end to end; every valley and hill almost has its story. On the top of Penmaenmawr there is an enormous old

[1] "Life of Sir George Grove," Graves, p. 126.

stone fort, large enough they say to shelter 20,000 men. I suppose it was an old British fort, held by them against the Romans. All the Snowdonian country was long held against them, just as it was afterwards against the English. It is now only an indistinguishable heap of stones, with here and there a bit of the old stone wall to be traced, and an occasional round outline which shows the foundation and lower wall of one of those circular houses in which, when roofed over with peat, the soldiers used to live. I am afraid they must have been fearfully hot and close; but I suppose the early Britons were then quite barbarians and cared more about the 'stern joy of battle' than the comforts of civilised life. They certainly fought bravely enough against the Romans, as bravely as the Zulus do against the English now.

"I have been interested in lately discovering the difference between the Strawberry and the strawberry-leaved Potentilla. I had always confused them, I fear, till this year. The Potentilla has its petals slightly notched, while the Strawberry's are entire and also rather longer. . . . Did you ever hear the puzzle as to why the red clover grows best near towns? It is because of the *cats*. You will say what have the cats to do with it? The cats kill the field mice which would kill the humble bees which fertilise the blossoms of the red clover. It is one of those curious and interesting proofs which people are now beginning to be so interested in examining, which shows the close connection between insects and plants. Professor Babington has a cabinet where the insects are all arranged with the plants of which they are most fond."

In the autumn of this year Cowell was much distressed by the untimely death of a promising pupil of his, G. H. Damant, who was killed by some wild tribes in the Naga Hills. On this occurrence he received the following letter from George Grove :—

"Lower Sydenham, Oct. 22. 1879. Dear Cowell,—What a dreadful thing is this death of poor Damant! It has cut us up dreadfully as we knew him so well, from the time he was 14. He came home, as doubtless you know, to marry, last year, and was here often. I have got his Naga vocabulary. Do tell me if you know anything more than we see in the Papers. His mother was deeply attached to him and it will distress her sadly. Your's very truly, G. GROVE."

Cowell showed his kindness and sympathy by writing a

notice of Damant, which was read by the President at the Meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society in May, 1880 :—

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Ambleside, Sept 5. 1880,—We have never before seen the Lake country, so we have come here instead of going to Wales. We have had much wet, but the other day we traversed the lake (Windermere) from end to end, and the bright sunshine of a fine day gave it an enchanting beauty and brought out the endless variety of colour in the woods which everywhere cover the banks and the hills which rise from them. I don't know whether you care, as your Aunt does, about Mrs. Heman's poetry, but near Ambleside we pass a little cottage embowered in trees, some way up the hill, where she once lived. The house was called then and still is called the Dove's Nest. There is another house very much larger, with a fine view of the lake where Sir W. Scott and Southey and Coleridge and, I think, Wordsworth once all stayed together."

To Miss Cowell.

"Cambridge, Oct. 17. 1880. You will not be surprised to hear that Maria[1] passed away quite peacefully about half-past one yesterday. Elizabeth as you know went to Nutfield on Monday and found Maria very weak—in fact, as the result proved she was really dying. She slowly grew weaker every day. Elizabeth came home on Wednesday evening and went back on Thursday afternoon. She sat up with Maria all Friday night and saw the last moments yesterday. This will always be an undescribable comfort to her."

To His Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"143; Marina, St. Leonards, Dec. 29. 1880. I was so very pleased to hear of your triumphant success in your London examination. Your Aunt and I were delighted. It reminded me of a day now more than 42 years ago when I got the Scholarship at the Grammar School, I think it was in 1838. I remember very well running home to the old house in St. Clements to tell the news!"

At the end of 1880, Cowell was endeavouring to obtain some honour as a well deserved recognition of long and

[1] Maria Charlesworth, Authoress of Ministering Children; Mrs. Cowell's sister.

distinguished services to education in India, of his beloved Pandit in Calcutta, Mahesa Chandra Nyazaratna. This application he made through Professor Fawcett, who at that time was a member of the Government. The learned Pandit was in due course made a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.

To Miss Cowell.

"143 Marina, St. Leonards, Jan. 17. 1881. We have enjoyed our visit to St. Leonards very much and I feel sure it has done us both a great deal of good. We have had fair weather most of the time and have made excursions in different directions by train. We went to Battle Abbey last Thursday and saw the interesting old Church, and Abbey ruins. We propose going to Canterbury to-morrow where we shall spend the night and then go home to Cambridge on Wednesday. We have been this morning to see Miss Tiddeman's studio. Perhaps you will remember old Mr. Tiddeman who used to live in Beaumont St. near Worcester College in Oxford. . . . We got your book of travels from the Library here and enjoyed it very much. It was very amusing and some of the descriptions were capital. It reminded Elizabeth of her old life on the Loire. We have read some capital small tales here on French Life,—'Cartouche,' 'The White Month,' 'Madame Fontenay' and 'Unawares.' They are all by the same anonymous authoress and are very interesting. We have been reading a novel by Miss Walford 'The Cousins.' There is not much story but the painting of character in it struck me a good deal.

Elizabeth's old friend Mr. Guilleband is living here with his wife and children. We have seen them several times. They are a delightful family party. They are very musical, so (like Dean Champneys when he lived at Whitechapel) he has had an organ fitted up in his drawing room and they all sing together. We took tea there yesterday afternoon and heard them sing several hymns. It was quite a pleasant glimpse into a very united happy home.

We hope to have a good study of Canterbury Cathedral to-morrow and Wednesday."

To C. W. Moule.

"143 Marina, St. Leonards, Jan. 17. 1881. My dear Moule, I have been intending every day to write to you for the last fort-

night, and yet it has been the old story 'cras hoc fiet; idem cras fiet.' And to-day is our last day here. So I write to you at once to make sure of it. We are going to Canterbury by the early train to-morrow, so as to have a good study of the Cathedral. I have been reading the volume of Murray's Cathedrals beforehand, so I hope I shall be ready to recognise and understand what is to be admired.—We have seen the ruins of Pevensey Castle and Battle Abbey, the latter especially interested me. I had quite intended making an excursion to Bodiam Castle which, I hear, is a very perfect ruin; but it is some twelve miles off and far from any railway station; so I have reluctantly postponed it to some more genial weather. . . . I have greatly enjoyed the long walk along the sea wall.—It is a delightful promenade.

I have had *Candl* with me and you will be interested to hear I have done one whole episode,—Kullona's ordeal. It is a story of some 400 lines. She has to undergo all the recognised forms of ordeal to prove her innocence.—This has very nearly been the whole extent of my serious reading since I have been here except that I have glanced through Hooker's *Morocco and Mount Athos* with some interest. It is mainly Botanical, but there are some interesting accounts of the country and the people interspersed. Flowers do not fill the entire area—there is room for *Man* here and there between!

We hope to come back to Cambridge on Wednesday. Two sets of proofs are awaiting me with *Neil* in the background,—stare ingentem Neilî miraberis umbram! I hope you have had a good rest this Vacation,—a rest from tutorial correspondence at any rate. . . .

There was an interesting letter in the *Standard* of Friday or Saturday from their Athens Correspondent on the rise of a national feeling among the Albanians. It is quite of recent growth but very resolute and vigorous. I was interested some years ago in the Albanian language from the account of it in Schleicher's Book. It is, he says, a parallel branch to Greek, and has some very old forms. The *Standard* calls them the old Pelasgi. The rise of nationality as a distinct force in politics is, to my mind, one of the most interesting and curious *phænomina* of our time. Conquerors have so long ignored it; and now it is all of a sudden making itself felt everywhere and gradually, like some overlooked pressure, forcing out and displacing the stones that had been joined together with so much care by the builder. . . .

Hooker describes how he had some Berbers to carry his baggage and be his escort in the Atlas. They picked up a little English, and '*catch him flowers*' was the regularly recognised word of com-

mand when any new flower was seen on some rock near. The myth arose that the Sultana of England had sent him to find a plant which only grows in Marocede, which makes people live for ever. Hence they explained his eagerness to find all kinds of plants, for as they expressed it, 'him catch stick if he go back and not him flower.'"

It is probable that the inclement weather prevented the visit to Canterbury, and the following letter shows that the journey home was not without incident :—

To Miss Cowell.

"Cambridge, Jan. 24. 1881. I thank you *very* sincerely for your kind letter and the *Tennyson* which came yesterday morning. I think I told you I lost my box of books in the Metropolitan Railway—coming from Victoria to King's Cross; as I could not get a cab, I was driven to go by the Underground Railway, though I greatly dislike it. When we arrived at King's Cross one of my boxes was missing; and as it contained nearly all my books I was in a great state of worry, as you may easily imagine. I wrote to the Superintendent, and this afternoon, to my great relief, the missing box came from the station! My precious volume of *Bentham*, among other treasures, was inside! I don't wonder a box got lost. The confusion at the different stations from the unusual amount of luggage which was forced to come by the underground line, was perfectly appalling!

I shall never forget our journey to London on Wednesday. On the Tuesday one train came in from London to St. Leonards, and when we left on Wednesday the Station Master told me it was quite uncertain whether we should get beyond Lewes! We were more than two hours late in London."

In the summer of 1881, Edward FitzGerald paid the Cowells a visit to their house in Cambridge. He had resisted for a long time, but at last made up his mind and enjoyed his visit greatly, if we may judge by the following letter, written, however, in a very shaky hand.

"Woodbridge: July 30/81. My dear Cowell: Along with this Letter I post you a very pretty little Elzevir Edition of Pliny's Letters: which I think you may like to put in your pocket when you go to the Lakes.

"I had meant to tell you how gratified I was with the great kindness and hospitality which both you and Elizabeth showed me at Cambridge. I liked being there very much; I always knew that I should do so: but I have forborne going there when Thompson has asked me in term time and therefore do not like going when he is away. My excuse must be that I took Cambridge on my route to Norfolk.

"I also felt somehow at home in Wright's Rooms: as I told him yesterday when he called to take his early dinner on his way to Beccles.

"I shall hear of you perhaps before you go to the Lakes: and perhaps also while you are there.

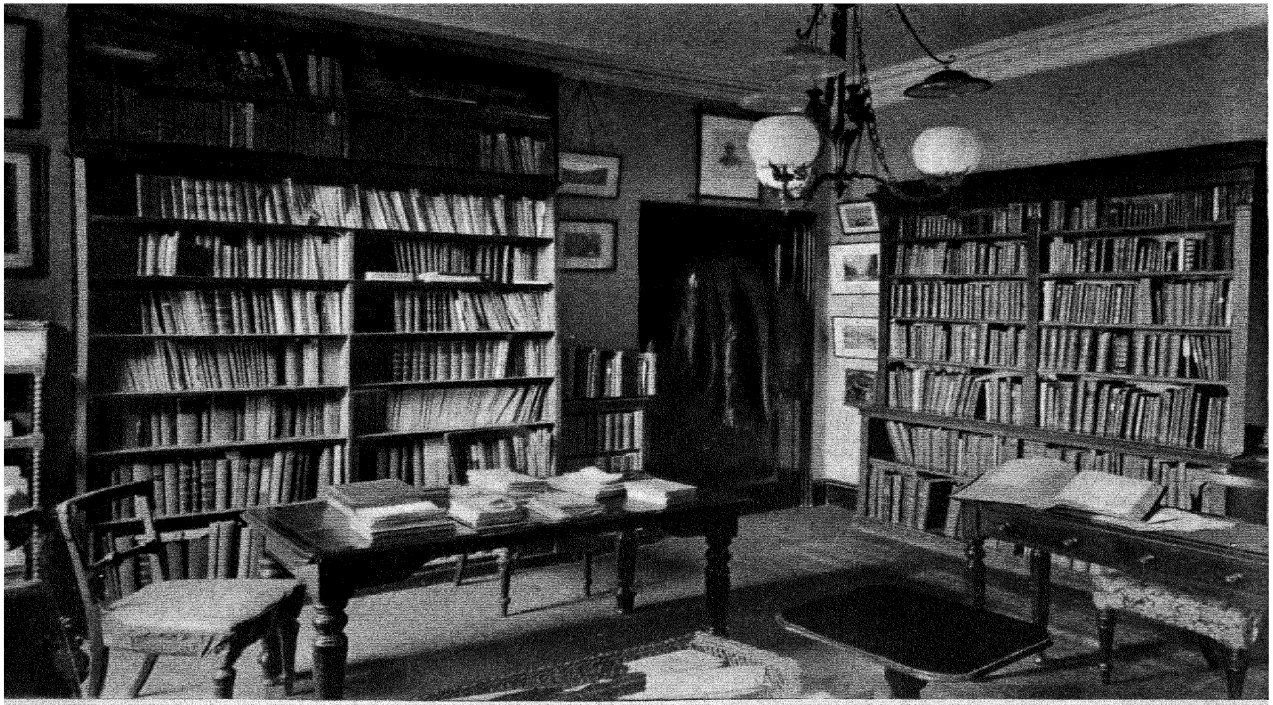
"Any how I am always your's and Elizabeth's

sincerely, "LITTLEGRANGE."

To MISS COWELL.

"2 Crescent Terrace, Whitby, Aug. 20. 1881. We are at length comfortably settled here in Whitby. We were kept for some days at York by the wet weather, but there we had the grand Minster to interest and occupy us. We went to York on Saturday the 20th and went to the lodgings we had found so comfortable before, near the Museum Gardens. We had a fairly fine Sunday and Monday. On Monday we went to Ripon and I greatly enjoyed a thorough study of it with my Murray in hand. Its West front which I send you a view of, is very fine—very simple—Early English. There is a wonderful Saxon crypt below the Cathedral called St. Wilfred's Needle. You descend into a series of narrow winding passages which lead to a little chapel or hermit's cell. It is believed to date from the 7th century.—We had hoped to have gone to Fountains Abbey the next day, but Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were pouring days, and I could only just go to the Minster and thoroughly explore it. This greatly interested me and I carefully went over every part more than once, guide-book in hand. The Norman crypt is very interesting with the piece of the old Saxon wall of the old church of the 7th century which has been lately laid bare behind the Norman wall of the crypt. I also saw some interesting old churches in the City—one with a very curious Saxon Porch.

"We came here yesterday, and Elizabeth with her usual skill has found some very nice lodgings on the Cliff overlooking the sea. The weather has been fine to-day and yesterday, though it rained in the night. There is a fine ruin here of the old Abbey founded by St. Hilda, which Scott mentions in *Marmion*. There



THE STUDY, SCROOPE TERRACE.

To face p. 272.

are several excursions to be made from here, I am told. Elizabeth and I came here with Mrs. Charlesworth for a day from Scarborough in 1855, I remember. I dare say Uncle J. will remember our visit to York in 1844, on our way home from Scotland. We spent a Sunday there. I well remember our walk on the City walls.—I daresay we shall find our way to Durham from Whitby."

TO THE SAME.

"2 Crescent Terrace, Whitby, Sept. 26. 1881. We are still here. We find that the seaside and the fine pure air of these grand cliffs are the best place for these ever recurring fits of dull wet weather which will continue to characterise this autumn. Today is a beautiful day with bright sunshine and a calm sea; but the last four days have been sadly wet and disappointing. The air of these high cliffs is perfection, and the cliff on the opposite side of the harbour with the fine ruins of the old Abbey is always a treat to the eye,—wherever you walk in the neighbourhood, you are sure to see the ruins dominating the landscape. The Abbey is Early English,—the east-end and the north transept remain fairly perfect. I am so interested in it because Caedmon, the first Anglo-Saxon poet was a monk here in the 7th or 8th century. He was quite illiterate and apparently a hopeless dunce as he never could be made to learn his breviary, and he used to retire to the cattle sheds and weep over his stupidity. One night he fell asleep and dreamed that an angel came to him and told him to sing of the Creation. He awoke in the morning and found that he had a new unknown power struggling in his heart. He told some of his verses to his fellow-monks, and they could not understand what was the matter with him; and they took him to the Abbot who recognised that they were real poems! I believe he never did learn to read Latin, but he made the first and best Anglo-Saxon Poetry; and Milton is said to have borrowed some of the ideas from his Poem on the Fall of Man. This is the genuine Whitby legend as told by Bede.

"I have found very few flowers. All the flowers seem destroyed by the long continued wet weather. I found on the Seaside a new kind of equisetum, but that is not remarkable in a picturesque point of view! Equisetums are certainly 'the common people of the fields,' if one may parody Wotton's line about the stars. Being thus driven from Botany, I have taken refuge in Geology and have been amusing myself with the fossils to be found in the cliffs here. I have found plenty of Ammonites and Belemnites, and I have read with great interest Dean Buckland's

Bridgewater Treatise which gives an account of many of these very fossils. A great many gigantic Saurians, as the Plesiosaurus and other primæval monster lizards, have been found near Whitby. Many of them are exhibited in the Museum here. There is a quaint old Curator here, whom I have made acquaintance with,—who somewhat reminds me of Mr. Read of Ipswich.

"I wrote a long letter the other day to Uncle at the Hill House. I heard yesterday from Edward FitzGerald,—he had just returned from a visit to his friend Mr. George Crabbe, the poet's grandson, who has a living in Norfolk. Edward FitzGerald had evidently greatly enjoyed his visit,—he had met Aldis Wright there and Charles Keene, the draughtsman of *Punch*, who was at the Ipswich Grammar School with Charles Henry and me.

"I see that the *Athenæum* advertises a new novel by Miss Jessie Fothergill, the Author of the *First Violin* which we read since we came here and liked very much. Her new book is called *Kith and Kin*, and they mention her as having already written *Probation* and *The Wellfields*, neither of which I have yet seen. I have been amusing myself lately in my spare time with reading books about Geology, so that I have been quite busy in a way!—Fossil Botany seems to be very interesting. They seem to trace a gradual series from age to age,—first ferns, and gigantic Lycopodiums and Equisetums, and Coniferæ, which in fact constitute our *Coal*; which seems to have arisen from huge swamps of tropical rank forest vegetation, in the huge deltas of Mississippi like rivers, which were gradually submerged under successive deposits of clay or sand from rivers, or chalk and lime from the sea with its shells. The Conifers (gymnosperms) last on when the gigantic ferns, &c., of the Coal period cease—and these lead on to the later Dicotyledons with seed vessels (angiosperms) which do not come till the Chalk period.

"I sent Maurice the other day a capital account from the *Daily News* of an ascent of Mount Etna. He gave me such an interesting account of his sight of Etna, when I saw him at your house, I thought it would interest him. Give my love to Uncle. He may congratulate himself that plesiosauri don't lay hold of fishers in our modern swamps! I look on their fossil remains with something of the old lady's feelings when she saw the creatures in the magnified drop of water, 'Pray sir, don't let them out.'"

To the same.

"Whitby, Oct. 5. 1881. You will be surprised to have another letter so soon from me, but I send you a small photograph of one

of the most beautiful of the Yorkshire Abbey ruins which we made an excursion to see yesterday. It is Rivaulx Abbey near Helmsley. It was a long excursion, as we had to start from Whitby by the 9¼ train and we did not get back till 8½ in the evening. The day was bright and fine till quite the evening, so that we had nothing to mar a delightful trip. The Abbey stands in a deep valley, in the midst of a sea of trees. I don't think I ever saw anything more beautiful than the first sight of the gray ruins, as we looked down on them through an opening in the trees, from the high ground above the valley. The nave is all gone,—only the choir, part of the central tower and the transept remain. The original Norman church was what now forms the transept;—when the larger church was built, they made the old choir and nave into the transept and consequently this Church does not properly stand E. and W. but almost N. and S. An interesting illustration of this is that the ground floor W. windows of the north transept have the old Norman round arches,—all the other windows in the Church have Early English pointed arches.—The W. side of the South Transept is gone. The photograph does not show the flying buttresses well. I always say that Nature's drawing knows nothing of perspective,—it is like *Chinese* drawing,—man and art give perspective, which is the soul of the drawing.

"In the ruins of the old Refectory, the lower windows are Norman and the upper tier lanceolate. I spent a long time in the ruins, hunting out every point of interest I could find. I dare say I missed some, for 'the eye sees what it brings with it to see,' still I found plenty to interest me; and Elizabeth and I went carefully over every part. We were reminded of the tour which Mrs. Byles of Leamington went with her daughter (Mrs. Coventry Patmore) while we were living at Oxford. They went to see every old Abbey in Yorkshire which is so especially the County for old ruins of every kind. Professor and Mrs. Babington have lately been to visit Rivaulx; and it was in fact an enthusiastic letter from the latter, written from Cambridge, which determined us to take the rather tiring excursion."

To the same.

"Cambridge, Dec. 25. 1881.—Elizabeth and I unite in wishing you a happy Christmas, and also we wish you all the blessings we can think of for the coming New Year. The actual day here has been anything but bright as it has been raining, but the light that surrounds Christmas is 'all from within' and so it does not depend so much upon the external weather. We are going to-

morrow to dine quietly with Prof. and Mrs. Babington, to meet Mr. Arden and his wife, a C.M.S. Missionary from Madras, who has come home on a two years' furlough, and is at present the teacher of Telugu and Tamil here.

"I have been deluged with an avalanche of proof sheets which have left me no time for writing letters! I quite hope to come to you about the 7th of the new month. . . . .

"I heard from Uncle J. He sent me a full account of his investigations with Mr. Candler,—he had evidently found out a great deal about him. I sent it to Mr. Aldis Wright, who was so anxious to find out who Bp. Thirlwall's juvenile correspondent could be. The Bp. was very precocious and wrote to him from his 11th to 15th year or so,—Mr. Candler seems to have been a somewhat elder friend,—I fancy something like Thomas Leach to me in my school days. Thirlwall writes as a man to a man,—discussing problems of politics and morals with all youth's inimitable certainty! Thirlwall in fact never was a boy,—and so he always continued the same calm judicial character, only of course his intellect grew in solid strength and knowledge of mankind, until with him too

'old experience did attain
To something of prophetic strain.'

"I dare say you have seen that I have been appointed the Cambridge Member of the Ipswich Schools Governing Body. I only consented under considerable pressure, as I rather shrink from the post and its duties. It will bring me more frequently to Ipswich during the next year, so I dare say I shall see more of you! This will be pleasant; but in itself I rather dislike the work."

To George Cowell.

"Southlawn, Ipswich, Jan. 11. 1882.—I am quite sorry and ashamed to have left your inquiry so long unanswered. The fact is that your letter came when I was exceedingly busy and I laid it aside to answer it and—forgot it!

Habes confitentem reum!

"The book you meant was no doubt Wagner's *Deutsche Flora*, 12s.—it gives full accounts of every flower found in Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland; and as the English or rather British flora is mainly Teutonic, the editor uses the *plates* of Bentham's *British Flora*;—only as our British Flora is only one-third of the Teutonic Flora, Wagner only gives one plate for say about three flowers, instead of a plate for every flower as in Bentham. Still every

Teutonic flower is *described*. The text is in easy German. But for your friends in Spain, I fear Wagner would have many imperfections, as Spain's flora must be much more southern, *i.e.* semi-tropical, than Germany's. It would more resemble that of France. I have at home a delightful little *French Flora*, published at Lucerne, 3s., which gave every flower in France with a concise but clear description. I don't remember the Author's name and the book is at Cambridge.

"About six weeks ago I received from Quaritch a Catalogue of Botanical books purchased from a deceased botanist's library,—I don't remember his name, but it struck me as such an admirable list of important works on *European* Botany, that I pasted it in my copy of Wagner. You should get a copy from Quaritch and send it to your friends. There is no doubt a good book on Spanish botany in the list."

FitzGerald, in an explanatory letter[1] addressed to H. Schütz Wilson to thank him for his thoughts about his (E. F. G.'s) translation of Salámán and Absal, shows his dependence upon Cowell in the choice of his subjects for translation :—

"Mar. 1, 82. . . . Why did I ever meddle with it? Why, it was the first Persian Poem I read with my friend Edward Cowell near on forty years ago: and I was so well pleased with it then (and now think it almost the best of the Persian Poems I have read or heard about), that I published my Version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker of the Strand. . . . But some six or seven years ago that Sheikh of mine, Edward Cowell, who liked the Version better than any one else, wished it to be reprinted. So I took it in hand, boiled it down to three-fourths of what it originally was, and (as you see) clapt it on the back of Omar, where I still believed it would hang somewhat of a dead weight."

The two following interesting letters were written to Prof. Max Müller, and show well the terms of affectionate friendship which existed between them. They both refer to some Lectures which Max Müller delivered, and which were subsequently printed and dedicated to Cowell.

[1] "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald." W. Aldis Wright. Vol. I.

"June 8, 1882. My dear Max Müller, I thank you heartily for your very kind letter, and I should have answered it ere this, but I have been overwhelmed with work lately. I have had some College work in addition to my usual Lectures, and my time has been more than filled up. I greatly enjoyed your Lectures and I feel sure they will do good in creating a new interest in the subject. You have helped to stir people up and set them thinking and inquiring. You and I have been friends far too long for any feelings of jealousy possibly to arise between us. Besides, I love Sanskrit too well not to welcome heartily any help in interesting people in it,—still more so when it comes from you. Your Lectures have been most successful. I have been busy all to-day at College meetings and Syndicates, so that I can only send you this hurried letter.

"I have received a very kind letter from Bunjio Nanjio with some most useful information about an Avadána that I asked him about. Believe me, your's affectionately, E. B. COWELL."

"Dec. 20, 1882. I thank you most warmly and heartily for your most kind thought. I shall value the dedication of your volume of Lectures *exceedingly*. I shall especially value it as a monument of our long friendship since the beginning of 1851, and it will also be associated with your coming to Cambridge and that very pleasant time when these Lectures were delivered.

"The only thing I want to have altered is to have one or two expressions altered which are too strong. Your kind feeling has led you to put them in, but they are too strong and I must really beg that they may be altered. Sober fact is better than even the exaggerations of friendship; and the honour of the dedication is amply sufficient in itself to show your opinion of my Sanskrit work as honest work.

"It will always be a great pleasure to me to think of these Lectures of your's as dedicated to me. I sometimes fear that our Civilians are selected at too early an age to have developed literary tastes; but your Lectures will rouse them if anything can, to take a real interest in ancient India. Perhaps some young Themistocles may be kept sleepless by hearing of their 'Miltiades' Jones or Colebrooke. My Wife sends her kindest remembrances to Mrs. Max Müller,—she is extremely delighted with the Preface."

To Miss Cowell.

"Cambridge, Dec. 23, 1882. . . . I send you one of the Almanacks which Mr. Lewis' friend, Mr. Asplen, prints so regularly. Some

of the proverbs are very dark and I can only explain them by a 'key' which Mr. A. has sent me. Mr. Lewis is far away by this time,—at Patmos or more probably Smyrna. He is to perform the marriage ceremony there for a daughter of one of his hosts; and he hopes to come home laden with coins, relics and antiques of all sorts and sizes. I hope Maurice enjoyed the *Phormio*. I am sure that my 'Ajax' was more elevating. It really threw light on the Greek tragedy itself to me. You remember Milton's lines in *Il Penseroso*:—

> 'Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine.'

"I read the Prologue of the *Phormio* as it was given in the *Times*. It was very amusing,—it especially joked at high æsthetic furniture and dress, but there were one or two allusions to Mr. Burt and the pretending to sculpture.

"We are very much interested in *The Freres* by Mrs. Alexander. It is quieter than her other books, but very good. The second volume is all given to a quiet episode of country life in a village in Saxony. I was also interested the other day in a paper by Dr. Taylor in *Science Gossip* to show that as certain plants whose habitat was properly near the Arctic regions, could make a home on high mountains in our more southern latitudes, six hundred feet of altitude being equivalent to one degree of higher latitude, so (Dr. T. thinks) the colder air of the earlier months of the spring may similarly compensate here for the want of a more arctic temperature. These flowers as Saxifrages, Stellarias, Potentillas, &c. are properly arctic flowers, but they blossom there in summer, —here they are satisfied with the cold of our early months and become our early flowers, greeting us as quasi-winter visitants. It struck me as a pretty idea, and one which might have some foundation in it. I delight to think that the year is turned. You remember Wordsworth's lines on the Longest day:—

> 'Summer ebbs,—each day which follows
> Is a reflex from on high,
> Tending towards the darksome hollows
> Where the snows of winter lie.'

I have made a more cheerful parody to suit the Shortest day:—

> Winter ebbs,—each day suceeeding
> Is an ascent from below,
> To the sunny summits leading,
> Where the rays of summer glow.

"I am very busy with some long prize essays which must be done in the Vacation."

TO THE SAME.

"15 Royal Crescent, Weymouth, April 7, 1883. Here we are, very comfortably established, with a front sitting-room facing the bay—a broad expanse of sea in front lit up by several sails shining in the afternoon sun, and a fine wavy line of cliffs along the eastern shore of the bay, and a capital pier projecting into the sea on the other side. We have been sitting at the end of the pier enjoying the sun.

"We stayed at the George Hotel, Winchester, from Tuesday evening till this morning and thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a very nice old fashioned Inn. We found Winchester full of interest,—I greatly enjoyed the Cathedral and went over every part of it,—I even went up to the roof to examine the remains of the old Norman work which are found behind the modern Perpendicular work of the 14th Century. Winchester is a most interesting Cathedral and is only the more interesting the more thoroughly it is studied.—It is one of the longest Cathedrals in the *world*,—probably the longest except St. Peter's at Rome. Its nave was originally Norman, with all the well known characteristics of Norman naves, except that the pillars though massive were not round masses like those in Ely, but disguised by clustered pillars. This was altered by William of Wykeham (who founded New College at Oxford) and turned into Perpendicular, but leaving the old Norman central mass and core untouched. The Norman outside was cut away and a new Perpendicular facing was put on the central mass and so it was metamorphosed from without without changing the central substance. Hence the pillars really have the true Norman solidity, like Ely: but the genius of the architect is shown in his so disguising it by various expedients to give the idea of lightness, that the eye as it runs down the immense length of the nave, is pre-eminently struck by the idea of lightness, not of solidity,—although you can hardly help noticing the huge pillars as they stand out in their disguised vastness. The old Norman work remains unaltered or nearly so in the two Transepts and the square low Tower. The Choir and the Presbytery are Early English, and so is much of the extreme Eastern end, but there is a great deal of extremely rich Perpendicular in several parts. I never saw a Cathedral which presented more material for study and examination. I went over it several times with my Murray in my hand and I was fortunate enough to find some photographs of some very interesting parts which were not illustrated in

Murray's engravings. One in particular delighted me. The outside of the nave pillars is, as I said, entirely changed,—but at the eastern end of the nave there stood a very large screen which was replaced by a very light one a few years ago. When they removed the old screen, they found the old Norman pier shafts and capitals of that last pillar on each side, which has been covered up by the screen work and so preserved intact, though of course the upper part of these columns had been swept away like the rest. I have a beautiful photograph of the modern screen, giving these revealed Norman relics, which is really quite a treasure for my Murray. I did not care much for the modern screen, though of course it is beautiful of its kind,—but the sight of the old Norman pillar and the cut-away capital caught my eye directly and I cried out to the photograph seller, 'this is indeed a treasure!'—

"We were also greatly pleased with a visit to St. Cross, a mile from Winchester, and Rumsey Abbey, about ten miles off.

"Did you see that the dynamite was found in the next house to No. 16, in Nelson Square, where Edward Charlesworth lodges. It seems indeed to bring the danger home to one."

CHAPTER VII

CAMBRIDGE (2)

1883—1892

COWELL'S great friend, Edward FitzGerald, died suddenly on June 14, 1883, whilst paying his annual visit to the Rev. George Crabbe, the grandson of the poet, at Merton Rectory, Norfolk. He was 74, Cowell being at that time only 57, so that there was a difference of 17 years in their ages. FitzGerald had been in failing health for some time but his death came somewhat unexpectedly, and this sudden termination of their long and deep friendship was of course a great grief to Cowell. Mr. W. Aldis Wright, also a great friend of FitzGerald's, became his literary representative and speedily published an interesting sketch of him in the *Athenæum*. Some time afterwards Cowell wrote an article on FitzGerald for *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, in which he gave some account of their work together and said of him—steadfast in friendship, slow to form intimacies, but once riveted, the link lasted till death.

To W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

"1, Royal Crescent, Whitby, July 9th, 1883.—I am sorry that I forgot to thank you for the copy you sent me of your sketch of FitzGerald for the *Athenæum*. I went off directly after I got it to York and thence here; but before I started I put it into my copy

of Omar Khayyám that it might be permanently linked with one of my strongest associations with him.

"I have brought with me here a volume of the *Shárnámah*. When I read it, it often reminds me of old talks with him, as he always felt a keen interest in Firdausi's sympathy with the pre-Mohammadon history and religion, although he never cared much for the *Shárnámah* itself as poetry. He never cared for that kind of ballad epic. I could never get him to read the poem of the Cid in Spanish. FitzGerald sympathised with Firdausi's interest in the old fire worship, the Magian fire-temple and the forgotten Zend-Avesta, but he soon tired of the long episodes and endless wars in the old poem itself. He often said he never cared much about the *Iliad* or its heroes.

"I often think that a young scholar could not well find a more absorbing subject to study than the *Shárnámah, its history, ideas and language*,—especially in its relation to the old world of the Avesta."

To the same.

"Whitby, July 19. 1883.—Your plan of a Memorial volume seems to me a capital idea. I am sure I have many of E.F.G.'s old letters, in old drawers and boxes,—I found a long one the other day, one of the first about Omar Khayyám, written to me in Calcutta about a MS. I had had copied out for him,—probably the one which you brought to Scroop Terrace. I pasted it in my *Omar Khayyám*, where I also pasted your Memoir, and the Archdeacon's Lines. Some of his letters were most remarkable for their occasional fragments of fine criticism,—little bits of the purest gold. The *Bird-Parliament* well deserves to be published. Some parts of it are really magnificent. He originally sent it to me in India, to be printed in our Bengal Asiatic Society Journal (I was the Oriental Secretary then); but I felt that it was too free and unscientific to be printed in such a Journal. Still it well deserves to remain with the Omar Kh. and the Jámi, and the Greek tragedies. They are all alike in being too free to be called translations, yet what closer translations could ever give such a vivid idea of the original?—I should like exceedingly to read the two Œdipuses. It is curious that in old days he often told Tennyson that he (Tennyson) should leave at least one of Sophocles' plays translated. Every great poet, he used to say, owes this as a duty to his predecessors.

"Do you know when his pictures are to be sold? I should much like to secure one or two as memorials of him."

To the same.

"Cambridge, Sept. 3, 1883.—I enclose a translation of the little mystical story from Farîd ud dîn' Attâr which supplied two lines for one of Omar's quatrains in FitzGerald's translation. I well remember showing it to FitzGerald and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1855. I laughed at its quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and, like Virgil with Ennius' rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had seen only tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it."

A seeing man went down to the sea;
He said 'O sea, why wearest thou a blue dress?
Why hast thou put on a dress of mourning?
There is no fire,—why art thou boiling?'
The sea made answer to that pure-hearted one,
'I am distressed for the absence of my beloved.
Since from my want of worth I am not worthy to be His friend,
I have put on blue garments in my sorrow for Him.
I have seated myself dry-lipped and confounded,
My waters are boiling from the fire of love.
If I find one drop of water from His jewel (*i.e.* disposition)
I shall live for ever on His bosom.[1]
But if not, a hundred thousand dry-lipped ones like me
Will day and night die in his path.'

Printed by Prof. Falconer in the old London *Asiatic Journal*, about 1843 or 4.

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Eastbourne, Oct. 11. 83. I thought you might like to have a letter from Eastbourne, as it is to us a new place, and so it has some new points of interest. It has done your Aunt great good, and she has quite regained her walking powers, and greatly enjoys rambling on the Downs to Beachy Head. I have been a good deal interested in tracing on the landscape by the Railway and on the map, the two lines of chalk hills, called respectively the North and South Downs. They seem to start from the same point in the west in Hampshire and then they diverge, the North ends in Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover and the South in Beachy Head. They are some 30 or 40 miles apart generally, and the south slope of the Northern and the north slope of the Southern are steep, while the

[1] I find Garcin de Tassy in his edition has a much better reading of this couplet;

'If I find one drop of water from his Kanthar (*i.e.* heavenly fountain)
I shall live for ever at his gate.'

descent of the other side of each is generally gradual. Of course the chalk is easily recognisable in the landscape by its rounded wave-like curves. The Downs are full of old mounds or barrows —I suppose old British burial places which no doubt, if we could penetrate their unknown secrets, could tell us of some

'old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago;'

but the few which have been opened and examined have not revealed much besides a few broken bits of pottery and a few bones. We found a quantity of tiny Gentians on one mound,—and curiously enough there was not one to be seen anywhere near except on the mound itself. The little dark purple flowers ran down the slope to the level ground, and then abruptly stopped; they seemed to be bound to the barrow by some spell! . . . .

"I am always interested in the chalk, because I like to think of its being slowly deposited at the bottom of the great cretaceous ocean which rolled, ages ago, with its waves and sunsets unseen by man.

'There rolls the deep where grew the tree,—
Oh earth! what changes thou hast seen!
Where now the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.'

The chalk has marine shells, but the wealden which seems contemporary with the lower Greensand has freshwater shells, and therefore must represent the estuary of some great river which flowed into the ancient sea. We shall be really sorry to leave Eastbourne."

To Miss Cowell.

"Queensborough, Eastbourne, March 28, 1884. We arrived here last evening, and at Victoria Station saw the wreck caused there by the dynamite explosion. I have tried in vain to get *Mr. Nobody*. I tried instead one of Mrs. Spender's novels, *Both in the Wrong*, but it is much too melancholy. . . . I took a walk with Professor Skeat on Wednesday, and he gave me an interesting account of the first translation of the Psalms into English,—some 50 or 60 years before Wickliffe translated the whole Bible into English (about 1370). The Bible had been several times translated into Anglo-Saxon in the old Anglo-Saxon days by King Alfred and others; but after the Conquest Anglo-Saxon gradually ceased to be understood by the people and a new dialect, compounded of the Norman, French and the old Anglo-Saxon, had gradually risen up and slowly grown from a patois into a language.

At last about 1320 a hermit in Yorkshire (I can't remember his name —it was something like John of Campole) determined to translate the Psalms from the Latin Vulgate into the language 'understanded by the people'; and for some time his version was very much liked and used, till Wickliffe superseded it. It has never been printed. An Oxford man is now collating all the extant MSS. (he has found 13) and hopes to print it. He says Wickliffe has often taken phrases from his predecessor and as much of Wickliffe still lingers even in our authorised Version, it will be interesting to trace in our Prayer Book Version or authorised Version lingering echoes of the work of the old Yorkshire hermit. Of course Wickliffe and he lived more than a hundred years before the invention of printing (about 1470). This Oxford Editor had consulted Prof. Skeat about some difficult points in comparing the MSS. where they differ from each other; and Prof. Skeat in hunting up some traces of MSS. suddenly discovered that there was still another (a 14th century) MS. in the MS. collection at Corpus. The Oxford man did not know of its existence. He had found one of his MSS. mentioned accidentally in an old antiquarian writer of King James the First's time, who added in his brief account of it, 'I knew what the book was, for I had seen a similar MS. in C.C.C.C.' He did not know the meaning of these four C's (Corpus Christi College, Cambridge) and had naturally concluded that it referred to some now lost MS., but Prof. Skeat knew well what the hieroglyphics stand for. Of course the Corpus in *Oxford* has not the same lucky repetition,—they can only go to C.C.C.O., and the final O. spoils it by a regular diminuendo! I shall be looking forward to hearing what kind of a MS. our Corpus one turns out. As the translation has never been printed, it will interest students in Early English, as well as students of our early versions. The old Hermit's name will suddenly rise into notice and break out like a star from behind a thick cloud."

To the same.

"Ilkley, July 22. 1884. . . . I hope you had the photograph of Adel Church which gave a good idea of the Norman porch and the quaint corbels from the roof. We went yesterday an excursion by train to Menston and saw the old Manor House of the Fairfax family where Cromwell spent the day before the battle of Marston Moor. It was a beautiful afternoon and the lights and shadows on the distant fields, woods and moors were really quite remarkable. In a lane which we passed through I came

upon quantities of the long-looked for *holcus mollis* with the decided awns projecting from the end of the little flowers. The difference between it and the more common *holcus canatus* was at once recognised. Besides the awns the *mollis* has also the joints of the stalk covered thick with white downy hair. I was extremely interested in thus at last identifying it. Mr. Hainsworth has been giving me an interesting account of the Millstone grit (which is the stone found hereabouts) and the fossil trees found in it. I hope to bring home one or two good specimens of the latter. He tells me that the quarrymen call them 'old swords';—they hate them because the sandstone grit usually cuts cleanly like cheese with their successive wedges which split the stone along a line cut along the top surface,—but the stone flies off in unaccountable directions as soon as the wedge reaches one of these trees or branches embedded in the solid mass. We are going to drive this afternoon to Beansley Beacon.

"We finish *Shirley* to-night. Like most novels its great fault is not being in two instead of three volumes. There is a volume of interpolated nonsense in the book which dilutes and spoils the real first-rate substance of which so much of it is made up."

To Professor Charles R. Lanman.[1]

"Cambridge, Aug. 15. 1884. My dear Professor, I have been away or I should have replied sooner to your kind letter. I thank you very heartily for the letter itself and also for the copy of your Sanskrit Reader which accompanied it. It seems to me an admirable book and I shall certainly hope to use it for my pupils. I always use Prof. Whitney's Grammar in all my classes (except the very beginners),—and always tell them that it is the only grammar which gives the actual facts of the language as found in the literature. The Vocabulary in your Reader is the very thing for students here. I hope it may be of the greatest use in aiding our philological students to connect their Sanskrit with their Greek and Latin, their 'new' learning with their 'old' . . . ."

To Miss Cowell.

"Royal Fountain Hotel, Canterbury, Sept. 6. 1884. You will be surprised to see the address of this letter, but we have often planned spending a few days here and have been continually dis-

[1] Of Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. A., a Professor of Harvard College, a former pupil of Prof. Whitney's.

appointed by weather or something else. We have in vain planned coming from Dover, Hastings and Eastbourne, and so at last we determined to come from Cambridge and have succeeded. The Cathedral and the town are full of interesting architectural and historical monuments. There are few things more thrilling than the tomb of Edward the Black Prince with the very dress and armour he wore at Crecy hanging over his effigy. In fact the Cathedral teems with memories of every period of English history like Westminster Abbey. I have Stanley's book here as well as my volume of Murray. So I find plenty to read and study before I ramble in the Cathedral. I astonish the Verger by my repeated visits and continual questions as to localities. I have thoroughly got up the scene of Becket's murder. Nothing or next to nothing remains of the actual walls as they looked down on the scene, but the spot can be exactly identified, 'another and the same.' We have also been to St. Martin's the old church outside where King Ethelbert was baptised by Augustine. There again little remains of the actual stone, but the site is that of Queen Bertha's Church and has always had a church on it continuously from then till now."

TO THE SAME.

"Canterbury, Sept. 10. 1884. We have just returned from a delightful trip to that parallel to my favourite 'dead cities in the Zuyder Zee' in the English dead city the old quondam Cinque Port Winchelsea. It certainly is a very interesting place. It stands perched on a high island which rises out of a fan-like plain intersected with watercourses and full of sheep and oxen grazing. The steep sides are covered with wood, and one sees through the trees the old buildings and houses peeping out. There is a steep road up the cliff into the town, and then you enter under a fine old gate with two flanking round towers and a square chamber now in ruins over the central arch. The outside wall is covered over with ivy. When you pass this gate you enter the dead city. The roads are wide and straight and quite in mathematical regularity—the houses which remain are nearly all good old houses, and you continually come upon picturesque bits of building and old corners. The streets lead to a large central square—a huge wide space with an immense church-yard inside and an immense Church. The nave and transept are entirely gone, except some ivy-covered arches of the East side of the West Transept; but the huge choir and E. Transept remain and form a very large Church for all the present needs of the town. The Church is late Early English, I think, and Decorated; and there are some interesting monuments of old

families. There is one of a crusader, which is supposed to have been originally placed in the Old Town and to have been removed into the New Church in the New Town about 1280, when the sea encroached and covered it. The present city has been deserted by the fickle element and is left stranded like a gallant ship, deserted and left high and dry by the retreating tide. There is now no commerce,—the sea has left it,—there is now only a tiny rivulet for the river which once carried the goods and wines of France to the port. The so-called 'Strand Gate,' a grand old gate flanked by two towers and covered with a mass of ivy,—looks over the road which winds up the steep side toward the sea; but the sea is more than a mile off and the ships have fled like the blackbirds 'to another retreat' in Cowper's poem. The whole place looked like a city under a spell,—time seemed to have stood still there, while all the world round had gone on moving.

"We found a large-sized Inn and went in for some lunch,—they told us they had nothing for us. But we laughed and proposed some boiled eggs and bread and butter, and the good humoured girl said they could manage that! Opposite the Church door at the end of the Churchyard stood a large tree, I think an elm, under which Wesley preached his last sermon in 1790, October. There are some fine ruins of an old Grey Friars Monastery in a gentleman's grounds, but these are only shown to visitors on Mondays, so we could not see them. But we saw plenty to interest us as it was. The afternoon was a particularly fine one and the sunshine threw a glamour light over the fine stretch of wide lowland, with the wooded island rising out of it,—I hardly ever saw a more perfect autumn scene. It strongly reminded me of a very similar walk we had some nine years ago over the lowlands lying round Towyn below Barmouth. Elizabeth and I had a delightful ramble there amid fenlands intersected with trenches; and I recollect Elizabeth had some alarms from cattle there and she was not wholly unperturbed to-day! One animal had some brass rings round its horns, but it seemed perfectly quiet as we passed,—it had evidently become tamed by its residence in the close proximity of a 'dead city.'—It was quite a scene recalling Tennyson's line,

'A land which seemed always afternoon';

the sunshine slumbered in a quiet golden haze which brought every point of the landscape out in strong relief; and the quiet cattle as they roamed in their tranquil ways seemed exactly in harmony with the sleepy landscape and the sleepy old town.

We hope to go to our new lodgings at Broadstairs to-morrow. I trust we shall find them as pleasant as we hope. The country

round certainly looks very promising and the coast seems full of interest. The cliffs rise high above the sea,—the grand old chalk cliffs which Julius Cæsar and Augustine saw in their widely different invasions. You will see that I write to you in the freshness of the impressions; so you get a letter written under the first glow!"

TO THE SAME.

"10. Chandos Place, Broadstairs, Sept. 23. 1884. We have had a series of fine days for our rambles and excursions here, as Keats describes his Autumn, going on with its warm days for the bees as they keep gathering honey

> 'Until they think warm days will never cease
> For summer has o'er brimmed their clammy cells.'

We enjoy so much the various rambles and excursions in the neighbourhood here. Dumpton is a most picturesque little village embosomed in trees,—its houses quite hid in a green covering. The North Foreland with its lighthouse makes a nice walk and the air is really very pure and bracing with its combination of chalk and sea. We often walk by the sands, when the tide is retreating, to Ramsgate and greatly enjoy it; but, like Whitby in its southern coast, it requires one to watch the state of the tide as the water washes up to the precipitous cliffs as in Scott's Antiquary. Your warning was well timed.

We went one day to Pegwell Bay. We had been reading Dean Stanley's capital lecture on Augustine's landing; and he had described how the North line of high chalk cliffs suddenly sank down in Pegwell Bay and did not rise again until somewhere between Deal and Walmer; and consequently this opening in Albion's 'mail-armour' had always tempted foreign invaders, whether it was Julius Cæsar or Saxon Hengist and Horsa, bringing war and war's stern lessons, or Augustine with his monks and Latin Christianity. I thought when I heard the Te Deum and the Athanasian Creed at Church last Sunday—*there* are two distinct traces of Augustine's landing among the Pagan Saxons. The Christianity which had prevailed in England previously in Roman times and which the Pagan Saxons had extirpated or driven into the mountain fastnesses of Wales was connected with the Greek Church, hence Augustine's want of sympathy with and arrogance towards the Old British Church represented by the Welsh ecclesiastics. The Te Deum and the Athanasian Creed are essentially Latin and western,—the one being ascribed to

Ambrose and the other to Hilary;—and each is unknown to the Greek Church.

"We drove to Pegwell Bay and were much interested in tracing the Cliffs. We hope one afternoon to make an excursion to Ebbsfleet and see the meadow still pointed out as the scene of the conference between Augustine and the Saxon King Ethelbert."

To C. W. Moule.

"Broadstairs, Sept. 23. 1884. I dare say you will have sometimes wondered where I have been wandering lately ('wanderings wonderings' à la *παθήματα μαθήματα*). I have for several days past been thinking of writing you a letter, and this morning I sit down to get it really written. We went to Canterbury and spent a very pleasant week in investigating the Cathedral, the Crypt and the scene of Becket's death. (*Here followed descriptions of Canterbury and Winchelsea.*)

"We spent an interesting day at Rochester and its Cathedral. I thought of Atterbury as I roamed about the Choir. . . .

"We have found Broadstairs a very pleasant place to come to. It stands in a pleasantly wooded country and the chalk soil has some interesting plants to add interest to our walks. I have found no rare plants but a good many not very common favourites, as the marine Spargularia with its pretty pink blossom and the Dog's Mercury (not the common Perennial one which grows frequently enough at Cambridge, i.e. in Scroope Terrace to my wife's perennial distress), the Poterium Sanguisata which you and I found at Fulbourn, and some others of a similar kind. The coast is very interesting with its line of chalk cliffs and fine stretch of sand when the tide runs out. . . .

"I have brought my favourite Persian Khákani (not Candí) and have done some every day to add a zest to the rambles and idleness afterwards!—I had some good lines this morning where he represents the Prophet Khiza as appearing to him and inspiring him with certain ennobling thoughts.

> 'These houri-like beauties of the *pur-dah* of thought
> Are at once old and young, matrons and virgins;
> Secure them one by one in the closet of thine ear,
> Set them one by one in the bridal chamber of thine heart.'"

To Miss Cowell.

"Broadstairs, Oct. 2. 1884. I wrote to Uncle J. yesterday a little account of Richborough Castle. We have just come home from a delightful excursion to Pegwell bay and Ebbsfleet. The

road took us to the very part of Pegwell bay which we wanted to explore. We struck the coast exactly where the level shore begins. To our left rose abruptly the end of the long line of steep chalk cliffs which go round Ramsgate, Broadstairs past the North Foreland and Margate; we got out of the carriage and walked down to the water's edge and stood on a sandy and shelly beach, with the waves rippling at our feet. Far to the right in the distant horn of the bay we could dimly trace the cliffs beginning again, rising I fancy, beyond Walmer and Deal and becoming high at St. Margaret at Cliffe and the South Foreland and so on towards Dover.

"Not far from where we were, stood the old farm house called Ebbsfleet, with a long line of trees,—on a distinct elevation from out of the surrounding level low marsh land called Minster Marsh—the church tower of the old town of Minster, rising over the mass of trees in the distance. Ebbsfleet stands exactly as Stanley describes it 'Ebbsfleet is still the name of a farm house on a strip of high ground rising out of Minster marsh, which can be distinguished at a distance by its line of trees. The tradition that some 'landing' took place there, is still preserved at the farm, and the field of clover which rises immediately on its N. side is shown as the spot.' We noticed the field and detected the road rising and descending near the farm. Then we traced the river Stour with its extraordinary windings through the low land. Our road ran between two windings in a S form,—on our right the stream flowed from Sandwich towards the sea; although it did not reach its destination without one or two more zigzags. Richborough Castle rose splendidly about a mile or so off,—on its high hill with its ivy covered ruins with the river between it and Ebbsfleet,—the castle on the mainland, and the village in the Isle of Thanet, which was then separated by the broad estuary of the mouth of the Stour, like the Orwell. The Stour now is just like the Gipping so that Sandwich is no longer a port and Thanet no longer an island except in name. Stanley mentions a tract or marsh near Ebbsfleet called Boarded Groin, where some people thought Augustine landed; but as he says, it was certainly sea then, when the estuary covered the lower lands everywhere. I asked our driver where it was; but he had never heard of the place. He afterwards asked a boy at the country inn where we had lunch, —and the boy knew all about it. It turned out to be a low stretch of shore land very near where we first walked down to the shore of Pegwell Bay. Ebbsfleet had the clear advantage of being distinctly a rising ground—beside the tradition of the spot being in its favour. Of course it is very important to remember that the mouth of the Stour being a broad arm of the

sea then, much of the low lands must have been covered by the water, and only the higher lands stood out, just like Ely and the other islands in the Cambridgeshire fens in Norman days. I send you this account while it is still vivid in my memory."

To C. W. Moule.

"Broadstairs, Oct. 6. 1884. What will you say to a second letter from me, and you have never answered my first? However I will be generous, and as I feel sure you will be interested in some of my accounts, I send this second 'arrow' in the direction of my lost first one. [After speaking of his great interest in Canterbury and the Isle of Thanet.] You would have been particularly interested (if you do not already know the place) in the old Roman ruins (Rutupia castra) at *Rich*borough *Castle*. We spent a day there. We went by train to Sandwich and then drove to Richboro'. It stands on a little island-like hill which reminded us of Winchelsea, rising, as that did, over the low marsh land round it. In itself it was more like Burgh Castle,—as it consists of a large open enclosure surrounded by ruined walls on three sides, the fourth side being sufficiently defended by the steep cliff which overlooks what was then the broad estuary of the Stour, separating the Island of Thanet from the mainland, but which is now only a pretty river, winding through a part of the wide Minster marsh. In the centre of the enclosure of Richboro' Castle—now a stubble field lately reaped, —there is a curious grass cross, lying on what is evidently a masonry substructure which prevents it from being ploughed up when the rest of the space is ploughed. Camden says it was still called St. Augustine's Cross in Queen Elizabeth's time. Under this cross is a curious square subterranean passage of some 550 feet in length,—perfectly dark. I went through it lighted by a candle, —the passage was some five feet high and three feet wide. No one seems to know its exact object. Could it be a place of pilgrimage? —Ethelbert is said to have had his first conference with Augustine under the wall of this castle,—under the cliff of the fourth side. The whole walk seemed vividly associated with past history. It reminded me of what Silius Italicus says of Hannibal to the man who attempted to assassinate him when *alone*,—

'si admoveris ora,
Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos Thrasymenaque busta
Et stare ingentem Pauli miraberis umbram.'

One seemed to walk amidst the 'umbras' of old times wherever one turned."

To Miss Cowell.

"Dec. 12. 84. We have just had a spirited discussion at Corpus about a stone with a Greek inscription lately found at Brough in Northumberland, which has been acquired by the Cambridge Archæological Museum. Curiously enough I found this morning a long letter printed by Mr. Ridgeway of Caius who has deciphered the inscription. The interest is in its being the Inscription of a Roman soldier, who must have been a Greek by nation, and who lost a favourite servant-lad by death, and put up this Greek inscription to his memory. The letters seem very blurred and difficult to read, but that of course makes it only the more interesting to the members of the Antiquarian Society. It was first thought to be in old Norse in Runic letters (which are a corrupted Greek), then Mr. Ridgeway rushed down to Northumberland to see it for himself. He deciphered it as Greek, and transcribed and translated it. He read some Sanskrit with me last June and gave me a copy which I mislaid and accidentally found this morning. Some two months ago Mr. Browne of St. Catherine's visited Brough. He saw the stone and heard from the Vicar that he had been offered £30 for it by an Oxford man, and that he thought of taking it as the Parish sadly wanted money for the Church restoration fund. Mr. Browne being a very prompt energetic man, offered his cheque for £35 there and then, to secure it for Cambridge. It was accepted and some weeks since the stone arrived triumphantly and has been deposited in the Museum. In the *Athenæum* for Nov. 29, Mr. Ferguson writes a threatening letter—a blast of a war-trumpet like

'a voice of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne
Which to King Charles did come.'

He maintains that being Parish property only the Parish could alienate the stone. I am amused to see how the threat of legal proceedings causes a buzz of expectant warfare to rise in the serene shades of Academic calm."

This letter shows well the lively interest the writer took in anything that touched literature, or language, or antiquities, or humanity generally. With reference to the inscription, Professor Ridgeway writes quoting from Stephen's *Northern Mythology* :—

"The historical bearings of the inscription are of great interest. The names mentioned in it are Keltic, and yet the corrupt Greek

in which it is written must have been a spoken dialect. This is shown by the phonetic spelling, bad grammar, new grammatical forms, and above all the Kelto-Latin embodied in it; while it is obvious that a mortuary inscription of this sort was intended to be read and understood. Here therefore we have Kelts occupying what had once been a Roman military station and speaking a corrupt Greek, and this probably at the close of the fifth century, at all events subsequent to the departure of the Romans from Britain, but before the Anglian Conquest of Westmoreland or the Christianisation of the district."

To Philip H. Cowell.

"Cambridge, Mar. 24, 1885. We were very much interested to hear that you are going to be confirmed at Eton. We heard it through your Aunt Margaret who wrote to my wife. We shall think very much of you next Saturday. It is a very important time in one's life,—the taking upon one's self the vows originally taken for one, and so being definitely enlisted in one's own name. The occasion may well inspire us with

'Grave thoughts, high thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.'

We wish we could come and see you confirmed; but my hands are too full of work to leave Cambridge just now, and my wife is afraid of the cold. I dare say you remember Uhland's poem of the passenger at the ferry,

'Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

We shall be present in spirit and heart.

"My wife and I enclose you a present, which I hope you will spend in getting something that you especially wish for. If we had known of anything which you really wished for, we would have sent *that;* but we did not wish to send you something which might be what you did not care for. With our warmest wishes."

To C. W. Moule.

"White Lion, Bath, May 15. 85. I have intended to write to you several days, but my letter has remained untransmuted from thought into deed,—it has still remained one of the 'unheard melodies' which we know on high authority are the best! How-

ever I hope to-day to send you an 'inferior' one. You will have to parody the line and say

'That strain I *hear* is of a *lower* mood!'

"We have greatly enjoyed our stay at Bath, and it has certainly done Elizabeth as much good as I hoped it would. She will come back decidedly better and stronger. The weather has been cold with keen North winds; but we have had some lovely sunshine many days, and the views from Beachen Cliff and the other surrounding hills have been exceedingly beautiful. The walks round Bath have delighted us. I have gone over all the haunts mentioned in Jane Austen's novels, especially my favourite *Persuasion*. I walked with Anne Elliot up Union Street and turned with her into the quiet side street which leads into the Lansdown Road past Belmont up to Camden Place. I could not help thinking as I went how literally genius gives

'to airy nothings
a local habitation and a name.'

I looked at Camden Place and caught myself wondering which was the actual house!

"We spent two days at Wells and had a thorough treat in examining the Cathedral carefully, Murray in hand. The Lady Chapel seems to me an unrivalled gem. In fact I was delighted with nearly every part of it. I was particularly interested in tracing out the Norman survivals, which linger in the Nave and North Porch, and so qualify the prevalent Early English character of the whole. I was fortunate enough to find some photographs of parts omitted in Murray's illustrations, so I have pasted them, *more meo*, in my copy, as supplementary engravings;—one especially of the Nave looking Westward to supplement the engraved view of the Nave Eastward, and another of the Choir with the pillars of the Lady Chapel seen in the distance intermingled within the line of the Choir piers, looking like the stems of a forest in the coloured light of the stained windows. We also saw the old Episcopal Dining Hall, &c.

"While we were at Wells we went over to Glastonbury and were indeed delighted with the Abbey. I had no idea the ruins were so stately. But I was surprised beyond measure to learn that they were comparatively perfect little more than 100 years ago. It was not the violence of reformation times or Civil war which destroyed them; but the dull ignorant stupidity of the Sir Robert Walpole days of the 18th century. I thought of

'duller than the weed
That rots itself asleep on Lethe's bank'—

as I looked at the havoc which had been made. The Abbey was a common quarry for the building materials of the neighbourhood.

"Elizabeth was particularly interested also in seeing Glastonbury Tor. It had been an old landmark for the limit of her climbing up a hill near Taunton,—in the vale. She always climbed up, till she saw, on the horizon,

> 'Down in the green slopes of the West
> Old Glastonbury's towered crest.'

We had not time to climb up to the top,—our time was filled up with the Abbey. We saw the great *apple* orchards in full blossom round the Abbey—and one quite understood the meaning of the old Celtic name '*Avalon*.'

"You will be interested to hear that I have gone on with Michael Agnolo's[1] sonnets. I have done some five or six, among them the hard 13th which yielded at last to my unremitting siege. I have a more obdurate one now in the 18th which at present shows no signs of admitting me within its gates. I hope to enclose the vanquished 13th and one the 20th in which he returns to his old vein of subtil imagery. In the sonnets which I have been lately translating, there was far too much of the more commonplace Provençal element, and too little of Michael Agnolo's peculiar combination of rugged strength and elaborate subtilty of thought."

SONNET 13.

"While I would draw the soul which sees by th' eyes
Near to that beauty loved since first I gazed,
Her image grows within me, but amazed
My soul in self distrust despairing lies.
Love whets his powers and his best science plies
That I may yet live on, though stunned and dazed,
And to that former sphere again be raised
Where he sways all and lends all power to rise.

Too well I feel my wreck and know my fate,—
Love fain would shield, but he himself doth slay,—
And all the more the more I mercy crave.
Between two deaths my heart is in a strait,—
From th' one I fly the other will not stay,
So th' hour destroys which I had hoped would save."

NOTE.—He flies from the death which comes from loving; and wishes in vain to die really (*that* death will not let itself be caught); love comes to revive him and this very succour is really his destruction.

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[1] Cowell latterly preferred to give Michael Angelo his Italian name.

SONNET 20.

"That thy rare beauty's wealth the world may see
Joined with a heart more gracious and less hard,
Nature, I well believe, must jealous guard
Each grace that slowly fades and wanes from thee;
That so thy face, stored up in heaven, may be
Remade with its old calm divine regard,
But dowered by love wi' a heart not self-debarr'd
From tender graciousness and sympathy.

And she will gather up my wasted sighs
And all my scattered tears in one combine,
To dower some lover who will love less cross'd;
His suit perhaps, urged under brighter skies,
Shall move her with these very plaints of mine,
And so yet win the love *I* sought but lost."

To Miss Cowell.

"The Dolphin Hotel, Chichester, Aug. 30, 1885." [After his description of Chichester Cathedral.] "The Nave has four aisles which are very peculiar. The lights and shadows are very fine as you look *across* through the tangled mass of pillars and arches. The point of the spire is the exact centre between the extreme lines East and West and North and South. The popular saying is that the master mason built Salisbury Spire (400 feet high), and his man Chichester Spire (280 feet). We got a beautiful view of it in the distance about a mile out of the town, in the afternoon's westering light. The Church being dedicated to the Trinity, the eye is continually arrested by the pillars branching out in threes, you catch triple columns and threefold ramifications in every direction,—it reminds one of some living outgrowth of an inner law such as you often see in plants, as, e.g. the fives so common in the geraniums or the threes in Alisma. There is a fine monument to Collins the poet,—he died in an asylum poor man,—he was afflicted much the same as Cowper, only far more violently. There are some old sculptured bas-reliefs brought from the old Cathedral which used to stand at Selsey Bill, but was deserted at the Conquest, and has been long washed beneath the sea. The fish women have legends of its ruins being still sometimes seen in moonlight nights,—but they lie buried far out to sea,

'the lonely seas
Moan round the beauty of the Cyclades!'

There is also an old oak Chest which is said to have come from Selsey. The two sculptures represent the meeting of Christ with

Martha and Mary,—and the raising of Lazarus. They are very rude but full of rough power,—old Saxon memorials. The eyes once had jewels in them, but they are long gone. Selsey Bill is nine miles off and no railway near. The people here are firmly convinced that it is the watering place of the future, as it has such splendid sands. This unlimited trust in the place's future is quite interesting."

TO THE SAME.

"Chichester, Sept. 5, 1885.—We have had an interesting visit to Arundel Castle—the walks in the Park and the country round were extremely beautiful. We also spent one afternoon at Boscham where there is an old Saxon and Roman Church. Canute's daughter is actually buried there—there is an old sculptured tomb in her memory. Harold had a Castle at Boscham and set sail from thence to Normandy when he had his fatal interview with William and swore on the relics. Boscham Church is depicted on the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, as connected with Harold.

"I have been greatly interested in the account of the celebrated Eocene fossils on the shore at Selsey and Bracklesham Bay, so we went to explore the place yesterday. We made the acquaintance of a farmer at Selsey,—who knows all about the fossils, so he undertook to show them to me. We drove over and spent the day at his house. We were so pleased that, finding he took lodgers, we are going there next Monday for a few days; and I shall be able to examine the series of fossils to my heart's content. Maurice will envy me my chance of exploring the shore where the fossil beds lie exposed. I have a book which gives a full account of them,—and it will be quite a new interest."

TO THE SAME.

"New Farm, Selsey, Chichester, Sept. [12,] 1885. We are enjoying our rural retreat very much. The place is a wild out of the way spot,—the shore is quite lonely like parts of Lincolnshire. We had a long ramble this morning and as it was a rough sea, I was vividly reminded of Tennyson's description of the Lincoln coast,

> 'as when to land
> Bluster the winds and waves the selfsame way,
> Crisp foam flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from their fringe of spray.'

I watched them flying over the land before the breeze. We see the Isle of Wight plainly in the distance on fine days. The fossils

lie at the level of low water and so are only left bare just for an hour or so before and after the lowest point; and not even then unless the wind serves. They often remain covered over with a veil of sand. When this veil is removed you see the dark clayey soil of the Eocene stratum emerging out of the sand with its shells studding it in every direction. We find beautiful turritellas, small and large, lovely razor shells and large corries, and plenty of all kinds of volutes with and without prickles. But the great beauty is a large cockle nearly as big as an oyster called Cardita Venericardia. In one place these lie as thick as common stones piled one on another. I have found some coral and plenty of a curious round kind of shell called nummulites which I particularly wanted to see. Edward [Charlesworth] has been too busy to come, but he has kindly written me some most interesting letters to tell me what to look for. The fossils come out so soaked that they break at a touch, and they will require tremendously careful handling and packing. They will have to be brushed with a solution of gum and packed in bran in a box. It is a great drawback that the fossils are so tender; not like the crag specimens which will stand anything."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Cambridge, Dec. 28. 1885. Your translation from Petrarch interested me very much. I should say it is FitzGerald's, and I should guess that it was written sometime between 1848 and 1852 when he was exceedingly interested in the Abbé de Sade's life of Petrarch and before he began Spanish in 1852. He used to be continually talking of Petrarch and his biographer at that time, especially 1850-51. At that time too 'passion' was a very favourite word of his, 'the passion of that' was a playful byword of mine and my wife's in those days in talking of FitzGerald's criticisms. 'Passion' with a capital P betrays him. He used to say 'I love plenty of capital letters.'

"The lines in themselves seem to be so good that I feel sure they are his. I can't lay my hands on my Petrarch just now to see whether they betray his tendency to put some touch of his own large hand in it, beyond the author's own outline.

"I have just come in from a walk with Jackson round Grandchester and have been almost blown away with the wind."

To the same.

"Cambridge, Feb. 17. 1886. I send you two letters of FitzGerald's which we have lately come upon. That of May 28,

1868 is interesting but hardly worth noting.—I send it for *its admirable Postscript*. I also send you a beautiful undated letter to my wife's Mother whom he had a deep regard for. It struck me as a most beautiful letter—quite a charming specimen of his affectionate courtesy."

To the same.

"10, Scroope Terrace, Mar. 25, 1886. I send you my Sonnet on Kay,—it welled up very readily the morning I heard of his death, so it is so far genuine enough. Nobody however who knew him likes it, I think; you will think it too warm, others (as Hooper) think it too cold! Still his is an image worth keeping in one's gallery of portraits,—one can't reach as I have the age of sixty without having a long gallery alas! to look through."

In Memoriam.

Kay, when I hear through Mirza's arches worn,
Thou too art fall'n in the stream of death,
My thoughts to Ganges' waves are backward borne,—
I walk with thee those sunset skies beneath.
Our hearts were closely knit,—I loved thy scorn
Of indolence and meanness,—thy strong faith
Garnered all learning,—sheaves of every corn
Stored in thy soul and winnowed on thy breath.
So a rich "hlaford" thou, where thou wast *known*,
Though 'more an antique Roman than a Dane';
Thy heart was to the last as childhood's fresh;
There throbbed a living fount beneath the stone,
Which noble thoughts or deeds neér called in vain
But at a touch the marble warmed to flesh.

Jan. 24. 1886. E. B. C.

To Miss Cowell.

"14, Royal Crescent, Weymouth, Apr. 17, 1886. Your letter interested us very much. I was delighted to see that Ipswich returned two Conservatives, as they make *four* difference in a division; it is doubly important just now, when parties are so evenly balanced. We like Weymouth quite as much as when we were here three years ago. We made a day's excursion to Christchurch and saw its grand old Norman Church, begun in the reign of Rufus. We spent an interesting day in Portland island and saw the fossil trunk of a huge pine which they came upon and excavated last Christmas. It was 25 feet long and 9 or 10 feet in girth. There is a bed of forest-earth, called the 'dirt bed' a foot or a foot and half deep between the strata of Portland stone,—this was once

the soil of the forest. In this are found still standing upright the roots of the old trees. The fragments of the trunks lie strewn about embedded in the stone, the grain of which they spoil."

To H. T. Francis.[1]

"Weymouth, Apr. 17. 1886. I was glad to have your letter and to learn that you really were inclining to the Translation of the Jâtakas. It will be a new series of Metamorphoses beating all Ovid's.

"In nova fert animus mutatum dicere Buddham. We will try and arrange something definite this summer.

"I have been doing some Zend every day and a little Geology. Weymouth is very interesting Geologically, as all the strata of the Oolite are represented. We have made an interesting excursion to Christchurch and intend to go next week to see Wimborne Minster where Ethelred (not 'the Unready') lies buried, who was killed in 872. . . ."

To his Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"Cambridge, June 30. 1886. . . . Did you see the note by Mr. Whitley Stokes in the Academy about the three misnomers in well known proper names,—*Iona* should be *Iova*, Gram*p*ian should be Gra*n*pian, and Hebrides should be Heb*u*des? They are all three wrong readings of the old MSS. and are contrary to the Gaelic etymology. I am quite sorry to have to give up *Iona*. I still prefer the old *Mumpsimus* to the modern *Sumpsimus*. Your Aunt Elizabeth is better. She has been sitting in my study this morning, doing some of her Hebrew Psalter."

To his Aunt Ella, Mrs. T. Fox Byles.

"Ilkley, Sept. 3. 1886. . . . The air of Ilkley is so pure and bracing, it revives the tired nerves and muscles. Elizabeth is very much better for coming here, it did her good directly. Our sitting room looks out on the moors and I quite look forward to some long rambles. We have already seen some Grass of Parnassus, and my favourite the Bog Pimpernel. . . . I have very pleasant recollection of my short visit to Seaton. We hope to make an expedition to Carlisle while we are at Ilkley and see the Cathedral there. I always try to visit two Cathedrals every year. Chichester and Wells were my two last year."

[1] Of the Cambridge University Library.

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Cambridge, Jan. 4. 1887. Max Müller's Essay on Comparative Mythology appeared in the Oxford Essays for 1856. I don't think E.F.G. ever wrote any notice of Major Moor. He refers to his recent death in the short obituary of Bernard Barton which he wrote in the *Ipswich Journal*."

To the same.

"Cambridge, Jan. 6. 1887. I send you some old Letters which we found not long since,—they belong to Indian and pre-Indian days. But I fear I shall not be able to find the missing half of either of the Fragments you send me this morning. There are few letter writers to be compared to him,—only I half fear he requires to be known and loved to be really appreciated. The letters may repel by an appearance of hardness and isolation, which we who knew and loved him knew was only on the outside.

Strahan has come up from Manchester for a few days, and he and I are working away at Vedánta. He is as willing as I to let the hours run by,—forgetting everything for our book,

'Annihilating all that's made[1]
To a green thought in a green shade'

To George Cowell.

"Cambridge, June 8. 1887. It is a very long time since I wrote to you,—or since I saw you even! The stream of life runs so fast nowadays that one hardly has time for seeing one's friends. It often reminds one of Edward FitzGerald's favourite story of the two brothers from a Suffolk village who enlisted and heard or saw nothing of one another for years. At the battle of Salamanca there was a great confusion, and regiments got mixed; and the two brothers suddenly found themselves side by side. They had only time for 'Why is that you Tom?' 'What Jack?' And then they were swept asunder, by the whirl of battle,—never to meet again. Only the *one* survivor lived to tell the tale as an old pensioner in Suffolk!

"I have been asked to write to you by my friend Dr. Lawrence Humphrey to try to interest you in favour of a friend of his, of whom he has a very high opinion, Mr. John Prowse, who is a candidate for the office of House-Surgeon at

[1] Andrew Marvell's Garden,

the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. I promised I would write and try to influence your vote. I only canvass second hand, as I only know Dr. Humphrey who has been our medical attendant for some years."

The Cowells went to Weymouth again in the spring and to Broadstairs in July to get away from the heat of Cambridge, and there are some interesting natural history letters. The following letter shows that he had his Sanskrit books with him :—

To F. W. Thomas.[1]

"Broadstairs, Aug. 1. 87. I was very glad to hear from you. I have been enjoying the sea-air in this quiet place and have given most mornings to Sanskrit.

I should advise you to do the Sakuntalá in Monier Williams' edition. The notes are very good and explain all difficulties. You could read Manu with me next term."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"10. Scroope Terr. Oct. 24. 87. I have shown both the poems to my wife, but she never saw them before. She thinks the verse beginning 'Know'st thou a village' refers to our old village Bramford, and its little spire which rises in the middle of the valley, as E.F.G. knew that valley and spire so well."

To the same.

"The lines,

'Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend'?

come from James Montgomery. It is the beginning of a short poem of three stanzas each with six lines."

To the same.

"Dec. 15. 87. The Quatrain (81 in 4th edition) which H. G. Keen attacks comes partly from another one which he has not noticed, I think. There is no original for the line about the snake. I have looked for it in vain in Nicolas'; but I have

[1] Now Librarian at the India Museum, a pupil of Cowell's.

always supposed that the last line in FitzGerald's mistaken version of Quatrain 236 in Nicolas' ed. which runs thus ;—

'O thou who knowest the secrets of every one's mind :—
Who graspest every one's hand in the hour of weakness,
O God, give me repentance and accept my excuses,
O thou who givest repentance and acceptest the excuses of every one.'

FitzGerald mistook the meaning of *giving* and *accepting* as used here, and so invented his last line out of his own mistake. I wrote to him about it when I was in Calcutta ; but he never cared to alter it."

To A. A. Bevan.[1]

"Dec. 30. 87. I send you a hurried translation of the remainder of your Ode. We can now begin at the next, taking this one as read.

Shams-i Tabríz.

Open joy from the world of sorrow, reveal a day from the heart of night,
O strange day, full of wonders,—O thou our light-diffusing morning.
Thou makest trinkets jewels. thou burstest Zohrah's liver (for envy),
Thou makest the beggar a king,—Welcome, O our King !
Where are the eyes worthy of thee, that they may come back to thee ?
Do thou bring the ear of wisdom that it may hear thy proof as sweet.
When the heart begins to count thy bounties, in thanks for thy sweet sugar,
The flavour raises a shout from the bottom of every tooth.
From the soul there rises the sound of the drum, that the several parts may come to the whole,
Sweet basil with sweet basil, rose with rose,—from the various species of our wilderness.
I act as silent from this cause, I will not utter again one breath,
Until our King (himself) says, 'Take heed, make our explanation clear.'
That King who is the sun of religion, and the luminary of the heaven of truth,
The chosen full Moon of the night of power, the manifester of all our hidden secrets."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Cambridge, Feb. 7. 1888. My dear Aldis Wright, I have delayed till now as I was not quite sure that you had accepted the Vice Mastership; but I now write at once to tell you how sincerely my wife and I rejoice in your appointment. We congratulate the College quite as much as yourself. I especially rejoice in it, because it is a public recognition of your long series of services to the cause

[1] Prof. A. A. Bevan of Trinity College, Cambridge.

of Oriental and English Scholarship,—and not least of your pre-eminent services as Secretary to the Old Testament Revision Committee. Believe me, yours most sincerely, E. B. COWELL."

TO HIS NIECE, ANNIE CHARLESWORTH.

"Bournemouth, Apr. 30. 88. You will see by my date where we have been staying. We came here for a little sea air a fortnight ago and return to Cambridge to-day for Lectures and work after geologising and holidays! I begin my favourite Zend lectures to-morrow afternoon and Mr. Francis is impatiently expecting Friday to resume the Jātakas! He can hardly forgive me for being away last Friday when they should have begun. . . .

"I have made two excursions to Barton and bought of the Coastguard's-man plenty of rare fossils. I have found unexpected treasures in his stores. I had great trouble to find the leaf cliff here,—no one knew anything about it,—the utmost I could learn was that one seller of jet in the Arcade had heard that such things were sometimes found. At last I struck the right vein by means of a Cambridge friend of Elizabeth's, ——who is staying here. One of her friends knew all about it. I found the cliff and although people are prohibited now from digging in the cliff itself, I found there had lately been a slip which had brought down a large mass of the clay which lay in huge *débris* on the shore. I and your Aunt worked at them for hours and got out several leaves fairly perfect, mostly Ficus Forbesii, but we found a grass and a kind of willow. They are difficult to get out, as you must split the laminas and trust to chance guiding you. Several fine leaves split wrongly and so were spoiled at once,—others got spoiled in the slow clearing process. I cleared the surface of the half-discovered leaf by gently uncovering it by touches of my penknife, bit by bit. My best specimen lies on its clay slab. I am glad to send you a copy that I may preserve the memory of my find, as I don't know how the clay slabs will bear the railway journey to-day. My treasures may dissolve into dust like Ginevra's hair in the story,—

> 'They touched that tress, it sank away
> From sunshine into dust.'

I always tell your Aunt that a flower's highest living ambition is to be made into a poem,—next to that to become a *memory*. We have enjoyed the pier here very much, but the most delightful thing of all is to think of Barton Cliff as within a mile's walk of Milton station—the railway was only opened a month ago! It reminds

me of my old feeling in Calcutta that we were direct S. of my romance-land Lhassa, and that the N. wind blew from over it! There are happily no barbarians to infest the road to Barton!"

To E. J. Rapson.[1]

"Cambridge, May 26. 88. The Persian Lecturer is intended especially to lecture for the Tripos,—the Indian Civil Service Students will be the smaller part of his work. I fancy some of *them* too take up Persian for their degree. We have two good men, who I expect will be candidates, both thoroughly competent to take all the work. . . .

"I have just commenced an Aitareya Bráhmana Class for the sake of the prose. It is now made optional with the Dása K.C. in the Tripos, the one for students going to India, the other for Comparative Philology Students. This seems to me a good plan."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"July 3. 1888. I reply to your questions at once. My wife remembers the African King's name well, Dingaru,—he had 90 wives; and a friend of her father's, Mr. Whytehead (an old Fellow of St. John's who lived in Ipswich) was greatly interested in the accounts of the Zulus and thought of going as a Missionary among them. It was long before Cetewayo's time in '39 or '40. I remember E.F.G. speaking to me in that very way of Homer's heroes in 1845, when I first knew him. I tried in vain to interest him in the *Iliad*.

"The 'Pickle' of the King of the French in 1839 refers to Louis Philippe's early plans about the Spanish marriages; he wanted his sons to marry Spanish princesses, which England opposed. He succeeded in getting it carried out in 1845, but his earlier attempt in 1838 failed, and his supporter Narvaez (Espartero's rival) had to fly from Spain. Espartero fled himself in 1843 and Narvaez returned as head of the government, and so carried out Louis Philippe's plan of marrying the Duc de Montpensier to Isabella's sister Maria Louisa.

"De Quincy wrote some articles in Tait's Magazine about Coleridge and Wordsworth, about 1834, I think."

To the same.

"July 11. 88. I looked in vain to find those quotations in Crabbe. I only found one of them. Where do the pretty lines

[1] Of the British Museum.

about the maidens in a round come from? The lines quoted[1] in the Preface to Salámán come from a poem of my wife's. He has altered them *more suo*,—they really run

'The autumn sky is tinged with crimson still
Where Thornbush lies upon the quiet hill,
And the live amber round the setting sun,
Lighting the labourer home whose work is done,
Weaveth a glory, as it fades above
That solitary home of household love.'

Thornbush was the name of a farm on a hill above Bramford."

To the same.

"Aug. 14. 88. We are starting to-day for Skipton on our way to Oban."

To the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

"Cambridge, Jan. 23, 1889. My dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor,—I feel deeply sensible of the honour which the Council have done me in nominating me as their Representative at the Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm; but I am very grieved to say that I feel it is quite impossible for me to undertake the duty. I fear it will seem ungrateful as well as unreasonable to say it, but I should shrink with dismay from the thought of having to attend such an assembly of strangers in such a completely unknown country as Sweden. I never have attended any of these Congresses, not even that at Berlin, as I have always felt a dread of them. They are generally held in September; and I have invariably spent August and September as a complete rest in some quiet nook in Yorkshire, Wales or Scotland with Mrs. Cowell. I come back refreshed and invigorated for the new Academical Year and its work, by my quiet holiday among the Mountains;—it would indeed be a very different September if it were spent in the Congress at Stockholm.

"I deeply feel the kind consideration of the Council, but I must decline. I am 63 to-day, and this adds another ground for my decision, as it shows still more the necessity for my customary rest in September. Believe me, my dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, yours most sincerely, E. B. Cowell."

This letter strikingly shows Professor Cowell's horror of anything like publicity. The feeling clung to him

[1] See end of Chapter III. p. 125.

uniformly through life. It was most difficult to get him to attend a public dinner, most difficult even to get him to record his vote at any election of public interest. I doubt if he ever voted at a Parliamentary Election. On the present occasion, Mrs. Cowell's advancing age—she was 87—and the impossibility of leaving her to spend her holiday alone formed a sufficient reason, or Cowell would have found Stockholm, the Venice of the North, a delightful place for a holiday. The islands around as well as Stockholm itself would have interested him immensely.

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Mar. 8. 89. I and my wife looked at the bottom of an old chest this afternoon and found several letters quite unexpectedly. I send you several to fix dates, &c.—one to fix E.F.G. as the self-confessed author of the lines on Barton. The one of 1848 about Zenophon and then about Æschylus and Sophocles seems beautiful to me. I will send one or two more to-morrow. One is about the Squire letters."

To the same.

"Mar. 9. I send you three more letters (two dated)—each or real interest but none worth printing, I think. The 1848 one about Thucidides vividly recalls our days of reading Thucidides together,—we went through it from cover to cover, apart as far as space is concerned, but discussing difficulties by letter or when we met. We often met then as I was living at Bramford."

To the same.

"Mar. 12. I send you the rest of the letters. I don't think there is anything worth quoting, but they may throw a side light to settle points of chronology in other letters. The letter dated May 15. 1856 refers to my old pupil M—— whom I coached in Aristotle's Ethics (my special coaching subject in those days)—and had hoped to raise into the first Class. He only got a second."

To the same.

"March 18. 89. The passage from Juvenal is not iii. 236 but a more picturesque one l. 254 in that Satire,

'longa coruscat
. Sarraco veniente abies.'

I sent it to him one day from London, where I watched a waggon so loaded early one morning going down Cheapside (my father-in-law lived at that time in Bread Street). E.F.G. was greatly taken with the line and used to call it the Cheapside line. There was another couplet which also pleased him, which I sent him (I fancy they were in Oxford days) iii. 230, 231.

> 'Est aliquid, quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
> Unius sese *dominum* (landlord) fecisse lacertæ.'

We read the Xth together at the same time."

Cowell spent his autumn holiday of 1889 at Cromer, and thence wrote an interesting letter, too long to quote, to Dr. Smith, whom he knew in India, with reference to an old pupil of his in Calcutta who desired to get an M.D. degree at a Scotch University. He had passed as a licentiate in medicine and surgery at the Calcutta University in 1871 and had for the last eleven years been in Government employ. Cowell still took great interest in him, and particularly as he had been the means of converting him to Christianity. Another letter thanks Dr. Smith for kindly supplying the required information.

In consequence of increased pressure of work Cowell at this time gave up the work of correcting the Calcutta examination papers for the Indian Government, a service that he had undertaken soon after he returned from India. With reference to this Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Government printers, wrote :—

"We take this opportunity of expressing our regret that so pleasant an association must cease, and beg to offer you our thanks for the assistance you have rendered us in carrying out the wishes of the authorities at Calcutta."

The only letters written from Cromer this year are two addressed to Mr. W. Aldis Wright. The Cowells spent a week at Hunstanton on their way thither and found that the whole house in which they usually lodged was occupied by the Rev. Ed. Carr and Lady Mary Glyn. Mrs. Cowell always negotiated the lodgings in these holidays, and finding that the Glyn party was hardly large enough

to require the whole house, sought an interview with Lady Mary, with the triumphant result that the Cowells were admitted to occupy two rooms in the house for the week, and became the best of friends during the time.

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Tucker's Hotel, [Cromer], Aug. 4, 1889. We came here after a week at Hunstanton and find it very delightful. I found the three Statices growing in abundance at Hunstanton on the shore. I have been reading through the 'Letters' in my quiet leisure here and I have been especially reading the later ones which I only had time to glance at before. You have edited them admirably,—your quiet notes supply every needful explanation and never tell anything too much,—they are quite a model for all editors.

"I write to you now about one little point of personal interest which you will smile at but which I can't help writing about. It was very kind to print the lines in p. 410, but I hope in the second edition you will put a silent . . . . in their place. Exaggerated praise is not well. I am widely read no doubt, but I am not 'learned' in the Cambridge sense like the great scholars there." (Munro's name comes in the next sentence.) "It is no fault of mine but fate's. I left school at 16, and spent my next nine years in a counting house, where I could only give my leisure to private study; and then I went to Oxford, where I gained plenty of useful and interesting culture, but not the Cambridge kind of scholarship. Oxford has not got it to teach, as Dr. Jowett shows in his republic. I don't want to undervalue what I owe to my Alma Mater,—I only want to put things on their true basis. FitzGerald used words which he did not weigh, about a subject on which he was not himself a judge; and in the gravity of print they read too solemnly when they are really inapplicable.

"I hope you won't mind my pouring out my heart to you thus. I don't the least object to his calling me his teacher, and his other warm words about our long friendship; in a certain sense they are of course true; but this praise on p. 410 is *not true*, and so I shrink from it."

To the same.

"Cromer, Aug. 9th, 1889. I cannot tell you how indignant I felt at Browning's most unworthy, brutal lines. They lowered him terribly in my eyes,—dethroned him utterly. Your letter

was all that could be desired. It put Browning entirely in the wrong. I had previously read the passage and never dreamed of anyone's taking it in such a distorted way.

"I sincerely thank you for what you say about my little point. I still feel that it is unfortunate that Munro's name comes immediately after. I can honestly say it gave me a *pang* when I came upon it. Cambridge scholarship may have its weak side, but still it is 'learning' in its true sense. I first found out how superior Cambridge was to Oxford by studying the Republic in Davis and Vaughan's translation for my Degree examination. I there found a new world opened to me, and I studied it most diligently. I question if any one ever studied that book more devotedly! It was my introduction into a higher atmosphere,—only unfortunately I could not follow it up.

"Mrs. Wright sent me this morning Rost's beautiful notice of Professor Wright in *Trübner's Record*. The piece about Palmer especially pleased me. We hope to go back next Monday for a short time to Cambridge, as I have some work there which must be done. When that is over I shall either return here, as we greatly enjoy Cromer,—or go to Ilkley, an old favourite haunt of ours.

"I think I shall keep neutral in the election for the Librarianship. Both candidates are so good that I do not wish to choose.

"The President of Queens and Mrs. Phillips are staying in Cromer."

To His Niece, Annie Charlesworth.

"Cambridge, Jan. 18, 1890. My dear Annie, I sent you a few lines yesterday, and to-day I fear I can only send a short letter. Yesterday it was Mr. Francis and Jātākas, to-day Mr. Moulton, &c., and Zend! Your very kind letter with the two pens also has just come, and I am writing this letter to you as a *specimen*. I will tell you first about the Rabbi. I go to him on Monday and I mean to take him your beautiful flowers when I go, as I shall be there before the class, and so shall find him alone and quiet. I am sure he will be exceedingly pleased. I don't think I had better write the Hebrew letters below, as I fancy Jews have a prejudice against Gentile writing of the sacred letters just as my old Hindu Pundit could not bear me to write Sanskrit letters, which they call 'the letters of the Gods,'—although, entre nous, I used in those days to pride myself on my elegant penmanship and certainly thought myself far superior to old Rám Náráyan's tremulous uncertain handwriting!—I do not quite appreciate the Rabbi's tremulous Hebrew, but I suppose the real difference

between my writing and his is that between a neat schoolboy's elaborate copy-book hand and the fine flowing hand of Mr. Gladstone or Professor Adams, although it might be a little tremulous and uncertain!

"Your pens, I fear, are too small,—they hardly carry *weight* enough (like John Gilpin) for my heavy hand! I prefer longer and bigger pens, as they seem to swing along better. But as they are a new kind, I will try them first and give them a fair chance! I enclose three almanacks."

To the same.

"Mar: 15. 1890. Your Aunt gave me your oracular piece—'dark as the darkest oracle'—and at first it puzzled me; but gradually memory's turbid waters cleared and I could remember we read it some five Saturdays ago at the five o'clock Zend class. It comes in the 44th Gáthá, the very oldest part of the Zend Avesta, and so is supposed to be the production of Zoroaster himself. It is a very hard verse and part of it is much fought over by Zendists, like Patroclus' body by Greeks and Trojans. My interpretation generally agrees with your version, but not everywhere. Where did you come across the piece? I am glad I can tell you where it comes. Every Saturday in term time you may think of our little party battling with the difficulties of Zend, like an enthusiastic party of Alpine climbers.

"Our movements are very uncertain after the next fortnight, as I may have to go away about some MSS. which the University wants to purchase and for which I am one of a selected committee to examine and appraise them."

To C. W. Moule.

"Ryde, Apr. 10. 1890. I send you my usual letter as you are always interested in our holiday excursions. I have found a grand hunting-ground for fossils in this neighbourhood, near Bembridge. I get to it easily by train so I have spent three days there already. There is a Whitecliff Bay near, which seems to me one of the most interesting places in England! It is a long bay divided into two lesser curves, separated by a line of limestone which runs down to the shore as a small horn and then runs out under sea as a ridge of dangerous rocks, only visible and that partially at low tide. One horn of the great Bay is Culver Cliff rising something like Flamborough Head in Filey Bay,—and the other at the N.E. end

of the second and lesser curve is called Foreland point; the S. and larger curve is called Whitecliff Bay, the smaller is called the Frieland. I found by chance a local geologist whom I took as my guide and he proved a most intelligent man. He knew all the localities for the shells and was like a book. I spent two days in this bay. Last Saturday I went with him to the first curve of the bay and beginning at the chalk cliff worked my way upwards along the shore. The great interest in this Bay is that the different Eocene strata lie here nearly all visible above the Chalk; but as they are tilted so as to be nearly vertical, you pass each in succession as you go along. Sometimes the cliffs are high and steep, at other places where the soil is more friable the storms of winter have washed great masses away. The consequence is that in one's walk along the Bay one successively sees the very strata I have visited before in such widely distant localities. Immediately after the Chalk comes the Woolwich and Reading Plastic Clay, which I was so interested in at Herne Bay; then thirty yards further came a parallel section of the London Clay which I had seen so much of at Sheerness. Then came the Bournemouth and Alum Bay bed; then the Bracklesham bed, then the Barton, then the various beds called the Headon series, and at the end of all, the various beds specially appropriated to Bembridge, the Bembridge limestone and marls. Each bed as we came to it, in its nearly vertical position in the cliff (as it had been tilted up from its original horizontal one, by some convulsion of nature,—each having once been formed by the mud and sand at the bed of its own sea or lake) had its own special fossils. Thus I found in the Bracklesham bed those Nummulites, those thin flat round pieces like mallow seeds, or worn sixpences,—which I was so pleased to find on the shore of Selsey Bill, and the large Cardium-like shells, called Venericardia which I also found there. The great interest of the Bay was in the vivid idea it gave me of the Geological succession. One walked down the course of Time and saw the strata as they were successively piled up, each peopled by its own species of mollusca. Of course in other places the strata lie horizontal and there only the top one is generally visible.

"My only literature here has been Hamlet! I find in my copy a remark of Professor Seeley's which I jotted down one day when I sat by him at dinner at Pembroke. 'Fortinbras is the opposite to Hamlet, the man of action as contrasted with the man of thought. Shakespeare intends the two to be contrasted throughout the play—hence Fortinbras is mentioned in the very first scene.' I wrote it down directly I got home; but I had forgotten it till I read it again here."

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Aug. 1. 1890. You will be amused to hear of a ramble I have had lately in search of Epipactis palustris. I heard from Mr. Rose, a Fellow of Emmanuel; that he had found it growing near Shelford; so one day Professor Babington and I started by train to Shelford to find it. We searched in vain and came home without finding a single flower. The next day I went there with Mr. Rose himself and he of course took me straight to the spot, close to where we had been the day before. In a delightful retreat between a high railway embankment and a high railway fence, very sheltered boggy and private, we were rewarded by finding quantities of Epipactis palustris, Orchis canopsea (the scented one with the long purple spike of blossoms), the yellow Chlora perfoliata, and the rather uncommon Samolus Valerandi. I was delighted to find such a gallant little company in such a miniature Arcady! . . .

"Christina Cowell came the other day and brought me a beautiful piece of Linnæa borealis which her mother had gathered for me in Norway. It is very much like the Bog Pimpernel, with a touch of the heather in its mode of growth.

"We are thinking of going to Scarborough again for our Autumn holiday."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Aug. 8. 1890. Your two extracts have interested me much. I was greatly surprised on turning to my copy of Sextus Emp., to find that I had marked the piece about the snake, with 'cf. Vedânta,' in the margin. I had entirely forgotten it. I read the Hypotyposeis when I came home from India, I remember, in 1864; I had again made a note of it at the end of the volume, so that it had evidently struck me. I never read his longer work, so that your other extract is quite new to me."

His niece, Miss Annie Charlesworth, to whom he wrote many interesting letters, took this year a voyage to America and to Australia on account of a breakdown in health, and frequently sent her Uncle accounts of her travels. In one of Cowell's letters to her is the following criticism :—

To his Niece, Annie Charlesworth.

"March 2. 1891. Your sketch of the Southern Cross, as disappointing your fellow passengers, was very clever; but your Aunt

and I never would allow that it was disappointing. It was always visible in Calcutta for a fortnight about the Queen's birthday. You had only to look on it as foreshortened by being seen slanting and not upright. We couldn't give up the *aureole* (not 'halo') of romance which hangs round the Southern Cross, while it is connected with Dante's allusion to it in the Purgatorio, and the first notices of it in the early voyagers, when Europe began to wake up and stir, after her long slumber. I should like to collect an anthology of all the early references to the Cross,—as it dawned on men's minds,—first as a direct miracle, then as a mere wonder, until it faded 'in the common light of day.' I would rather say (with Campbell about Hope) 'its joyous race began, *but not to fade.*'—Your two enthusiastic gazers, with their averted eyes and downdropt telescope, had not read their Dante enough,—I am half afraid they were too much like Carlyle's valet, who did not know the true hero when he saw him.

"I quite envy you your sight of the Southern Hemisphere. I often say that you are like Tennyson's heroine,

> 'Katie walks
> By the long wash of Australian seas
> And lifts her head to other stars than our's.'

". . . . The only new country I might perhaps really wish to see is my old love, *Persia*. I am now lecturing on the old Cuneiform inscriptions of Darius near Behistan to two enthusiastic students,—one of them has seen the rocks for himself, in a long journey he made two years ago through Persia. His accounts and my own literary interest do kindle a bit of a glow in my mind, but of course it will never be more than a glow. Still as Browning says, it is well to have some dream always future and unfulfilled,

> 'Still one must live some life beyond,
> Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried';

and so my visit to Persia will be a plan,—always *to be*, to be in some future year!

"Your Aunt and I hope to go to Ryde when the term ends. I look forward eagerly for some geologising and botanising rambles about Bembridge and other romantic haunts."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"June 15. 1891. . . . We had a tremendous excitement in Corpus on Saturday—we had the Senior Wrangler, a thing which has not happened since 1764! Goodwillie was not expected to be more than 3rd or 4th. I was going out of my gate about 20 minutes

to 9 on Saturday morning to post a letter, when I met Wallis going with his wife to the Senate House and he said to me 'I will whisper a secret,—we have the Senior,'—he was one of the examiners. I rushed back for my gown and went with them quite forgetting all about my letter!! I ran off to the Senate House and arrived at the door with a full minute to spare. Mr. Pollock said satirically afterwards they had never seen the grave Professor run so much before!"

In the summer Mrs. Cowell had a bad attack of influenza which weakened her very much, and on her doctor's advice the holiday was spent at Ventnor as being more sheltered than Ryde.

To his Niece, Annie Charlesworth.

"Holyhead House, Hambro' Road, Ventnor. Sept. 17. 1891. . . . . You will be interested to hear that a Cambridge friend of mine Dr. Welldon, the present Head Master of Harrow spent last week with us, as he wished to learn something of Botany. We gave our whole time to finding and identifying all the plants we could find in the neighbourhood. Every flower was brought home compared with the account in Bentham and 'tortured' by our inquisition-like questions to tell its secrets. We had some difficulty to induce the Leontodon Misutus to disclose the transverse lines running like steps of a ladder between its striations; but at last we forced it to open its lips and tell. We find plenty of Chlora perfoliata growing on the cliffs; and some Brassica tenuifolia. Of course September is not a good month to begin the study of botany in, but I was astonished to find how many flowers lingered (beside the Sept. natives, the Compositæ) in shady nooks and corners. I wanted him to see and recognise as many orders as I could, and we certainly succeeded beyond my hopes. We wanted not rare flowers but common ones, to start him on his own account next year. I told him he was a little too late in the year, as botany was like watching a procession from a window,—its components parts were successively *passing* out of sight.

"Sir M. Monier Williams has a house near Ventnor on the road to Bonchurch, so I get some talks on Sanskrit. I have brought some Sanskrit books with me and am not wholly idle. I have also had a very enthusiastic Sanskrit scholar, Colonel Jacob, lately come home from India, staying at Ryde. He comes over to read Sanskrit sometimes."

To the same.

"Ventnor, Sept. 21. 91. We are so grieved to hear of your illness, you will have to be very careful during this your first winter after so much experience of milder air abroad. Our English winters are undoubtedly 'severe' to every one,—England is an austere mother-land, a Spartan nurse. Emerson describes her as 'I had always heard that this same England was no land of roses and sunshine, but a cold foggy throat-cutting country which grows nothing well out of doors but heroic men and brave virtuous women.'

"Your box of fossils came all safely and interested me much, but your Aunt's illness came on and put it out of my mind. It lies on my table in my study at Cambridge. Your memory must be crowded with pictures of scenes and flowers. They say that Carl Neibuhr the Traveller, when old and blind, used to lie and dream over the old Eastern landscapes and night-skies in his darkened life,—a perpetual world of enchantment to console him."

To C. W. Moule.

"Ventnor, Sept. 17. 1891. You will be wondering how we go on in our quiet solitude week after week with no change to break the quiet monotony! A little Sanskrit in the morning,—a little quiet botanising,—a good deal of quiet walking on the pier or on the near cliffs with my wife, and some reading aloud at odd times.—Voila! my day! Ventnor has certainly done my wife very great good. The quiet and the sea breezes have gradually brought her strength fairly back again. For some time she couldn't walk at all, but yesterday afternoon she walked to Bonchurch and back without feeling over fatigued. We have been fortunate in a cool summer.

"I have got my MS. of the text of the *Buddha Carita* fairly ready for the press, text and translation, so that my mornings have not been spent all in vain. . . .

"The weather looks again broken, I fear, after our too brief interval of bright sunshine. It reminds me of Keat's lines,

> 'In the mid-days of Autumn, on the eves,
> The breath of Winter comes from far away.'

By the bye did you see in the *Athenæum's* review a fortnight ago of Sidney Colvin's edition of Keat's letters a note of his quoted by the reviewer identifying the picture of Claude's which suggested

the lines in the Ode to a Nightingale about the 'Casements opening on the foam of perillous seas in faery lands forlorn'? Colvin had identified it from some additional touch in one of Keat's letters.

"I have recently heard that there has come to me from Calcutta and is now lying at Scroope Terrace the long looked for Copy of Mirzá Haidar's Autobiography. He was Baber's cousin and had a similar career of conquest, beginning also with the loss of everything in Bokhárá, but eventually becoming King of Cashmere and founding a dynasty there, as Baber founded the Moghul dynasty in India. Each wrote his autobiography, but Mirzá Haidar's is a most rare book. There is a copy in the British Museum, but probably no other copy in Europe! There is now a copy in Cambridge at any rate. I daresay I shall now never have time to read it, but I shall like to look at it and dream of reading it; it will be

'a bliss to die with dim-descried.'

I have had great trouble to get it copied. I hope it is done pretty carefully. I have longed to have a copy since I first heard of it in 1859 or 1860, when I read Baber's life by Erskine where it is often referred to. Not long after, Captain Strackey came to Calcutta with a copy of the very book which he had picked up in his wanderings in the wild regions of Bokhárá, &c., and had found such great help from the geographical information scattered through it. I persuaded him to give it to the Asiatic Society, of which I was then Secretary; and this is a copy of that MS. I heard from Calcutta that the copy had been forwarded to me at last; and my servants tell me that a huge parcel has come to me from India,—so I put the two things together and hope! Baber has always been a great hero of mine and his autobiography a favourite book,—if Mirzá Haidar's autobiography turns out as interesting, its translation, by whomsoever done, will be a gain to literature. Erskine says, I remember, 'the two royal cousins illustrate one another at every turn.' This MS. is *my* 'Aristotelian Constitutions'!"

To F. W. Thomas.

"Oct. 22. 91. I found a German Tibetan Scholar in London and got through him the Tibetan explanation of some hard or corrupt passages,—some of these were cleared up very satisfactorily. I have all my readings going on here (Sanskrit, Pāli, Zend and Behistum Inscriptions) all except the *Harsha Carita*!"

To Miss C. M. Ridding.

"Dec. 26. 91. You will find reading MSS. very interesting. As for the Mudrâ-râkshasa it is at least 35 years since I read it. I have quite forgotten all about it, and I could not express an opinion as to the value of your newly found readings. Unless I read the context (which would involve reading a good deal of the play) I could not judge fairly. My impression is that all variants are useful,—a bad variant may suggest a good correction. If you sent me the three new çlokas from the Nîtisâra I would tell you if I know anything of them. Verses are often interpolated by scribes.

"I am lecturing next term on certain hymns from the Rig. Veda in Delbruck's selections, Tuesdays and Thursdays 10—12; but your interest is in the silver age Sanskrit rather than in Vedic. I had a class in Manú last Term with Kullûka's commentary but we got to the end with the term. Much of my work now is given to Zend and kindred studies, which are more related to Vedic Sanskrit."

To his Niece, Ethel Cowell.

"Dec. 26. 91. . . . I picked up lately by chance in a second-hand London Catalogue a very interesting little volume. It contained Ray's *Flora of Cambridgeshire*, published in 1660. He was a Fellow of Trinity, and devoted to Botany, but he had to resign his fellowship on what was called Black St. Bartholomew's day in 1662, when any one who held any promotion had to sign his acceptance of the Prayer Book or resign. Ray was a Presbyterian, and so had to resign, — he left Cambridge and thenceforth lived in London. Persecution begets persecution,—the Presbyterians of the Long Parliament had turned out the Episcopal Clergy in their day of triumph. My volume is in Latin, but it gives little English notes as to any locality where Ray had found any rare plants. Thus under Adoxa Moschabellina I found this note, 'in the bank of a hedge by a grove of Elmes in the North side of Chesterton.' I found it there April 5, 1882, and I often take trustworthy friends to examine that little cluster of flowers,—my mnemonic to find them has always been that clump of elm trees. They can't be the same trees but they are their descendants, no doubt.—Bound up with the book is an anonymous Latin book '*Methodus plantarum circa Cantabrigiam nascentium*,' London, 1727. The bookseller knew nothing of it, but I find it is a rare and choice relic. It was compiled by Professor J. Martyn for the use of his class, but never really published. Any copy remaining must have been used by some pupil of his botanical class. He

was Professor from 1733-61, when he was succeeded by his son. In my copy there is written the name 'Pake, Caii, 1728,' and I find there was a Fellow of Caius named Pake from 1730-40;—no doubt this book belonged to him. He has interleaved it and written notes in the pages. There are some old plants dried in it,—whether by him or by some more recent owner, I don't know. Pake's flowers will belong to a summer more than 100 years ago!"

To F. W. Thomas.

"Mar. 22. 92. By all means keep on working for your fellowship—don't let anything interfere with that. The *Harsha Carita* can wait, it has an interest of its own as one of the earliest attempts at the historical novel. I am very busy just now with my edition of the *Buddha Carita* which is being printed at Oxford. This takes up all my time. They will print a translation also. So we are both fixed for the present. My hope is that we shall both find ourselves free towards the end of the year to work vigorously at our 'Novel' and then we shall find a publisher."

To Mahesh Chandra Nyayaratna.

"April 1. 92. . . . I go on giving many lectures, but I am no longer as strong as I was—I see signs of old age in my handwriting!

"I am reading *Kadambari* with a pupil, it reminds me of setting it as an examination subject for a scholarship in the Sanskrit College, thirty years ago! I was very much interested in Pandit Ramakshay Chatterjee's account of Rem chand Tarkabagis' life. It quite affected me with a flood of memories, as I read it."

To C. W. Moule.

"Ventnor, Apr. 18. 92. I was delighted to have your most interesting letter, and I answer it thus promptly because I have some 'lens' matters to tell you of, suggested by it. You mention finding Primroses and the 4, 5, 6, &c., petals of different flowers. Did you notice the curious fact that in the primrose the stamens are opposite to, not (as usual) alternating with, the petals. This is the great characteristic of the Primrose family,—it is explained by the suppression of a whorl. Then the different number of petals is frequent in all Ranunculaceæ because they all have many stamens,—an indefinite number,—and so individual stamens get pampered and developed into petals, just like double flowers in gardens. I have found more flowers than you have, but still very few. I am so glad that you find the lens is useful."

To the same.

"Ventnor, Apr. 30. 92. I have searched everywhere for the 'mousetail' but in vain. I have promised a farming man at Nettlecombe half a crown if he sends me a plant in an envelope by post, but I hardly expect he will claim his guerdon. I remember I had a similarly long quest for the Devil's-bit Scabious; but I came upon it at last, and, once recognised, I found it by no means an uncommon acquaintance in our autumn wanderings. I have written to Miss Kerrick about Archangel Nettle, Lamium Galeobdolon. I so well remember her uncle (E.F.G.) showing me a plant of it one day at his house in Woodbridge,—I knew the Latin name but did not know its good old English name, and of course he good-humouredly laughed at my pedantry. I shall be exceedingly pleased to have a plant of it in my garden. The 'Archangel' and the 'Mousetail' may even find themselves near neighbours, growing side by side,—who knows!—Chaucer says,

> 'Next to the foule nettle rude and thicke
> The rose it wexeth soot and smooth and softe.'

The Archangel nettle will certainly claim to be the *rose* in my parallel, leaving the poor little mousetail to be the real nettle, particularly if it should come from my friend at Nettlecombe."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Cambridge, June 7. 92. . . . The term has nearly gone by, and I heard no news of my 'mousetail' and I gradually gave up all hope. But I had done the honest man injustice. As we were sitting at luncheon this morning the Post brought a shabby looking letter, directed in a rather funny hand and I could not imagine what it could mean; and my surprise grew as I opened it, for a quantity of earth poured out on the cloth as I undid the envelope. I looked with increasing curiosity, and lo! I saw Nettlecomb as the date and presently came on a fine plant of Myosuras, root and fruit. It is a tiny plant some two or three inches high with some 7 or 8 stems rising amidst a cluster of linear radical leaves,—each stem ending in a long seed vessel, an inch or more in length, just like a bundle of mousetails tied together! In India they use the bushy tail of the Yak bull as a fly-flapper for nobles and great people,—my mousetail would make a fairy fly-flapper or chowrie for Shakespeare's Queen Mab. I have been quite excited by my success in my long hunt. I have not got the flower, but that does not signify as it is small and insignificant. The great characteristic

of the plant is the 'tail,' I shall repeat what they said to Waverley in Scott's novel, 'You should see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on!' I have put it to press with its tail on, and I am quite enchanted to have at last got it. It is my little estate entailed!

"We are anxiously watching for the Mathematical Class List,—it will come out next Friday at 9. I hope Philip will be the Senior Wrangler,—he is sure to be very high!"

To F. W. Thomas.

"June 18. 92. I am much obliged to you for the copy of your Essay. I have already read it, as Sir Roland Wilson lent it to me. I told him I thought it was full of interesting and suggestive points. How does the *Harsha Carita* go on? Line upon line daily is the true motto for busy people. Neil set a piece from Book 3 in the last Indian Languages Tripos Examination. My *Buddha Carita* is nearly printed, I shall then go on with my Book 2 of the *Harsha C.*"

To E. J. Rapson.

"July 18. 92. Professor Aufrecht is staying here for a few days. He is interested in Yogi-Yâgñovalkya and his work;—he has a large collection of quotations and references to it in other works. I told him you had prepared a text and written a paper on it. Have you ever printed it anywhere? Where is the MS.? I told him I would ask about it."

To C. W. Moule.

"July 19. 92. I have been reading a new play of Calderon,—one on Pizarro's exploits, 'Aurora in Peru,' a romantic play, a kind of Christianised *Arabian Nights!* Calderon tries to Christianise Pizarro as a Saint whose one object is to gain the New World to Christ. I am afraid authentic history must shake her head sadly in incredulity. I can sympathise with the Pope's Bull in to-day's *Standard* in praise of Columbus. I only hope he won't go on to include Cortes or Pizarro in his list of Discoverer-Saints. Mr. Plummer of Oxford, who has been staying here, tells me that a new solution has been recently attempted of hidalgo, it is always explained as *hijo-d'algo* 'son of somebody.' An American philologist proposes *Italicus* which seems very ingenious, but, I should think if it is true it should be capable of being definitely proved by a series of instances, through inscriptions, early charters, &c. The word would run its roots so far back into the empire,

—down through all the mediæval time, that it must be capable of being traced. I find in the poem of the Cid (about A.D. 1200), 'las duenas fijus d'algo,' which looks as if the old derivation were right after all,—'the ladies daughters of somebody.'

"I have been very much interested in Mrs. Bishop's (Miss Bird's) travels in Persia. I never read a more graphic description,—it quite enables one to *see* the rugged bleak country without having the toil of going there. I had no idea it was such an arid waste,—mountains, deserts, plains continually succeeding each other with no water and no trees. The few oases that break the monotony are doubly precious. I came on one charming picture of a scene in early Spring. 'It is early spring and tulips and irises rise, not out of a carpet of green, but, to use the descriptive phrase of Isaiah, 'as a root out of a dry ground,'—the wormwood is dressed in its grey green, the buds of the wild dwarf-almond show their tender pink, the starry blossom of the narcissus gleams in moist places, the sky is exquisitely blue, and shining cloud-masses fleck the brown hill-sides with violet shadows. Where there is irrigation carpets of young wheat cover the ground; but these like the villages, occur only at intervals, for the road passes mainly through a country destitute of water or rather of arrangements for storing it.' I have pasted this description as a commentary on a pretty piece in one of Jámí's poems.

'Behold the tulip in the mountains,
When the season spring becomes bright,
How it splits open the garment of the ground beneath the hard rocks,
And displays its beauty abroad.'"

CHAPTER VIII

CAMBRIDGE (3)

1892—1898

THE Oriental Congress was held in London in the autumn of 1892. Cowell hated these public gatherings and very seldom took part in them, but he had been induced to accept the Presidency of the Arian Section. He however warmed to the work he had undertaken and acquitted himself most successfully. In his address as President of the Section, which was most warmly received by the Sanskrit scholars present, he brought in with great *éclat* the Sanskrit çloka that he had prepared. The literal translation and the original in Latin characters are given in the following letter to Mr. Moule. As a further development, before his address was given he put the translation into English verse and thus added to its effect and succeeded in vastly pleasing his audience. A report of the address appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 7, but it omitted all the Sanskrit references and therefore was shorn of much of its value. It however gave the English verse translation of the çloka, and I am able to insert it.

"May I venture to put my greeting in the form of a Sanskrit çloka?

'Calm in calm woods the ancient rishis sate,
Soothing their souls with friendship's converse high—
While we, my honoured friends, by evil fate
Meet where the city's ceaseless din roars by.

Yet contrast brings new harmonies to light,
And stirs the soul to sympathies profound:
The lightning never shines so keenly bright
As when the darkness gathers deepest round.'"

On each of the evenings he entertained a few of the foreign visitors, whom he knew by name and reputation, at dinner at the Langham Hotel, where he stayed during the Congress. He put the staff of the hotel and the German waiters on their mettle by telling them some German professors were his guests and was amused at the result. These little dinners were most successful, and he wrote a long account of them afterwards, a letter which unfortunately has not been preserved. Subsequently he accompanied in their visit those Orientalists who chose Cambridge as their excursion instead of Oxford.

To C. W. MOULE.

"Aug. 6, 1892. My dear Moule,—You will be amused to hear that I lay awake some time last night and polished my çlokas. They will, I think, do pretty well now. So I send you a translation as well as the original. I start by the 1.30 train. Your's affectionately, E. B. COWELL.

"In olden days the calm sages used to assemble in calm forests,—such is the current tradition. But your honours are thus assembled to-day, by an adverse destiny, in a crowded city. Still methinks, a feeling of the pleasurable arises in our minds even from contrast. The lightning, for instance, shines forth most brightly, when the darkness gathers in a sky devoid of all light.

Purâ praçântâ ṛishayaḥ samâgaman
Vaneshu çânteshu—iti Kîrtyate smṛitiḥ;
Bhavanta evaṃ tvadhunâ samâgatâ
Adṛishṭadoshân nagare samâkule.
Tathâpi, manye, ramaṇîyatâraso
'Bhyudeti citteshu viparyayâd api;
Tathâ hi vidyud gagaṇe gataprabhè
Tamaḥsu múrckatsu virâjate-*tarâm*.

To E. J. RAPSON.

"Beech House, Victoria Road, Lowestoft, Sept. 1, 1892. I send you a MS. just forwarded to me from Max Müller. I am coming up to London to-morrow (Friday) and shall stay at the

Langham Hotel. I must go and see Burlington House and get to know the rooms, some time on Saturday. Could you go over it with me some time? I am fairly bewildered."

This was all in anticipation of the Oriental Congress which was held in London in the following week. The next letter tells of its success.

To C. W. MOULE.

"Cambridge, Sept. 11, 1892. . . . I begin to feel very tired and done up, since our Congress proceedings began last Monday. It has been a very successful Congress, and there have been no quarrels and misunderstandings within the precincts,—of course the mutterings of those outside do not count. It has been unanimity in 'Athens,'—Thebarum mussitationes nihil curo. (I mean by *Athens our* congress as opposed to the Lisbon one.)

"My çloka which I gave at my opening speech was quite successful. The evening before, I put it into English verse, which helped to make the Sanskrit win favour. The *Times* of Wednesday gave a nearly verbatim report,—only omitting all my Sanskrit references and so leaving unmarked hiatuses. My reference to Zenophon Ephesius as illustrating how modern research tracks out an anonymous writer's date by unconscious allusions was a decided hit! It had an interest of its own to me, as I translated all that romance as a school boy in 1841,—and I have never read a line of it since. The old recollection came back to me, while I was writing out my short opening remarks the week before last at Lowestoft. My *Buddha Carita* was finished so far as the text was concerned, only just in time. The Clarendon Press sent me 50 copies for distribution, and they came about 9 o'clock the evening before I left Lowestoft. The Titlepage and Preface are to be sent to every recipient later. My hour's remarks on the interest and importance of the *Buddha Carita* for the history of Sanskrit literature will be condensed into a quiet 'dry' preface. I indulged there in a little pardonable rhetoric for the non-scholarly part of the Audience! I compared Kálidása imitating the author of the *Buddha Carita*, to Virgil imitating Ennius,—my Aswaghosha, I said, was the Sanskrit Ennius. One cannot really feel too thankful that it has all passed off so well. I dreaded it greatly, beforehand, but it was really a very pleasant week. I stayed at the Langham, and nearly every evening, I had a small dinner party of *savants* who could speak English, in a quiet corner; and these little reunions were quite successful. I was interested and amused

to notice the effect which my words produced on the German waiters. I told them I wanted everything very nice, because some great German Professors from Berlin and Vienna were coming as my guests. I can only compare the effect to the respectful awe and interest which a meeting of Bráhman Pundits produces on some Bengali Súdras in Calcutta now! I am ashamed to have written on so long about our Congress, it flowed out of my pen. I hope you have been thoroughly enjoying your holiday. I got back to Lowestoft on Tuesday and am planning a visit to Norwich Cathedral and the Bramerton Crag Pit."

To Professor Lanman.[1]

"Sept. 12, 1892. I fulfil part of my promise, as I enclose the lovely verses by T. L. Peacock, (his only good verses, illustrating my old friend FitzGerald's saying that every educated man could write *one* good poem); but I cannot send you the sonnet by Blanco White till to-morrow. I forgot that the copy of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' is at Lowestoft, as we always carry it with us in all our holiday wanderings. My copy of the sonnet is written on the fly leaf. I have added my verses to Goldstücker, because they were certainly written with real feeling on my part."

These verses took the form of a Sanskrit çloka and were appended to Cowell's preface to the beautiful quarto, the "Nyâya-Mâlâ-Vistara," left unfinished by the death of Dr. Goldstücker and completed by Cowell. I cannot give the Sanskrit but here is Cowell's translation :—

"Long didst thou twine this 'wreath'[2] in bygone hours,
But, ere 'twas finished, from thy hands it fell;
I follow, gathering up the fading flowers,
And wreathe them now as friendship's last farewell."

To the same.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 13. 92. I send you the earlier and later version of Blanco White's sonnet. I think I prefer the latter. . . ."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 30. 92. At the Congress I made a very pleasant acquaintance Dr. Denssen, Professor of Sanskrit of the

[1] Of Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A., a Professor of Harvard College, and a pupil of Professor Whitney.

[2] Sc. Nyâya-*Mâlâ*-Vistara.

University of Kiel, who is going to India next month, to see something of its scenery, antiquities, cities and inhabitants. I had known him before by his books and by name,—but I had never met him before. I greatly pleased and interested him, by quoting and applying to him a verse from a Sanskrit poem which describes a hero seeing first a flash of light in the far distance, which as it grew nearer, became clearer and clearer until it is at last recognised as his friend Nárada,—so, I said, he had been a flash of light to me, only a name,—but now he was my friend Nárada. I gave it to him in Sanskrit and in my translation. I send you the latter :—

'A mass of rays,'—seen in the distant skies ;
As the form looms more clear, 'it lives' he cries ;
'Lo ! 'tis a man'—as limb by limb comes out ;
''Tis my friend Nárada' ends every doubt.

He grasped the application directly and it evidently pleased him. I was greatly pleased too with a young American Professor Lanman from Harvard. I saw a good deal of him and found him full of taste and enthusiasm. I copied for him Blanco White's sonnet and Peacock's 'Hundred Years Ago.' I really thought him worthy of the two ! "

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

" Jan. 4. 1893. . . . I have been thinking to-day of Ethel at her Tamil. It will open a new world of interest to her. The alphabet is puzzling. I never learned it, but I have had to get up the allied alphabet Telugu, as one of the Sanskrit MSS. which I printed while I was in Calcutta, was written in that character. A curious incident happened to me about that MS. I tried for a long time in vain to read it. I learned the *printed* letters, but they differ in many points from the written character, just as ours do, and I could not make a beginning.—Part of the book had been printed from other MSS. in the proper Sanskrit character, and I could not find out where the place was in the Tolugu MS. No one in Calcutta could help me and I was in despair. We were living at that time in Bishop Cotton's palace, when he was away for more than a year on his Visitation. One day a native Christian came asking for help. He was from the Madras Presidency, and was begging help to get home. He was poor and destitute and knew no one in Calcutta, and came to see the Bishop who was far away. He told me his tale in Hindustani and I at once asked him if he knew the Telugu alphabet. His face brightened up, 'it is my own language !' I showed him the MS. and explained what I wanted. He could not read it in one sense, as it was Sanskrit words in Telugu letters and he knew no Sanskrit ; but he read out the words at the head of each successive page.

They seemed of course gibberish to him but I soon caught hold of some phrase which I recognised, and so I found my way. By his help I learned to read the written letters and I was able to *print that MS.* in my edition. This was in 1859 or 1860. Of course I gladly helped the poor man to get back to his native village. I hope he got home safely. I never heard of him again; but he helped me greatly! It is a beautiful instance of that law in life which seems to me always to put the opportunity in one's way if one is on the watch for it. 'God plants an *eye* wherever a ray of light may fall.' That ray of light on Telugu certainly fell on my eye, which had been pining for it for months, in fact for more than a year."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Ventnor, April 21. 93. . . . I never knew such a brilliant April. It is really delightful to sit on the sheltered side of the Pier out in the sea and watch the bright waves sparkling in the sun and the line of rocky cliffs stretching away on either hand. The green cliffs look so picturesque rising up, with their sides broken by dark pieces of rough rock and striated by little paths running along, and ending above in the broad green slope of the Downs. I am never tired of watching the view landward and seaward from the Pier. Your Aunt can't walk far now but she enjoys coming to the Pier. . . . The Gorse is out splendidly, on the downs everywhere. I went by train to Ryde yesterday, and the Gorse lit up the landscape like fire. I hope your Mother will get away somewhere to the Seaside when she gets stronger. There is no tonic like the sea to brace tired nerves and restore strength."

To C. W. Moule.

"Cambridge, May 1. 1893. We were talking of the Anthology yesterday, and this afternoon I came on an old translation of mine, made at least 45 years ago, at Ipswich or Bramford. The welcome rain keeps me in from taking a walk, so I spend part of the time in copying it out for you. I don't think I ever showed it to you before.

Planudean Anthology No. 244.

Agathias Scholasticus.

Satyr, I think that reed of thine
  Sends forth a music of its own;
Else wherefore thus thine ear incline,
  Listening intently there alone?

He only smiles and answers not,
Yet haply he had told thee why,
But that his spirit's every thought
Was lost in wondering ecstasy.
Say not the wax his tongue hath tied
Of his own choice he silent stands;
For his whole soul is occupied
About the Pan's-pipe in his hands.

I am reminded this afternoon of a favourite phrase of mine in one of Emerson's Essays about the Scholar, 'Welcome falls the imprisoning rain.' The rain now is however doubly welcome for other besides 'imprisoning' reasons!"

Cowell was elected an Honorary Member of the American Oriental Society on April 7th of this year, and a Member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences (Wessenchaften) on April 20th.

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"May 29. 93. . . . I have been interested in reading the memoir lately published of Charles Keene, the *Punch* illustrator, whom your father and I knew in old old days at the Grammar School. Several reminiscences

'flashed upon the inner eye
which is the bliss of solitude,'

as I ran through the pages. I was quite startled to come on the name of an old school-fellow who kept up life-long communications with Keene, Major-General *Mercer*. How well I remember my old acquaintance in 1838, a boy named Mercer,—the soul of good nature whom I was very fond of, but who was sadly idle and who used to make me idle too. I had forgotten him entirely, but he came vividly back to my memory. I remember his youthful face perfectly. He is a grey Major-General now!"

In the Spring of this year Cowell took great interest in the visit of his brother Maurice to the Holy Land and Greece. The expedition terminated rather badly, for at Delphi, where he had been to inspect the most interesting excavations that had been taking place there, he slipped and broke his leg. He had to be conveyed back to Athens and was laid up for nearly two months at the Hotel

d'Angleterre. Here is the letter which Cowell wrote to him on his return :—

To his Brother, Rev. M. B. Cowell.

"June 10. 93. We were indeed rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival. It is indeed good news! We both feel with Anna in her great happiness at getting you safely home again after this long and trying separation. You will be reminded of Catullus' lines on his return to the peninsula Sirmio after his absence in Asia Minor, and have applied the closing lines to your own case! You will now have your mind stored with happy recollections of Greece; and all the shadows will have become absorbed and transmuted into the glowing lines of the whole picture.

"I have been very busy this term,—I have had a new kind of pupil,—a French M.A. from Paris has come for this last six months to read Sanskrit philosophy with me and Persian philosophy with our Persian Reader, Mr. Browne of Pembroke. I should not be surprised if one or two others were to follow his example!

"What unparalleled weather this term has been,—the fine succession of days reminds us of India! It is Calcutta in January without its burning heat at noon. It has suited Elizabeth well and she has thoroughly enjoyed the last three months in the Isle of Wight and in Cambridge. I was much interested in your last letter—it was such a vivid account of your surroundings at Athens. . . ."

To F. W. Thomas.

"June 15. 93. . . . I had promised to go and spend an hour talking about Spanish history and literature with Professor Seeley, who is confined to his room, and when I came back you had been! —I am so sorry. I am hoping to set to work with the *Harsa Carita* in earnest now as I shall have some leisure.

"The first volume of the *Jātāka* (Chalmer's volume) is now in the printer's hands. Rouse has Vol. II. nearly ready. I have just finished one set of lectures on the Bhaguvad Gítá and have half finished a second set to a larger class. Everybody gets interested in that,—it requires a strong bias of one sort or another to carry students far into the Rig Veda or Zend! Moulton is my Zend 'Abdiel,' faithful found every Saturday still! Zend and Veda are twin sisters brought up under different surroundings, like Pagan and Christian Alexandria."

To the Rev. M. B. Cowell.

"July 4. 93. I had sat down to write to you, when lo! a letter from Elsie came with four unknown plants for me to identify. This has delayed me. I hope that your leg is now nearly well,—it has been a long laying aside for one of your active habits. It must have been quite a change of life for the time, like the wounded Ivanhoe as he watched the combat by Rebecca's eyes as compared with the same Ivanhoe at the tournament. I find old age begins to impair my memory for names of people, places and plants. I can remember words and passages still; but I am reminded of those lines in my old favourite *Horace*, when his friends wanted him to write some new poetry :—

> 'Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,—
> Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivia, ludum;
> Tendunt extorquere poëmata.'—(Epist. II. 2.)

"I went an expedition with Charles Moule last Thursday to Hunstanton to get some specimens of Statice Caspia and Limonium for an Irish botanical friend. We had a very pleasant expedition and found the plants in full perfection. Another day I took Elsie and Milly to see my favourite Lincoln Cathedral. I found out by their keen eyes several points mentioned in *Murray* which I had not observed in my previous visits."

To C. W. Moule.

"July 5. 93. . . . You will be surprised to hear that last afternoon while walking with my wife to St. Benet's, I made a botanical discovery in the unromantic locality of Free School lane. In a little angle just before you get to the Church Yard, (you once showed me a shrub there) some Enchanter's Nightshade (Circæa lutetiana) is flowering very vigorously. It has dark leaves and a cluster of small white flowers,—leaving a bur-like seed with hooked hairs. I have never seen it except in woods. What can it have found sylvan in Free School lane? Has it cast a circæan veil of enchantment on its rather dull surroundings? It certainly rather 'wastes its sweetness on the desert air' there. But it may perhaps throw a gleam of poetry on some dull life as the Thrush did at the corner of Wood Street. I paid a pilgrimage to it this morning and showed it as a treasure to old Mr. Clark of Queen's whom I met near it. He is fond of botany and at once woke up to recognise it. I wonder how long it has been there—I never noticed it till now!"

To W. Aldis Wright.

"July 20. 93. I send two or three more letters as they contain one or two characteristic sentences about Gray, Busbequins, &c. This last was written before I married when I was in my grandfather's counting house, at figures all the day and at Persiah and Greek in the mornings and evenings ! ! "

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 7. 93. . . . I have been greatly taken up by the sudden illness and death of my wife's brother, the geologist, at Saffron Walden. This of course threw a good deal of harass and anxiety upon me, until his brother could come, who was at first away in Wales out of reach. We came here for the sea air some ten days ago, but I have had to be away half the time at Cambridge and Saffron Walden. I met Professor Living and Professor Newton while I was at Cambridge and they spoke very highly of poor Edward's 'splendid abilities,' only they added 'if only he had had some practical common sense.' I always maintain that with all his faults he had a thorough chivalrous devotion to science. He died surrounded by fossils, —the boxes piled one on another crammed every corner of the room. I tried to persuade him to have them removed to another room, but he would not hear of it,—'the man, in a moment, might do incalculable mischief such as could never be repaired.' It was literally Pope's lines 'The starving Chemist, in his golden views *supremely blest*.' My wife sends her love to Mrs. Moule, she has felt rather overwhelmed by the suddenness of her brother's death. We shall stop here all this week and shall then return to Cambridge for a little while,—and then go on to Ventnor which Elizabeth likes much better than Lowestoft after all."

To B. C. Chatterjea.

"Ventnor, Oct. 1, 1893. My dear Bhagavân. It is a very long time since I wrote to you, but my wife and I continually think of you and talk of you; so you must not think of yourself forgotten or lost sight of. As years go on I find that duties increase while one's strength decreases. I have as much to do in Cambridge as ever, as I take so many subjects to lecture upon. Besides Sanskrit, I have classes in Zend, Pâli, and often on the old Persian Inscriptions,—and these all require constant reading on my own account,—to keep up with the new light which German scholars are every now and then throwing on old difficulties. I have been conducting an examination in Cambridge, and I have

brought the papers to read quietly here by the seaside. Mrs. Cowell is with me,—we shall soon go back to Cambridge, and the work of the term will commence in earnest. This is Sunday afternoon, —so I resolved I would give a part of it to *you*. I often think of the old Calcutta days and our old Sunday readings,—they are a long time ago now, but they are very clear and vivid to memory. I was very much interested in your Lecture on the Atonement, and I was very glad to see that it had reached a second edition of 2,000. We want indeed more and more to make Hindus see how Christ's Atonement satisfies all our needs and solves our difficulties. As I grow older, I grow tired of argument, and I value hymns and books of devotion more. When one feels 'with thronging duties prest,' and as one is troubled by the sorrows and cares which life must bring,—it is more and more a blessing to find a rest and shelter in the promises of Christ. I will send you in this letter a favourite hymn of mine, which was not much known if at all when I was in India. I often repeat it to myself when walking alone. We want more and more to take Christ's word as our guide and His promises as our comfort, as the years run on, and one draws nearer to the end. I am nearly seventy years old now and I should like one's age to be, not (as Shakespeare says) '*frosty but kindly*,'—but '*mellow and kindly*.' I will send you, when I get back to Cambridge, one of Mr. Handley Moule's devotional books. He is a great friend of mine,—he was a Fellow of Trinity College and is now the Principal of a theological College at Cambridge. I sometimes hear him preach on Sunday evenings. I was greatly struck by an idea in one of his sermons lately, where he said that the Church in Heaven and the Church on earth are like the two disciples at Emmaus walking with Christ *between* them; they both touch *Him*, though they are on different sides of Him and so cannot see each other. It threw a new light on a favourite hymn (Wesley's) 'Let Saints below in concert sing'—Had you seen or heard from Kali Prosunno before his death? It was a great shock to me to hear of it, though I could only rejoice for him. 'The righteous hath hope in his death,'—that is a text which can be a stay to the mind,—an anchor which enters within the veil.

"My wife is not able to walk about so much as she used to do. I have long taught her to read Hebrew, and she knows the Psalms and Isaiah well. She is now sitting by my side reading the 46th Psalm. In v. 5 our version has 'God shall help her and that *right early*.' 'Right early' literally should be at 'the turning' or 'appearing of the morning,' and it is the very same phrase as is used in Exodus xiv. 27, where the Israelites are saved from the

pursuing Egyptians 'when the morning appeared.' I have been comparing the two passages just now with her, and so I send it on to *you*,—*you* are thus brought into our little party,

dûre—sthita bate, tathâpi samîpavartti.

God bless you!"

To F. W. Thomas.

"Nov. 15, 93. I shall be very pleased to talk over 'Srí Harsa next Saturday. Saturday is my one clear day—I have only Zend $4\frac{1}{2}$–6. I can see you at any time,—come in the afternoon if you can, but I shall be quite clear and free in the evening. To-day is my heavy day, so I have had no time yet to look at your difficulties. I have a new Zend student, Chadwick of Clare, an enthusiastic philologist.

"I have met with some puzzles in Harsa II. I think I shall have to refer some to my Calcutta friends as I used to do my old Vedânta puzzles."

To the same.

"Dec. 30, 93. The time you mention will suit me very well and I hope we shall be able to get through a good many difficulties. I have been very busy lately studying Darmesteter's recent attack on the authenticity of the Zend Avesta. I am going to write a short paper on it for the *Athenæum*. His three volumes are full of interesting matter, though I do not believe his theory."

To Dean Kitchin.[1]

"Jan. 5, 94. . . . My brother Maurice went in the beginning of the year to visit Greece with a nephew. While riding near Delphi his mule fell, and Maurice broke his leg. He had to stay at the Hotel at Athens nearly three months, before he could come home. He is still very lame. He greatly enjoyed his trip in spite of the accident. . . . Your leopard's bane continues to flourish in our garden and to remind me of Winchester. Last week the weather here was so mild that I gathered some Veronica Buxbaumii in blossom in the Grandchester Meadows. It was indeed a precocious flower and has by this time learned the lesson of the danger of being so forward! I did not at the time 'upbraid the forward' veronica, but applauded it and gathered some, which is still on my chimney piece in water.

[1] Dr. Kitchin was appointed Dean of Winchester in 1883 and Dean of Durham late in 1894.

"We are busy here printing a translation contributed by various 'hands'—all, with one exception, pupils of mine, of the great Pāli collection of folk-lore Stories, the Jātāka. Every story is supposed to represent some adventure of Buddha in a previous birth, some one of the bystanders at the recital being identified as a partner in the old incident,—if I, Buddha, was the lamb, you, A., were the wolf; or if I was the eagle-father of the bride, you, B., were the foolish peacock who *ἀπεχρήσατό γε μὴν τὸν γάμον* as Hippocleides did in Herodotus. So the Pardoner's tale in Chaucer comes as one of our 'Birth-stories.' It is being printed by the University Press here. I am the general editor—the different contributors take their respective volumes.

"I shall be sixty-eight this month. It seems a long time since 1841 when we read Amadis de Gaules together. The child was father to the man in both of us. My vocation in life has always been stirring up others to study. Moule is coming to-morrow evening to resume our old Spanish readings over one of Calderon's plays."

To C. W. Moule.

"Mar. 27. 1894. . . . I send you a Sanskrit çloka which pleased me in the Rhetoric book I am reading,—it comes there as an anonymous quotation to illustrate a form of *εἰρωνεία*. The last line is partly a parallel to the last line of FitzGerald's 'Muffin-man'; and beautifully illustrates the idea of absorption or Nirvána of the Hindú (as opposed to the Buddhist).

'In former births I served not, for I live
Embodied *now*, and who once serves is "free";
I shall not serve hereafter—*both* forgive,
The long non-service past, the long to be.'

This seems to me quite sublime in its realisation of the past and future infinities, which wrap in the little island of to-day's consciousness."

To his Brother, M. B. Cowell.

"Cambridge, April 19. 94. . . . You will again be interested to hear that a French M.A. of the Sorbonne, has come to spend this term here to attend my Lectures on two hard Sanskrit books, on which he particularly wanted help. I want that this should be more and more the case. I only wish it had begun ten years ago. Happily one's strength is not yet all gone, but I should have answered to the new call better in younger days. . . .

"I walked with Mary last Saturday (I only came back on Tuesday) to show her Bramford—and told her about our old life there,

and the old points of interest,—Mrs. Bolton's house, Mr. Clark and Mr. Stokes' house, and above all, the Bridge and *our* house. Miss Mumford very kindly gave me a photograph of our house, which I shall have framed. We have Mrs. Corder's capital painting of the interior of our drawing room as it was in 1850. The house is very much the same in its outside aspect. I half longed to go in and call on the present occupier for the sake of ringing the bell once more! I told Mary the walk reminded me of Charles Lamb's line about old memories which

'Like Hebrew letters *backward run.*'

I told Elizabeth that she walked with me as well as Mary. You remember Uhland's lines."

To A. A. Bevan.[1]

"May 1. 94. Your legend is very interesting, but I can't help thinking that there is some connection between it and the old Vedic story:—'The Nymph Urvaçî marries a mortal Purûravas on condition that she is never to see him naked. At last the heavenly beings, who longed for her back in heaven, stole away two pet ewes that were tied to the bed. Purûravas jumps out of bed to recover them, naked as he was; but a sudden flash of lightning is sent to reveal him and Urvaçî instantly vanishes.' The legend is told in full in the later prose Veda, but there are allusions to it in the old Rig Veda; so that it goes back to 1000 or 1200 B.C."

Cowell always took interest in other workers' finds in Oriental Literature. The old Eastern writers teemed with story and legend, for, as he told us in his Inaugural Address, "the idlest legend has passed current as readily as the most authentic fact, nay, more readily, because it is more likely to charm the imagination." All the oldest stories of the West are found in these Eastern writings, many of which, such as that of Cinderella, charm and entrance the children of to-day. Æsop's or Pilfray's Fables are of Sanskrit origin and Cowell has left a translation of Pushpaka, the favourite parrot of India, one of the very ancient fables in the Sanskrit original, but generally omitted from the copies that have come down to us.

[1] The Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.

To Professor Lanman.

"June 13. 94. I have been so grieved and shocked to see the announcement of Professor Whitney's death,—it came upon me like a blow. I had such a great esteem for him and valued his work so very highly. His death is a great loss to Sanskrit learning. It is a great *tree* gone, which leaves a wide blank space where it grew.

"I have sent you a copy of the translation of the Buddha Carita, —it has been delayed a long time by Max Müller's illness and absence last spring and summer. I am glad that it is at last out. Thomas and I have finished the rough draft of our translation of the Harṣa Carita—which is tiresome often from its prolixity, but is yet interesting as one of the earliest specimens of the historical novel. Çrî Harṣa must have been an earlier Akbar. I send you a little translation that may interest you.

"'The Princess gives me no bright lessons now;
The Queens sit mute; mute too, my lord, art thou;
My breakfast, humpbacked maid, has long been cold;
Why do the courtiers feast not as of old?"
So calls amidst thy foe's deserted halls
The parrot to the paintings on the walls,
When in some lonely tower the passer-by
Stumbles upon his cage and lets him fly.'"

To C. H. Tawney.

"July 3. 94. Your letter would have gladdened my heart ten years or so ago, when I tried to learn Tibetan, and found it too hard alone.—I am too old to begin now, and my present interest is centred in Zend, which is much nearer akin to one's sympathies, linguistic, æsthetic and spiritual. It is a great shame that nothing can be done for Tibetan in England,—it is too far out of the vyáraháriká range of the ordinary British citizen's *borné* ideas."

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 3. 94. We are now comfortably settled in our old quarters, where we stayed often 25 years ago and since. Echoes of *Don Quixote* linger in the air, and 'flash upon the inner *ear*.' (Here follow three pages of botany). . . . I am reading my favourite 'Julius Cæsar,'—it strikes me more than ever—the easy strength which it shows everywhere and so many grand things flung about 'with richest hand like the gorgeous East.' I also came

on one 'Nirvâna' passage in 'Timon,' which I had never noticed before,

'My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.'

"I had a letter from Rouse yesterday to tell me that he has brought the MS. of the 2nd volume of the Jātāka for the Press,—and he adds that he is off at once for a holiday trip to Damascus! I was indeed surprised to hear of it! I often used to dream of following Lewis' example of starting off some fine morning to go by train to Samarcand and Merv, and take advantage of Russian civilisation to see Transoxiana and Timur's haunts,—but my dreams are very sober ones which can wait very quietly in Marvell's 'Garden' and

'create there, transcending there
Far other land, far other seas.'

"Rouse will see plenty of the old mediæval world at Damascus;—what an old world centre it has been! Cheltenham and Damascus are certainly at opposite poles! . . . . This war between China and Japan will interest us all,—in fact one cannot as yet tell how deeply it may not affect all Europe,—it may be the old story of Corcyra and Corinth over again—involving a far wider circle of discord. How little Shakespeare would care about the wars of Timur or Baber! but he had heard of Tamerlane."

To the same.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 27. 1894. I send you a fair copy of my final version of the 'Compositæ' sonnet. I am afraid you will say it is the *estilo culto* with a vengeance, beyond even Calderon or Darwin at their worst. I shall be tempted to make a series of botanical sonnets to rival Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical! I enclose you an interesting note from to-day's *Standard* about a battle between an eagle and a peregrine falcon. There is a similar scene described in one of Calderon's plays. You should have been the eye-witness here with your good sight and your keen interest in birds.

A Composite Flower.

"Flower, let me read the riddle thou wouldst hide,—
Quaint image of some mediæval town,
Walled round[1] and as from ramparts looking down
In lone seclusion on the world outside.

[1] The general involucre round the flower.

Within, its 'rival houses'[1] fortified
'Gainst neighbouring jealousies to hold their own,—
Haply *two* rival factions[2] not unknown,—
Gwelfs, Ghibillines here in miniature descried.

"A floral commonwealth of busy life,—
Our larger world contracted to a span,
Enmities, friendships, commerce, peace and strife[3]
Flora's pale transcript of the life of man;
While midst the throng yet deeper problems rise
Where instinct[4] and blind motions harmonise.

Lowestoft, *Aug.* 25, 1894. E. B. COWELL."

To C. W. MOULE.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 4. 94. This has been a wet day and I have spent my time polishing a sonnet which I now enclose. Ruskin somewhere attacks umbellates, and calls them and crucifers 'mean and poor,' and says that 'they have every floral quality meanly and in vain.' I have boldly taken up the cudgels in their defence; I shall try some day to defend the others too.—I had a very pleasant expedition last Wednesday to Dunwich with Dr. Venn, and Dr. Dyson, one of the Law Professors at Oxford. We went to Southwold by coach and then walked the four or five miles to the ruins. We came home by train in the evening.—We were grieved to hear that Jani Ali is very ill from a threatened paralysis. He is well looked after so I hope there will be a better account next Mail.—

"THE UMBELLATES.

"Hail! graceful Umbellates ever-present friends
From earliest Spring to Autumn's latest day,
Spreading along each copse and village way
A wealth of blossoms, leaves, and umbel-ends![5]

"An ever-new succession wave-like bends
Over the woodland, breaking in green spray,
With blossoms flecked like foam-bells in its play,
Which to the dullest spot a magic lends.

---

[1] "A plague on both your houses" the florets have *pappus* as a kind of "chevaux de frise" as well as scales and hairs interposed between them.
[2] Daisies, &c., have ligulate as well as tubular florets.
[3] The general struggle for existence which goes on inside the involucre.
[4] Alluding to the part played by insects in the economy of flowers.
[5] In the umbel the different branches start from the same point and are of nearly the same length.

"The beauty is not perfect,—and our mood
Oft seeks a freer sweep, a larger swell,—
It is the 'early English' of the wood,
And Flora has her 'decorate' art as well;
But this lasts best,—hoar Winter often sees
The umbel-shafts yet upright 'neath the trees!

Lowestoft, *Sept.* 4. 1894. E. B. C."

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft. Sept. 17. 94. I send you two closely connected sonnets, representing beauty only apart from utility, utility only apart from beauty, and both united. The first was the easiest to do:—

"The Ranunculaceæ.

"Ranunculaceæ,—well we know their worth,
As, bursting out of winter's prison free,
They gather thick,—sight ever new to see,—
Like children's children round the ancient earth;
With happy faces, full of childhood's mirth,
And open ways of sweet simplicity,[1]
No studied arts[2] to seem and not to be;
They live for pleasure only from their birth.
Buttercup, wood-anemone, celandine,
They and their peers,—glad is the tale they tell
Of sunny hours in meadow, copse and dell;
No care have they for corn or oil or wine;[3]
To paint the landscape is their sole employ,
Each in its time and place a 'traveller's joy'![4]

"The Cruciferæ and Papilionaceæ.

"*Here* reigns Utility, severe and bare,
With stiff straight lines and formal symmetries;
There beauties new at every turn surprise,—
Tendrils, wings, standards garlanding the air!
Cress, radish, turnip, cabbage such plain fare
Helped rear our archers for old victories,—
Fare linked with household thoughts and memories
In homesteads[5] not too low for hope and prayer.

---

[1] The Ranunculaceæ have all their parts distinct,—neither perigynous nor epigynous.

[2] Cf. the orchids!

[3] I do not think that any plant of the Ranunculaceæ has any useful property for food. They are generally acrid, and often poisonous, but sometimes medicinal (as hellibore).

[4] *i.e. each*, and not merely the clematis specially.

[5] *e.g.* Piers Plowman.

So too the rival family can claim
Its peas, beans, vetches for the labourer's board;
But it can also wake a deeper chord,—
Its *broom*[1] illumes a long wide tract of fame,
England's first national burst of conscious pride,
As when the flower in spring lights up a valley-side."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 25. 94. I send by this post the remainder of your MS. I am going to look into some of the longwinded sentimental *romans* of the days of Louis XIII. and XIV., as I fancy they will furnish an interesting parallel in some points. They have the same analysis of motives, and feelings. I think I have *la Princesse de Clèves* at home. Hallam praises it in his *History of Literature*."

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Oct. 24. 94. . . . I have a new Sanskrit pupil this term, a son of Mr. Monro of Calcutta, the civilian who lately left the Service in order to devote himself to missionary work. He wishes his son to study Sanskrit. *He* is a scholar at Trinity. We are reading part of the great text-book of old Hindú ideas and customs, *Manu's Institutes*. He comes to me for four hours every week. The old proverb is 'Whatever Manu said is medicine.' There is an interesting old legend of Manu's escaping from a deluge. A fish told him to escape in a ship which landed him eventually on the Himalaya Mountains. It is a tradition of the account of Noah's deluge in a distorted form."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Dec. 12. 94. I send you another Botanical Sonnet which I made a day or two ago:—

"Historic names may lose their ancient glow,—
Old families oft sink to poverty,—
As streams lie marsh-locked ere they reach the sea,
Which started well with broad expanse of flow,
So Clubmoss creeps with timid patches low,
Weaving on mountain-moors its filigree,
Whose giant brethren used to riot free
In th' old coal-swamps[2] ere man was there to know.

[1] *e.g.* the Plantagenet victories in the Crusades and the wars with France. If I remember right, England was first reckoned one of the great European Powers after Agincourt. See Hallam.

[2] The sigillariæ and lycopodites (which with gigantic ferns, composed the main part of the old coal forests) are all allied to our present lycopodiums.

Nor is the change wrought only by the years;
Changes of place can bring the mightiest down;
Eumæus midst his swine old memories hears,
'I was a King's son in my native town.'[1]
Sandal, the richest perfume India bears
Here claims poor thesium[2] only for its own.

"Cambridge, *Dec.* 12. 94."

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Dec. 19. 94. . . . I am glad you have all been so interested in Mr. Bensley's lectures. It seems to me that the great good of lectures is to kindle interest. They are not enough in themselves, and they do harm if they are supposed to do instead of private study. I often quote the line in Virgil describing the old gardener

'Who rivalled royal banquets in his thought
And piled his board with dainties *all unbought*.'

It is the produce of one's own toil which is really valuable. You know Byron's line about Gibbon,

'hiving knowledge with each studious year.'

"There is a Persian verse

'Little by little thy knowledge gain,
Its every little has priceless worth;
The mightiest streams that enrich the earth,
Spring after all from drops of rain!'"

To C. W. Moule.

"Feb. 8. 95. My dear Moule, I sent you last month a premature congratulation for your Birthday. I send you now my most sincere best wishes, as well as those of my wife, now that the true anniversary has come round.—As children, I remember, we used to wish that it were possible to have two birthdays in a year, —you have in a measure had this good fortune this year. May I invent a proverb for the nonce and say 'optime dat qui bis dat'? I have given my good wishes twice and with equal sincerity each time. I send a botanical sonnet this time, as you yourself suggested that form of Birthday poem. This Sonnet opens at any rate with the old associations of walks on Snowdon and the Glidder, alone

[1] Eumæus was the swineherd to Ulysses' father.

[2] Thesium or "bastard toad-flax" grows on Royston Heath with its low creeping stem and tiny yellow and white flowers. It is our only representative of the order called Santalaceæ.

or with my wife, when we used to come upon Sedum Anglicum and Telaphium, and we then looked in vain for Sedum album, and did not find it till we saw it at Mürren. I heartily wish that this year may be laden with all blessings for yourself and all dear to you.

'Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know and He is on the throne.'

"Believe me, yours affectionately, E. B. COWELL.
"I will bring the *Don Quizote* to-morrow."

TO THE SAME.

"Feb. 10. 95. I find I made a great mistake about Houseleek and Sedum, and I must withdraw my sonnet. I send you another in its stead, not so poetic but more true to facts. It is a supplement to my old one comparing the composite flower to a mediæval town. This compares our modern town to an Euphorbia. The Euphorbia is in many respects like a composite, —its stamens are really flowers or florets which have been reduced to one anther, *jointed* to a filament stalk,—in some tropical species several anthers still sprout from the joint. Similarly every part of the flower shows degradation from an earlier type. But it is not merely degradation. A new order has developed with its own new laws and Kosmos. Excuse my first draft. I may polish it hereafter.

"THE EUPHORBIACEÆ.

"Our modern towns are 'cities of the dead,'
Thronged with the ruins of forgotten days,—
Our streets, lanes, squares, our names, laws, customs, plays,
Can each awake some voice from times long fled.
But mourn not,—a new order reigns instead,
New social architecture skilled to raise;
Which in its turn shall win its own just praise,
With love and reverence ivy-like o'er-spread.
'Tis the Euphorbia for the Composite
The mediæval common life is gone,—
Only quaint ruins tell what stood before,
Th' old 'houses' cannot dominate as of yore,—
Each single 'flower' now stands upright, alone,
Poised on its stem of insular household right."[1]

TO MEHESH CHANDRA NYAYARATNA.

"March 15. 95. . . . I am most sincerely grieved to think of you as no longer Principal of the Sanskrit College. This is a real

[1] Cf. Lord Chatham, "the poorest man in his cottage may defy all the forces of the crown."

sorrow to me. While you remained there, I still felt connected with the old place. I seem to have lost the *sambandha* and so I feel, as it were, a stranger in my old home. . . . I am seventy nearly,—but I have still strength enough to lecture four hours most days, and to read Sanskrit, Pāli and Zend with my pupils. I am going to read Rig Veda this morning and the Pāli Jātāka this afternoon. Tomorrow I read Manu and Kulluka all the morning from 10½ till 1, and the Zend Avesta in the afternoon."

In the spring of this year Cowell received an intimation that his Cambridge pupils, past and present, desired to present him with his portrait. The information was conveyed to him in a very kind letter from Dr. Peile, the Master of Christ's College, himself one of his former pupils :—

"Christ's College Lodge, 18. May 1895.—My dear Cowell, Several friends—some old, some young—but all in some way your pupils in the past, wish to express our sense of what you have done for us and for Cambridge since you came here as Professor 28 years ago. Many of us can recall hours given by you ungrudgingly, to one or two of us (over and above your ordinary Professional lectures) which you might have spent perhaps with more satisfactory and obvious result on literary work. We hope hereby to prove that your time was not wholly wasted.

"We have decided to ask you to allow yourself to be painted by Mr. Brock of Cambridge. He has already painted the President of Queens', the Master of St. John's and Professor Tebb. He is very desirous of taking your portrait also. I hope that the possibility of telling him stories of the Buddha while he is painting you, may be some relaxation of the toil of 'sitting.' If you consent he will be glad to commence his work at once.

"I have to add that it is the wish of all of us that the portrait should hang in your house as long as either you or Mrs. Cowell is left to value it: and that afterwards it should be placed in some University or College building (to be designated by yourself) for the satisfaction of generations to come.

"In conclusion I should like to say how much I value the privilege of having been appointed to make this communication which I hope and believe may be a source of some pleasure both to yourself and to Mrs. Cowell.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"JOHN PEILE."

Mr. Postgate writes on the same subject :—

"May 21. It is a great pleasure to me to be associated in any movement which shows how much we old pupils of yours feel we owe you, and will I trust provide an enduring monument of our feelings."

To Dr. W. H. D. Rouse.[1]

"June 20. 95. I have just received a kind letter from the India Office, according you permission to reproduce the Bharhut sculpture for the frontispiece of your Vol. 2 of the Pāli Jātākas. It will represent our crab story. It is good news, but Neil and I really think you ought to pay part of the cost. Your corrections have been very heavy and the Press make no profit by these Volumes. The British Public don't sympathise with old world humour and pathos,—they prefer the newest type of the slang novel or the girl of the period. I will gladly pay a sovereign to the cost, which will be about five pounds."

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 20. 95. . . . Your Aunt gets out every fine day, and I hope the sea-air will brace her for the winter. She seems well and cheerful. Lowestoft is very full of visitors, all, like Mr. Gilpin, 'on pleasure bent.' It is curious to escape from the care-worn looks of the ordinary town population as its crowds move along the streets in everyday life, and to watch the joyous holiday looks of the crowds on the pier and the esplanade,—it reminds me of *bird* life as contrasted with *animal* life! There are some lines of Cowley which it brings into my mind, where he describes a landscape,

> "By it a river constantly complains;
> The birds above renew their varied strains,
> And in the boughs their restless vigils keep,
> Like dreams mixed with the gravity of sleep."

"The gay colours of the young ladies with their scarlet parasols and blue dresses certainly do look like tropical birds flitting about on the shore. In Gray's ode to the Spring he compares them to *insects* fluttering in the sunshine,—so I have at any rate given them a higher comparison! . . . .

"I am a good deal interested in the woes of Armenia, though I can't imagine how they are to be remedied—I was greatly struck

[1] The Headmaster of the Perse School, Cambridge.

by a phrase in the *Saturday Review* yesterday—'surely it is almost time to bundle the Turk out of Europe just as the Moor was bundled out four centuries ago.' It seems an anachronism to allow such savages within the pale of Christendom. Let them go back to their native deserts in Turkestan and Tartary. . . .

"I am reading some of Dante just now,—it is change from my usual work. I am very fond of the *Paradiso*, and enjoy getting up the geography of it, and so grasping the plan of the vision. Dante is so intensely realistic in his dreamings that it is as if he had actually seen and felt every scene he passes through."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 4. 1895. Thank you for your letter this morning. Kriyakālāpa always, I think, refers to the round of ceremonial observances,—I have seen the phrase in ritual books. Put in references to any book like Kipling's *Beast and Man in India*. The reference to the Yamapatta show is most interesting.

"The custom of making a suppliant come with straw in his mouth is quite an old custom in the East. I have some instances in Persian poetry. I can send them to you when I get back to my books."

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 27. '95. We were delighted to receive your beautiful sonnet. It gave us such a vivid sketch of all the more striking points in your too brief visit, which yet, short as it was, happened to include several unusual incidents. Your sonnet sums them up in a masterly way. It will be a permanent record of the time.

"I send you my sonnet amended in accordance with your suggestions. Pearlwort and Auchusa will severally serve as representatives of the two classes.

"The Pink and Borage Families.

"See how the Pink and Borage Families [1]
  Stand in sharp contrast ranged o'er field and down,
Like lowly types of human qualities
  Writ in large print in th' life of court and town.
Gentle refinement *here* shrinks to surprise,
  Ready to do its part where'er 'tis thrown ;

[1] Sc. Caryophyllaceæ and Boragineæ, with Pearlwort or Spurry and Auchusa as their respective representatives.

Glad to fulfil life's daily charities,
But careless for a sphere above its own ;
There a rough vigour, keen to force its way,
Which presses to the front for all to see,—
The struggle for existence is its play,
'Væ victis' its one principle and plea.
'Tis Shenstone, Cowper, matched in life's mêlée
With Clive or Danton's sleepless energy.

Lowestoft, *Sept.* 26. 1895. "E. B. C."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Sept. 30. 95. I return Hall's letter. I suppose he wrote the paper about FitzGerald soon after his death, and showed it to me at the time. I have a dim recollection *now* of reading it, but I cannot recal a single sentence of it. He means by 'disclosing' revealing it *in print*, but that depends on the date of the article and Tennyson's poem which came out soon after FitzGerald's death, —'an hour too late.' He never revealed his own name as the author did he? It is anonymous in the fourth edition 1879 when published with Jāmi's Salámán which was certainly without a name even to the preface addressed to me, in 1856.

When was FitzGerald's authorship of the translation of Omar Khayyám actually 'disclosed'? It was no doubt an open secret, known to many people, but when was it made no secret at all?"

On October 2nd Cowell was elected an Honorary Member of Die Deutsche Morganländlandische Gesellschaft.

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Oct. 8. 95. We enjoyed Lowestoft greatly. It was unbroken sunshine and summer weather. Your Aunt spent a great part of her time on the Esplanade. I went twice to see Burgh Castle, the grand Roman ruin, ten miles off, and also twice to see Norwich Cathedral. One morning, we were so fortunate as to see the Channel Fleet, eight or nine ships, steaming past in line, comparatively close to the shore. It was a most interesting sight to remember.—

"'Full-charged with England's thunder
They ploughed the neighbouring main!'

"I suppose your father and mother are still at Eastbourne. It used to be a favourite haunt of ours in old days. Your Aunt was

never tired of wandering about Beachy Head and looking for flowers there. I have a pleasant association with it, that there I first mastered the Zend—the language of the old fire worshippers of Persia, in which Zoroaster wrote his hymns. I lecture on it every Saturday afternoon now, but the series traces its beginning to a pleasant lodging at Eastbourne, where I used to work at the grammar and try to master the easier chapters. It is very much like Sanskrit, and so not so hard as it seemed at first. The old stern face of Zoroaster relaxed, as he found out I was not wholly a stranger."

At the end of October Cowell's niece, Elsie, was on the point of starting for India to take up some missionary work at Palamcottah. Cowell of course wrote to express his and Mrs. Cowell's interest in her plans and future work. The only part of the letter here printed is that giving fresh expression to his old regard for the Hindús as pupils:—

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Oct. 23. 95. . . . I think most people who have to do with teaching Hindûs get attached to them. Hindûs themselves have a particular regard for any teacher,—they have always held the relation of teacher and taught as something sacred, somewhat as the Jews do that of Rabbi and disciple; and although this of course especially applies to their own Brahman teachers, a reflection of this *halo* does fall upon even a European teacher, if he or she is in sympathy with his or her class. You will find this to be true, I am sure, in your own circle at Palamcottah. The existence of this feeling helps to cheer one in one's work, if one should feel sometimes despondent or dull. I shall hope to hear from you in India. There will be many things new there, but human nature will be mainly the same. Sympathy will help to unlock hearts out there as it does here at home."

To C. H. Tawney.

"Nov. 23. 95. I hope this return of winter weather does not affect you,—it has come rather suddenly upon us here. I wish I was in Calcutta just now, reading Vedânta with Mehesh Chandra! . . ."

To Professor Lanman.

"Jan. 16. 96. I am quite grieved to think that I let so many days slip by, without thanking you for that most beautiful portrait of Professor Whitney. I never saw a more perfect likeness. It has really caught the 'glorified' aspect of his face, with all mortal contests and bitternesses vanished like things of a long past. They seem all to belong to a long-forgotten æon, as if it were Buddha telling some incident. I shall have it framed and hung up in my study as a gentle admonition, if one is tempted to be angry or vexed about little matters."

The following letters refer to the presentation of Professor Cowell's portrait to the Cowells on his seventieth birthday. It was subscribed for by some sixty-six friends and admirers, and was painted by Mr. C. E. Brock, a Cambridge artist of some reputation, and is considered a very successful likeness of the Professor in his Academic robes. Cowell was at first not at all comfortable in sitting for it, but he recognised the intended kindness and honour and did his best to comply with what was required of him. The artist was, however, so successful in interesting him with conversation that Cowell came to enjoy the sittings, and he was particularly pleased that his College should accept it and give it a place in the Hall of Corpus.

To Mrs. Babington.

"Jan. 24th 1896. My wife and I were so grieved that we could not write to you yesterday, but yesterday afternoon was so full that there was no time, and when it was all over we both felt quite tired. Your flowers were greatly admired,—Mrs. Peile (who came with Dr. Peile and was the only non-Sanskritist present) warmly appreciated them. We shall immensely value the beautiful portrait of Professor Babington, it is such a striking likeness.

"Our 'presentation' passed off as well as possible. Dr. Peile made a beautiful address,—I enclose a copy of my reply. About thirty were present,—nearly half of the subscribers. The picture is gone to Corpus and will soon be put in its permanent place in the Hall. This birthday is an epoch in life,—one can only trust to the same Guiding Hand.

"'Thus far the Lord has led us on.'"

COWELL'S REPLY.

"My dear Friends,—I feel that I cannot thank you adequately in words for this great honour which you have conferred upon me. I accept it most gratefully as a kind proof of the genuine sympathy which links us together. During my twenty-eight years as Professor of Sanskrit in Cambridge I can indeed look back on a long series of kindnesses shewn to me; but this one has especially touched my heart, because it is so immediately connected with that teaching which has been the main work of my life. A great Master in Literature has recorded his experience in those memorable words, where he says that, for him, 'the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope would always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life'; but I can truly say that I have always found and still find my life's happiness bound up with my life's work. It has been a keen delight to me to hand on the torch to other and younger men, to enter into their hopes and ambitions, and thus to forget one's own limitations and failures in the wider horizon which opens before them in the future. The teacher's motto may well be—

Serit arbores quae alteri sæculo prosint,

and I trust that the sapling which I have tried to plant in Cambridge will become a vigorous tree that shall long continue to bear fruit.

Gurur viçiṣyaḥ saralo yathā girau
Asevitaḥ pānthajanena tiṣthati |
Varaṃ sa jīryen navaçiṣyasaṃçrito
Vṛtaḥ svatamtrair viṭapair vaṭo yathā. ||

High on his rock the lonely scholar stands,—
A mountain pine that spreads no sheltering shade;
Rather grow old amid fresh student bands,—
A banyan with its native colonnade.

"My wife and I gratefully accept this portrait as a sign that our names will remain in kindly remembrance when we are gone; and we also feel it is an especial further kindness that you have allowed us to hang it in the Hall of Corpus Christi College.

"10, Scroope Terrace, Jan. 23, 1896."

Cowell had this reply, which he had prepared beforehand, printed, and presented a copy to each of his friends who were present, and subsequently forwarded a copy also

to all friends at home and abroad to whom he wrote an account of the presentation.

Amongst those who had attended the presentation were Mr. C. W. Moule and Professor Skeat, and both these scholars set to work on their return home to turn Cowell's Çloka, the one into Latin and the other into Anglo-Saxon. I am permitted to give both these tributes of affection for Cowell, as I think they are a fitting completion of the record of a deeply interesting occasion.

LATIN TRANSLATION.

Rupe super sola sapiens stat, ut ardua pinus,
Unde patent nulli tegmina montivago.
Discipulos inter iuvenesque senescere malim,
Ut ficus virgis Indica fulta suis.

C. W. M.

ANGLO-SAXON TRANSLATION.

Hēah on hliđe āhæfen āna
stīđ-mōd on stāne stent se lārēow,
swā pīn-trēow hlīfađ on hēan beorge,
gescyldend þurh scūwan fēawe scealca.
Bet wære yldan ealdor mid geongrum,
leorning-cnihta lēofra on midle,
fæst swā fīc-bēam fæđmē beclypped
þāra sīdra telga þe hē self cende.

W. W. S.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

High on the-slope heaved up alone
Strong-minded on the-rock stands the teacher,
As a-pine-tree stands-up on a-high mountain
Shielding by its-shade a few men.
Better were-it to-grow-old (as) an-elder together-with younger-ones,
Of-disciples dear in the middle;
Fast as a-fig-tree by-the-embrace clasped
Of the long shoots which he himself produced.

W. W. S.

The Anglo-Saxon translation was accompanied by the following amusing letter, which I venture to print without the author's permission :—

"Cambridge, Jan. 24. 1896. My dear Professor,—I have come across an Anglo-Saxon poem, which I venture to send you, because

it bears a curious resemblance to your Sanskrit poem.—I give a literal translation, and unless you can explain it away it looks very much as if your poem were translated from the Saxon. The only possible alternative is, that the Saxon was translated from the Sanskrit!

"Yours sincerely, W. W. SKEAT."

Another letter of the same date suggested the use of the word "telga" representing the sense of shoots or scions, and enclosing the revised version as above.

"due (of course) to the lucky discovery of a much older, and more authentic MS.!"

TO HIS NIECE, MARY COWELL.

"Jan. 24. 96. I know you will be interested in hearing about the ceremonial on the 23rd—it was quite a memorable occasion. About thirty out of the 64 or 66 subscribers to my portrait,—all old pupils who have read with me—met here about 5. We had tea and coffee ready in the dining room, and then we adjourned to the drawing room, which had been got specially ready to receive them. The framed picture was set up against the bookshelves and looked very well. Everybody seemed pleased with the likeness. Dr. Peile, the Master of Christ's, was the spokesman for the subscribers and made a very nice feeling speech about my long work here for 28 years, among my many pupils in all kinds of literature, as students came forward requiring help in different branches of knowledge. Then I read my prepared reply, which I send you, as I had had it printed to give a copy to every one present. Mr. Bendall and Miss Ridding came down from London; but several, as Sir Frederick Pollock, Webster and Aldis Wright sent letters, because they were prevented from being present. We managed to seat them comfortably on the sofa, ottomans and chairs collected out of the other rooms; so that it all passed off admirably. Mrs. Peile was the only person present who had not read with me at some time or other. My verses quite touched the keynote of the gathering. Professor Skeat has turned them into Anglo-Saxon and Mr. Charles Moule into Latin! The picture was taken yesterday to Corpus. It is kept for a day or two in the Master's Lodge, and will be hung in its permanent place next week in the College Hall, where, I hope, you will soon see it yourself and judge how far it is a good likeness."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Jan. 25. 96. I wish you could have been with us on Thursday. The Portrait was brought to our house and about 30 of the subscribers met at 5. Dr. Peile made some beautiful and feeling remarks; and I replied in some previously prepared words of which I send you a copy. I felt I could not trust myself under the special circumstances to rely on memory alone. My wife and I felt it very deeply. It all passed off delightfully without a single drawback."

The following is the address that Cowell drafted to the Master and Fellows of Corpus, on their permitting his portrait to be hung in the College Hall. It was probably delivered as a speech :—

"C. C. C. Jan. 96. My dear Master and friends,—I cannot put into words all that I feel on this unprecedented occasion in my life. The University of Cambridge and the College of Corpus Christi have treated me with so much kindness since the day when I came as a stranger to each, that I should be indeed ungrateful if I did not try my best to shew my loyalty and affection to each of them. I feel that it is a peculiar honour which the College has done me in their allowing my portrait to be placed in the Hall, more especially as I was not an alumnus of the College or even of this University. I well remember saying when I expressed my thanks after my election as a fellow, that I then felt no longer as a μέτοικος, but that I had been generously adopted as a citizen. I must to-day look for some new metaphor to describe this unexpected honour.—May I venture to say that, however unworthy, I have been now allowed ἐν πρυτανείῳ σιτεῖσθαι?

"I count it also an especial honour to see the wives of so many fellows gathered round me with their husbands, to express their kind sympathy with my wife and myself. We have departed from the monastic rules of the College, but still perhaps we have not wholly broken with the past. Are we not acting in the spirit of the ancient Guilds which founded the College? They had their social gatherings to show sympathy with each other's joys and sorrows; and I think we may fairly look on this gathering to-day as a revival of the Guild of Corpus Christi. I thank you all most heartily in my wife's name and my own."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Jan. 31. 96. I send you some pages with suggestions. You have translated Simhanāda's speech *splendidly*.

"The Picture was hung up in the Hall of Corpus on Thursday. All the fellows and their wives met at luncheon, Dr. Peile and Mrs. Peile were also there, and the Master said some very kind words. The only drawback was that my wife could not be there, the day was too cold and the Doctor would not give her leave. It is a great pleasure to me to think that the picture will remain there after I am gone. At 70 one must begin to think of

"'the shadows of evening stretching out.'"

Cowell received at this time the following appreciative letter from Professor E. V. Arnold, of Bangor :—

"Bangor, N. W. Feb. 6. 96. Dear Professor Cowell,—It was a matter of much regret to me that I could not be present when the portrait was presented : it would have been a great pleasure to see you once more and to meet my fellow scholars.

"Few Professors have achieved your success in encouraging so many young men to devote their spare hours to original literary research : and I hope that the Cambridge Sanskrit School may yet flourish for many years under your guidance. I do not know that any man could have a more legitimate source of happiness in the years of the fulness of life, the more especially as you have achieved this not by any showy programme, but by the quiet attraction of your own love for your work. . . . I wish very much I could come back to Cambridge, and do some work with you again. Perhaps this next long Vacation may give some opportunity.

"Sanskrit is to have its recognised place in the degree schemes of the University of Wales : and Kalidása and the Bardd Cwsg may yet come to be studied here side by side. But alas ! our own Welsh Professor is busy demolishing the Gorsedd. Meanwhile I am puzzled by having a son of a different nationality to myself and whose names I cannot correctly pronounce."

To Dean Kitchin.

"Feb. 15. 96. . . . On the 23rd of last month my old pupils presented us with my portrait. Dr. Peile spoke some kind words and I send you a copy of my reply. A few days afterwards it was taken to the College, where I hope it will remain as a Memorial of me when I am gone. We had a luncheon in the Hall on that day.

I had to say a few words in reply to a very kind speech from the Master. So I told them that we might have deviated from the old *Monastic* customs of the College, still we had not wholly broken with the past. The two Guilds which founded the College in 1350, used to have their social gatherings to sympathise with each other's joys and sorrows; and I thought that the kind gathering that day was a revival of the old Guild of Corpus Christi!

"This is a busy term, and there is not much leisure for Professors. My 'Guild' of Jātāka translators is hard at work. The third volume is in the press, by Francis of Caius and Neil of Pembroke. There will be three more volumes—it will be a valuable store-house of old folk-lore legends.

"Our old Professor of Botany died last Autumn, Babington. He and I used in old days to go many excursions together in Wales as well as Cambridgeshire. Our new Professor cares nothing for living plants,—his thoughts are absorbed by the hidden wonders of structure and growth. His eye is the microscope. Of course both sides of the science must be equally cultivated for its healthy development; but one cannot help regretting the cheerful excursions in search of living plants and the sight of them in their natural surroundings. There is an Adoxa Moschatellina which Ray describes in 1660 as growing in a corner of a field under some elms in the north side of Chesterton (a mile from Cambridge),—it still grows in that spot and nowhere else in the county. The six or seven old trees are an essential part of the picture,—it reminds one of Keats' lines,—

> "'as the trees
> That whisper round a temple become soon
> Dear as the temple's self.'

"I have two nieces now doing educational and missionary work in India. Their accounts and their fresh interest in their work and the natives remind us of our own old time nearly 40 years ago. I have pleasant reminders sometimes that my old pupils in Calcutta have not forgotten me. An old pupil who is just appointed to my old post as Principal of the Sanskrit College, wrote to me to tell me about it, and quoted some Sanskrit lines of mine in a speech when I gave away the Prizes in 1860."

To Dr. Sandys.[1]

"Mar. 16. 96. I shall be very pleased to send you some notes on the History of Sanskrit scholarship in England.[2] It is a branch

[1] The Public Orator in the University of Cambridge.
[2] Cowell's remarks on this subject form Appendix II.

where we certainly had the honour of teaching other nations. Wilson's Dictionary continued the one indispensable help until Böhtlingk and Roth began to publish their great work in parts. Each part, as it came out, rendered the corresponding portion of Wilson obsolete; but it took 23 years, 1852-1875, before the last letters were superseded. Wilson's Dictionary for the adjectives and substantives, and Westergaard's Radices Sanscritæ for the verbs were my help from my earliest days of Sanskrit study."

Here are extracts from two other letters written to his esteemed Indian Pandit to whom he always used to appeal in his Sanskrit difficulties, and to whom he never failed to write on any important occasion of his life.

To Mehesh Chandra Nyayaratna.

"April 17. 96. . . . My picture has been hung up in the Hall of the Corpus College. I feel greatly honoured by such a kind recognition of my work from my old pupils and from the College. I forget whether I sent you a copy of my address when it was presented to me on my 70th birthday. I hope the Sanskrit çloka will pass muster. I enclose you a copy now. I frequently write çlokas still and send them to foreign scholars as my upayanam. . . . I do indeed wish that I could have the inestimable benefit of reading Nyaya or Mimansa with you still. I often want your help,—I wanted it this morning over the Tattva Kaurnudi! I wanted it the other day over a barttika partly explained by Tarkavachaspati's note on Kumar Sambl. 3. '60; it is also discussed in Mallinatha on Raghu v. 8. 71. . . ."

To the same.

"Apr. 24. 96. . . . I am now reading over again the Sankhya tattva Kaurnudi in Tarkavachaspati's excellent edition. I was delighted to find out the explanation of a hard phrase which often occurs, as in p. 9 sattvapurusha for prakritipurusha,—in our old Sanskrit College text books. I came upon it quite accidentally and it shone on me. . . . When I read Sanskrit Philosophy I seem to be back in Calcutta and to hear your voice as in 1864! It is like what our poet Wordsworth describes in one of his poems,—a woman who was born among the mountains, has long lived in London, and one day she hears a bird sing, and immediately as by magic, all London vanishes and she seems to be walking alone as a girl in the mountain valley where she was brought up."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"April 29. 96. I send you a sonnet which I have lately made. It has grown out of my pointing out to different friends the various phases of the elm blossoms during March and April, and I had never noticed before, that, unlike the ash, the elm gets rid of its flowers and fruit at once and lives a solitary untroubled life of its own all the rest of the year. It is troubled by no keys! In that respect it is like *me*, as the other married fellows laugh at me, because I have no *latch-key* to let myself in by!—

"Philip is gone to his work at Greenwich Observatory. I shall miss him a good deal, as we always walked one afternoon in the week,—latterly on Thursdays. I walked with Prof. Skeat on Monday and gathered the Samaras. He is busy printing all the spurious works ascribed to Chaucer (as he has already edited all the genuine ones). These are interesting as criticism has certain tests of language and rhyme which detect the later writer, or, if contemporary, the native of some other part of England. It greatly interests him to detect the false ring in the coin!

"Elm-samaras.

"Spreading a flush o'er leafless branch and spray,
The elm-flowers wake among the earliest;
First the red stamens from their close-packed nest
Force to the air and light their eager way,
Hiding the seed beneath their careless play,
As if no fuller life could be possest,
But soon they fall, and charged with spring's behest,
The swelling ovule lifts its green array.
Last the wing'd samaras fill the little scene
And flutter down,—a future colonnade,—
Richer than fruit-tree blossoms can they shine,
Bathed in the sunshine on a village green;
While th' Elm lives on in barren wealth of shade,
Content to adorn the land or nurse the vine.[1]

"Cambridge. *Ap.* 29. 1896. E. B. C."

To Professor Lanman.

"May 2. 96. I received your account of the American Oriental Society's Meeting and thank you for your kind remembrance of my London verses. The quotation recalled our very pleasant days of intercourse during the Congress. . . .

"We are busy with the third volume of the Jātaka,—it is nearly half done. We were at work in our 'guild' yesterday afternoon

[1] I hope that the *poetical* utility of the Elm thus suggested to the scholar is not out of harmony with the idea of the tree's simple beauty in the English landscape.

over the proofs. Some of the Pâli phrases and allusions give us a good deal of trouble. The translation of the Harsa Carita is nearly printed. It will be a nice book of Sanskrit ornate prose for students. Its style is not so tiresome as Kádambari, though tiresome enough in all conscience; and its incidents are full of variety peace, war, domestic troubles and sorrow, &c.; and the undercurrent of actual historic fact running through it all adds a new interest. There is as much fact in it as in Scott's *Waverley*.

"Have you got any new lights on the relation of the Zend-Avesta and the Rig Veda? I don't think we can put the *R.V.* so *very* far back (I mean 3 or 4,000 years B.C.). So much of the older part of the Avesta seems so closely allied to it that there can hardly be a tremendous gulf of time between the older and younger parts of the Avesta. It is very puzzling. I sometimes think of Mrs. Browning's line on the dead child, 'Now she knows what Ramses knows'; we shall see Zoroaster some day and know when and where he lived! I have been interested lately making my pupils apply your tests of older and later hymns—they give a new interest to the reading."

In May 1896, Cowell's Alma Mater, Oxford, offered him a tardy recognition of his great services to literature and scholarship by nominating him for the honorary degree of D.C.L. I think that this offer delighted Mrs. Cowell more than it did her husband, for owing to his great objection to public functions, Cowell was filled with dismay at the prominent position he would have to occupy at the approaching Oxford Commemoration. He was only reconciled to the ordeal when he discovered that his friend Professor Skeat was to receive a similar honour at the same time. The chief recipients of the degree which was conferred on June 24th were the United States Ambassador, the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. John Morley, and Sir Archibald Geikie. Cowell was lauded by the Public Orator for his Indian studies, his Sanskrit erudition, his Prákrit Grammar, and his services to our Indian Empire.

To Dean Kitchin.

"May 28. 96. I have been intending to answer your warm letter, but my days have been so over-filled with Lectures and

examinations that I never could find any spare time. And now this sudden news about the Honorary Degree has come to fill my thoughts. I feel that it is a very great honour, and I am particularly pleased to think that Oxford in this way sets its seal of approval on my Cambridge work. Elizabeth is greatly delighted at it. I am only sorry that her health will not allow of her venturing on the journey.

"Your letter interested me very much, but I shall write no great book now. Our life is shaped for us, and one must trust in the guiding hand. I have not the originality which makes a man produce 'great books,'—my work is influencing others and setting them to work. Besides, there is another point which I must not forget. A happy married life does not help one in literary success. You will remember Bacon's phrase (from *Cicero*) about Ulysses 'qui vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati.' I am quite content that that line should be the verdict on my life, so long as one can honestly feel that 'he has served his generation by the will of God' before 'he falls on sleep.' It seems to me, as I survey the past, that only men of great original genius, and especially *poets*, have any chance of achieving immortality. All other writers only become '*peat*' as Carlyle says,—sooner or later."

On the day before the Encænia at Oxford Cowell received the following short letter from his old pupil, Sir Frederick Pollock :—

"Oxford. June 23. 1896. My dear Guru,—I cannot be here to-morrow to see you take your D.C.L. *honoris causa*, but let me assure you that it gives me great pleasure in the double capacity of an Oxford and Cambridge man, and moreover as in private duty bound, when I remember that I was one of your first pupils at Cambridge. Yours very truly, F. POLLOCK."

To F. W. THOMAS.

"July 1. 96. I went over the earlier part of your proof and have sent it to the press for a revise. . . . I enjoyed my visit to Oxford very much indeed. I met many old friends and everybody was very cordial. It was a great gratification to have this proof that my old University approved my work. I like Cambridge best, but I always feel that I owe an immense debt to Oxford. I went there a solitary student, mainly self-taught; and I learned there the method of study."

To C. W. Moule.

"July 27. 96. My wife has a little tendency to a cough which makes me keep her a prisoner. We are obliged therefore to give up the idea of coming to Cranmer Road tomorrow. But could not you and Mrs. Moule come for another Spanish evening tomorrow instead? We might have a long reading of *Don Quixote*. . . ."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Aug. 12. 96. . . . I have begun a book which will have interested your Father, if he has seen it; the Greville *Memoirs*, so far as they relate to the Queen's Reign from 1837. The period so exactly coincides with the time when I began to take an interest in public events. The book recals my early boyhood, and it is very interesting to see one's own early recollections crystallising before one's eyes into history. So many of the events come back to me quite vividly, such as Lord Durham's going out as Governor to Canada, his apparent failure at the time, but his ultimate success, as his measures were all eventually adopted; Lord Brougham's erratic course, as the *comet* of politics,—Disraeli's first appearance as a speaker in the House of Commons when he was laughed down for his pompous absurdity; and the very interesting glimpses of the old Duke of Wellington, who as he used to say, would not stoop to faction, and so used to support the Whig government at critical times to the great anger of the violent Tories who chafed at his moderation and wanted a battle for office. Then the early days of the Queen, unknown and herself totally inexperienced, and her gradually making her way and becoming appreciated. Mr. Greville mixed with all the public men of the time, as he was Clerk of the Privy Council, so the book is full of personal details and incidents. . . ."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"21 Wellington Esplanade, Lowestoft, Aug. 31. 96. . . . Rest and sea air have done us much good. I have only been reading novels and the Greville *Memoirs*. . . . I remember, my father was a great partizan of Lord Durham's,—and Brougham's freak about his supposed death from a carriage accident. Greville heard all the gossip of the clubs and knew all the leading people, and he was a shrewd observer. It is a pity that there has not been one such loquacious keen-sighted observer in every important era. The historical record, as it is, is like the Geological one, too full of

irreparable blanks at important periods. We have only a few of these garrulous benefactors of mankind,—Gregory of Tours, Froissart, Burnet,—blessings on the whole genus! There is one Persian chronicler of Mahmud's son, whose book I always hope to translate,—it is a Pepys' biography under an Oriental despot. . . ."

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 16. 96. . . . I find the Greville *Memoirs* a very pleasant companion. It only lacks humour to be a first-rate book; but this is a great defect. He rose almost to eloquence when describing the Emperor of Russia's visit in 1844, 'he went away early and the departure was pretty; the Royal equipages, the escort of Lancers with their pennons glancing in the sun, the steps and balconies clustered over with women to speed the parting guest; and as he bade the Duke of Devonshire a kind farewell and mounted his carriage, while the Russian hymn struck up, and he took his departure for ever from the gay scene and brilliant assemblage, proceeding on the march of his high and hard destiny, while we all turned to our humble, obscure, peaceful and uneventful occupations, it was an exhibition to stir the imagination and excite busy thoughts.' This is not a frequent vein of feeling."

To the same.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 26. 96. . . . I was grieved to see that Prof. Humphrey died on Thursday night.

"I enclose you an article on birds from to-day's *Spectator* which will interest you. It does for the Fauna what part of Keats' ode to the Nightingale does for the Flora of 'the forest dim.'—I find that Kelly's *Life of Cervantes* is full of interesting things, though it is very wordy and ill-written. Cervantes' second *Anabasis* means his service in the war with Portugal in 1580–3; and the *first* '*Anabasis*' (though I cannot find the phrase used, so that the epithet 'second' is one of the many carelessnesses of the author) seems to be Cervantes' expedition to Italy as one of the household of the Papal legate in 1568. He went to Rome,—then joined the Venetian expedition against the Turks in 1570, which led to the battle of Lepanto in 1571. He has several campaigns and is captured by the Moors of Algiers in 1575, and does not return to his native land and so end the first *Anabasis* till 1580."

To the same.

"Lowestoft, Oct. 2. 96. . . . I have been reading Dr. Hort's life. The second volume is exceedingly interesting. His mind

is too restless and unsettling as well as unsettled to leave a sense of satisfaction behind it; but the record, as given in his letters, is most interesting. I grew quite fascinated as I read on. His great defect seemed to me his too great confidence in human analysis and logic to solve all difficulties. But he was full of forbearance in judging others. A long letter of his on Newman (Vol. II. pp. 423-5) struck me as very wise. You will be much interested in a piece of antiquarian knowledge of his which enabled him to *settle* the date of the Codex Amiatinus of the Latin Bible and to confirm a conjectural emendation of de Rossi's in some Latin verses written in the Codex (Vol. II. pp. 255-8). It is a complete story in itself with a problem solved in literary history. You may have heard of it, but it was new to me. I shall hope next week to recommence *Don Quixote* some evening with you and Mrs. Moule."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Nov. 25. 96. Your Index is capital—just what we want; and your notes seem to me very good. What do you say to my adding a short note to p. 2 on the Vasavadatta, just alluding to the clear plagiarisms of whole passages? or would you like to put all these into a paper of your own for the *R. A. S. Journal*? I don't think I can find time to finish my half-done preface till the term ends. I am so over-worked with 9 hours in Rig Veda,—Pāli,—Panini,—Zend,—and Shāhnāmah lectures that I have no time to write anything original. . . ."

To Dean Kitchin.

"Dec. 11. 96. . . . Your words brought back those afternoons in the little room at St. Clement's with Amadis de Gaul—I felt myself once again there with you! I have still some links left with Amadis de Gaul; for my friend Charles Moule often comes with his wife to read *Don Quixote* with me in Spanish, and Amadis de Gaul was referred to in our very last reading. Another link with St. Clements is that I have lately begun to read some of the Persian Shāhnāmah for philological purposes with two of my Sanskrit and Zend pupils. You will remember lending me Keightley's *Mythological Stories* to help me in making out the Persian text of Rustem and Sohrāb! Charles Lamb may well say that memory

'like Hebrew letters backward runs.'

He might have said that it has a similar cabalistic power,—it too has its 'dark book of Zohar.'

"I should immensely like to come and spend a few days at the Deanery but it must be in more genial weather. I am obliged to keep a careful watch over Elizabeth, as she is liable to catch cold in these damp winter days. . . ."

Another example of Cowell's method of giving encouragement to his pupils:—

To Miss C. M. Ridding.

"Dec. 18. 96. I think you will be pleased to hear what Mr. Tawney says in a letter which I have just received from him. 'I think Miss Ridding has done splendidly and I beg to congratulate you on your pupil.' This is indeed 'laudari a laudato.' I think the translation reads very well indeed."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Dec. 22. 96. . . . . Mr. Moule came last evening and read some Spanish with me. *Don Quixote* never fails to interest with its Shakespearian blending of humour and pathos. It is an interesting question whether Shakespeare could have read a translation. He never refers to it, but *the dates* allow ample time for it. He would have appreciated the contrast of the Don and Sancho Panza. . . ."

To J. A. Crawley.

"Jan. 7. 97. Your question is not hard to answer. Your Sanskrit words are Max Müller's favourite way of Sanskritising his name so as to give it a quasi-Indian meaning, just like Erasmus or Melanchthon. *Moksha* means the Vedânta idea of 'liberation,' and so can do duty for Max, better than a bald meaningless *Mâksha*.

> "The words are Moksha—Mûlar—bhaṭṭaḥ.
> *Bhaṭṭa* (nom. *bhaṭṭaḥ*) means 'Doctor.'

"He printed this in the Sanskrit Title-page to his grand edition of the *Rig Veda* with the Sanskrit native Commentary."

As additional evidence of the regard or affection which existed between Dr. Max Müller and Cowell, the follow-

ing touching letter and the sympathetic reply to it must be inserted here :—

To Professor Cowell.

"Oxford, Jan. 11. 97. My dear old Friend,—I think both of us have followed through life Tennyson's lines,

> "'Not clinging to some ancient law,
> Not mastered by some modern term,
> Nor swift nor slow to change, but firm.'

We may have expressed ourselves differently, but I have always understood you, and I believe you have never misunderstood me. It is delightful to think how our friendship has remained unbroken in spite of small differences. I feel convinced you never doubted my loyalty to you. I wish we had seen more of each other in our later years, but that was not to be, and I always felt you were there the same kind friend as ever. I cannot have much more time on earth, and I feel that I have had my full share of everything. I also have a feeling that there is no break anywhere and that there will be some kind of continuity between this world and the next, how we need not enquire, for we shall never know. So I am quite content to close my eyes and wait patiently, always yours affectionately, F. Max Müller."

To Professor Max Müller.

"Cambridge, Jan. 12. 97. My dear old Friend,—Your letter affected me very much,—I shall carefully keep it as a record of our long friendship. We are both growing old now; but it is most delightful to look back over the long years which have passed since that Monday afternoon in February 1851 when Wilson took me from his lodgings where I had been reading Trethen's edition of the *Mahāvīrakarita* with him, to hear you give your lecture on Comparative Philology,—I believe it was your first. He introduced me to you after the lecture. It is a great happiness to think that our friendship has lasted unbroken so long. We have not always seen things from the same point of view, but we have always been able each to understand and sympathise with the other's divergence, —I quite agree with you in your quotation from Tennyson. I often think that our great trial in these days is to keep our child-like trust in God amid and in spite of all the conflict of opinions round us,—our faith is tested now in this way, instead of by persecution as in old days. I sometimes wish my lot had been cast later on in the world's history, but this is a foolish wish. Our

century has been a most eventful age and its discoveries will never be forgotten. As for the deeper problems Death will solve them for us—as Mrs. Browning said of the dead child,

"'Now she knows what Ramses knows.'

My wife sends her kindest remembrances.

"Believe me ever, yours affectionately, E. B. COWELL."

To C. W. MOULE.

"April 17. 97. I have been enjoying a holiday with no lecturing,—in fact I have been mainly employed in reading a Spanish novel of adventure, published a few years before Cervantes published his first Part, called *Guzman Alfarache*. It has interested me to trace where the great artist seemed to me to have taken an incident or an idea from the lesser. There is the same continual expectation of adventures on the road and in the inns, in both books; and the earlier author abounds in proverbs, but there is no Sancho to enunciate them,—they are only uttered in the course of the author's own moralisings, which is a very different thing. Some of the proverbs occur in *Don Quixote*, as I find from Bowles' Index verborum, but many seem new. Thus one runs 'cual si tuviera para coda Martes orejas,' 'as if I had a (new) pair of ears for every Tuesday,' which must refer to some old story. One obscure proverb we shall have ere long in *Don Quixote* (ch. 21) cogis *las* de Villadiego,—sometimes it is *las calzas*, he took the breeches of V. (so your transl. has it), but no one can explain it, except as meaning great haste. It makes one think of 'seven-leagued boots.' Some of the incidents in *Don Quixote* may very probably have been suggested by incidents in *Guzman*. Thus you remember Sancho's uncontrollable fits of laughter when they come upon the Fulling Mills,—this occurs in *Guzman* with a muleteer riding on his ass; then Sancho's being tossed in a blanket has its parallel and so of some other points. As the first part of *Guzman* was published in 1599 and the first part of the *Don* in 1605, Cervantes had no doubt seen it. It is curious too that a spurious second Part was also published to *it*, a year or two before the author in self-defence published a genuine second Part. I have also been reading a little of an old favourite of mine, *Ronsard*, lured by a pleasant article I read in *Macmillan's Magazine*."

To PROF. BENDALL.

"April 21, 97. I was very much pleased to receive your letter and to hear that I am not yet wholly forgotten by the elderly

men of Calcutta who remember me when I was in the Sanskrit College. It is a long time since I left India now,—it is 33 years,—a whole 'generation.' All my friends are now getting on in years, and I myself am now an old man, with my life mostly passed and my work done. I can only thank God for a long and happy life and trust that He will forgive all my mistakes. It is a great pleasure to me to think sometimes about the old past days in Calcutta. I was young then and full of hope with a long future before me. I should like to see the College again before I die, but I fear this is hardly possible. But happily the soul can see the distant as well as the near, as the poet says,

"'How fleet is a glance of the mind;
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind
And the swift-winged arrows of light.'—

Good-bye. God bless you."

To E. J. Rapson.

"May 18, 97. I was so glad to hear from you. I am getting better; but I felt poorly and overworked at the beginning of this term and had to call in a Doctor. I don't give up Lecturing, but I get some rest. I am very glad to hear that you like the Harsa Carita. I think I a little overworked myself about it, as there were so many puzzles starting up like so many weeds where all seemed clear and well-tilled! I may say I was ill with a *harsa*-prabhavah Kleçah!"

In July Mr. Robert Chalmers writes to ask the Professor to settle the meaning of some obscure words in the Pitakas and concludes his letter by saying:—

"I am trespassing at length on your time; but to whom else could I turn with equal hope of help in my need?"

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 19, 97. I thank you sincerely for your kind letter. My wife feels her brother's[1] death a good deal,—he was her last surviving brother. But of course we cannot but rejoice to think that he is freed from his long period of suffering. He passed away rather suddenly at last.

[1] The Rev. Samuel Charlesworth.

"I have, I think, got a clue about the Latin lines. Aldis Wright came over from Beccles for a walk yesterday and I was telling him about my difficulty, and he at once suggested the name of Carruthers, and this name seemed also to come back to my own mind. I have this morning written to Mr. Carruthers and I may find it all out through him. I added all I knew about the Roman Nettle's extinction here, as I thought that would interest him and shew that I had a genuine interest in plants. My lines are

"'Five brothers all of one age are we
Here in a little company;
Two have beards and two have none
And only half a beard has one.'"

To Dean Kitchin.

"Lowestoft, Sept. 11, 97. Your letter from Norway delighted us both. . . . Elizabeth cannot walk far now, but on fine days she gets out upon the Esplanade and enjoys the sea air; and I take my strolls by myself and try to find some local plants. An old friend which used to grow near the lighthouse, grows there no longer,—the rare 'Roman Nettle' has been swept away by one of the new streets. I daresay a *nettle's absence* was never mourned before. I have given myself a holiday since I came here; but I am hoping to read a little Spanish with Charles Moule if he can come to spend a day or two here. I have interested him in *Don Quixote*, so I have brought Vol. II. with me, ready to read with him. Year after year I used to read the *Don* with Edward FitzGerald here,—he was never tired of reading it, and Moule is almost as fond of it. I think, as one grows old, Cervantes gets a firmer hold on our sympathies, we learn to appreciate more the Shakespearian depth of tenderness veiled under the humour. Professor Seeley used to say how Shakespeare would have delighted in the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho.

"I read your address on Mrs. Browning with great interest in the Paper to-day. *We* do not place her so high as you do,—still I quite own her greatness. She is rather too rugged to please me. I am afraid I am too fond of the beautiful and the harmonious,—I return to Virgil with ever fresh enthusiasm. . . ."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Oct. 11, 97. All the Harsa Carita Bills are settled and forgotten. You need not spend a thought on them. I have not had time yet to look at your two new errata; but I feel sure they

are as you say. We cannot but have left many of the double meanings undetected.

"I hope you will come here if Bühler comes. Kielhorn talked of coming too."

The Cowells kept their Golden Wedding Day on October the 23rd, 1897, and on that happy Saturday afternoon received the congratulations of their friends in their drawing-room at 10 Scroope Terrace. I will leave the letters to speak for themselves and rejoice that I am permitted to add the Latin verses that were written by Mr. Charles Moule in honour of the occasion. His picture of the various scenes of the Cowells' lives during the fifty years charmed them not a little.

To Dean Kitchin.

"Oct. 25. 97. Your affectionate letter delighted us, and so did your beautiful piece of China which arrived in time for Elizabeth to display it on the table in the Drawing Room when our visitors came in the afternoon on Saturday.

"Our friendship dates from before 1841; but it was in that year that we first began to know each other and to sympathise in our tastes and interests. We used to read the prose French book about Amadis de Galles and his battles with Paynims and enchanters in the little library upstairs in the old house in St. Clements. I am often reminded of those old readings. I remember Kenelm Digby in his *Broadstone of Honour* maintains that the generous enthusiasm of youth is essentially the perennial source of the spirit of chivalry, what Demosthenes calls *νεανικὸν φρόνημα*.—On Saturday afternoon the fellows of Corpus came with their wives (as they are now nearly all married by our new statutes) and brought their kind congratulations. Charles Moule made a beautiful speech about my connection with the University for thirty years and with Corpus for twenty-three, and he turned very warmly to Elizabeth and greeted her as their honorary *socia*, as they all recognised her healthy influence among them. He gave us in their name a copy of Prof. Willis and Mr. Willis Clark's great work on the Architecture of Cambridge. In my reply I very naturally took as my theme Elizabeth's connection with the varied scenes of my life, and her great, in fact her paramount influence in moulding it into what it has been. At Bramford at first, as in my preceding years, my only dream for the future had been a career of literary

ardour in the evenings following a day spent in the counting house, —life was to be redeemed by the 'golden hours' of the candle light in the evenings. The horizon slowly widened, and her influence under God's good providence led to Oxford, Calcutta and Cambridge. But wherever my work lay, she was always by my side to help and encourage. You will easily understand that I made a very successful hit, such as Aristotle would have approved, when I dwelt on her courage in giving up her pleasant home 'in the village far from the world' (as FitzGerald calls it in the Preface to his *Salāmān and Absāl*), to accept instead a life in lodgings as an undergraduate's wife in Oxford,—this touched the imaginations of all my hearers, as I felt magnetically while I was speaking. I might have quoted the lines in Macaulay's lay,

"'She was borne up bravely
By the brave heart within.'

"Moule had previously sent me some beautiful Latin lines which I will copy out and enclose."

To Professor Bendall.

"Oct. 25. 97. I thank you very heartily for your kind letter, and so does my wife. You sent us a representative in Professor and Mrs. Rieu, who came in the afternoon. They came in just as the Fellows of Corpus came with their wives to give their good wishes and congratulations,—so it fitted in admirably. I am only sorry that you were not there too. My wife was not too tired after all the excitement and she seems fairly well to-day. . . . Moule made some beautiful Latin Elegiacs on the event which I have shown to Neil and Francis,—sketching the varied scenes of our fifty years,—Ipswich, Oxford, Calcutta, Hampstead and Cambridge.—Cambridge forms much the longer half. One looks back on a very happy period of life here. The years have run on in a quiet sunshine, realising that beautiful line of *Childe Harold* about Gibbon in a certain way, 'hiving knowledge with each studious year.' I told my wife to-day that I owed all my success to her courage and enthusiasm,—she indeed

"'alba nautæ
stella refulsit.'"

Here follow Mr. Moule's Elegiacs above mentioned.

Amicis duobus spectatissimis C. W. M. s. p. d.

Ergo hodie vos lustra decem completis, amici,
Conjugii sancto pulchra sodalicio.

Nativum flumen vos primum et prata tenebant
Dulcia, quæ laudat Vester ut "urbe procul."
Mox Academiam petiistis et Isidis oras,
Laurumque, et docti gaudia culta chori.
Dein prope Gangis aquas anni bis quattuor ibant,
Carus erasque Indis, optime, discipulis.
Caelum non animum reduces mutâstis, opinor;
Quod studium Ganges, vidit idem Thamesis.
Denique praecurrit nostras ubi Camus Athenas,
Jucunda invitant munia, dignus honor.
Postpaulo et socium sumit sibi laeta benignum
(Quin dico et sociam?) nostra vetusta Domus.
Nunc tecto invigilat Virtus Doctrinaque vestro
Semper, et ad portam ridet Amicitia.
Aurea lux ergo est: exortam rite saluto,
Atque Patrem vobis omnia fausta precor.

Cantabrigiae, XXIII° Octobr: MDCCCXCVII.

v. 4, "Vester" scil. Ed. FitzGerald.
"prata. . . . urbe procul" = "those meadows far from the world!"
v. 6, "Laurum" scil. a distinguished *First Class*.

To his Aunt, Mrs. George Cowell.

"Dec. 8. 97. . . . We have been very much interested in reading Tennyson's Life,—it seems to recall so many things in our own lives, as there is so much about the different poems, which we remember as they used to come out in the 40 and 50 decades which now seem so long ago! Mr. FitzGerald too continually appears especially in the first volume. I have been reading the Memoir of my old friend Professor Babington. I am so much interested in the accounts of his rambles in search of rare plants. His life was spent in the open air and as he loved insects as well as plants he could find objects of interest in every wood and hill-side. I have had many a pleasant expedition with him to different localities in Cambridgeshire and Wales. We rambled over Snowdon together hunting for the rare plants which hide themselves under the rocks in its less visited valleys and defiles. There was one deep valley in the very centre of the Mountain's solitudes, where we found several treasures,—it lay entirely out of the track of the ordinary tourist and we did not meet a human being in the course of our expedition. It was completely carrying out Byron's lines in *Childe Harold*,

"'To sit on rocks; to muse o'er flood and fell,—
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
Where mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been.'

His life must have been a happy contented one. His great

interest was his plants; he loved to watch them in their native haunts and find out their peculiarities. Though *mute* naturally, they had a language of their own which he could understand!—It reminds me of my niece Annie Mann, from whom I have just received a letter, full of accounts of her baby's intelligence, and its interest in hearing its mother singing songs to amuse it. The baby seemed to me to be a 'flower' to her, with a language of its own which she at any rate fancied she could understand. . . . I hope my cousins are all well. I suppose they were greatly interested in the London School Board Elections. I could not understand any more than old Caspar in Campbell's poem about Blenheim,

"'What they fought each other for!'. . . ."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Dec. 11. 97. . . . I have two young Professors in New York who write to me as if I were their *Uncle*,—they saw a good deal of me at the Oriental Congress in London four or five years ago; and as they had the genial enthusiasm of youth, they could recognise a kindred heat in the calmer temperature of an old man's zeal in the cause of literature. . . .

"Your Aunt sends her love to you and Catherine Margaret,—I fear I have transposed the order of the names, but I hope *she* will not mind. She will mind it less than you!

"Did you see an amusing answer given at a Board school examination where some examiner asked what made the sea salt?—One of the boys pondered and answered 'Please, sir, it is the *herrings*.' There was at any rate originality in the boy's head!"

To Dr. W. H. D. Rouse.

"Jan. 29. 98. I sent your proof to the printers. We were exceedingly interested in Tennyson's Life. I knew him a little. We were lodging opposite Balliol Coll. when he had his Hon. degree in 1855; and he used to come over to us from the Lodge late at night (after the grand parties) to smoke. He was staying there. I also once walked up the Castle Hill with him in 1868 when he was staying at Trinity with Dr. Thompson when he received his Hon. degree *here*. I once began to teach him a little Persian in 1846, when I spent a few days in London and went with Ed. FitzGerald to see him in his bachelor lodgings. He wanted to read some Hāfiz, so I translated an ode with an interlinear translation; but the character daunted him. He took to

Hāfiz—I had not come to Omar Khayyám in those days. There was great simplicity in his character. He was, as you say, a really great man—he looked one and was one."

Here is a reminiscence of Calcutta days :—

To F. W. Thomas.

"Mar. 30. 98. . . . Life in India is very pleasant for many things. The hot season is trying, but one does not mind it a bit as long as one keeps well. I always used to say that the heat acted as a stimulus, while one was in good health. I worked hard nearly all day, and used to take several extra lectures, besides having a Pundit to read MSS. with every day for two hours before breakfast. We never went to the hills, but had eight hot seasons. We used to go up the River in a houseboat in the September and Christmas vacations, and one Christmas we went by steamer to Burma. The hot season vacations we always spent in Calcutta."

To C. W. Moule.

"April 14. 98. I was much interested in your Post Card. The *Poetics* was a great favourite of mine in old days, but I have (like you) only Bekker's text, annotated by variorum notes from various quarters. The book puzzles me,—it is apparently a fragment left unfinished, but what power and grasp it displays! Some of the casual remarks seem to me to pierce to the very heart of things, and I have occasionally, I see, noted parallels from other writers. Thus he says poetry is more philosophical than history. I have two notes on that,—Wordsworth says that the logical faculty has infinitely more to do with poetry than the young and inexperienced dream of; and George Sand says, 'To paint one person it is necessary to have known a thousand. If the author had only studied a single one and wished to make an exact copy of him, the portrait would resemble no one and seem impossible.' I read it with Michell, but he did not care about it as he did about the Ethics and Rhetoric.—The Hindús say that the soul of Poetry is 'suggestion,' that is, the further meaning which does not belong to the lexicographer, as in

"'I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colours I approved.'

Or my wife's lines on the young bereaved mother,

"'Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may knit on.'

But this definition looks at Poetry more from the subjective side,—Aristotle's μίμησις from the objective, I suppose."

Here are some pretty lines written by Cowell on Miss Julia Kennedy's picture of Corpus Christi College, Nov. 1897 :—

"The creeper on the College Wall
Had watched in turn the seasons all,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, disappear,—
Winter seemed perilously near.

Yet still it waved its boughs in pride
With Autumn's gorgeous colouring dyed ;
The leaves that decked late Autumn's bowers
Outshone the wealth of Spring's fresh flowers.

But while it tossed its branches high
As if their beauty ne'er could die,
At times a shiver o'er it crossed
To think of coming snow and frost.

When lo ! the painter viewed the scene,
She cancelled all the 'might-have-been' ;
Her pencil a new sunshine made,
Not, like *November's*, doomed to fade.

That wall, that door, that leafy crown,
Through many a year will hold their own ;
For Art has power new life to give,
Her magic makes past Summers live.

"Cambridge, *June* 30. 1898. E. B. COWELL."

CHAPTER IX

CAMBRIDGE (4)

1898—1903

THE first Gold Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society was in 1898 awarded to Prof. Cowell. The Society is an old one, and was founded to foster and encourage Oriental learning. The method of doing this has been by appointing annually a Council representative of all branches of Oriental study; by choosing as Presidents representative men of note, well versed in languages and literature, and of distinguished and world-wide reputation; by the judicious collecting together of an appropriate Library, and by the regular publication of a Journal, both of these being representative of the learning and researches of the intellectual East; and now, lastly, by the founding in 1897, in honour of the completion of the Queen's sixty years' reign, of a Gold Medal to be given away every third year to someone in the front rank of Oriental Scholars.

The Medal is about the size of a five pounds piece, has on the reverse a banyan tree with the motto, "Quot rami tot arbores," on the obverse the legend, "Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland," and within a laurel wreath, "To Edward Byles Cowell, 1897."

At a special Meeting of the Society on May 25, 1898,

the Medal was presented by Lord Reay, the President, with the following appropriate speech :—

"I consider it a very great honour to perform on this occasion the duty, pleasant at all times, to recognise real merit. This Society has been fortunate in being allowed to confer its Medal for the first time on one of its most distinguished members.

"Your conquests, sir, are of a more exalted nature than territorial conquests; not only on account of their intrinsic value, but also on account of the means by which they have been obtained.

"You have been indefatigable; you have been versatile. You are a botanist; you are an authority on the old Welsh language, and you have lectured on Pāli and on Persian literature. You have kept up your classical scholarship, and your leisure hours are spent in the company of Italian and Spanish authors.

"But, sir, there is another feature in your illustrious career to which I must refer, and that is your generous recognition of the labour of others, and of the valuable aid you received from such Indian scholars as Pandit Rama Nārāyana, Mahesha Chandra Nyāya Ratna, and others.

"Nor can I adequately give expression to the feelings of gratitude from the younger scholars on whom you have lavished the treasures of learning and the immense resources of varied knowledge which you possess. Thereby you have bequeathed to us a phalanx of younger Orientalists on whom we build our hopes for the future of English scholarship. Their names are already inscribed in the roll of distinguished Orientalists. Let me mention some: Neil, Webster, Bendall, Francis, Rouse, Thomas, Miss Ridding and FitzGerald (whom you instigated to give us his version of Omar Khayyám); and the work of other men has shone brighter because you consented to edit and complete it. I need hardly recall such instances as Elphinstone's *History of India*, Wilson's *Rig Veda*, and Goldstücker's treatise on the orthodox Brahmin Philosophy.

"As early as 1843 you contributed to the *Asiatic Journal* graceful and accurate versions of Persian poems. The founder of our Society, Horace Hayman Wilson, was your teacher. Your first work on Prákrit Grammar appeared in 1854. Presently I shall allude to your publications in India. Let me here mention the collection of legends about distinguished Buddhists which appeared in 1886, and in which your pupil Mr. Neil was your co-editor, and the translation of the Jātākas from the Pāli, which at the suggestion of Professor Rhys Davids you undertook to superintend. The three volumes are due to Mr. Chalmers, and the two others to your pupils Mr. Neil and Mr. Rouse. In 1893 you gave us the Sanskrit

text of the Buddha Carita, and in 1894 its translation. And in 1897 the first work published at the cost of the Society itself, in our revived Oriental Translation fund, was the Harsa Carita, in which you had the co-operation of another of your pupils, Mr. Thomas.

"Although we honour you primarily as our most eminent Sanskrit scholar, we are most deeply grateful to you that you have opened up new avenues, and that you have taught us that Indian literature has to be explored in many directions.

"We cannot forget that in the field of philosophy you have laid the foundation of the study of Indian speculative thought. When you were in India you grappled with texts, difficult as much by reason of their abstruse thought as by reason of the language in which those thoughts were expressed. We hail you as the pioneer in philosophical research which is invaluable to arrive at sound conclusions on the evolution of human thought.

"It is not too much to say, sir, that you have revealed to us a civilization, and among the greatest benefactors of our race are those who supply us with the materials to understand the mysteries of the East, which elude our grasp almost as much as the mysteries of nature.

"Philological research, as interpreted by you, sir, is scientific research in a pre-eminent degree. The leading characteristic of scientific research is that we are constantly lifting a fold of the veil. Your life, sir, has been a life of unveiling. But the result has been the same as it is in the case of scientific research. As we penetrate deeper into all these mysteries, we are on the one hand more convinced of the limits of our knowledge, and on the other hand more lost in veneration of the Author of all these wonders. Whilst too many vulgar productions were attracting the public eye in East and West, you were, in the seclusion of your great University, widening our horizon by enlarging the domain of classical studies in an imposing array of volumes which all contain new facts. We are well aware that you have never sought any other reward than that which was to be found in the satisfaction of revealing to a limited circle of students an unknown world.

"Some discoveries are attended with results partly beneficial, partly disastrous, scattering ruin and demoralization. Your discoveries have not stirred any evil passions; but they have stirred the world of learning. Pious founders of endowments are held up to the admiration of succeeding generations. Orientalists of future generations will look upon you as the pious founder of an endowment which cannot perish, and which is the creation of your own genius.

"Your reward has been intangible, and at the same time it is a reward which falls to the lot of very few men. If a jury were impanelled of all the Orientalists of Europe, and if the Order of Merit had to be bestowed on an English Orientalist, I have no doubt they would bestow it on you.

"The Royal Asiatic Society has no claim to represent European Orientalists; but in asking you, sir, to accept this Medal, we are convinced that our award will meet with the approval of all those who have followed with ever increasing admiration the disinterested manner in which you have set an example to all future generations of British scholars."

Prof. Douglas asked to be allowed to congratulate Prof. Cowell on this auspicious occasion, and also the Council of the Society on having conferred this first Gold Medal on this great scholar; their choice had been made easy by the pre-eminent position which Prof. Cowell holds.

Mr. A. N. Wollaston, as Chairman of the Medal Committee, explained the objects for which the Medal was founded, and expressed a hope, in which he was confident all would join, that amidst the many high honours which during his lengthened career have been bestowed upon one of England's most illustrious sons, not the least appreciated, nor the least distinguished, is the Medal of the Royal Asiatic Society this day received at the hands of Lord Reay.

Prof. Cowell replied as follows:—My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I thank you most heartily for the great honour which you have conferred upon me, and I value it all the more since I may recognise in it a sign that I have not failed in my life's old dream of spending my days in teaching. When I was young some dear friends of mine used to urge me to think of taking Holy Orders, but I always told them that my hope (unlikely as it then seemed) was to be a Professor in some college far away in India. At that time, nearly sixty years ago, India was far less known than it is now; it was immensely further off materially as well as mentally. Edward FitzGerald once said to his old friend, Major Moor, of the Bombay

Presidency (who lived near him at Bealings), that the very word *India* gave him the feeling of something dark and mysterious. The old Major, who knew no Sanskrit or Comparative Philology, but who at any rate knew Hindustani, replied that it might well be so, for *dark* was the meaning of the word *Hindú*. I early fell under the spell of that word. It was in 1841 that Sir William Jones first awoke in my mind an interest in India and the East. I owe the bent of my life to his "Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii," a Latin treatise on Arabic and Persian poetry, in imitation of Bishop Lowth's book on Hebrew poetry. There was a copy of Jones's works in the Public Library at Ipswich, and during the summer of 1841, I used to read in the early mornings the "Commentarii," which fills the sixth volume, and the translation of "Çakuntalā" or the "Fatal Ring" in the ninth volume, while my days were given to Latin and Greek at the Grammar School. I well remember the joy of finding a Persian Grammar among his works, and I soon learned the characters, and with the aid of a glossary at the end, began to study the anthology of beautiful extracts by which he illustrates his rules. It was with Jones's Grammar that some thirteen years afterwards, at Oxford, I gave FitzGerald his first lesson in the Persian alphabet. In 1841, in the October number of the *Edinburgh Review*, Macaulay published his brilliant essay on Warren Hastings. I read it with great interest; but what I best remember in connection with that number is, that in the list of new publications at the end there was advertised the first edition of Professor H. H. Wilson's Sanskrit Grammar. I saved up my Christmas-boxes and purchased a copy for my own. Of course I found Sanskrit far too hard, and so the book had to lie on my shelves as a hope and incitement for the future; but I returned meanwhile to my Persian, and worked on as well as I could by myself at the Shāhnāmah and Hāfiz. Soon after this I was introduced to Colonel Hockley, an old Bombay officer who was settled in Ipswich. He was an enthusiastic

student of Persian, and I read with him Jāmī's Yūsaf and Zulaikhā. He was my first teacher in Persian—my guide into the unknown Oriental world.

Now this leads me at once to the main point which I wish to impress on my audience—the power which our enthusiasm and sympathy can always exercise on others, wherever we may be placed. I can give, indeed, an infinitely more important example of this than my personal reminiscence of Colonel Hockley; for it was an Indian civilian who first kindled the flame of Sanskrit scholarship in Germany. An Indian civilian, Alexander Hamilton, happened to be travelling in France in May, 1803, when Napoleon, enraged at the sudden renewal of hostilities, caused every English traveller in France to be arrested at once without any warning. Hamilton remained a prisoner in France till 1808, but his time was not thrown away: he did good service to England and India during his enforced exile. He had studied Sanskrit in India; and while he spent the long years in Paris he formed a friendship with Augustus von Schlegel, and introduced him to the new language and literature. Schlegel caught the enthusiasm, and afterwards edited and translated the Hitopadeça, Bhagavadgītā, and Rāmāyana, and thus began the illustrious series of German Sanskritists, to whom Europe and India owe such a debt of gratitude.

There is nothing more interesting than to trace, where it is possible, these electric currents of influence; but how many such there must be which we can never know! Each of us can exercise this influence around us, to help on that "investigation of arts, sciences, and literature in relation to Asia," for which our Society was founded. Many of my hearers know "the great sentence," as it is called, of the Vedānta philosophy, *tat tvam asi*, "thou art thou," which is to tell the neophyte that he himself is the Brahma whom he seeks to know—that he himself is a part of the All. We may shrink from accepting this dictum in its highest meaning; but I think we may all cordially accept its teaching in our own practical life. To

speak for a moment in the technical language of Hindú philosophy, we may reject it as a pāramārthika truth, *τὸ ὄντως ὄν*; but we may embrace it as a guiding voice in the vyāvahārika "world," Plato's *τὰ φαινόμενα*—the practical world of the *ἀγορά* and the *ἐκκλησία*. *Tat tvam asi*, "thou art thou," may well ring in our ears when we would join any great movement, whether it be in the sphere of religion, philanthropy, politics, science, or literature. Each of us can feel that he is himself a part of the movement; he has a share in its work—a personal stake in its success. All the members of the Royal Asiatic Society are fellow workers in a noble cause. "Lux ex oriente" is their motto; to help in the diffusion of that light is their work. The several generations of members pass away, but they are all continuously linked together by their common aim; and the former and the present members are all parts of one long series,

"Et quasi cursores vitaï lampada tradunt."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"June 24. 98. . . . Cambridge is just now empty as the men are gone down, and one is glad to have a little pause in lecturing. These last few days I have been helping five old pupils by solving some of their difficulties in editing or translating five different books in Sanskrit, Pāli and Persian! It comes rather hard to be a common referee in so many things all at once,—and then I am giving some of my spare time to my own translation of the sixth volume of the Pāli Jātaka, which is to finish the series undertaken under my editorship by our Cambridge Pāli 'guild.' You remember Mr. Neil and Mr. Francis as two of its members. . . ."

To Mrs. George Cowell.

"June 25. 98. . . . I am giving myself a little quiet holiday after the year's lecturing, doing a little botany if I can find a few rare plants in our chalk or fen hunting-grounds. The blue flax, water-violet and a few other rare favourites have rewarded my search lately. Your husband did not know when he lent me his copy of Balfour's *Botany* in 1871 that he had added a permanent new interest to my life."

To Prof. A. A. Bevan.

"July 6. 98. I lay awake last night from 3 to 4 and in the quiet I recollected a curious parallel to our wandering enigma. Part of the plot of the story of Boyardo and Ariosto's celebrated Romance of chivalry turns on it. There is a magic fountain of love and another of hate which influences the people as they drink of one or the other. Thus Orlando loves the princess Angelica, who is in love with Rinaldo but he hates her. Angelica afterwards drinks of the magic fountain which produces hate at first sight, and this obliterates her former passion, while Rinaldo drinks the fountain of love and loves Angelica as passionately as he had hated her before. Angelica afterwards falls in love with a shepherd whom she marries.

"I do not know the sources of Boyardo's tale, but I suppose it is partly Eastern and so Moorish or Arabic. Boyardo and Ariosto flourished at the end of the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth. The parallel is very curious."

To Prof. Bendall.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 18. 98. . . . I am a good deal worried about my wife's health as she has been very far from well since we came here. This hot weather overpowers her. Lowestoft has not done her the good it has always done her hitherto."

To Mrs. Herbert Cowell.

"Sept. 19. 98. . . . I am sorry to say that Elizabeth is very poorly. We had a somewhat sad time at Lowestoft, especially the latter half of it. I felt that she gradually was growing weaker. The sea air did not brace her. I am very thankful that we got her *home* without much fatigue. She was however quite ill after her return; but I hope she is now slowly rallying. She will be 87 next Sunday,—I wish I could transfer to her one or two of my remaining years.

"You will find Spanish very interesting,—it is all so thoroughly mediæval, so entirely out of tune with the 18th or 19th century. Calderon's dramas and *Don Quixote* are the two things which will repay one for learning Spanish. One of the interests of Spanish is the dash of Arabic which appears in many phrases and words, the effect of seven centuries of Moorish dominion. For *Don Quixote* you will need a translation, as it is often hard in its style. There are several good recent English translations. I use Duffield's, but

I believe there is a very good one by Watts, who has written a very interesting little volume on Cervantes' life."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Oct. 7. 98. . . . Your account of Margaret Katherine is charming—your Aunt sends her especial love to her as well as to you. Your Aunt is getting stronger, and I think that her delusion about not being in her own house is growing weaker. She looks bright and cheerful, but her knees are very weak and she only totters across the room with my support or the nurse's,—she who walked once with me from Barmouth to Dolgelly! Still it is an immense comfort to have her so far restored. Her memory for the past is as good as ever—it is only the present or rather the immediate past which seems confused. She enjoys hearing old favourite hymns repeated, especially some which used to be sung in her father's church at Flowton."

To Prof. Bendall.

"Oct. 17. 98. I congratulate you most heartily on your having so successfully overcome all hindrances and actually being on the eve of starting for India. Your route to Nepal viâ Delhi and Benares and then to Calcutta is a most delightful prospect. How thoroughly you will enjoy it,—especially with an enthusiastic companion to share its interests with you."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Dec. 23. 98. . . . I used to be very fond of Hallam's chapters on the Papacy and Spain in his *Middle Ages*. That made me first interested in Spanish, which I began at school in 1840 or 41, when I read the first play of my life-favourite Calderon. Spain had a great influence on our literature in the 17th century,—our drama was very much modelled on the Spanish drama and the plots were continually borrowed from Spanish models. Then succeeded French influence under Charles II. which lasted till the time of the Georges, and reached its culmination in Pope. Spanish literature was forgotten and the language hardly studied more than German. Louis XIV. had risen to be the great Power; and the old fears of Philip II. had vanished like a dream of the night!

"Janie Charlesworth sent me the other day a piece of Butcher's broom from near Ware full of the beautiful red berries. . . . I had been always interested in Butcher's broom as one of the early flowers of the year. I had no idea that it could also win honours

as one of the lingerers in December! Charles Lamb used to say jokingly that, if he came late to the office, at any rate he went away *early*; Butcher's broom is much more praiseworthy, as it certainly comes early and goes away late.

"I was interested lately in hunting up the origin of the name 'grass of Parnassus.' It is such a favourite flower of your Aunt's, and we used to hunt for it in the Lake District and at Oban; and it always puzzled me why it should be called a *grass* at all, as it looks so little like one. I found out that the name was given by a Greek Physician Dioscorides who lived 50-100 A.D. and wrote a book on plants, chiefly with an eye to their real or supposed medicinal properties. He is treating of *agrostis* as a grass much liked by mules, and then he digresses and says there is a kind of agrostis which grows on Parnassus and has a different appearance which he proceeds to describe; he notices its white sweet flowers, and says that its leaves are something like ivy. It struck me as a very interesting proof of the stride made by Linnæus by starting the new idea of tracing out a *system*, so that the inquirer went by rule instead of guess. Linnæus' system might be improved and changed; but the idea of a law remained. It became impossible to associate a saxifrage like Parnassia with agrostis or any monocotyledon grass! The two plants were not on speaking terms,—they had never been introduced to one another!"

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Jan. 11. 99. I received a letter the other day from Calcutta which very much interested me, and so I send you an account of it. An old pupil of mine in 1864 is now the Principal of the Sanskrit College (the post which I held then, together with the Professorship in the Presidency College) and he writes me an account of a ceremony which they held at the annual distribution of prizes, which took place this year on December 23rd. It appears that my old pupils had subscribed to get my picture painted by a native artist from a photo which I sent them some 18 or 20 years ago to be placed in the College Library. They got the Chief Justice of Bengal Sir Francis Maclean to come and unveil it, and some native gentlemen and old College pupils attended the ceremony. The Principal sends me his address (six pages long), giving a sketch of my life and especially my work while in Calcutta. They evidently retain a vivid recollection of my many lectures and my interest in helping any genuine students. It is quite affecting to find so many of my remarks (Sanskrit and English) still remembered. I used always to give a

Bengali address at the distribution of prizes, and add a short piece of Sanskrit poetry,—he quotes one or two of these; and he also gives extracts from letters which I have written to old pupils and native friends since I came home. It is quite affecting to find oneself so well remembered still, considering that I left India in 1864! In India the tie of teacher and pupil is always considered a sort of sacred link, and so, I suppose, they feel an affectionate remembrance of all that relates to the old time. The young men of those days are now growing old; so that it speaks well for the constancy of Bengali regard."

TO THE SAME.

"June 3. 99. I thought of you to-day as I walked with Mr. Chas. Moule through Sheep's green and saw the water violets in full beauty in the little ponds. They looked so very beautiful as they swayed on their long stalks in the gentle wind. I am afraid the poets have not noticed them, but have left them to flower and fade unsung! Horace has an ode about the beauties who lived before Helen of Troy, but died unknown, 'carent quia vate sacro'; and so some pretty flowers have missed their due celebrity, because no poet has happened to mention them in his verses—they have to be content with adorning their own locality during their little life-time; but after all that is a very happy lot. Do you know Dr. Johnson's lines to his old friend Mr. Levett, the doctor among the poor? They are some grand lines to his memory,—one verse especially seems very fine to my mind,

"'His virtues walked their narrow round
Nor made a blank nor left a void;
And sure the eternal master found
The single talent well employed.'

"I have been lately going over Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* and found it more interesting than ever. It makes one feel as if one were actually living at that time and knowing all the people personally. Not only Johnson, but all the persons who come in as occasional visitors, seem all painted with the same life-like touches. Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Wesley, Gibbon the Roman historian all play their part in the conversations, and we seem to hear their voices. Lockhart's *Life of Scott* is very interesting; but Scott is far inferior in solid worth to Johnson. . . ."

TO THE SAME.

"June 6. 99. . . . I was very pleased to think of Elsie reading Macaulay's *Essay on Boswell* with her girls in India; but I remem-

ber Macaulay is very unfair on Boswell and rates him far too low as an original author. Many of his remarks in the conversations are very sensible, and his quotations are generally very well-put. Macaulay's mind was so essentially rhetorical that he could not judge fairly; he could not help painting in very black or very white colours. He therefore delighted in representing Boswell as a kind of inspired idiot,—who (like Goldsmith) 'wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.' Boswell had great intuition of character and he knew exactly how to make a perfect picture of the world round him, so that we find it all alive and stirring still. What it would have been if we had had a Boswell for Queen Elizabeth's time!

"Your Aunt was much interested in your expedition to Bramford in search of water-violets. When we used to live there we knew nothing of the water-violet—it had not risen on our mental-horizon! I was chiefly interested then in battling by myself with the difficulties of Sanskrit,—your Aunt and I used to read the Rāmāyana epic in the evenings and find out the words in the wretchedly deficient Dictionary which was then the only help available to the student."

To L. D. Barnett.[1]

"June 15. 99. Mr. C. Moule told me just now a parallel to the Upanishad we were talking of in Milton's *Areopagitica*,

"'As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye.'"

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"June 17. 99. I begin a letter to you this evening, as I mean to try to write a budget to interest you and amuse you. I am so sorry your throat is so easily irritated.—I might not talk to you, if I came to pay you a visit as I had been planning,—so I must have a *talk* by letter,—a 'chit-chat' in a new sense, as *chit* in Hindustani means 'a letter.'

"Hindus have been distinguishing themselves this last week. A Hindú from Bombay came out bracketed as senior wrangler. I went and called on him, but found him out. He called on me yesterday,—a small quiet-looking man with plenty of reserved power in his face. He was a Mahratta, and therefore belonged to the race which in the 17th and 18th centuries ruled a great part

[1] Of the British Museum.

of India and produced the Peshwā dynasty. I found this Hindu had learned French, to read French mathematics,—he had solved two hard questions in the examination by means of some great French mathematician's book. He was going to learn German this vacation to read some great German book for his examination next year. He had not read Sanskrit, but he was interested in what he had read about the old Hindú mathematical books. I dare say you know the story about Līṭāvatī the daughter of the great Hindú Astronomer who lived about 1000 or 1100. He was a great astrologer as well, and he had found out that his only daughter could only be married at one particular moment in her life,—every other time was hopelessly ill-omened. So he invited the guests and had every thing prepared against that particular hour on such and such a day; and they all waited for the time to arrive when Līṭāvatī was to be married to the man of her choice. They had no clocks then, but measured the time by water running out of a hole in a vessel; and all the guests stood silently round the vessel, watching the water slowly ebbing out from a tiny hole at the bottom. The time went slowly by, and yet the water was not emptied,—it crept on and still the exact time had not come,—what could be the matter? At last some one noticed that the water seemed to have stopped running! They examined the vessel more closely and discovered that a pearl had dropped from the bride's necklace and fallen into the vessel and stopped the flow of the water. The time was irrevocably *past*—she never could be married now! So to comfort her her Father called his great book on Mathematics by her name, and Līṭāvatī is just as well known all over India as Euclid is in Europe. Every student begins with it in all native schools. So all commencing students consider themselves Līṭāvatī's intellectual children. All the problems are in Sanskrit verse, and each one ends with an address to her, such as 'O fair-browed maiden tell me the true answer to this equation!' I remember when I read Hind's Algebra at Oxford, one or two of these problems were given from Līṭāvatī in the chapter on Equations."

After an account of some botanical specimens that he had found, he concludes this entertaining letter by some allusions to his own failing memory:—

"I amuse myself sometimes by looking over Bentham and reviving the forgotten descriptions of the plants which had often faded from my memory. Yesterday I recovered from oblivion the distinction between Hordeum pratense and Murinum, which

I had let slip out of my memory; and there are many similar 'truants' who must be summoned back by a roll-call. I sometimes find that the same thing happens about irregular verbs and historical dates, if they are left unhindered to their own devices! You remember Glendower says 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep,' and Hotspur answers 'but will they come when you do call?' I am reading an interesting book to your Aunt *Behind the Great Wall*—it is an account of Missionary work in China. One cannot help wondering what the future of China with its teeming millions is going to be. Will it be the history of modern India repeated on a larger scale? It is evident that the 20th century is going to be a stirring time,—it will be no period of stagnation as the 18th so long seemed fated to be, till the French Revolution woke it up!"

To C. W. MOULE.

"June 19. 99. You will be interested to hear that the Hindú students wanted me to come to a dinner which they are giving tomorrow evening to their Senior Wrangler,—the Master of St. John's in the chair. My doctor won't let me go out to any festivities,—so I had to decline. But after my friend was gone I determined to send them a çloka as my representative. It was rather short notice, but I polished it up as much as I could in the afternoon and sent it to the Hindú manager or Secretary before dinner. I sent it in Sanskrit and English,—I send you the latter. I may add that I got the hint from a verse in my favourite poet Kalidāsa, so that it will strike a chord in any native scholar's heart,—and the Sanskrit turn for 'methinks' is a rhetorical turn which I learned about in Calcutta.

"'Thy native land, methinks, at this glad time
Feels a proud thrill of joy, as though the breeze
Wafted the breath of flowers from some new clime
In unknown continents beyond the seas.'

"England is still a 'terra ignota' in every sense to most Hindus."

To HIS NIECE, ELSIE COWELL.

"July 16. 99. I was greatly interested in your long letter. It always does seem to me that educating the native women must be one great means of raising them mentally and spiritually, and then the whole nation through them. My Hindú pupils in Calcutta used always to tell me that their mothers were the great believers in idols—it was in fact a matter of heart to them. . . .

"Your Aunt is very feeble, but I have this week taken her out four times in a bath-chair into the country,—this is a great step, as she enjoys so much finding herself once more, after ten months' seclusion in-doors, abroad in the open air among the trees and hedges. I hope to be able to take her to Lowestoft in August, I feel very hopeful as to the effects of sea-air. The long journey will try her, but she will travel in an invalid carriage with no changes."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 22. 99. We have been here a fortnight and your Aunt is certainly better for the sea-air. She gets out now and then in a bath-chair and she sits all day at her window, enjoying the air and view. . . . I go out solitary walks here and do a little botany, but it is rather dull work. I find I have forgotten a great deal of my old knowledge of the plants since I lost your Aunt's companionship in my daily walks; and it is dull to hunt up the old signs in Bentham's analytic key, by myself; as I was doing just now with a piece of Buckshorn Plantain which I gathered yesterday on the shore near the lighthouse.

"We have been peculiarly fortunate in our weather. Yesterday was the full moon and your Aunt enjoyed the sight of the full orb illumining the sea in front of our window; it was really a beautiful sight,—the broad line of reflected light broken by the countless ripples of the waves."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 23. 99. . . . Yesterday your Aunt drove in an open carriage round by Oulton Broads. She greatly enjoyed the sight of the harvest as we drove along. She likes her view from the sitting room window. The passing ships and steamers greatly interest her. I reminded her of Scott's lines which she recollected directly,

"'Merrily merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The breeze from Arran's waters dark
Lies heavy on her sail.'

"There was an interesting review of a new work on the century's poets by some American writer, in the last number of the *Athenæum*. It quoted a good observation,—that people knew so much more about the archæology of the middle ages now than was known in Scott's time, and naturally they found out how partial and imperfect his idea of the feudal times and their Society

was. But when anyone wanted to depreciate Scott, they were always obliged to pause in their censure,—he might be ignorant or partially informed about the middle ages, but none knew more thoroughly the universal human nature which underlay them; and this saved him triumphantly in the ordeal.

"There was another thing in a recent *Athenæum* which very much interested me. An unknown copy of the first folio ed. of Shakespeare has recently come to light and it is full of notes by some diligent reader in the early part of the 17th century. One of his notes points out that Setebos, the name which Caliban gives for the god of his witch-mother in the *Tempest* comes from Purchas' *Pilgrims*, and is given there as the great devil worshipped by the Patagonians. Purchas printed his *Pilgrims* after Shakespeare's death, but he took it from a translation of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole published in 1577. Shakespeare therefore saw the account *there* and it must have attracted him as a typical view of savage superstition and barbarism. I always wondered where the name came from. Browning has a strange poem called *Natural Theology in the Island*, where he traces a wild scheme of barbarian theology to suit Caliban's reveries in the *Tempest*."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 30. 99. I have to thank you for two very interesting letters. The two photos delighted us both, they give us a capital reflection of your 'sunbeam.' The letter quoted from Ed. FitzGerald was very striking. I shall keep it for that fine sentence about his old friends 'lingering as ineffaceable portraits—done in the prime of life—in his memory.' I must try and remember that phrase.—In this way the Past becomes a real picture-gallery to each of us, a Hampton Court of private interest,—one's own domain and treasure,—the heart's 'palace of Art.'"

To C. W. Moule.

"Lowestoft, Aug. 3. 99. . . . I have had no walks with anybody; so I try and look up old flowers. I forget their names and features, so I am very glad to renew their acquaintance. My recollections of flowers are so much bound up with old walks with Elizabeth, that I have to begin creating a second edition of them for solitary use! I gathered a Polygonium persicaria the other day on the Denes, and I could not remember what it was, though I knew that I ought to remember it well, as an old

friend. I brought it home and showed it to Elizabeth, but she could not help me as to its name; but as I was talking it over with her, the common memory suddenly revived in me and I recognised it as of old. It was a curious mental phenomenon,—a subtle working of habit."

At the end of the first week in September, Mrs. Cowell had a sudden relapse, which naturally made Cowell anxious. She became very weak, a condition which varied from day to day, and the journey home had to be postponed. Another shock was added to this great anxiety, as he had a letter from Max Müller, saying that he was hopelessly ill, and, to a certain extent, bidding him farewell. With reference to this he wrote: "It greatly shocked me, as I had not heard that he had been ill." Later, Mrs. Cowell rallied somewhat, and on the 28th was taken home in an invalid carriage, and was met at the Cambridge Station by an ambulance.

To C. W. Moule.

"Sept. 28. 99. I received your most kind telegram. Elizth. bore the journey as well as under the circumstances we could have possibly hoped. She is very tired of course, but I trust the night's rest will restore her. The doctor and the nurse watched her and kept up her strength."

The end came, however, at 11 o'clock on the morning of September 29th.

To Mrs. Herbert Cowell.

"Sept. 29. 99. My dear Alice,—My dearest Elizabeth passed away in perfect calm about eleven this morning. I brought her home on Wednesday,—in a sore strait what to do. It seemed the only chance, as the summer lodgings of Lowestoft were not suited for the sudden cold winds which we had. In desperation I brought her home in an Invalid carriage and she was met at Cambridge by an Ambulance and the Lowestoft Medical man came with us. But it was too much for her and she gradually sank. I feel very heart-broken but I try to remember the 52 years of married happiness and that forbids murmuring thoughts. She will be

buried at Bramford on Wednesday. It will be a very quiet funeral. I can't write any more. Yours affectionately,

"E. B. COWELL."

TO THE REV. F. MANN.

"Sept. 29. . . . I feel bewildered and stunned. But I must thank God for His many mercies. She so thoroughly enjoyed her first month at Lowestoft, till she fell ill with a kind of Influenza. God gave her to me for 52 happy years and I must not repine when he takes back what he lent. At 74 one feels that the separation will not be long. . . ."

The funeral took place on the following Wednesday afternoon in the quiet churchyard of Bramford, the village in which they spent the early years of their happy married life. In addition to his immediate family, Cowell was much comforted and upheld by the presence of Mr. Charles Moule and Mr. Neil, who accompanied him from Cambridge. After the funeral, Cowell stayed for a few days with his sister in Ipswich, to be quiet and rest.

TO C. W. MOULE.

"South Lawn, Anglesea Road, Ipswich, Oct. 9. 99. . . . Edward [his nephew] and I went over to Bramford on Friday and paid a visit to the dear grave. The valley looked very little altered from the old time. I went to the little gate which stands where 'the style' used to stand; I could hardly believe it was fully 55 years ago since

"'I was pleading tenderly
And she and I were all alone.'

Of course there was no embankment for the Railroad then—the path ran across the meadow 'whose heart the railroad had not yet broken.' It is strange to think how the unceasing changes of time make the fond memories of one generation difficult for the next to realise,—'we are never at one stay,'—everything is slipping away even while it seems permanent!

"It was very kind of you to come with me on Wednesday. I felt your presence a great support; and now that the first pain is over, the thought of her thus going back to our old Bramford home is more soothing than I even expected it would be. I keep

thinking of some boyish lines which I sent her soon after our engagement, while she and her mother still lived on there,

> "Oh dearest Bramford, thou art mine,
> Home of my first, last, only love,
> Where first before my wondering eyne
> The heart's unclouded heaven did shine
> In glow and radiance divine
> And blessed sunshine from above."

There are a large number of Cowell's letters to his friends in reply to the many letters of sympathy that he received. I will give only one :—

To the Rev. J. H. Moulton.

"Ipswich, Oct. 7. 99. I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter. My dear wife had been gradually failing for more than a year, but it was only lately that I could realise that the end must be near. She was bright and cheerful till the last few days when she became unconscious. She now lies in the quiet churchyard of the village, Bramford near Ipswich, where we spent the first three years of our married life, before I went to Oxford. I am staying a few days here with my Sister. I feel bewildered at present with my loss. I knew it was inevitable but I did not know what it would be till it came. I owe everything to her courage and inspiration, and of course I miss her at every turn."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Nov. 25. 99. I am slowly getting better, and I have begun lecturing every day; but I do not let myself be drawn into too much work. I had to-day a very nice letter from an old Hindú scholar of the Calcutta Sanskrit College, with quite a vivid and affectionate remembrance of my wife's kindness to him in old days."

To his Niece, Elsie Cowell.

"Dec. 10. 99. . . . I am reading a new life, just published, of Erasmus. It is interesting from its glimpses into the time, which was one of great interest and importance, as it was so full of the revival of learning and the consequent Reformation movement; but Erasmus is not an interesting character. He reminds me of Dr. Jowett of Balliol at Oxford,—he had the same enthusiasm for learning coupled with the same timidity and uncertainty in religious determination. He was afraid to speak

out boldly, and so trimmed his course to suit all parties as far as he could. His great friends in England were Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet who founded St. Paul's School. Of course he was a feeble character beside Luther. But in his feeble way he did some good by his efforts to spread a knowledge of Greek and the then unknown Greek Testament. It is interesting to watch the different side currents which all combined to help on the great Reformation tide. . . . I have just begun my warm gloves. I found my hands getting very cold, and wondered why it was, till I suddenly remembered that my summer leather gloves were not quite warm enough for December. . . . I am reading aloud [to one of his nieces] in the evenings, Borrow's *Bible in Spain*. I wish I had travelled in Spain when I was young."

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Dec. 21. 99. . . . Christmas is a sad time for me, as of course I miss your dear Aunt terribly at this time. But I try to recall the past happy time and remind myself of the long period of happiness which God granted me,—the 52 years of sunshine. There are several favourite hymns which seem to bring her near to me when I repeat them, as I so often used to repeat them to her in old days. 'Just as I am,' 'Rock of Ages,' &c. I find my memory is slowly getting better!"

To Miss C. M. Ridding.

"Dec. 26. 99. I thank you sincerely for your kind letter this morning and your very interesting account of your visit to St. Mildred's, Bread St. [where Cowell was married]. I wish my dear Wife could have heard the whole account. It is many years since she went to see the old church. The old Rector's pew was just by the Pulpit. I have often read the lessons there in old Oxford days. I am quite comforted to think that the old church is safe now and that a congregation does gather in it however small.

"I spent the Christmas at Cambridge. Sophie Charlesworth and I went to Professor Skeat's and joined his quiet dinner party where we met his four Daughters come from Scotland, Wales, London and Yorkshire. Prof. Skeat showed me with keen interest a copy just printed of the long lost and recently discovered poem of Gower's 'Miroir de l'homme,' written in the Anglo-French, the real French of Stratford atte Bowe, talked by Chaucer's Abbess. Gower wrote his English Confessio Amantis,

a Latin Vox Clamantis, and a French poem besides, but this long lost fourth poem has been now printed from a MS. in the British Museum. It will be of great interest for the history of English and its forms, as it is much nearer modern English than Chaucer's literate style. It is a thick Volume of some 35,000 lines of moral stories and reflections."

To his Aunt, Mrs. George Cowell.

"Dec. 27. 99. I send you my best Christmas wishes and also my heartiest good wishes for the new year which will so soon open upon us. I am keeping quiet in Cambridge this Christmas, for my head feels still tired and weak. I have not lectured so much during the last Term as I usually do. . . .

"I hope you don't mind this cold weather. The wind to-day struck me as particularly keen.

"George and his Wife were very kind in thinking of asking me to stay with them next week; but I do not feel well enough to leave home. I dare say I shall go and stay with Betha as the spring comes on. It will revive me as it revives the plants! . . . ."

This letter was of particular interest to the recipient, who, however, was succumbing to the cold, and died on the afternoon of Jan. 1st, 1900, in her ninetieth year, much to the concern of the writer.

To Mrs. Herbert Cowell.

"Jan 5. 1900. I had hoped to come up for the funeral to-day, but the early hour made it impossible for me. I am growing old, and I cannot undertake any unusual strain now. One cannot but rejoice that Aunt was spared a long painful illness, and that she retained all her faculties to the end. I remember seeing her first on a visit to my Grandfather's at Walton, when my Uncle drove over from Ipswich with her shortly before they were married. I was a little boy then, and the event made a deep impression on my mind. It must have been in 1835."

To his Sister, Miss Cowell.

"Jan. 9. 1900. . . . I am reading Borrow's *Wild Wales*. We find it very interesting and hope to get his *Life* from the University Library. I suppose he 'paints' a little; but most of what he says is, I fancy, true. The eye as the proverb says 'sees what it brings

with it to see.' Deafness seems to be one great trial to those who live to an advanced age, and it is one which nothing can make up for. The sweet amenities of family life depend so much on the power to hear,—they are borne into the soul so much more *distantly* by the eye. The eye is for information, but the ear is what can move the heart and make the nerves vibrate."

The following letter was written on his first birthday after the loss of his wife. For several years, Mr. Charles Moule's little daughter had been accustomed to take to Cowell on his birthday a little posy of early flowers, together with some congratulatory Latin verses written by her father. There could be no possibility of omitting this pleasant expression of affection this year or after. I shall have to allude to this custom again.

To C. W. Moule.

"Jan. 23. 1900. I was delighted to have your very beautiful lines this morning and the aconites and the snowdrop and violets which accompanied them. Your lines were most appropriate,—they put into words what I had been thinking of all the early morning. I had especially been thinking of your Brother's reference to the two disciples at Emmaus.

"I enclose you some lines which I wrote yesterday—they are too grave, I fear, for Dorothy; but they came of their own accord, as I tried to write something for the day. But Dorothy will perhaps understand them enough to accept them in the place of the lighter verses I have usually sent her."

To Miss C. M. Ridding.

"June 9. 1900. I have been reading to my sister parts of an interesting book of gossip called Paston's *Memoirs of Mrs. Delany* the friend of George III. and Queen Charlotte. In pp. 218 and 230 there is an account of her paper-mosaic Flora by which she cut out of differently coloured papers exact imitations of 1,000 different flowers. Sir Joseph Banks used to say that they were the only imitations of Nature which would enable him to identify a plant *botanically* without fear of mistake. They are now in the Print room of the British Museum, bequeathed by Lady Llanover. Did you ever hear of them or see them? My Sister would like to see them, when she has an opportunity of staying in London. . . ."

To F. W. Thomas.

"6. St. Margaret's Terrace, Cromer, Aug. 21. 1900. I am resting quietly here, with my niece, only amusing myself with a little Calderon and Botany. Do not trouble yourself about getting me another copy of the Catalogue of new Sanskrit MSS.—As I grow old I have less interest in new things. I find Vols. IV., V. and VI. of the Jātāka (all now really going on in their English versions) sufficient to occupy me. I mean soon to go on with my long interrupted version in verse of that old Bengali poem Candí which used to be such a favourite of mine and of which I have a copy full of my old MS. notes, to explain hard phrases."

To H. T. Francis.

"Cromer, Aug. 23. 1900. . . . I stayed here in the autumn of 1889, and I continually come in my 'Bentham' upon notes of such and such a plant found at Cromer in August of that year. It has been a pleasure to 'verify the reference' by finding the plant still flourishing in the old spot, as I did with the Viper's bugloss especially; it was the quiet stay-at-home who welcomed me as a former visitor,—itself

> "'will flourish on, a hundred years,
> And blow as now it blows.'

"There is a fairly good lending library here; but I am quite content with Calderon. I have read two plays,—old favourites,—with fresh interest. Some of the similes were strikingly beautiful and new.

"There is an interesting article in to-day's *Standard* on 'Old British Forts,' such as those one finds in Wales and Herefordshire. It tries to make them out to be as old as the Bronze age. It also discusses the vitrified forts. I intend to spend a day ere long in Norwich Cathedral. I am quietly reading up the account of it in Murray's *Cathedrals*. I have added photographs to my copy, till I have made it a fairly complete Guide Book. Aldis Wright is at Beccles amusing himself with verifying Burton's quotations and misquotations."

To the same.

"Cromer, Aug. 28. 1900. We went to-day as you recommended us, and had a most interesting drive to the Roman encampment. It was a fine day and the woods looked beautiful in the clear sunshine. I found some furze, ling and heather.

The air feels cool for August and I fear the Autumn will be a cold one. As FitzGerald used to say 'the golden guinea of Summer is soon spent, when once it is broken.'

"My Pāli volume has as yet slumbered at the bottom of my box. Is it a case of merit[1] or demerit?"

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Sept. 25. 1900. We came home on Friday. I thank you most heartily for your basket of pears and peaches, and the lovely photographs of your daughter. This is your dear Aunt's birthday —so of course I cannot help having her a good deal in my thoughts. Still I feel that there was such abundant mercy shown to us in those later years and the blow was so much softened in many ways, that I may well adopt Wordsworth's line and say

"'Her memory hardly makes me sad.'

"I can't remember the names of the flowers now and I find it very difficult to remember the names of people on a sudden. Happily as yet I have not lost my memory of words. I suppose *these* are more closely associated with their meanings,—the association is not purely accidental as it so often is in the case of plants and places."

To Dean Kitchin.

"Dec. 14. 1900. I have been intending to write to you for some time past, but have been continually hindered, and now the near approach of Christmas rouses me to overcome my dilatoriness at once. I send you with this letter two photographs which I hope will please you. I was taken not long since. I have your photograph in my Drawing Room, which you sent me when I sent you a copy of my one likeness of dear Elizabeth.

"One of her nieces lives with me and is a great comfort to me. She is very quiet and intelligent, so that I find a sympathetic companion in many ways. She is interested in botany and I have tried to wake up her interest in Church architecture. We spent September at Cromer and made some expeditions to Norwich to study the Cathedral carefully.

"I went over to Oxford on Nov 1st. to attend Max Müller's funeral,—I represented, in a manner, Cambridge there, as I don't think any other Cambridge man was present. I thought over the long friendship which had bound him and me,—ever since an after-

[1] Referring to the Buddist idea of merit.

noon in February 1851, when I had gone to read some Sanskrit alone with old Wilson at his Lodgings at the end of the High Street from 2 to 3 and in the middle of the Lecture he suddenly said, 'let us go and hear Max Müller give his first lecture on Comparative Grammar in the Taylor Buildings.' After the lecture he introduced me to the Lecturer and we soon became very intimate.—This too carries my thoughts further back still to *our* readings in French in my Mother's house at Ipswich in 1841, when we read *Amadis de Gaul* in the old French translation. This is indeed summoning up remembrance of things past 'to the sessions of sweet silent thought'!—

"I find myself growing decidedly weaker,—I cannot take long walks now, and my memory for names is terribly failing. But my interest in lecturing is as strong as ever. I have been lecturing all this term in Rig Veda, Sanskrit logic, Buddhist Pāli and the Zend Avesta; and most of my hearers are M.A.s now, so that I have to prepare my Lectures more or less beforehand. Three come down from London to attend which shews they are really interested.

"You and I cannot meet now, but I do not forget the old words

οἱ τόποι οὐ διαλύουσι τὴν φιλίαν.

The engraving of Durham Cathedral hangs near me as I write now, and I like to recall it as I read the account of it in my *English Cathedrals*. As my eye falls on the grand old Building, I often think of *you*."

To C. W. Moule.

"Dec. 17. 1900. . . . I stayed quietly at home all day and read Archbishop Benson's *Memoirs*. I find that I must not walk about too much. I walked round by the backs on Saturday afternoon and felt all the better for the air, but I was not so well for it that night—it was a little too far for me. I was cheered on Sunday by a letter which came from an old pupil of mine at the Sanskrit College which I cannot help sending to you, as I feel sure you will be interested in it. He and I have not met since 1864. His mention of Elizabeth brought tears into my eyes. He became one of the masters in the School and then the College and has latterly been the Principal."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Apr. 24. 1901. I recommenced my *Nyāya* on Tuesday with Bendall and Miss Ridding. Will you be able to resume your

readings next Saturday? I have come back from my holiday much better for the rest. I want to get on with the *Siddhānta M.* now that I am fairly well and while my memory remains on the whole trustworthy; I must not count on an indefinite lease of this seed-field. Bendall is a long way ahead of you; but I don't a bit mind going over the old ground again with you. It is a great pleasure to me to go over the old puzzles which I worked out in 1861 and 62 with Mahesh Chandra in Calcutta. This outburst of warm weather has done me as much good as the trees!"

To the Rev. F. Mann.

"July 11. 1901. I thank you very sincerely for your very kind letter. I read the account of my dear friend Neil with the deepest interest,—much of it was quite new to me. May I keep it? If you can spare it, I will fasten it into the Sanskrit book which Neil and I edited together. His death is a great loss to me, as we had been so closely associated in our studies for so many years. He was a man in so many ways after my own heart. I so admired his quiet gentle firmness and his untiring perseverance and enthusiasm.

"I thank dear Annie [his niece] very heartily for the Orobanche which is quite a new treasure for me. She will be surprised and interested to hear that I am slowly 'recovering' my botany. . . .

"I work a little at my Pāli translations, and I help Francis in completing the fifth volume of the *Jātāka*, which he and Neil were to have done together but which he will have to do alone now. My own volume is the sixth, which is nearly ready for the press and which will finish the work."

Cowell felt very much the sudden and unexpected death of his friend and pupil, R. A. Neil. He was a most energetic college tutor at Pembroke, and a great loss there as well as to Cowell, with whom he had edited the "Divyāvadana" in 1886. He had recently been appointed to assist the Professor of Sanskrit by giving the elementary lectures. Cowell had come to look upon him almost as a son.

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"July 22. 1901. . . . I have been reading aloud to Sophie an interesting book of recollections of the Tennyson family. It is full

of quaint interest as it gives the recollections of the old village people in their own rustic language. I thought one bit of the account of Alfred Tennyson would probably fit *me*, if any one remembers me now at Bramford, 'they'd allus books in their hands, meet them where you would!'

"Sophie and I went with Mr. and Mrs. C. Moule for a drive to the old Roman Road. It was hot as the sun's rays beat heavily on the level chalk down, but it was very pleasant to get again some of the old chalk flowers, especially the flax, squinancy wort, basil thyme, &c. Annie Mann sent me some orchises from her new home at Temple Ewell near Dover. She has also found in a rabbit warren in a field some neolithic relics, which of course greatly interested her as she keeps up her love for geology. I find that the names of the plants are more than I can manage—so I may well let alone the *stones*.

"I took what was rather a long walk for me nowadays to the old Redcross Turnpike on the Hills Road, where I used to go every year for the Geranium Pyrenaicum. I found the turnpike and its house *gone*, and the road altered, and I began to think I had taken some wrong turn,—when suddenly I saw on the bank on the other side of a ditch the well known bluish white flower,—it seemed to call me to stop to gather it. So I did stop and gather it and found the flower growing in abundance, as it used to do at the right angle where the two roads meet. I was rather over tired with my five miles walk, as it was hot in the sun, but a night's sleep and a day's rest set me up again. The flower grows only at that spot in Cambridgeshire, and it was several years since I had gathered it; so I was resolved that I would make an effort to see it again in its old haunt."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Anglesea Road, Ipswich, Oct. 4. 1901. I was quite ill when I left Cambridge at the beginning of September, but the rest and quiet country air have restored me. I do not know what is going to be done about appointing someone to lecture in Neil's place. I hope Bendall may be appointed, but if there is any delay, I suppose I shall have to give the elementary lectures at first. If this is so, I must delay the *Nyāya*, as I have plenty to do about Neil's part of the *Jātāka*, Vol. V. which Francis is to do but which is full of corrupt passages and hard allusions. I have been reading some of it this week (as I felt better) and I was surprised to find it so hard. I shall have to read Pāli twice or thrice a week with Francis."

During October, Cowell received a letter from A. V. Williams Jackson, Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages at the Columbia University, in New York, with reference to some work he had been doing for one of the American Cyclopædias. He had added a sentence to an article on Prof. Cowell's career and studies which he considered a proud one to have said of a scholar: "His contributions to advancing our knowledge of India have been made not only through his writings, but also through the inspiration he has given to his pupils, whose numbers have been large."

To Sir Frederick Pollock.

"Nov. 22. 1901. I have gone carefully through that last chapter of the *Mesnavi* which was quite new to me,—it is a fitting conclusion to the book. The last story of the three princes is left unfinished, 'after these verses when my father became for a long time silent, his son said, O thou of living breath, why dost thou not again utter speech of inspired knowledge? The tale of the princes did not come to an end, the pearl of the third son remained unstrung. He said, my articulate speech fell asleep after this like a camel,—there is no more speech to it with anyone till the Resurrection day.' He goes on to say, 'the remainder of this story comes without the tongue in the heart of that man who has the light of the soul. Speech came to an end and life as well,—glad news that the time has come that I should be free from the body, &c.'

"The disembodied soul seems to go on speaking.

"This last chapter of Book 6 is however ascribed to Bahāuddín in the printed copies as well as Book 7.

"The confusion of this abrupt close seems to me a fine finish to the long *προφητεία* of the whole work. We seem to

"'see it die away
And fade into the light of common day.'"

To the same.

"Dec. 11. 1901. I was greatly interested in your letter with its account of your Munshi's explanations. Your note on the first line just explained what I wanted and I copied it at once into the translation which I have inserted into my Mesnaví. The whole

chapter is now done into English and I half think of sending it to the Philological as an interesting 'curiosity of literature.'

"I envy you the opportunity of reading the Mesnaví. My time has to be spent over Jātāka stories,—I spend four hours to-day in that way. It seems poor stuff compared with the really fine things in the Persian."

To F. W. Thomas.

"Jan. 1. 1902. . . . I hope to finish Vol. V. of the Jātāka with Francis in a day or two. I have gone over the 70 or 80 pages which we had left, so that I am quite ready for him when he comes after his short holiday. I have been amusing myself with an old Bengali poem which I used to be very fond of,—a kind of Bengali *Crabbe* describing village life 300 years ago in the Bengal villages under the Muhammedans."

To Prof. E. V. Arnold.

"Jan. 2. 1902. I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter and the interesting paper which you have sent me. I have gone roughly through it, but it requires a good deal of thoughtful study to appreciate it fully. It opens a fascinating field of inquiry,—some of the Avesta parallels are very interesting.

"Bendall has been appointed an Assistant Lecturer to help me. This will give me more leisure for higher work, I hope."

I must not allow the Professor's 76th birthday to pass without redeeming my promise to produce a specimen of some of his charming verses to children. In the interesting remarks made by Mr. C. W. Moule in the pages of the *Journal of Philology*, Vol. xxix., on some of the less public aspects of Cowell's life and character, he said, "Ten years ago a little girl of four presented the Professor with a bunch of aconites on his birthday, the 23rd of January; and received next morning in a fair printed hand a simple and beautiful quatrain of verse in return. Yearly since then birthday aconites and verses were exchanged; and the last writing of his hand, before illness stayed it for ever, was the poem for this year's birthday; —a moving narrative, begun in January, 1902, of how the

'slumbering student in his heart' had been awakened in his earliest teens, and he had become the blissful owner of a many volumed Livy and the newly published Corpus Poetarum." I have already mentioned this annual presentation which was accompanied with some congratulatory Latin lines written by her father. These birthday congratulations were much valued and appreciated by Cowell, and I need not say that the whole set of these annual verses in return has been treasured, and it was no small pleasure to me to have been permitted to read them all. The first two were written in printing letters, the third was done in both print and writing, and the subsequent ones were of course in writing. The little poems gradually increased in length. I at once begged for permission to reproduce the first and that for 1902 the last but one, and I gladly give them :—

TO DOROTHY MOULE.

"Thanks for your flowers,—no gift more dear
Nor one more fit for you to bring,—
The first flowers of the coming year,
And you yourself in life's first spring.

Cambridge, *Jan.* 23rd. 1893. "E. B. COWELL."

TO THE SAME.

"I was a schoolboy fond of books,
And as I wandered through the town
A certain shop oft caught my looks
Where stood six volumes old and brown.

Divining rods (old stories tell)
Can guide where hidden fountains start ;
Those volumes woke as by a spell
The slumbering student in my heart.

Oft to their title-page I turned
Where 'Livy's Histories' met my eye ;
And more and more, at home, I learned
How Rome had changed man's destiny.

Round those worn bindings and their name
A halo of romance was thrown,
Until my fourteenth birthday came,
And left that treasure all my own.

'Twas the first book I thus could hail,—
The capture of my own net's cast;
I was the *Cook*[1] whose wandering sail
Had found that island of the past!

Life's history thus for every man
Grows like some slowly-rising tower;
My life's experience first began
Its destined outcome from that hour.

Each following birthday's presents taught
The growing structure to aspire,
New buttresses or pillars brought
Or tiers of bricks to lift it higher,—

Each brought its gifts with purpose set
That tower's proportions to unfold;
Nor wholly fails the series yet,
Though now the 'tower' leans frail and old.

These aconites their part still play
And tender memories recall,
Like ivy round some church-tower gray
Or ferns upon a college wall.

Jan. 23. 1902. "E. B. C."

To Dr. Paget Toynbee.

"March 11. 1902. I am afraid I cannot help you much in your questions. I never heard that FitzGerald ever translated any part of Dante, but he was always a great admirer of the *Divine Comedy*. I often read parts of it with him before I went to India in 1856, when I met him in Suffolk or he came to stay with me in Oxford. I remember reading some of the later Cantos of the *Paradise*, which he greatly admired. But after 1850 or so when I persuaded him to read Spanish, our attention was chiefly turned to Spanish when we met, until he caught his first enthusiasm for Persian.

"After I came home from India in 1864, we chiefly read *Don Quixote* when I spent part of every long vacation from Cambridge at Lowestoft. I dare say I read *Don Quixote* through with him twice. But I do not remember our reading Dante at all, although from 1873 to 1877 I and some Cambridge friends read through the *Purgatory* and *Paradise*, meeting every Wednesday afternoon. I dare say I talked about these réunions to FitzGerald at Lowestoft, but it did not rouse him to bring his Dante when I came. I half fancy he felt the atmosphere of Dante's world somewhat oppressive

[1] "Cook's Voyages" was a favourite book of mine.

and sombre as years grew on. I certainly feel it so in my own experience.

"His favourite translation was Cory, but he used Longfellow as well. I do not remember what edition of Dante he used."

To H. T. Francis.

"April 7. 1902. I found a flower of Ankanet in my garden this cold morning, and as it is an old resident there, I gave it a welcome; but I wondered what could have induced it to come out so early. . . . I have been reading *Mansfield Park* and *Pride and Prejudice* over again,—I never tire of them.—I had a letter the other day from Dean Kitchin—he has been delighted, like you, with Edward FitzGerald's letters. He has been reading them all for the first time.

"I have kept very well in health this Vacation. I avoid all excess,[1] so I am rewarded by keeping out of the Doctor's hands; but I sadly miss my quiet golden hours before breakfast!"

Cowell took much interest in the Max Müller Memorial Fund which had been set on foot at Oxford soon after his death in 1900, and had subscribed five pounds to it. It had been brought to a conclusion early this year and had resulted in a sum sufficient to purchase £2,500 Consols, the interest to be applied annually by the University for the promotion of learning and research in all matters relating to the history and archæology, the languages, literatures and religions of ancient India. It was a matter for congratulation in connection with this fund, that Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., had presented a fine portrait of Max Müller, painted by himself, and that it had been hung in the hall of All Souls' College.

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"June 9. 1902. . . . Your extract from the local paper about the landing of the Indian Princes was quite new to me. I am delighted with the new idea of a Hindú of high caste being thus enabled to keep his caste even when he crosses the sea, so long as

[1] This refers to his habit of working in his cold bed-room before breakfast.

he keeps his native earth in his boot between him and the impure foreign soil. When I was in India, to cross the 'black water' was an impossibility to an orthodox Hindú,—now necessity has found out a splendid way of keeping the letter of the law. Some clever priest no doubt has made his fortune by this ingenious device. Two Hindú Princes (Mahrattas) are to receive Degrees in the Senate House to-morrow, Sindhia from Gwalior, and the Prince of Kolhapur.

"I am obliged to curtail my walks for Botanical huntings. I also find that I can't remember the names which once came so glibly to my tongue. The columbine has come up in its old place in my garden.—Did I send you my old lines about it?

> "'See the five dovelets of the columbine,—
> Their tails apart, their bills all intertwine,
> While their ten wings in such close union join
> None can determine 'which is mine or thine.'"

To Mrs. Herbert Cowell.

"June 15. 1902. My dear Alice,—It is so long since I have written a letter to you that you will hardly recognise whose handwriting it is; but the fact is that I have been so exceedingly interested in much of Mrs. Fawcett's life of Sir William Molesworth that I cannot help writing you a few lines. The Memoir has carried me back to my boyhood, when I was a vehement 'radical' (like my Father) and made Grote and Molesworth my two heroes! My father had some correspondence with the former about the Ballot which in 1839 and 1840 was an almost unheard of innovation, and I remember he had one of Mr. Grote's model ballot boxes, which he sometimes lectured upon to the Ipswich audiences. The Canadian insurrection is a vivid memory of mine, and Lord Durham's long report, which I remember trying to master as a boy. My Father had always subscribed to the *London Review* and subsequently to the *London and Westminster Review*; and the first long article I ever got printed was one on 'Persian Poetry' in the *Westminster Review* in 1847, before I married. I had another on Sanskrit Poetry in 1849 written while I lived at Bramford. These reminiscences gave me a keen interest in all the details supplied about the early history of these two Reviews. I can remember the shelves full of their numbers, year after year, in my Father's Library in our house in St. Clement's, almost as long as I can remember anything. I can also well remember the popular dread of the Duke of Cumberland, and the designs, which were attributed to him, of seizing

the crown if William IV. died while the Princess Victoria was a Minor. The Liberal party in Ipswich as well as elsewhere always spoke of the Duke as 'the white-moustached *Fiend*,'—this by the bye explains the meaning of the expression in p. 99. l. 12! I remember the joy and relief of the whole party, and probably many besides, when the Duke became King of Hanover and had no more to do with Britain. In fact the whole book seemed like a recalling of my boyish life from 1837 to 1840! I was hardly less interested to notice how, in my little school-boy way, I followed Mr. Grote after that time,—I was carried away from Politics by the far more vehement enthusiasm for Classical Literature and then from 1843 for Persian, just as Mr. Grote retired from Parliament to bury himself in his Greek History! Sir Wm. Molesworth never forgave him that desertion!

"I suppose you will see something of the great *tamāshā* which is now drawing so near. I sent my niece to hear the Coronation Anthem in King's this afternoon, so that we are feeling some of the far off vibrations even here in the 'quiet groves of Academe'!"

The above letter of Cowell's, alluded to at the end of Chapter I., was forwarded by Mrs. Fawcett to Mrs. Ford, the sister of Sir William Molesworth, who was much struck with the remark about the "White Fiend" and generally interested in the whole letter. It recalled to her the memory of "hearing often of Mr. Cowell, William's friend, and of his remarkably clever son." Cowell, too, was gratified that "his reminiscences were not in vain, as they evidently struck a responsive chord."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"July 26. 1902. . . . My garden is looking very bright just now. Your Aunt Betha sent me some of my old favourite Alchemilla Vulgaris from Aysgarth;—it seems growing well, so I hope I may keep it as a memory of old days, as I used to be fond of it in Wales and Yorkshire, in the decade of the Seventies. . . ."

To Prof. Bendall.

"Anglesea Road, Ipswich, Aug. 21. 1902. I am much interested in the extract about the loves of the couleuvre and the murène. I am not sure that there is not something like it in the late Greek

romance by Theodorus Prodromus, which I read many years ago, —it is written in 'political verses.'—I read the account of the Raja's visit in the paper this morning."

To the same.

"Ipswich, Sept. 19. 1902. I suppose you are home again from your Oriental festival; I hope you and Mrs. Bendall enjoyed 'the feast of reason and flow of the soul'! I have spent a very quiet holiday here and at (Ashbocking) my brother's parish some eight miles from here. I have done some of my Bengali translation,[1] and hope to finish it while I am here, but I do not intend to work hard. I thank the Members of the Congress most sincerely for their kind letter. I shall keep it as a memorial. *We* are to get through the rest of the Siddhāntā Muktāvātī this coming year if all turns out prosperously. I hope Francis will finish his volume of the Jātāka and that I shall begin printing Vol. VI. This will be a satisfactory programme of work."

To Prof. E. V. Arnold.

"Oct. 9. 1902. I was very sorry to miss the Congress at Hamburg, but I need hardly say that I received with sincere gratitude the kind greeting sent to me by Post. I recognised your name in the honoured list and so I send you a special message of thanks.

"I am growing old and I have to be careful not to overwork myself; but I hope to recommence the lectures on Nyāya and the Jātāka next week.

"You have had the Eisteddfod at Bangor this year. I remember attending the meetings in 1874 or 1875; but I have had to give up Welsh for some years."

One of the last translations that were done by Prof. Cowell was that of three episodes from the old Bengali poem, "Candī." It was sent to the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1902, and published by them in an extra number for December of that year. It is prefaced with an account of the Bengali writer, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries. Mr. J. D. Tremlett, who kindly sent me a copy of the paper, accompanied it with a few

[1] 'Candī.' It was sent to the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

remarks, and selected a few extracts from the translation which best showed "the elegance and aptness with which Cowell translated: often when reading Persian with him in old days I have been exceedingly struck with this power of giving an English reader some idea of the spirit of the writer." The following were the passages that Mr. Tremlett kindly wrote out for me. The first is from the beginning of the poem:—

"Hear, neighbours, now this song of mine first into conscious utterance leapt.
Candī came down in mortal form beside my pillow as I slept.
Good Gopināth, the talūkdār, lived honoured in Selimābād;
For generations seven his race the same estates and home had had.
Dāminyā village was their home, far from the world a safe retreat,
Until Mānsiñh came to Bengal, that bee of Vishṇu's lotus-feet.
And in his days Mahmūd Sharīf over the district stretched his hand;
A local governor sent by heaven to scourge the vices of the land.
Under his rule the traders groaned, his hand lay heavy everywhere,
Brāhmans and Vaishṇavas alike stood helpless in their blank despair.
His measures of all fields were false, his acre's rods were always wrong
And howsoe'er the poor complained their words were as an idle song.
Waste heaths he reckoned fruitful fields; he passed across the land like Death;
The poor man's last rag he would seize; prayers to his ears were idle breath.
The money-lender's aid was nought; his loans but added more to pay;
Two annas short was each rupee, and then the interest day by day.
At last the ryots lost all hope; their hard-earned borrowings brought no cheer,
And if they tried to sell their stock, there were no buyers far nor near."

The goddess Candī, having come to a hunter's hut in the forest in human form and pretending she has run away because her co-wives ill-used her, the huntsman's wife thus tries to persuade her to go back:—

"I'll tell you what is best to do; back to your husband's house return;
This will bring comfort in the end, as you, though now perplexed, will learn.
If you forsake your husband's house, how will you show abroad your face?
A husband is a woman's lord, her guardian, her one resting place.
Others are nought compared to him; he in both worlds can bring her bliss;
He may chastise her as he will, for a King's right and duty this."

* * * * *

"What shall a lady born like you, so noble, so divinely fair,
Be angry like some low-born scold and fling her honour to the air?

E'en if a low-caste woman stay in a strange house a single night,
The neighbours point at her with scorn, and all her kindred hate her sight.
Go, you have done a thoughtless thing ; believe me to return is best,
And if your hated rival scolds, pay back her jibes with interest."

The following lines from the second episode describe a Hindú bridegroom setting forth to visit the bride's house :—

" Meanwhile, like Kāma's self impersonate.
In his own house the merchant sits in state ;
Brāhmans recite their praise, the *nāch*-girls sing,
And with the shouts of friends the buildings ring ;
All that can bring good luck you there might view,
Each good old custom's honoured as was due,
Unbounded is the hospitality,
And every Brāhman gets an ample fee.
Then at the hour when the sun's rays decline,
And, raising dust, return the homeward kine,
With jewelled neck and wrists and flower-crowned head,
And all his limbs with saffron overspread,
He mounts the dooley ; loud the dance and song,
And bards sing praises while it moves along ;
The slow procession streams a mile or more,
The city's deafened with the wild uproar ;
Loud boom the elephant-drums, as on they go
In battle order as to meet a foe."

Early in the year Cowell had been selected as one of the original members of the "British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies," whose Charter of Incorporation under the Great Seal was granted on August 8th, 1902. It had been discovered that whilst the Royal Society represented Natural Science, there was no institution which properly represented British learning in the direction of historico-philosophy to form a link with the Academies abroad. The Charter was granted to Lord Reay as President, with 15 Members of Council and 32 other Fellows, of whom Cowell was one. The new Society included most of the best scholars of the Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

We have seen from Cowell's letters that he was conscious of increasing weakness and loss of health, and he spent the long vacation very quietly with his sister and

brother at Ipswich and Ashbocking. I was in the neighbourhood, and saw him at his sister's in September of that year, and alas! it was for the last time. I was somewhat shocked at his broken appearance, but he warmed up in conversation and was soon again his old self. The members of the Academy above mentioned had agreed among themselves to be severally photographed at a certain London photographer's, with a view of forming a gallery of their portraits, and my wife and I at once invited Cowell to pay us a visit in town for a few days to facilitate this plan. The invitation was accepted but never realised, as will be seen by the following letter :—

To George Cowell.

"Oct. 13. 1902. I am quite grieved as well as ashamed to write to you this letter, and I have put it off from day to day, but the truth is I fear that I must not venture from home in this weather. I had a cough and hoarseness when I left Ipswich, and I increased it on the journey to Cambridge, and my voice is now very husky. My voice is my main 'instrument,' my *organon*, and the Term is begun and I have some hard lectures to give which cannot well be put off. I have only a few hearers, but they are all M.A.'s and two come from a distance, so that I cannot well disappoint them. My hoarse voice will not matter as I lecture *at home*, and they are so few in number. But my throat is so far from well that I must not expose it to a railway journey in this weather. I have hardly stepped outside the house since I came home; and every body who calls to see me tells me that I should not venture on the journey. I am very sorry that it should have happened so. Will you tell your kind wife how grieved I am to send this letter? I hoped every day my throat would get better, but it is an old weakness of mine and does not get less as I grow old."

To C. W. Moule.

"Oct. 19. 1902. . . . This afternoon I have been interesting myself in a little matter of a quotation, which (if you have not noticed it before) will interest you also. I saw while I was at Ipswich in a hymn in 'Ancient and Modern,' a line which I knew I *ought* to know all about, but my memory could not there and then honour my draft upon its 'bank'; so I left it till I got back

as I knew I had read about it in some book in my library. The line begins, and its author is J. Ellerton, No. 118 A. & M.,

> " 'Throned upon the awful Tree,
> King of grief, I watch with Thee.'

Now I knew there was a patristic quotation 'Dominus regnabit a ligno,' and I felt nearly sure that it was in Tertullian; but I found all about it in Pearson, on 'He was crucified.' Tertullian does indeed quote it twice, but Justin Martyr expressly quotes it from the 96th Psalm, Ὁ Κύριος ἐβασίλευσεν ἀπὸ τοῦ ξύλου; but no such words occur in the Septt., and of course they are not in the Hebrew. That Ellerton expressly had this passage in his mind, seems proved by the fact that the Hymnal Companion gives two hymns of his '*as from the Latin*,' 555, 'Sing Alleluia forth, in duteous praise,' and 207, 'Welcome, happy morning, age to age shall say.' The only remaining question is—Who was J. Ellerton? How shall we identify this relic, as Cicero identified Archimedes' tomb at Syracuse?

"I have been also reading a very interesting paper on 'Hymns A. & M.' in the Sept. number of the *Nineteenth Century*. I began it with a strong prejudice, but this gradually melted away and I have read most of it twice. This statement was new to me. 'Rock of Ages came out first at the end of a short tract which Toplady had written in answer to Wesley, who, he thought, had taught the possibility of a Christian attaining perfection in this life. The only way in which the greatest saint can come before his Maker is in words like these.' How it illustrates my favourite quotation from Bishop Ryle, 'it is a pleasant thought, that however much Christians may disagree in pulpits, on platforms, and in prose writing, they are generally of one heart and of one mind in praise and prayer.' I suppose this hymn would be now admitted in every hymn book, Wesleyan and all!

"I gave my lecture on Sanskrit logic yesterday afternoon. I went on for more than an hour and a half, and was not tired at the end, and had a good night's rest in spite of it. I spent the evening reading the third vol. of Boswell. I attended a brilliant dinner-party at Sir Joshua Reynolds', and another at Bishop Percy's."

To his Niece, Mary Cowell.

"Oct. 22, 1902. . . . I am busy at Sanskrit, Pāli, and Bengali; so, if I may add English, I may say 'I drive a coach and four!' I enclose you a cutting from the *Standard*. My

favourite 'period' in history is the reign and times of Queen Anne; so anything about that period interests me. When I was young and used to lecture on English history at one of the Colleges at Calcutta, I used to dream in idle hours of one day writing 'Queen Anne and her Times.' In Ariosto there is an episode (which Milton emulated in P. L. in his description of Limbo in Book II.) which describes Astolpho's voyage on his Hippogriph to the Moon where he found all the things *lost* or missing on earth—among them would be my intended history of Queen Anne! in x volumes!

"What grand news to hear that Lord Acton's historical Library is to come to our Cambridge University Library. It is an unrivalled collection of historical materials."

To Dean Kitchin.

"Dec. 9. 1902. . . . I was occupied at Ipswich (in the autumn) in preparing for the Bengal Asiatic Society a translation of mine made some 30 years ago,[1] of three long episodes of an old Bengali poem something like the *Metamorphoses* in its structure written under the reign of the Mogul Emperor Akbar. But the great interest of the poem is that it is a perfect picture of Bengali village life in the old days when the Europeans known in India were a few Portuguese traders who submitted to all sorts of rough usage for the sake of gain, and who are described in this poem as ruthless savages, because they had built a fort at the mouth of the river Hooghly. There is quite a mine of information about village customs, marriage and funeral ceremonies, &c. . . ."

To James Bonar.[2]

"Dec. 12. 1902. I enclose my remarks on the extract which you have forwarded to me. I hope my reply is not too long, but I wanted to make my main point clear.

"I am very much interested in your account of Dr. FitzEdward Hall. I knew him first in India some 40 years ago, and we were always good friends. He was a little hasty in temper, but he was thoroughly kind at heart. I always admired his wide range of learning, though one could not help wishing that his language had been sometimes gentler in controversy.

"I sincerely thank you for sending me your account of his kind feeling towards me."

[1] Candī. A few extracts from this translation were given a few pages above.

[2] Civil Service Commissioner Senior Examiner.

To this letter Mr. Bonar at once sent the following reply :—

"Burlington Gardens, 13. 12. 02. Many thanks for your kind consideration of the questions raised in the letter. You could not be too long for us, and your opinion seems decisive. . . . I am glad you have taken the reference to Dr. Hall in so kindly a spirit. He was undoubtedly as you describe him ; but he had a great fund of goodness and his chief passion after all was for learning. Whoever was able to get at his heart found out how warm it was, and missed him greatly.

"There is some chance that 'the Rational Refutation' (*Nilakanthas*), once his book, will be re-edited by Dr. James Morison, who knew him and was present at his funeral. Believe me with very great respect,

Yours sincerely, JAMES BONAR."

TO HIS NIECE, MARY COWELL.

"Dec. 19. 1902. I send you a cutting from the *Standard* which interested me. Scott is such a hero of mine, that I like to see how his fame grows and spreads as the decades go on, and how his influence is a real power in our literary history. I have been very much interested in a paper in the Dec. number of *Longman's* called a Botanical discovery. It gives the account of a German Professor's microscopic investigations into the little nodules which are found on the rootlets of leguminous plants, especially clover, peas and beans. I had never noticed them, but I dare say you have. It appears that it has been long known that these plants did not impoverish the land as all other crops do,—whence the necessity of manuring the land afterwards; these enrich the soil. But no one could explain why. It now appears that these nodules are the homes of swarms of peculiar bacteria. Now plants cannot digest *raw* nitrogen—they can only digest it after it has been digested for them by some outside agent. Plants can't absorb pure nitrogen from the air,—they must have it in combination with something else. Hence these bacteria are invaluable to the plant. 'They take in the nitrogen from the air in the interstices of the soil ; in their nodule root-dwellings they work it up into various complex compounds and these they pass on to the plant through the tissues of the root, and the plant builds up its whole organism with these manufactured materials as its basis.' Thus these leguminous plants do not impoverish the soil, as they tap the air, not the earth, for their supply. Other crops depend wholly on the soil and so exhaust it. . . ."

To W. Aldis Wright.

"Jan. 7. 1903. I had a letter yesterday from Mowbray Donne,—he begged me to give you his warmest and best wishes for the new year, although they would come rather late, so I send mine with them to make it 'good measure and pressed down.' Charles Moule and I have just come to the last chapter of *Don Quixote*, Part I. I think that he enjoys it as thoroughly as Edward FitzGerald used to do—he fully appreciates the finer touches of character. It is delightful to have such a sympathetic student;—we read it last evening. I also send you some extracts which I have recently printed from an early Bengali poet, which may amuse you. I have called him the Bengali Crabbe."

To his Cousin, Clara E. Cowell.

"Jan. 8. 1903. . . . I have been greatly interested in the recent explorations of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Prof. Macalister gave a lecture about them,—his son is one of the exploring staff. Their discoveries in the underground ruins of Gezer were quite wonderful. They came upon 6 or 7 successive layers or strata of ruins of human habitations,—city walls, houses and temples. In one place they found 15 skeletons which were evidently sacrificed victims near a great temple to Baal. There was a great deal of pottery,—one lamp in the form of a duck was really made with some artistic skill. It was hollow for oil,—the wick came out of a hole in the beak. There were some hieroglyphic inscriptions in one layer which directly connected it with Solomon and Pharaoh and the narrative in Kings I. IX, 16. Some of the strata were pre-Jewish and some probably pre-Amorite, *i.e.* pre-Mosaic. I got so interested that I went yesterday and made a call on one of the lady-secretaries and paid my half-guinea to become a subscriber with the new year, so I did not let my good intention evaporate. I have been busy to-day preparing for some hard lectures next term. The accounts of Gezer have been a pleasant diversion. I got my *Concordance* and looked out every mention of the place,—it was an unknown name to me before."

To F. W. Thomas (on a post card).

"Jan. 10. 1903. The passage I could not remember is in Ethics, I. 3, 4.

παραπλήσιον γὰρ φαίνεται μαθηματικοῦ τε πιθανολογοῦντος ἀποδέχεσθαι καὶ ῥητορικὸν ἀποδείξεις ἀπαιτεῖν.

To his Niece, Mrs. F. Mann.

"Jan. 18. 1903. My dear Annie, I have been obliged to stay at home all day, as the weather has been so very damp and cold. I have been quietly reading for hours and my head feels tired. I have written a letter to my Sister, and then I took up your Husband's kind letter written Dec. 23rd and I determined to answer it to *you*. I thought a letter might be a cheerful surprise, —a *morat* electric shock! I am fairly well just now, thank God, but I am obliged to be very careful. It is a great effort for me now to walk to the Library and back, so that my old botanical walks with your dear Aunt seem to me to belong to some other life-time! Most Hindú romances begin with the account of some sin committed by the hero or heroine in some previous birth, which has involved their having to be born in this world 'till the storm of life is past'; and I sometimes can hardly believe that she and I can have walked to Grandchester and back to get the Draba Verna or to Madingly and back to get the Butcher's broom,—at any rate in this life!—Happily I can still lecture on my favourite Sanskrit authors and I can still get auditors. . . . I am living all alone just now, as Sophie is wanted at her home and I feel quite well enough now to enjoy a life of quiet study. One of my interests and refreshments is to try and recall some old visit of mine at Easter with your dear Aunt to Canterbury or Ventnor or Dover, and trace it out in some Guide book. It often comes back very vividly before

'that inner eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.'

"Botany I have had to give up entirely,—I can't walk to find the flowers, and I can't recall their names even if I do find them. I hope to find the Cuckoo flower next April (?) in the second Grandchester meadow, but it is only a hope; as my walking powers are very feeble.

"Jan. 19. Here I stopped last evening and I recommence my letter this morning. My brother Maurice is coming to stay a day or two with me to-morrow—he has to go back on Thursday afternoon. One of our annual festivals at the College comes off on Wednesday evening and he is to be my guest. The horn which you used to be interested in, will go round after dinner.

"I had an interesting letter yesterday morning from an old Calcutta friend, Mr. Tremlett of Dalethorpe near Dedham, who has come home on his pension after full service as a Civilian in India. I knew him in 1860, when he first came out as a selected

candidate and had to stay a year in Calcutta to learn the languages. He had been a Scholar of Sidney Coll. I liked him from the first and so did your Aunt, and he lodged in the same house where we at that time lived.—I had sent him a copy of a translation of some episodes from Candī. He says in his reply, 'I enjoyed your extracts immensely in themselves, and more than that, they recalled interesting talks on your Oriental reading in the old days at Middleton Street, now more than forty years ago.' You will be amused to hear that at first I could not imagine where Middleton Street could have been,—till it suddenly flashed across me that he meant the old 'Middleton *rasta*' which was so impressed on my memory in its Hindustani name that I did not recognise it in its English dress,—*rasta* being the Hindustani for 'street.'

"I have just been looking at the Photograph of your Vicarage with you and Margaret Catherine in front. I keep it in my Dining Room, close to your dear Aunt. Give my kindest regards to your husband, and with all good wishes to you both for the new year, Believe me, yours affectionately, E. B. Cowell."

This was probably the last long letter that Cowell wrote. It shows so well that there was no abatement of the affectionate nature and the indomitable love of work which characterised him through life. He fully realised his increasing weakness, but the fact was forgotten in the joy and interest with which he always recalled alone and with others the happy recollections of the past. His brother Maurice came to stay with him on Tuesday the 20th. He dined at Corpus on Wednesday, but Cowell was not allowed to go out to join in the festivities, but after his brother's return they spent a pleasant evening together, talking over old times and old interests. The Professor seemed to be quite himself, but in the night he was taken ill and called up his brother. He did not get up the next day, but he appeared to be better, and his brother was able to leave him and return to his avocations. Cowell, however, never came downstairs again; his powers gradually failed, and he passed quietly away on the morning of Monday, February the 9th, after an illness of less than three weeks. He had survived his 77th birthday by only seventeen days.

On Friday, Feb. 13th, he was laid to rest in the same grave with his wife in the churchyard of the country village of Bramford that they both loved so well. Several of his Cambridge friends accompanied his remains to Bramford, and many of his relations. The service at the grave was said by his brother.

Cowell had left room for only three lines for himself on the tombstone that he had erected to his wife, and I have added the full inscription to show how his friends utilised the small space that was left :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH SUSAN COWELL,
The Beloved Wife of
EDWARD BYLES COWELL,
Professor of Sanskrit in the
University of Cambridge,
who died September 29th, 1899.

Also of Edward Byles Cowell,
OPTIMI, DOCTISSIMI, DILECTISSIMI,
who died at Cambridge, Feb. 9th, 1903.

This God is our God for ever and ever ;
He will be our guide unto Death.

Then shall we see and hear and know
All we desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

CHAPTER X

FURTHER REMINISCENCES

In the endeavour to collect letters and materials to aid me in drawing up this account of Professor Cowell, I ventured to appeal to a few of his old pupils and others to put in writing their reminiscences of their old master. A few have kindly responded to my invitation, including some of the pupils of the time in Calcutta some forty years ago, who have since achieved distinction in the public service. I propose, therefore, to make up this last chapter with these interesting accounts, and amongst these personal expressions of opinion I shall also add a few extracts culled from letters to Professor Cowell which express the indebtedness of the writers or the esteem in which they held him, letters which were not altogether suitable to be incorporated in the body of the book.

The Public Orator, Dr. J. E. Sandys, writes under date June 23, 1903 :—

"I am interested to hear of the proposed Life of Professor Cowell.

"I was one of those who attended his first course of Lectures on Comparative Philology in Cambridge in 1867 immediately after taking my degree, and have a vivid remembrance of the thoroughness and interest of his teaching, which was in no way affected by the fact that the class was necessarily a small one.

"In 1896, I was requested by the Editor of *Social England* to contribute an article on the 'History of Scholarship in England' for publication in the sixth volume of that work. The part on Classics was written by myself. For languages other than Greek and Latin, I was expected to supply such an outline of the study

as was possible with the aid of experts in those languages. For the history of *Sanskrit* scholarship in England, I naturally applied to Professor Cowell. I send herewith his sketch. It formed the ground-work of my abstract on this part of the subject in *Social England*, where in an abridged form it fills a single page, in Vol. VI. p. 316. I think it would be interesting to have the original sketch printed,[1] as an account of the early history in England of the subject which engaged a large part of Professor Cowell's intellectual activity.

"In July, 1901, while I was engaged in writing an account of Ausonius for a 'History of Classical Scholarship' to be published in October, 1903, I consulted Professor Cowell as to a passage in Mosella of Ausonius, which I was proposing to quote and to translate. The ultimate version runs as follows (on p. 211 of my work) :—As a specimen we may here quote (and render) four lines alone, marking in italics the phrase especially admired by Edward FitzGerald,[2] who owed to Professor Cowell his first knowledge, not of Omar Khâyyâm only, but also of Ausonius :—

> 'Quis color ille vadis, seras cum propulit umbras
> Hesperus, et viridi perfundit monte Mosellam !
> Tota natant crispis iuga motibus, et *tremit absens*
> Pampinus, et vitreis vindemia turget in undis.' (192-5)

'What a glow was on the shallows, when the shade of Evening fell,
And the verdure of the mountain bathed the breast of fair Moselle !
In the glassy stream reflected, float the hills in wavy line,
Swells the vintage, sways the trembling tendril of the absent vine.'

"I consulted Professor Cowell as to FitzGerald's and Tennyson's special admiration of the phrase underlined in the above passage and I send you his reply which may be of interest in connexion with both of those poets :—

"'Scroope Terrace, July 27, 1901.—My dear Dr. Sandys, Aldis Wright gives in his *Letters*, 1894, Vol. I. p. 205, a letter of FitzGerald's to me in which he mentions the line from Ausonius and says "I did not send that vine-leaf to A. T. but I have not forgotten it. It sticks in my mind.

> 'In Time's fleeting river
> The image of that little vine-leaf lay
> Immovably unquiet,—and for ever
> It trembles but it cannot pass away.'

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[1] This interesting sketch of Sanskrit Scholarship in England is printed as Appendix II.

[2] *Letters* (1846) i. 205 (ed. 1894). The original is obviously imitated in Pope's *Windsor Forest*, 211–6.

"'Aldis Wright adds in his note, "FitzGerald used to admire the break in the line after *absens*." I have no doubt he got that from some remark of mine. FitzGerald showed the passage to Tennyson soon afterwards,—they were both staying in London in 1846. Yours sincerely, E. B. COWELL.'

"In revising my rendering of the above lines in 1902 (a rendering on the details of which I had some conversation with Professor Cowell), it occurred to me to turn to Pope's description of the Thames, on the chance of its suggesting some slight improvement in my original version, when I found to my surprise that Pope had himself been inspired by Ausonius, in his own revision of part of *Windsor Forest*, 211-6, where the following lines were not in the first copy :—

'Oft in the glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the floods are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green.'

"I drew Professor Cowell's attention to the parallel, and his reply was as follows :—'Your parallel from *Windsor Forest* is quite new to me. It is very interesting to trace Pope's skilful hand, as he adds this later improvement to his old work.'

"These points respecting Ausonius have, I think, a real interest in connexion with Cowell's influence on FitzGerald and with his introducing the Mosella of Ausonius to the notice of his friend, and with his own continued interest in that poet."

At the first meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society after the death of Prof. Cowell, it was resolved "that the Society desires to record its deep sense of the loss which it has sustained by the death of Professor E. B. Cowell, one of the original members of the Society, its President for the first four years of its existence, and a valued member for over thirty years." Mr. Jebb was the first Secretary and Dr. Sandys was the first Treasurer.

At the first meeting of the Special Board of Classics, before proceeding to the ordinary business, Dr. Sandys referred briefly to the loss that the Board had sustained.

In the twenty-fifth annual (1903) report of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi there is the following tribute

to the memory of Professor Cowell from the pen of the Rev. S. S. Allnutt, the head of the Mission :—

"It may, I hope, not be out of place if I begin my report this year with a respectful tribute to the Memory of Professor Cowell. Of his connection with our Mission, dating from its earliest days, those can speak most suitably who were actually associated with him on our Committee. I would rather dwell, with grateful recollection, on what he was to me, if I may venture so to speak, as a friend. An introduction to Mr. Cowell in my first term at Cambridge brought me into contact with him before I had any thought of becoming a Missionary, and from that time to the end of my life at Cambridge visits to his house in Scroope Terrace were always prized as a deeply valued privilege, more and more as I became more capable of appreciating the rare qualities which made intercourse with him so stimulating and helpful. I came under his influence as a teacher both as an undergraduate and later on when he taught me whatever little Sanscrit I know. I read the *Bhagavat Gita* with him before I came out to India, and later on, during my furlough in 1898, several of the *Upanishads*, and though my work now is so wholly removed from that of my student's days, I can still recall vividly the effect which his quiet but intense enthusiasm had on me. His luminous exposition and profound knowledge enabled me even in a short time to get an insight into first principles of Hindú thought, which I found invaluable to me out here, and many a time did my Pandit acknowledge, when I confronted him with the interpretation I had taken down in my notes, how masterly it was, even though he was too orthodox to admit it to be true! One cannot but sigh when one thinks what a fund of unsurpassed knowledge has, owing to his habitual modesty, passed away with him. I trust that Cambridge will do something to perpetuate the memory of so truly great a man."

The Rev. W. Hooper, the very able and successful missionary of Mussoorie in India, has kindly contributed an account of his acquaintance with the Professor and of his work in India, and has also furnished me with his just estimation of both Mr. and Mrs. Cowell. His first acquaintance with him he shall describe in his own words :—

"I went to Oxford as an under-graduate for the Michaelmas term of 1855, and before long was called on by Edward Cowell

(as he was commonly called then) who was living with Mrs. Cowell in lodgings in Beaumont Street, and supporting himself by taking pupils. It was mainly our love of Sanskrit which drew us together (if a pigmy may for a moment be compared with a giant); and I was so often invited to the house, that by the Easter term of 1856 I had become quite intimate with them. Then, however, he received that nomination which caused that sundering of our lives which lasted, except occasionally, to the end, and which makes me feel that I know so little of him. He was appointed Professor of History in the Presidency College in Calcutta; and before the end of the Long Vacation he and his wife had left England. Such a comparatively subordinate position, and one, too, dealing with a subject which he had not specially made his own (though the fact of his being competent to teach it at all, illustrates the all-roundness of his learning), would probably not have attracted him, but for the opportunity it afforded him of living in the midst of those, whom he had already learned to love for the sake of their noble ancient language. But soon after he obtained in addition, a situation which far more exactly suited him, viz., the Principalship of the Hindú, now called the Sanskrit College. That he was able for years to carry on the duties of both these positions together is, I think, a striking testimony both to his physical and mental powers, and also to the character which he had with the public for conscientiousness. He was performing both sets of duties when I first came out to India in November, 1861; and I remember his taking me round to several of the classes of the Hindú Colleges, and asking the students questions in the vernacular which he had meanwhile acquired. Naturally, I understood more of the questions which were about Sanskrit than of the answers to them. During my stay of ten days in Calcutta on that occasion, and also another ten days a year afterwards when I went down to meet my bride, I saw a good deal of him and Mrs. Cowell. We wished very much to have them as our guests at Benares, but though that most sacred place of the Hindús would in many ways have interested the Professor much more than Calcutta, yet he never stirred beyond the neighbourhood of the latter. In after years he regretted this; for it not only confined his Indian experience to one part, but also —which was a much greater loss—practically to one race—the Bengali; for though all Indian races find their way to Calcutta as to Rome of old, yet the Hindú intellect there is confined to the Bengalis. And though these are the most effeminate of Indian races yet they are perhaps the most loveable, and certainly the most intellectual. And there is no doubt that your Cousin intended to go 'up country' as it is called, and only put it off

being engrossed in his Calcutta work; a reason which would not have so weighed with him, could he have anticipated so early a removal from India altogether.

"He however broke down in health and had to make up his mind to leave the land and the people they both loved so well though they had seen so little of either.

"It was in April, 1864, that they and the late Dr. Kay—Principal of Bishop's College and a great friend of theirs,—and the still better known Dr. Duff,—all these three great men took what was really a final leave of India.

"My impression of his character, as I suppose would be that of all others who knew him, is that it combined in a very remarkable degree three things, viz. (1) Immense learning—specially, but by no means exclusively or disproportionately, in Asiatic languages and literature; (2) a humility and modesty, which, while it made him very loveable, kept him from being known and appreciated as he deserved to be; (3) a genuine piety which retained the simplicity of childhood to the end. I do not think any memoir of E. B. Cowell would be complete, which did not say a great deal about his wife. Ever since I first knew him, till shortly before his own end, she was his guardian angel indeed—a 'help answering to him,' if ever there was one (see original of Gen. 18, 20). Worthy, on account of her earnest Christianity, to be his life-partner, she excelled just where he failed, and devoted all her excellent gifts to make his life the stronger and the richer. No wonder he felt himself lost when she was taken.

"But I must say something further about the first and third points in his character as I remember it:—his learning and his faith and piety, for I do not think the second needs any illustration. As to his learning in other branches I am no judge; nor am I much of a judge as to his knowledge of Sanskrit. But I know just enough of the latter to recognise your Cousin as a veritable giant. I have never met the Pandit who was his equal in the extent as well as the accuracy of his knowledge of Sanskrit Literature; though no doubt many are his superiors in thorough knowledge of particular branches of it. I do not know much about his study of the Veda; but the Philosophical, Poetical, Legal and Grammatical departments of Sanskrit Literature—each a literature in itself—I know he had at his finger's ends. And when he told me at my last visit to him, that his memory had greatly failed, and I asked him whether his memory of Sanskrit was failing too, he answered, 'Oh no!' The comprehensiveness, too, of his learning may be illustrated by an answer he gave me during one of my four visits

to him at Cambridge. He was recommending to me the best Sanskrit Dictionary in existence, the 'St. Petersburg,' one which is in German; and I had remarked that my knowledge of German was not equal to using such a dictionary profitably; to which his reply was prompt: 'Then you will have the advantage of learning two languages at once.'

"But to those who knew him well his humility and modesty did not for a moment allow his great learning to throw into the shade his deep, childlike piety. Whether he ever passed through any mental conflicts regarding the Faith I know not; at any rate, I never saw any trace of them. I remember well, when the news of Bishop Colenso's theories was creating a considerable stir and unrest in India, Dr. Kay quoted to me a remark which he had heard from the Professor, to the effect that if anything was wanted to prove the existence of an Evil Providence such as we attribute to the Arch-enemy, it would be enough to refer to the preparation of men's minds for Colenso's heresies by the wide diffusion of his manuals of arithmetic and kindred subjects. But though this story proves, I think, your Cousin's simple orthodoxy, his was not a narrow piety which loves to dwell on others' errors. No! he was above all a missionary-hearted man, if ever there was one. In fact, I remember its being said in the early sixties by a C. M. S. Missionary in Calcutta, that there was no truer missionary in that place than Edward Cowell. Of course his being employed in the Indian education department precluded his mentioning in class what was uppermost in his heart; but after College hours, and especially on Sundays he used to have large Bible-classes for the students, with whom his mouth was at other times necessarily shut, as a Government Professor. Nor did he merely submit to this restriction, as an honest man; he verily believed that Government education made better Christians than mission colleges did, in the case of those who from them became Christians at all. I remember his urging this as his own experience, when I wrote to him about a young man who had been an inquirer with me at Benares, and who was then in Calcutta. This case is an instance of his not only holding Bible classes, but also receiving private visits from religious inquirers. The man became a Christian a few years afterwards, and long preceded the Professor to Paradise; how good to think of the meeting which has now, doubtless, taken place between them.

"I well remember my last visit to the Cowells at Cambridge on the 18th of November, 1887—the last time I saw Mrs. Cowell—and the affectionate joy with which they greeted me. I had just come from taking my D.D. degree at Oxford, and

they jokingly remarked that I must have come to Cambridge to take an 'ad eundem' degree!"

Mrs. F. Mann (*née* Annie Charlesworth), a niece of the Professor's who knew him closely for many years, has kindly written for me her recollections of him.

"You ask me to give some of my impressions of Professor Cowell as I knew him. My first recollection dates from the time when I was about ten years of age. We were staying at Lowestoft where he and my Aunt often spent the summer vacation. I can remember seeing him and his friend Mr. Fitz-Gerald walking up and down the long sea front deep in conversation. His great enthusiasm for botany much impressed me, and I well remember one long walk in which I helped him hunt for a particular kind of nettle, called the Roman nettle, that he was most anxious to find. That was the first of many long botanical rambles that I had with him there and in North Wales and in Cambridge. The driest subject would become intensely interesting as he treated it, and his enthusiasm was contagious.

"Botany led on to Geology and the problems of Life thus disclosed gave occasion to deeper talk. But to me as a child, there was a wonderful charm in his endless store of tales. During one of the Lowestoft walks he gave me the whole story of Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone*. Acquainted as he was with many literatures he could range far out of the track of common-place narrative. Frequently would come something from the *Arabian Nights* or he would draw his stories from Persian or Sanskrit sources.

"He was a great chess player. My Aunt told me that at one period he was able to play *three* games simultaneously without seeing the board.

"A striking characteristic was the gentleness of his judgments upon others. Though he could be severe in his criticism of work, never did I hear him speak a harsh word of anyone personally. Here is an instance of his gentleness, under one would think some provocation, taken from one of his letters to me written in 1899: 'I am reading Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography* aloud in the evening. It is a curious book but interesting,—the style is dreadful,—long sentences with four or five relative clauses hanging on one another, as if she had never read a line over again. I should like to have met her—her cheerful courage under trials and losses makes one care for her a little, in spite of her imprudences.'

"Unconsciously he exercised the invaluable art of drawing out whatever was best in those with whom he came in contact. He

always gave his hearers credit for having his own interests and even his own ability.

"Under the calm exterior lay a deep emotional nature. It would show itself occasionally in the course of the customary reading aloud which took place every evening after dinner. Now and then if he came across a very affecting passage in the tales that he read aloud to us, his wife duly noticing that he hesitated or that his voice got husky, would ask for the book and take up the reading until the affecting passage was passed. He said to me once that there was a verse in the hymn 'Lead, kindly Light,' that he could never listen to as it made him think so intensely of the loved ones he had lost. On my asking him how he met the difficulty, the reply was that he was able to fix his mind on some beautiful passage in a Greek poet, and then he heard nothing until the hymn was over and he found himself sitting down.

"Another characteristic was extreme conscientiousness in what many would consider trifling things. An instance occurs to me in connection with his correspondence with one of the old Indian Pundits with whom he had studied in India. I noticed that in despatching a letter to him he had a special method for moistening the envelope from a saucer of water. On my asking the reason, he explained that a Brahman would consider it defilement to touch an envelope that had been moistened with the tongue. 'But would he feel safe,' I asked, 'in your case from the possibility of your doing things in the usual way?' The reply was, 'He has my word for it.'

"Extreme thoughtfulness for others showed itself in many little ways. I may give an instance supplied to me by a friend after my uncle's death. She writes: 'I only saw him once and that was on the day of the wedding. Observing how sad I was after my brother went away he came and talked to me. He was standing with his back to the fireplace in the drawing-room as I came in from the hall. Everyone else was talking and merry. I fancy the tears were in my eyes. He noticed it in a moment and came and kindly began a conversation and continued until I was quite cheerful.'

"A precious sentence or two which I will quote from a letter received from him, soon after the death of my Aunt, shed a beautiful light on his loving disposition and on the quiet fortitude with which he endured the loss. 'I always try to remind myself of my 52 years of happiness, when I feel very depressed, and in all my prayers now, I make a point of beginning them by thanking God for this special mercy, and so "make my requests known with thanksgiving"; I find that this feeling of gratitude, when it is resolutely cherished, is a great help against depression. Your dear

Aunt just lived to be 88,—so I repeat that verse in Job, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season"; and when I think how God has so completely fulfilled the promise in her case, I feel as if I must not murmur.'

"Only scholars can write adequately on the subject of his vast Oriental learning and research. Perhaps these few personal recollections of mine may be compared to a bunch of Alpine flowers which have an additional charm because of the lofty heights on which they grew."

Mr. C. W. Moule, the Senior Fellow of Corpus, has furnished me with many letters which find a place in these pages. He was one of Cowell's truest friends in Cambridge, and wrote an interesting and touching account of the Professor, which was published in the *Journal of Philology* late in 1903, and to which I beg to refer my readers. I may be permitted, however, to give here his concluding remarks, as they convey an admirable picture of the Professor :—

"To those who knew him only by sight as he moved along the street to the University Library, or to some friend's rooms, though they could hardly fail to observe the nobility of his head, he may have appeared a shy and silent recluse, absorbed in Sanskrit Grammar. Shy he was certainly, and not apt to make the first move in speech; but let that move be made by an inquiring and sympathetic neighbour, and his talk, though in a voice never strong, would be free and friendly, full of information, suggestion, anecdote or experience. Nor, much as he loved Sanskrit, was he *totus in illa*. No scholar was ever less of a pedant than he. He read his daily newspaper as regularly as his *Athenæum*. He loved Greek and Latin (in which his scholarship was ripe and good), and Sanskrit, Pali, Persian, and I know not how many tongues beside, as the vehicle of literature; and literature as the expression and treasure-house of human feeling, imagination, thought and knowledge. This last word reminds me how his heart and mind uttered themselves about knowledge shortly before he left us. Seldom, I suppose, was he seen impatient (unless some report of cruelty or wrong made him indignant; 'an indignation which was promptly curbed'); but when, at the last College Meeting, a doubt was expressed whether an eminent Prelate, the founder of our chief Scholarships at Corpus, would care, could he know of it, to have Scholarships in Natural Science associated with his name, Cowell, silent till then, appealing to his friend our Chairman with a note of generous impatience in his voice, said eagerly: 'Yes, *knowledge!* Master! in whatever form, Mawson

would welcome *knowledge!*' Beyond his own threshold, these were almost his latest words.

"The admirable purity and simplicity of his nature, the self-forgetful devotion, the thoughtful liberality (to his grateful College, for instance), the wisdom, strength, gentleness, modesty, that drew to him the hearts of disciples and friends in East and West:—these qualities may be named, but there is no describing them, at all events, the harmony of them that was found in Cowell. εὔφυις, εὐηθής, εὐμενής, in the highest sense was he. Nor may one dwell on that sacred companionship of more than fifty years, which was the joy of his heart, and stimulated, aided, strengthened, cheered or solaced him, from even long before the day when 'this delightful lady,' as FitzGerald wrote, 'carried off her young husband to Oxford,' almost to the day when 'death them did part.' Nor can one say much of that unaffected piety and steadfast faith, of which the presence was felt without words. But let me end by reverently quoting another postcard, which may throw a gleam of light on his affection and his faith, while it will remind us of his love of great writing once more. Just three months after his bereavement he wrote (Dec. 29, '99) 'I send you a fine passage which I found in Augustine's *Confessions* IV. 9 this morning: "Solus enim nullum charum amittit cui omnes in illo chari sunt qui non amittitur. Et quis est iste nisi Deus noster, Deus qui fecit caelum et terram, et implet ea, quia implendo fecit ea?" It exactly expressed a feeling that had been dumbly struggling in my own mind lately.' He regained ere long his tranquil cheerfulness; and besides the higher consolation found more and more to the last that it is *vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*"

Professor Bendall, Cowell's successor in the chair of Sanskrit, has borne testimony to his great eminence as a Sanskrit Scholar, and also as a Teacher, not only in an interesting notice of him a month after his death in the *Athenæum* of Feb. 14, 1903, but also in his Inaugural Address at Cambridge. I can only give a few isolated sentences:—

"His knowledge of Indian philosophy was unrivalled in Europe."

"In India he laid the real foundation of his reputation as an Orientalist, the happy combination of wide and deep Western culture with the concentrated traditional lore of the Eastern pandit. Unfortunately for the present generation, he was one of the last survivors of the type."

"Cowell was pre-eminently a teacher."

"As to his great work as a teacher, most of those pupils who

knew him best, probably realised, long before his death, that in him they had found one of the finest and noblest moral natures they were ever privileged to meet; like the *Kalyanamitra*, the ideal Good Friend of the Buddhist disciple, or like the venerated teacher and sage of still earlier days in India, the *Rishi*. This indeed was the affectionate name by which he was known among his pupils. If I may venture to select two of the most impressive characteristics of his work, they should be his quiet and unobtrusive enthusiasm for his life study, and his unselfish, unstinting devotion to his scholars. As a practical evidence of these qualities, I may refer to the way in which he induced not merely the young, but men already established in the practical work of the University (like his favourite pupil, the late R. A. Neil), to engage with him in the joint publication of original work, and indeed to the number of volumes that he published with his pupils of all ages."

"Probably no living man but he could have discoursed as he did in his Presidential address to the Arian Section of the Orientalists' Congress in 1892, on the parallel between the literature of the Indian Mīmāṁsā and the Talmudic Rabbis."

Mr. T. Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, has kindly forwarded his recollections.

"I had long heard of Professor Cowell as one of the few Oxford men holding a Professorship at Cambridge, as an Oriental scholar of rare eminence and in particular as having been the man to introduce Edward FitzGerald to Oriental studies and more especially to the reading and subsequent rendering of *Omar Khâyyâm*. When Dr. Aldis Wright's edition of FitzGerald's letters first appeared in 1889 I at once appreciated more fully the meaning of this relation, and I resolved, if occasion offered, to seek Professor Cowell's acquaintance. I had talked a good deal about him with Max Müller, who had the very highest opinion alike of his learning and of his amiability, and I got him, when I happened to be visiting Cambridge in the winter of 1892, to give me an introduction to him. Armed with this I called upon the Professor at his house in Scroope Terrace. He received me most kindly, and I found him what everybody who knew him, knew him so well to be, a perfect type of the genuine student, boundless in his knowledge, grand in his simplicity and modesty. We began talking, as was natural, about FitzGerald, and he acknowledged that it was he who put him first on reading both Persian and Spanish. He came to know FitzGerald first at Ipswich, where he (Professor Cowell) had lived as a boy, and he read Lucretius with him, which FitzGerald at that time did not know. This interested me, especially as I have always thought many parts of FitzGerald's *Omar* very Lucretian in

tone. In later years, as his letters show, 'Old Fitz.' certainly read Lucretius with attention. We talked much about *Omar Khâyyâm* and he told me what he no doubt has told others, for I have often seen it stated, that *Omar Khâyyâm* was not by any means a literal translation but that FitzGerald had a wonderful instinct or *flair* for anything that was really poetical and that he introduced many touches *ab extra*. As an example of this he quoted the well-known lines about

> 'the Seas that mourn
> In flowing Purple of their Lord forlorn,'

the magnificent idea that the sea is in mourning because it has lost God being drawn from a Persian source but from one totally different and not to be found in the original of *Omar*. In the same way he said that FitzGerald had been delighted when he had mentioned it with the image of the flowers holding up their cups as though full of wine and drinking to the Dawn, as one highly poetical. We talked about the translation of Abul Fazl's *Inscription* prefixed to Tennyson's poem, *Akbar's Dream*. The last line of this Professor Cowell told me was not quite correctly translated; it should not be 'But the dust of the rose petal belongs to the perfume-seller,' but rather 'Even an atom of the rose is dear to the heart of the perfume-seller.' We talked about his Oxford days which he looked back to with special pleasure. He told me that he had been at Magdalen Hall under Dr. Macbride, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, who was, he said, at once a very learned Professor of Logic and a widely read man. His Tutor was Michell. Among his contemporaries was Thorold Rogers. His chief Oxford friends were Max Müller, Jowett and Mr. Morfill, the University Reader in Slavonic. When he was lodging in Oxford, Tennyson used to come sometimes and stay with Jowett and would step over to Cowell's lodgings to smoke. While talking of Tennyson he pointed to Samuel Lawrence's portrait of him and said it was exactly like what he was when a young man. I said something to him about his being a good Welsh scholar, but that he deprecated and told me he had been 'misled into learning Welsh,' but I think that this was only his modesty. Talking of Spanish he told me that we had a very excellent Spanish scholar at Oxford in Mr. Butler Clarke. He had tested him by sending him what he considered three special 'posers' or *cruces* from the *Romanzero* and his answers to these had convinced him that he was no common scholar. We talked a little more about FitzGerald, I remember, and he said that FitzGerald and his wife were '*two friends* spoiled by marrying.' They ought to have remained friends. He married her because

people said he ought to do so. He was of course a great friend and admirer of her father, Bernard Barton the Quaker poet, and very much at her father's house. The last time I saw Professor Cowell was when he was over receiving his Oxford Honorary Degree, the D.C.L., which pleased him very much, in the summer of 1896. We talked, I remember, then a good deal about Sir William Hunter's charming little story *The Old Missionary*. I asked him if he thought it was in any way founded on fact, or, if not, whether it was generally true to Indian life. He said it was certainly the latter, and that he had always thought that the history of 'Padre Long' who espoused the cause of the Indian peasantry had suggested the character of the old missionary to Hunter. Whether this was really the case or not I do not know. I fancy that Sir William Hunter denied it, but such a record would certainly go far to substantiate the naturalness of the story.

"Professor Cowell was also, I remember, much interested in the Indian poetess 'Toru Dutt,' and he lent me some papers about both Padre Long and Miss Dutt.

"I wish I had been able to see more of him, for I found him one of the most unusual and attractive scholars I have ever come across and a delightful gentleman of the old-fashioned school. I had occasion to correspond with him more than once on academic matters, but not in a way which need now be alluded to."

Mr. H. T. Francis of Caius College and the University Library and also a pupil of Cowell's in Pāli writes of him :—

"The few letters I enclose (for I was seldom absent from Cambridge) perhaps may illustrate one or two of his characteristics,—his keenness as a botanist (in the old sense of the term —for he actually recognised a plant at sight which the modern scientific botanist would often scorn to do!)—he was so enthusiastic in his search for any plant that was at all rare that he would as long as his strength permitted walk long distances to see if some particular flower whose *habitat* he had marked in his Bentham or other Botanical book, was to be found blooming in its old haunts. I remember he told me that while staying at Cromer in 1900, he drove all the way to Cley, about twelve miles, I think, to see if he could find a rather rare kind of sea lavender that he had seen growing there many years before, and came back in triumph with his spoils. He also refers in these letters to his love for Jane Austen's novels. He was one of the most devout

Austenites I ever knew. I remember he told me that he once stayed in Bath and that he and Mrs. Cowell amused themselves by identifying as far as they could the streets and if possible the very houses in which Jane Austen or the heroines of her novels had sojourned. He had also visited Lyme Regis to see with his own eyes 'the Cobb' the scene of the fateful fall of Miss Louisa Musgrave in *Persuasion* and I am sure he was at one with Tennyson in being far more interested in the site of this imaginary incident, than in the spot pointed out as the place where Monmouth landed. He was a lover of all that was best in English Literature and was I think especially interested in that of the 18th century. I was always on the look out for books that passed through my hands in the University Library, that were likely to please him. One of the last authors that I introduced him to was Mr. Austin Dobson, and he was so taken with his *Vignettes of the Eighteenth Century* that although he had read them twice, he would incur a fine by keeping them out beyond the end of the quarter, in order to give them a third reading.

"He was in the habit of reading a novel aloud to Mrs. Cowell in the evening and as they neither of them liked a gloomy ending, I had to be careful in selecting such as had no tragic conclusion. I could always fall back upon Mrs. Oliphant or latterly on W. E. Norris. Of the modern poets, I think his favourites were Gray, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson and Browning. The Professor was as you know the shyest of men, and hated anything of the nature of a public function. I remember he once came to me with rather a perturbed countenance—the result of a sleepless night—and on inquiring what was troubling him, I was greatly relieved to find, that the cause of it was that Oxford—his own Alma Mater—had proposed to confer an Honorary Degree upon him! 'Well, Professor,' I said, 'this is one of the penalties of being distinguished,' and he left me somewhat cheered, and as soon as he found that his friend Professor Skeat was to receive a similar honour on the same occasion, he felt that under his ægis the ordeal would prove less terrible than he anticipated. It was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to give a vote either at a political or University election, and I believe it sometimes required the active intervention of the Master of his College to bring about the desired result. He naturally shrank from public speaking, but I well remember hearing him speak at the Opening of the Henry Martyn Hall, at Cambridge, when he concluded an excellent speech by an eloquent panegyric on Bishop Berkeley in reference to his proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations by a College to be erected in Bermuda.

"I read with him especially in Pali for more than twenty years and found him a most interesting and inspiring teacher. His enthusiasm and interest in his subject was so great that it was difficult to confine him within any reasonable limits of time, and he would go on in spite of all remonstrance till very shame or even exhaustion on the part of his pupil brought the reading to a close. He was quite oblivious of meals and engagements, and sometimes his page boy would interrupt his lesson by convincing him with some difficulty that he was dining out and had only barely sufficient time to dress. I was always struck with his wealth of illustration from classical or modern literature. He was not more at home in quoting from Aristotle or Virgil than from Dante, Cervantes, Calderon or even Rabelais. He seemed to have read every author that was worth reading and to have remembered all that he read. He was very absent-minded and I sometimes fancied that from reading so much Oriental literature he might be lost like some Eastern mystic in a kind of Buddhistic trance! I never knew any man so entirely untouched by any feeling of envy or jealousy of others—indeed I believe it was often said jestingly that as a remarkable fact he was on speaking terms with every other Sanskrit scholar. It was quite impossible to think that he ever could have had an enemy."

Mr. W. B. Girdlestone writes :—

"He was a marvellous combination of learning, humility, enthusiasm and faith. Whatever he touched, linguistic or botanical, he did well and thoroughly. He spared no pains if one sought his advice, and would pick his way over the book-laden floor with surprising dexterity in search of some hidden book.

"It has been a gift in one's life to have known him and his wife, for years, as friends."

Mr. W. F. Webster, one of his earliest pupils, says :—

"Professor Cowell's kindness to me was chiefly shewn by the large amount of time he spent in teaching me Sanskrit, much more than he need have spent even in the most conscientious performance of his duties as Professor; also in the great help he gave me in editing the last volume and a half of Professor Wilson's translation of the Rig Veda.

"I think his enthusiasm and freshness was largely due to his religious character. I do not know what his religious beliefs were; but I always felt in his presence that I was in the company of a

deeply religious man. His shyness was, especially to other shy men, a barrier to personal intercourse; but when that barrier was broken down, the Professor's kind and sympathetic character made conversation with him delightful."

I should like to cull a few sentences from letters written to Cowell by different friends as they afford unconscious testimony, and help to show how he was esteemed.

The late Rev. Stanley Leathes, a very old friend, wrote :—

"Those old Oxford days, how I cherish them—my acquaintance with you was one of the brightest spots in my life and you were indeed generous to me. My life has been too busy and active for me to pretend to be a *savant*, but I none the less admire yours, which is my admiration and envy."

Mr. H. W. Lowe wrote to him :—

"It is a great pleasure to be remembered by you for I have often thought of our walks at Oxford when you were so interested in everything relating to India, where you were destined to reap your laurels. Very few are now left who can remember the old Bramford days, but I can easily call to mind a Xmas poor Georgie Metcalf (afterwards Lady Campbell) and I spent there and how kind everyone was to us two children. Some ten years ago when walking down the Bramford Street, I saw *the house* empty and to let; my wife and I went inside. How quaint and small the rooms looked."

Mr. Tawney wrote to him in a letter :—

"You are about the only man in the world capable of revising such a multiplicity of Lingos."

Mr. J. H. Moulton in another said in 1888 :—

"Very many thanks for your kind words of congratulation, which come with especial force from one to whom I owe so much. Throughout my work Sanskrit and Zend have been so prominent that I feel your classes laid the foundation and supplied rich material for my whole construction. And when to all this invaluable teaching I add the constant kindness with which you have gone out of your way to help me, I feel that I owe a debt which I can never adequately acknowledge."

Prof. A. Weber, of Berlin, wrote in 1868 :—

"Many thanks for your second letter, and the copy of the genealogy of the Thaxus family, which you were kind enough to send me. . . . Many thanks also for your photograph. I love to look at your frank and open face, and I should well wish to meet with you, as you intimate, here or in England, though at present I see no chance for the latter contingency. I send you enclosed the photograph of Bopp Sseuzler and Roth on the condition of exchange."

Prof. Bendall, who knew Cowell's esteemed Pandit Mahesh Chandra Nyayaratna, asked him if he would write out his remembrances of his friend during his residence in Calcutta. This he kindly did in the following terms :—

"Calcutta, Aug. 20. 1903. You ask me to write a few remembrances of our friend Professor Cowell, and this I proceed to do, as far as I can in my present state of health. I will first observe that he used to devote the whole of his leisure hours to study, and chiefly to the study of the Oriental languages—Sanskrit, Persian, Pāli, Bengali, &c. But his time and attention were chiefly devoted to studying Sanskrit literature, Rhetoric, Logic and Philosophy which were his favourite subjects in the study of Sanskrit.

"All these subjects he read with me. He occasionally, though not often, used to discuss his difficulties with Pandit Jayanaráyan Tarkapanchánan (then Professor of Grammar) and Pandit Premchand Tarkabágis (then Professor of Rhetoric) in the Sanskrit College ; but latterly he so entirely relied on me that he referred his difficulties to no one else, and even when in England he used to send his difficulties to me.

"It is a happy recollection to me that he helped the cause of Sanskrit culture in many ways. He was instrumental in editing a number of Sanskrit works by distinguished Pandits. It was mainly through his efforts, in the early days of the Calcutta University, that Sanskrit was made a subject for the Entrance, F.A., and B.A. examinations, and the M.A. examination in Sanskrit was also instituted at his instance.

"He was accustomed to extend his private charities to deserving pupils, principally of the Sanskrit College. He also founded there a Scholarship of Rs. 5s. a month, for the encouragement of the study of Sanskrit Grammar.

"He made the acquaintance of and associated with many of the leading Pandits of the day and he took a lively interest in their advancement as well as in the spread of Sanskrit learning. In his correspondence from England he used to show by his kind inquiries that his interest in the welfare of the Sanskrit College and the many Pandits connected with it was unabated.

"He was such an ardent student of Sanskrit while in India, that when, on one occasion, his health gave way, his medical adviser told him that his complaint was *Sanskrit*, and that for the sake of his health he should abate a little his ardour for that language.

"Shortly before his departure from India, he was deputed by Government to inspect the *tols* (indigenous Schools of Sanskrit learning) in Navadwipa, the greatest seat for the study of Nyaya Philosophy in India. His inspection report was submitted by him from England. An important recommendation of his was adopted by Government, viz., to increase the allowance to the pupils for their subsistence from Rs. 100s. to Rs. 150s. a month. This inspection made evident the extraordinary knowledge of Nyaya Philosophy that Professor Cowell had acquired. He had to discuss with Pandit Mádhavachandra Tarkasiddhánta (the then acknowledged head of the Navadwipa Pandits) before an assembly of leading Pandits many abstruse questions of this Nyaya Philosophy, and so well did he acquit himself that all the Pandits were struck with wonder at the mastery that a European Scholar had acquired in that difficult branch of Sanskrit learning.

"I received many letters[1] from him since he left this country in 1864. They referred mostly to his studies, his editings and translations and his lectures. He told me on more than one occasion, 'I still spend all my time in teaching and reading—these are the two objects of my life.' He sent me a large photograph of himself for the College Library.

"MAHESH CHANDRA NYAYARATNA."

The learned Pandit will forgive me, I hope, if I add to the Remembrances that he has written so kindly, a few short extracts from some of the letters that he wrote to Prof. Cowell :—

1884. "Your favour of the 3rd of April reached me in due time. I can hardly express the feelings that a letter from you gives rise to in my mind with the memory of the old happy days

[1] Some of the letters are printed in the Cambridge chapters.

that are now no more. Hardly a day passed when I did not receive some benefit at your hands, for which, to be grateful all my life is alike my duty and my privilege."

1888. "Your letter has given me great pleasure indeed. I am glad to learn that you are still able to work so hard. It is no easy matter to lecture on two different books of the Veda in Sanskrit, the Jātākas of Buddha in Pāli, and in the Avesta in Zend, and all this in one and the same term! There must be something in the very atmosphere of Europe to enable you to work in this way. One can scarcely stand it in this country."

1889. "Your letter has awakened a hope, nay an eager expectation of seeing you once more amongst us. Would that the hope may have its fruition at no very distant date."

1890. "Your labours in connection with your advanced classes in the Rig Veda and Zend Avesta are very highly to be praised. I hope you will give posterity the benefit of your hard studies and mature scholarship, and embody the results of your ingenious comparisons in a volume which no doubt will prove a work of rare merit."

1891. "I have always looked up to you for help and advice at every turn of life, and I now do the same again for the last time I hope [an appointment for his son]. . . . I owe my position and prosperity to you, and trust you will not be offended if I naturally turn to you for a last and crowning favour."

1895. "I am very pleased to find that Sanskrit education has been spreading so much in England, that even ladies have taken to study it—a result which is no doubt partly due to your example and influence. It is at the same time painful to find that the study of Sanskrit is steadily on the decline in India. . . . How nice it would be if we could meet now, and read together the Kusumanjāli, as in the good old days! How pleasant would be the reminiscences of the 'days that are no more'! But alas! it is not practicable for the *Guru* to go over to the land of the *sisya*. Would it however be too much for the *Guru* to expect that his eminent *sisya* might once more come to this country and spend a short time among scenes where he had been about three decades ago?"

Pandit Krishna Chandra Roy, one of the Professor's pupils, writes :—

"I had many letters from my esteemed Master Dr. Cowell, both from Calcutta and from Cambridge. They were a treasure to me, to which I turned at times for counsel and comfort. Un-

fortunately I have been able to lay my hands on only a few of them which I enclose. [Two have been printed—see Chapters IV. and V.] I was one of his first students, and though it is now 45 years ago, I can distinctly call to mind the impression he made on us when we saw him for the first time.

"Rather tall in stature, a big head, a sedate countenance, with a gentle smile playing upon his lips which gave it a very pleasing expression, hair uncombed, he had the look of a veritable Indian *Rishi*, whom to see was to revere.

"Such was the figure that one day early in 1858, stood hat in hand, at the entrance of our class room. Mr. Hand a junior Professor was then in charge of the class. As soon as we caught sight of the new comer, we called Mr. Hand's attention towards him, when in came the stranger with the words—'My name is Cowell.' The name at once electrified the whole class, master and pupils, for we had heard a great deal about him before he came to Calcutta. His name and fame had preceded him. But he was soon off with Mr. Hand to meet and report himself to the Principal of the College, Mr. Clint, who held his office in another building. He came to us once again that day, in company with Mr. Clint, when the latter's lecture hour was come; and it was then that our new Professor was formally introduced to us.

"Mr. Clint was our Professor of Mathematics. The first thing he did that day was to set us a difficult problem which puzzled even the best among us. Mr. Clint set himself, as was his wont, to solve it on a piece of paper, before leaving his seat to explain it to us. Meantime Mr. Cowell had worked it out for himself, and as soon as Mr. Clint turned towards him to say something, Mr. Cowell showed him his paper, and all was light and right at once. Professor Cowell left the room shortly after, and when he was gone, Mr. Clint spoke of him in the highest terms, saying amongst other things that he was 'not only a scholar but a good mathematician.'

"Professor Cowell's manners were perfectly natural, gentle and affable to a degree, which comported well with his sedate appearance. There was absolutely nothing studied about him. Students had their own standard of judging their teachers, and their behaviour in class corresponded with their estimate of them. Some teachers cannot keep their boys under control, they are simply unfit for their work. Some maintain discipline by their strictness; whilst some few command silence by the deep esteem and reverence they inspire. Professor Cowell belonged to the latter class. The moment he entered the class-room there was pin-drop silence,

not because we were at all afraid of him, but because we were all anxious to hear every word he uttered. How many professors can *command* respect like this? Indeed we were friends at the very first meeting and continued to be friends to the end.

"Our old methods of studying history were extremely faulty. We occupied ourselves exclusively with Wars, Battles and Conquests. We had no conception before Professor Cowell's advent as to how History should be studied. He it was who taught us to form a *connected* view of Historical events, to link together facts scattered in different parts of the text-book and to have a united whole before our minds. He taught us, too, to lay proper stress on Constitutional History, which we did not mind before, nor were we ever taught to do so. Our text-books were *Elphinstone's India* and *Keightley's England*. In these books he traced for us the gradual growth and development of the Constitution in both countries and showed us the way to do it for ourselves.

"It was thus he opened our eyes to phases and points to which we were unaccustomed to attach any importance, and in which we felt but little interest, but which it was as necessary and important for us to know as Wars and Conquests and their accompanying circumstances.

"Professor Cowell was ever ready to help his pupils in other ways than merely lecturing them on his subjects. He never refused a request that it was in his power to grant. I once asked him to look over the MS. of a small History of 'British India' which I had written in Bengali. He did not then know Bengali himself and yet he *gladly* undertook to revise it with the help of a Bengali assistant, and would it be believed that he actually went through it, chapter by chapter and page by page. And not this merely—after the book had been printed he thought it his business, *unsolicited*, to move the Educational authorities to patronise it by introducing it into all vernacular schools, not so much because he felt any special interest in the work of an old pupil, as because it was deserving of encouragement as the first book of its kind.

"His life in this country was one of continuous hard work. His work as Principal of the Sanskrit College was sufficient for the energies of any one man, yet he was Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal and to the Vernacular Literature Committee. With all his official lectures and duties he found time to deliver most interesting lectures at various places. He understood well the value of time and he often tried to impress this knowledge on his pupils. Though over 70, his letters showed he was still filling up his time with Herculean labours—teaching still all sorts of subjects. In 1880 I found him studying an old, old Bengali poem

(Candī), some expressions in which having puzzled him, he wrote to me to know if I could throw any light on them. He told me that he was so delighted with the illustration I had given him, that he pasted it with the passage in his copy of the work."

Dr. Goeroo Dass Banerjee, Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, writes under date 11th November, 1903 :—

"It is with deep feelings of love and veneration that the name of Professor Cowell is remembered by his pupils in this country. Though full forty years have passed away since I had the pleasure of listening to his last lecture in the fourth year class of the Presidency College in 1863, yet his placid countenance beaming with intelligence, and his sweet and sonorous voice which so earnestly communicated his thoughts to us, are still as fresh in my memory as ever.

"His exposition of the intricate details of English Constitutional History was characterised by a rare combination of brevity and lucidity. He taught Indian History in a most sympathetic spirit; and his ripe Oriental scholarship gave to his teaching of the history of the Hindú period a value peculiarly its own.

"While History was the principal subject he lectured upon he also taught English Literature and Mental and Moral Science, and taught them equally well.

"His teaching aimed not only at securing the intellectual progress of his pupils, but also at conducing to their moral improvement. He availed himself of every opportunity afforded by the literary and historical subjects he taught, in impressing upon the minds of his pupils the moral lessons deducible from them; and this he did with a degree of earnestness which never failed to be appreciated.

"He treated his pupils with the utmost kindness. He never said an unkind word to any of them. If he ever reproved anyone, it was in sorrow and not in anger.

"His great learning, his high character, and his uncommon kindliness secured for him the willing obedience of his pupils, who studiously tried to avoid doing anything which might give him offence—a result which severity of treatment will seek in vain to attain."

Pandit S. N. Sastri, M.A., writes his reminiscences of the Professor :—

"My first impressions of the late Prof. E. B. Cowell date from 1858 when he assumed charge of the Calcutta Sanskrit College as

its Principal. I was a little boy in one of the lower forms then. But small as we were, we took note of everything that passed in the College, and we often discussed what sort of men we had over us. When Mr. Cowell came we said amongst ourselves, 'A rishi has come to us'—indeed he impressed us greatly. His saintly appearance, his meekness, his courteous behaviour towards our old Pandits all led us to love and admire him! One incident I remember which placed me in personal contact with him, and gave me an impetus for the rule of conduct which has carried me forward in life. During the Mutiny days our College was removed from its House, and was located in three different houses in another part of the town. In the house occupied by our class, one day there was a scuffle between boys of two classes, over a little staircase, which each class wanted to appropriate to itself. In this scuffle and free fight I took part along with other boys. This happened during the tiffen hour. The news of it was promptly carried to Mr. Cowell in the other house. As soon as the class reassembled after the tiffen hour, the Professor made his appearance, accompanied by his assistant. I almost see him standing near the teacher's seat and solemnly asking those of us to stand up who had mingled in the affray. All the boys of the class were involved in it, but nobody seemed disposed to stir. I felt it difficult to keep to my seat, so earnest was the order of that good man, but at the same time, I was afraid of my class-fellows, who seemed to be unwilling to confess. I feared I would incur their displeasure and consequent ill-treatment by being singular in my confession. So I tarried—then came Mr. Cowell's second mandate, more earnest than the first. I could no longer keep to my seat—I stood up. 'What!' cried Mr. Cowell, 'am I to think that you are the only boy who went to that fight?' I said, 'No! They all went.' After this Mr. Cowell took me with him in his carriage, and took me to his own room in the other house. There he told me that though the fight was a wrong thing, he was glad that I had told the truth. To have told that truth was a greater mark of courage than taking part in the fight. Then he dismissed me with a few encouraging words. His words have come to my rescue in many a moment of temptation in after life.

"So great was my love for him, that I swallowed, as it were, the Sanskrit çloka which he had composed and which he read at a Prize Distribution after our re-transfer to our College-house. I still remember it, and repeated it to his great surprise, when I met him at Cambridge in 1888. I shall never forget, how in bad weather, when it was difficult for people to leave their houses, he, an old man then, came to the house of a common friend to give

me welcome. That blessed half-hour in the company of a saint I shall *ever* remember."

Mr. Chunder Math Boze, M.A., of Calcutta, and late of the Government Service, writes :—

"I came into contact with Mr. Cowell in 1862 in my second year's class, and was at once struck with three things—(1) The wonderfully large and varied store of his knowledge ; (2) His love for and extraordinary devotion to his work ; and (3) His kind, tender and gentlemanly treatment of his pupils. Whatever the subject of his lecture—English or history or philosophy—he never dealt with it as a subject standing by itself and isolated from other subjects, but he explained it with a wealth of information and illustration from a hundred sources, which, far from perplexing, confounding or crushing us, imparted a charm to our studies not known to us before and awakened in our minds the very important idea of the unity of all human knowledge. It was a system of explaining a subject which enthralled the attention of the pupil and kept him spell-bound to his Professor, so that the most perfect order and discipline in the lecture room came out of it as light comes from the sun and special measures to secure them had never even to be thought of. The naughtiest among us felt the great Professor's quiet, kindly, sweet, saintly and overpowering presence.

"He set us all an example of devotion to duty. The daily routine of studies prescribed for the different classes were strictly followed by him : he was never a minute after his time in his class. His only deviation was when his class was the last ; then he forgot routine and every other thing with the exception of his large snuff-box, into which he made rather frequent inroads and went on lecturing lovingly, ardently, enthusiastically like one possessed by his subject, by his pupils, aye by his own self, till long after the time fixed for the breaking up of the class and till it became dusk —his noble consort quietly waiting for her great husband all the while in her *gari* in front of the building. Besides this I may mention that the Professor noticed that I was fond of historical studies, and when at about dusk he left our class, he one evening bade me follow him to the Lecturer's room, where he kept me for nearly half an hour to give me invaluable guidance in my study of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (though not a College text-book).

"I do not remember hearing a hard, harsh or unkind word escape my Professor's lips. He was all gentleness and affability, all kindness and devotion to his pupils. Every pupil in the College must retain a vivid recollection of Professor Cowell every day

traversing the long compound on his way from one class to another surrounded by a crowd of pupils, the Professor towering high above them all—the pupils lustily asking him this and that—he full of smiles and giving each the word he required. It was a sacred sight, such as is unfortunately not often seen."

Babu Bhagowan C. Chattergea, one of Cowell's earliest pupils in Calcutta and who kept up a correspondence with him to the end, writes :—

"I am very glad to learn that you have undertaken to write the life of Dr. Cowell, my highly esteemed Professor and teacher. I was exceedingly sorry to read of his death in the newspaper. He was while in Calcutta like a father to me and in my letters sent to England I addressed him as such. I cannot express in words how much I loved, respected and felt admiration for him. Personally I owe much to him for which I cannot be too grateful. In short, I may say that I have not met anywhere with a better man than Professor Cowell, who was loved and respected here by all classes of people.

"A Mahomedan translator of the Calcutta High Court once remarked that 'Christianity may be true because Mr. Cowell is a Christian.' Such was the force of his character. The late Rev. L. B. Day in a Paper edited by him (*The Indian Reformer*) styled Dr. Cowell the meekest of men. As my Professor in the Presidency College, I found his mode of teaching very interesting. I read with him History, Philosophy, Shakespeare and the Bible, and also carried on religious discussions with him. I was a member of his Bible Class, and he was present at my Baptism on April 19, 1863, on which day he presented me with Bridges on Psalm 119."

It will be interesting to add just three more short extracts from letters written to Cowell. Another pupil, Babu Nilmani Mukergea, who was appointed Principal of the Sanskrit College in 1895, writes :—

"Since my assumption of the Principalship I have religiously complied with your direction contained in one of your letters to me. Perhaps you have forgotten the fact that I was indebted to you for my education. I owe you a debt immense of endless gratitude. One casual remark that fell from your lips determined my career. I was thinking of taking to the profession of law, but when you heard of it, you were pleased to

remark that I was not made for that purpose, and that I would not make a good pleader."

Mr. G. Nicholl writes in 1883 :—

"You know I always look on you as the only European who is entitled to speak with much weight on Sanskrit philosophy. I have often questioned your views; but I have, on looking thoroughly into them, found them sound enough indeed: but I do differ from you most emphatically in much of your Sándilya. I wish I could change; but I find in very many cases I can't."

Babu Mahesh Chandra Sarmá wrote as long ago as 1874 :—

"Every day as I join my college duties, your kind remembrance comes up before me, and I look back with the greatest regret to the many happy hours we spent together. And at the same time I think myself happy and thankful that a man who had been the root of my prosperity should be still so kind and condescending to me."

In 1879 he wrote :—

"The money you left for the foundation of a Scholarship for the Sanskrit College was handed over last year to the Director of Public Instruction, so it is now in the hands of Government, and a Sanskrit Scholarship bearing your name has been endowed."

Babu Dinesh Chandra Sen, of Calcutta, who knew Cowell only by reputation, in a letter written to him as late as 1901, said :—

"To every true Indian your works in the interest of his Country's literature are familiar, and your love for India and her people are established facts. You have left this soil, but there is a fragrance left behind which will never die away. Too often have we gazed upon your portrait preserved in the Sanskrit College, and have paid our tribute of admiration and reverence to the picture, yet always regretting that we shall not have the opportunity of seeing you with our own eyes."

The few personal reminiscences of Professor Cowell above given seemed to be required to complete the

picture which the selection of letters that fill the greater part of this book have drawn for us. They have been written almost entirely by old pupils, persons who knew and appreciated him to the full. One of his Indian admirers has ventured upon a portrait of his personal appearance in those Indian days, and the description appears to be so genuine that I cannot persuade myself to omit a single word. In the text several expressions of personal opinion with regard to him have already found a place, and as Appendix I. I have been permitted to print a notice by Sir Frederick Pollock which appeared in the pages of the *Pilot* soon after Cowell's death. In addition, I have throughout the book of course filled in what was wanting to make the history more complete, and to elucidate the story that the letters tell so freshly and so well. There are still a few gaps, but these probably could only have been filled in by himself.

I think my readers will agree with me that the letters are throughout charming—most varied—and full, to the brim, of interest and information. One of the greatest charms about them is their abounding sympathy. The letters were always sympathetic to the recipient of his correspondence. He grieved with those in sorrow, he thoroughly entered into the work and hopes and aspirations of all who were devoted to study, he helped them out of difficulties of all sorts, he suggested pursuits to some who required stimulating, with all he steered clear of their conceits and vanities, and never asserted his own comprehensive knowledge, but always gave to all, credit for knowing as much or even more than himself about the subject under consideration. There is plenty of evidence in the letters on all these points. With gifts such as these he could never make an enemy. I never heard of *one*. An undue self-assertiveness is the quality perhaps that makes more enemies than any other. Perhaps Cowell was as deficient in self-assertiveness as he was devoid of ambition. But it has been well and kindly said that his good wife supplied what was wanting in him in one, if not

in both, of these qualities. I am inclined to think, however, that Cowell was quite capable of asserting himself on occasion, though it was never done unnecessarily or in a way that was in the slightest degree objectionable, but he had the remarkable gift of never obtruding it.

Some remark would seem to be necessary on another point. Readers of the letters may very easily assume that the writer of them was wanting in decision. It must be acknowledged that there was some apparent difficulty in settling the course to be taken at some of the principal crises of his life. Of course there were difficulties to be overcome, objectors to be appeased and risks to be considered before a decision was possible. Hesitation is allowable under such circumstances and particularly in the case of a married man, but the hesitation is not fully accounted for by the low estimate he formed of his own powers. But is not the explanation clearer if we remember what an implicit belief Cowell had in the guiding hand of Providence? He believed in *that* as he believed in the force of gravitation. If due allowance be made for his devoutly religious character, it will hardly be possible to suggest such a flaw in his personality.

Again the evidence shows that Cowell had learnt the great virtue of humility. It was this that most struck his native friends in India, as they were so little accustomed to it in Europeans. But with no desire to lessen the value of that virtue, it must not be ignored that he was, too, of a highly nervous organisation, and this helps in a measure to explain his great shyness, his dislike of publicity of any kind, his preference for a retired existence away from the turmoil of life. He was *par excellence* a student, and would never have made a man of affairs. He indeed made his mark as a student, and his influence on the world of literature and scholarship and especially on Oriental scholarship will be a lasting one. As an example of his nervousness, I must tell the following story. I remember well as a boy going with him to the funeral of a great friend of his and my Grandfather. It was in the forties,

when it was often the custom for the principal mourners to be clothed by the undertaker in great black cloaks. The entrance of a few of the mourners clad in these cloaks so tickled Cowell, that I found him standing by the fireplace evidently in difficulties. He had lost nervous control over himself, and was trying to hide convulsions of laughter. I went to him, but was very soon as bad as he was—the laughter was infectious. We both made great efforts to control it, but it took some time, and I think we were both heartily ashamed of ourselves. However, we had concealed our misbehaviour exceedingly well, for we heard afterwards that the way in which Edward and George had been overwhelmed with grief gave great satisfaction to the relations. This defect in nervous control was never quite cured, and he has told us himself that he overcame it on occasion by an effort of will, such as concentrating his mind upon a serious line of some Greek author.

Most people make use of some expletive to express surprise or interest, as when hearing of some tragic or comic occurrence, and this biography would be incomplete without mention of the two which were peculiar to the Professor. They will be familiar to all his most intimate friends. One was the word "extra*or*dinary" with the emphasis on the third syllable; the other was the phrase, "Why, *dear* me." His friends will recall the delightful way in which his keen sense of humour brought out one or both of these phrases. I shall always remember the last time I heard them. I told him the story of a benevolent bishop who, seeing a small boy on the door-step of a large house trying to ring the bell, volunteered to ring it for him, when the boy said, "Now run away," and took to his heels, leaving the bishop in a somewhat awkward position.

Of Cowell as a *teacher* much has been said. He had the gift of imparting knowledge and making it highly palatable, and at the same time with his wealth of illustration marvellously interesting. He had the great power

of stimulating his pupils not only to work but to devote themselves to original literary research. His great friend and brother fellow, Mr. Charles Moule, says of him: "I was never his pupil, and yet was always his pupil, for it was as difficult to know him well without learning from him as without loving him. But not Socrates himself concealed better than Cowell the instructor's chair, even from his pupils proper; and he posed—no, he never posed—he felt himself less the teacher than the fellow learner and inquirer; nay, sometimes if he could he would hail as the suggestion of another what was really his own."

It may truly be said that Cowell spent his life from seven years old in acquiring learning. It is the opinion of Dr. Perowne, the revered Master of Corpus, that one half of the learning that he had stored in his brain would have turned the heads of most men. But those vast stores were so well arranged in Cowell's brain that all the learning he had acquired was available when it was wanted and at the service of all who inquired. If he could not answer the question at once, the proper reply or quotation would be remembered before the day was out and forwarded to the inquirer on a post card. He was almost as prolific in post cards as Mr. Gladstone.

Another characteristic of Cowell was his appreciative but critical love of beautiful poetry. He said of Browning's poetry "it does not give one the pleasure and quiet rest which really beautiful poetry naturally does." He used to quote a Sanskrit verse about poetry being such an added, enjoyment to life, "Two fruits of heavenly flavour grow e'en on life's bitter poison tree,—the friendship of the noble heart and thy rich clusters Poetry!" and added, "Browning's are not such clusters as one finds in Wordsworth, Gray or Shakespeare." Perhaps Botany charmed him so much from the idea of restfulness which it shared with Poetry, and which indeed inspired him with the poetic spirit. He loved to quote Morris' pretty lines, and do they not beautifully illustrate this associated feeling?

"Oh fair mid-spring, besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow.
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow,
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long and summer near."

Cowell did not forget the schools of sound learning with which he was or had been connected. He handed over to his brother Maurice in his lifetime the sum of two hundred pounds to endow an annual prize for Classics at his old school at Ipswich, to be called the *Edward Byles Cowell Prize;* and this was invested and arranged to his satisfaction before his death. His desire too was that his splendid library of books should not be dissipated but should be distributed to (1) the University Library of Cambridge, who were to have the first selection; (2) the library of his own College of Corpus Christi to choose next; (3) the Fitzwilliam Museum, who might like to have his books on Geology and Coins; and (4) Girton College to have the residue. As a result, the University Library acquired many valuable volumes; Corpus had 90; the Fitzwilliam had several, together with his gold medal from the Royal Asiatic Society and his geological hammer; and Girton had the residue, including some valuable editions of Oriental works which the University Library already possessed. Girton College has devoted a separate room for these books, to be called the Cowell Library, and the books accepted by the University Library as well as those at Girton College have been arranged and catalogued by the loving hands of Miss C. M. Ridding, one of his distinguished Sanskrit pupils. In addition to this distribution of his books, Cowell left £1,500 free of legacy duty to the Master and Fellows of Corpus in trust to endow a *Cowell Scholarship* in Classics or Mathematics at their discretion.

If Cowell succeeded eminently in the acquisition of learning, he succeeded pre-eminently in the cultivation of goodness. All-round goodness such as his could only

have been laboriously attained. His letters, even from his school days, possess an atmosphere of goodness and speak for themselves. His influence was always in the direction of good, and he seemed to scatter goodness about him. Without this, his other qualities which the letters disclose would hardly have sufficed to explain the extraordinary way in which he succeeded in securing the esteem and love and admiration of his many friends and pupils. We know full well what his native friends in India thought of him and he of them. He was indeed a missionary amongst them, though not perhaps in name, and his great love and admiration for the natives of India made him think they were too good and too interesting not to be Christians like himself. His goodness in India made many feel that Christianity must be true, as Prof. Cowell was a Christian. Force of character could no further go.

Does not Cowell's life afford a realisation of the poet's aspiration :—

> "Think truly, and thy thought
> Shall the world's famine feed ;
> Speak truly, and each word of thine
> Shall be a fruitful seed ;
> Live truly, and thy life shall be
> A great and noble creed" (Bonar)?

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

ARTICLE ON E. B. COWELL IN "THE PILOT" OF FEBRUARY 21, 1903, BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART.[1]

THIRTY-SIX years ago the University of Cambridge had decided to establish a chair of Sanskrit. There were two serious candidates, a German and an Englishman. The Englishman's method of canvassing was original. He went about telling everyone what an excellent scholar his competitor was. The University, nevertheless, was wise enough to elect him. His name was Cowell. At that time two men at Cambridge, I believe, knew that Cowell, before he went to the Sanskrit College at Calcutta, whence he had lately come back, had been Edward FitzGerald's Master in Persian and his introducer to *Omar Khayyám*. They did not know that FitzGerald was to become famous through *Omar Khayyám*, and *Omar Khayyám* to have, through FitzGerald and Cowell, more honour in Europe than ever he had in his own land; for the Western world of letters had not yet discovered either the Persian poet or his translator. Cowell came to Cambridge purely on his merits in Sanskrit. Like my still lamented friend Palmer, a man unlike him in most other respects, he was at first self-taught, without any obvious reason why he should be specially attracted to Eastern studies.

The new Professor gave his introductory lecture to an audience of whom the greater part, I think, heard then and there for the first time any definite account of Sanskrit literature. But the

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strange matter was delivered with a sincere enthusiasm for scholarship which made it impressive; and Cowell gained a further audience in another way which, at any rate, was good luck for them, though it may now seem curious. In those days comparative philology was young, and it was confidently believed not only that Sanskrit was the master-key to the philology of all the Indo-European languages, but that if a man had come to know Sanskrit by the gift of fortune, capacity for teaching comparative philology must be added to him by nature. So Cowell was set to lecture on comparative philology. He had sounded the depths of Sanskrit with the Calcutta Pandits, but neither they nor he had ever thought about comparative philology, and he said so. Duty was duty, however, and he turned to the accepted authorities of 1867—related to the present apparatus of the professed philologist, I suppose, much as the muzzle-loading rifle with which the University Volunteer Corps then exercised to the Lee-Enfield. However, Cowell produced very clear and interesting lectures, and I am sure they were sound as far as they went; and a certain young classical graduate was moved, between the Eastern fascination of the inaugural lecture and the supposed philological magic of Sanskrit, to call on the Professor to do his titular office and impart the rudiments of that language.

That Bachelor of Arts, if I remember right, was Cowell's only learner in Sanskrit for some time; nor did he ever do the master any visible credit, his studies being interrupted, after a little more than a year, by the demands of a mistress who brooks no rivals, our Lady of the Inns of Court; and not being then competent to walk alone with an ordinary Sanskrit text, he never became so. But these lessons were the beginning of conversation, and conversation of a friendship that never ceased till death parted the master from his scholars the other day. When the patient exposition of verbal elements was done, some allusion or name, or some classical passage illustrating a grammatical point, would open the treasures of Cowell's learning. He poured out the wonders of Eastern thought and fancy not as one who has read them in books, but as one who has lived with them. Much of what he told was not in any European book then; some might be hard to find even now. He talked of the absolute reversal of Western desires and ambitions; of the endeavour to be free not only from this life but from even the best possible finite life, and of the road to supreme wisdom. He explained how that road is only for the twice-born, and how a man must rightly perform the duties of lower creatures in inferior lives before he may enter thereon. For is it not written that there was pestilence in a kingdom of India, and the King

with his wisest Bráhmans rode through the land seeking the offence, and found none, till at last by a deserted tank they came upon a Sudra reading the Veda? So they cut off his head, and the plague was stayed. And he told of the eternally self-balancing account of merit and demerit that follows upon every action, shaping the actors' lives in the inexorable round of incarnations; and how the Bráhman who finds true wisdom is far above the gods, Vishnu and Siva themselves being but exalted creatures, living in their pride and power on a huge but finite store of merit, and as like as not, in some dim future, to fall from their high estate for other countless ages; whereas the fruit of wisdom is neither power nor glory nor life everlasting, but eternal freedom from all these things.

He told, moreover, of the Hindú philosophers, with their marvellously acute metaphysics and their infantile physics, and of the strife of sects among them; of the materialists who are now known—like sundry other heretics elsewhere—only by the orthodox refutations of them, in poems so obscure that he and the best of his Pandits were hard put to it to make them out; of revolts against the severe impersonal idealism of the Bráhmans among the warm-blooded folk of the south, whose singers cried, I will none of your liberation, I want life; and he told of the Bráhman horror for the peculiarly wicked heresy of Buddhism that bears witness to its domination over Bráhmanism in the generations when great Kings were its nursing fathers, and of the obscurely known reaction that drove Buddhism clean out of India, and the spiritual crusade of the great Vedantist commentator Sankara Achárya. A strange enthralling procession of shapes and pomps not of our world, to be strangely revived in a new light many years later, when in the penetrating splendour of the Indian sun and the aromatic haze of Indian cities I saw venerable men who had known and worked with my master. Nor was there lacking in his discourse an element as of satyric drama among the magnificence; without which, indeed, the East would not be the East. I learnt how Sankara Achárya's disciples triumphantly comforted all the heretics they met—until they fell in with certain atheists, and with them they argued not, but beat them with their slippers. And, if anyone were the least likely to re-edit Southey's forgotten 'Curse of Kehama,' it might be good for him to know how the highly respectable Southey, by following of late and corrupt Puránas, and in the utmost innocence, fell into a quagmire of a kind to which only the French of Montaigne or Rabelais—or perhaps Anatole France—could do justice. But nobody reads the 'Curse of Kehama' now, nor can I advise it. The last copy I

saw was not wholly useless in its end, for it had furnished a healthy morning's play to two young dachshunds.

Years passed by, during which my occupations had nothing to do with the East, but I never lost sight of Cowell. In time the history and philosophy of law brought me round again to India through Main's work; and at last the opportunity came for seeing India with my own eyes. With Cowell's advice and encouragement I acquired some elements of Urdú, as being needful even for the casual tourist in the north of India if he does not want to be helpless. He told me that Urdú must lead to Persian; I doubted, but the prediction was right. Within a year I found myself at Cowell's work-table again after a quarter of a century, this time with a Persian instead of a Sanskrit text. Somehow we seemed very little older. The master was as keen as ever, and as little disposed to believe how ignorant the pupil was. That was his one weakness as a teacher. He had imbibed Spanish in his youth without thinking about it, and mastered Welsh much later as a holiday pastime, and he made no more account of Pāli than an educated German of Platt-deutsch; and so he assumed that every one was like himself. Thus the renewed bond, most sacred of all human bonds according to Eastern wisdom, was kept up in letters and in hours of talk snatched when I revisited Cambridge from time to time, and I verified for myself how little there was in Persian as well as in Sanskrit that Cowell did not know. His bounty was infinite; if I consulted him about a couplet of Háfiz, he would send me the whole ode translated within a few days. I suppose many others can bear witness to this almost prodigal generosity to younger scholars. But his delight was in higher quests; to find, for example, a really difficult passage in the Mesnaví and illuminate it with all his mastery of Eastern speculation. I was pleased and touched to hear him say that this intercourse recalled his old days with FitzGerald.

The last letter I wrote to Cowell, one which he was not able to read, was intended to submit to his judgment a spiritual interpretation of a verse in Háfiz which seemed to me fairly obvious, though I could find no authority for it. I cannot know whether he would have justified the fancy, but I make bold to dedicate it to his memory.

Muhammad Shamsu-'ddin Háfiz of Shíráz, on whom be God's mercy, wrote thus in a certain ode of his Díván, on those which rhyme on the letter *mím*:—

"My heart is vexed by the solitude of Alexander's prison;
I will truss up my baggage and get me to the realm of Solomon."

Now the literal signification, as the commentators tell us, is that

Háfiz was weary of sojourning at Isfahán and longed to be back in his own city of Shíráz. But the spiritual meaning is otherwise. For Alexander is the lord of this world, the conqueror of Kingdoms with the sword of the flesh, bestowing earthly riches and honours; and the desolation of Alexander's prison is the illusion wherein all men dwell whose desire is to worldly reward, and who deem our transitory goods to be anything for their own sake. But Solomon is the lord of wisdom and the ruler of spirits, directing angels and controlling demons by the virtue of the seal engraven with the Ineffable Name; and his Kingdom is the world of things eternal, where whatsoever is true and good and beautiful is worshipped for itself and to the glory of God, and not for any profit that it may bring. And every one who so worships, whether using this world's goods or abstaining from them, is Solomon's liegeman; and the token of his fealty is this, that he knows it is better to be a doorkeeper in the temple than warden of all the prison. Men say that the floor of Alexander's prison is paved with useful facts; wherefore it is written of such as put their trust in them, *Adhæsit pavimento anima mea.* But the pillars of Solomon's temple are ideas, and the headstones are the imaginations of genius which the world rejected, and the dome is built of the unity of all knowledge. And within the midst of the dome is set a jewel, flashing light throughout the temple; and the divers colours of its rays are the wisdom of the wise, but the whiteness of its heart is the infinite wisdom of God. And round about the frieze is written the saying of the Lord to David, when David asked Him, Lord, since Thou art perfect, what need hadst Thou to create the world? and the Lord answered, I was a hidden treasure, and I would be revealed.

Moreover I saw the temple opened, and the wise men of the East assembled therein; and the radiance of the jewel in the dome was the purest white. And Gabriel the minister of the Lord's wisdom entered, leading my Master. The Master marvelled and was abashed, for his own worth was the one thing of which in this world he could never get understanding. So Sankara Achárya and the Maulána-i-Rúm came forth from among the wise ones, and took him by the right hand and the left. And Jalálu-'ddin Rúmí spoke his own verse which he made in his Díván to his preceptor the Sun of Tabríz:—

"Hark, 'tis the thunder—surge of waves in the ocean of grace made one;
Lo, 'tis the dawn—what, said I dawn?—the splendour of God's full sun."

And Sankara Achárya saluted the master with the welcome of a chief among teachers, in the words that I the least of his disciples read with him long ago in Mahábhárata: *Svágatam te gurusattama.*

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

APPENDIX II

SANSKRIT SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLAND.

THE following sketch was drawn up by Professor Cowell at the request of Dr. Sandys, as the following letter will show. It is printed here not only as being interesting in itself, but as a typical example of the writer's readiness, even at considerable labour, to supply information to all who sought it of him.

"Cambridge, April 15. 1896. My dear Dr. Sandys, I have drawn up a short sketch of the beginnings of Sanskrit Scholarship in British India and England, which I enclose. It is fragmentary, I fear, but there are some interesting points in it. It would be more difficult to carry the survey later, as one will come into later controversies. I mention only the dead, so that even controversies lose their bitterness—*pulveris exigui jactu.*

"Yours most sincerely, E. B. COWELL."

The European study of Sanskrit naturally grew up as the East India Company ceased to be a body of Merchants and became a territorial power. The first Englishman who appears to have mastered Sanskrit was *Charles Wilkins*, who was born at Frome in 1749, and entered the East India Company's service in 1770. He began Sanskrit in 1778 under a native teacher, and with the encouragement of Warren Hastings; and published in Calcutta in 1781 a small quarto translation of an old royal land-grant. In 1785 he published in London a translation of the *Bhagavad gītā* with a short preface by Hastings. In 1786 he returned to England and resided for some years at Bath, where he published a translation of the *Hitopadeça* in 1787. In 1801 he was made Librarian to the East India Company, and published his *Sanskrit Grammar* in 1808 and his *Sanskrit Radicals* in 1815. In 1825 the Royal Society struck a medal "Carolo Wilkins literaturæ

Sanscritæ principi," and in 1833 he was Knighted. He died in 1836.

Sir William Jones came next. He began to study Sanskrit almost immediately after his arrival in Bengal in December 1783, as Judge in the newly established Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William. He felt the great importance of the language for the study of native law; but his scholarly instincts soon detected its philological importance as well; and in his anniversary discourse in 1786 at the newly-founded Bengal Asiatic Society he dwells on the affinities between Sanskrit and Greek, Latin, Gothic and Celtic; while in the discourse for 1789 he especially announces the discovery that seven words in every ten were Sanskrit in a Zend vocabulary published by Anquetil du Perron. He translated the drama of *Çakuntalā* by Kālidāsa, and the *Institutes of Manu*. He died in 1794.

Dr. Carey began Sanskrit in order more thoroughly to master Bengali, the vernacular language of the people. He writes in April 1796 that he had then read a large part of the *Mahābhārata*; and in 1801 he was appointed Professor of Sanskrit, Bengali and Mahratti in the Marquis of Wellesley's newly-founded College of Fort William. He published at Serampore his *Sanskrit Grammar* in 1806, and from 1806 to 1810 three volumes of his edition and translation of the *Rāmāyana*. A fourth volume was burned at the printing-office. In addition to these he translated the Bible into Sanskrit, Bengali and Mahratti, and he edited the text of the *Hitopadeça*, the first book ever printed in the Nāgarī character.

But while these three scholars were thus severally struggling with the difficulties of a newly discovered language and literature, a young civil servant of the Company was quietly 'hiving knowledge with each studious year' who was eventually to prove himself the greatest of all English Sanskritists. *H. T. Colebrooke*, who arrived in India in 1783, found his official duties at first absorb his whole time, but about 1790 he began to study Sanskrit at his *mofussel* stations. In 1794, after Sir W. Jones' death, he was appointed to translate the digest of Hindú law recently prepared by a learned Pandit; and in 1801 he was permanently stationed in Calcutta. He returned to England in 1815. During this time he contributed to the Bengal Asiatic Society those essays on various branches of Sanskrit literature which were subsequently collected into a volume (1837) and which are masterpieces of insight and research. Every subject is treated with almost exhaustive thoroughness; there is no rhetoric, but the clear dry style is well suited to the judicial treatment of the subject, and

every statement is well weighed and accurate. These *Essays* for some years remained unknown, but they slowly won recognition and became used in England and the Continent as mines for other scholars to work in, and they have not lost their value even now. In 1810 he published elaborate translations of the two standard Sanskrit law-treatises on inheritance, the *Dāyabhāga* and the *Mitākharā*, and in 1817 he published in London a translation of some Sanskrit mathematical works, and he also translated an important textbook of the Sānkhya philosophy. He died in 1837.

H. H. Wilson had not Colebrooke's genius, but of all the early pioneers he was the one who contributed most to the spread of the study. He lived in India from 1809 till 1833, when he returned to England to fill the newly-founded Boden Professorship at Oxford. He published the first edition of his *Sanskrit Dictionary* at Calcutta in 1819, and a second and greatly enlarged edition in 1832, which long remained the only standard Dictionary for the student, though Yates' abridgment, Westergaard's *Radices Sanscritæ*, and various glossaries to separate books were useful aids. Wilson's interests in Sanskrit literature were universal, and his literary activity embraced nearly every part of it, so that through his publications a wide knowledge of Sanskrit literature was diffused in the general public as well as a school of ardent Sanskrit students founded to carry on independent research. His Dictionary made the study of Sanskrit possible in Europe; and the bounds of Sanskrit Scholarship soon widened so as to embrace the whole civilised world. France and Germany passionately took up the new study, and Bopp ere long laid the foundations of the new science of comparative philology. Wilson's Dictionary, after a long and useful career, was lost in the grand St. Petersburg Dictionary, edited by Böhtlingk and Roth, which appeared in parts from 1852 to 1875, each part of which as it appeared threw broad daylight on a fresh tract of the language, as it was no longer a vocabulary, however copious, but a well-ordered array of meanings with an historical series of quotations.

The Civil Servants of the old Company and subsequently of the Crown have done good service for the study of Sanskrit, by their publications, but especially by their collections of Sanskrit MSS., which have brought the materials of research to students in Europe: Colebrooke, Wilson, and B. H. Hodgson (who discovered the remains of northern Buddhist literature in Népal) may here be especially mentioned. J. Muir founded the Sanskrit Professorship at Edinburgh, and was an enthusiastic student of the Veda to the close of his long life; and Dr. Ballantyne of Benares (subsequently Librarian of the India Office) published many valuable translations

of the standard works on native philosophy. A young civil servant of Ceylon, R. C. Childers, published the first Pali Dictionary in 1875, and thus performed the same achievement for the sacred language of the Buddhists which Wilson had done in 1819 for that of the Bráhmans. Sanskrit, more especially in connection with comparative philology, has become a recognised branch of study, and it shows a healthy life in its different centres of activity.

E. B. Cowell.

APPENDIX III

LIST OF TRANSLATIONS, ARTICLES AND WORKS OF PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

A SERIES of Translations from the Persian of Odes or Ghazels of Hafiz, published in the *Asiatic Journal* and *Monthly Register*, Vols. 38-40 :—

The fairest of roses no longer is fair. January, 1842.
Rise, boy ; the morn appears in view. April, 1842.
O come, my fair mistress, but see while I speak. June, 1842.
Ye odorous gales, as ye merrily roam. July, 1842.
Again comes the Spring, in its beauties array'd. August, 1842.
With a wreath of gay roses encircling its head. October, 1842.
The pleasures of youth, love, and friendship combine. February, 1843.
Once more, see ! the nightingale languid and faint. March, 1843.
Ye breezes of Spring. April, 1843.
Come Saki leave others to mourn and repine. May, 1843.

Translations continued in the *Asiatic Journal* and *Monthly Miscellany*, Vols. I.—IV.

When my loved one holds high the cup in his hand. June, 1843.
May thy beauty. September, 1843.
As morning walked forth while its odorous breeze. October, 1843.
We are parted my loved one. November, 1843.
Once more comes the Spring with flowers in her train. December. 1842.

Hail! Queen of Earth's fair ones! what beauty and grace.
March, 1844.

Haste, Saki, O haste! with the joy-giving bowl.
May, 1844.

My long cherished hopes are dispersed in the air.
September, 1844.

The sweets of the rose on the zephyrs are borne.
December, 1844.

Letter to the Editor on the translation of Persian poetry.
Ibid. January, 1845.

Letter to the Editor with translation from Yúsúf of Jámi.
Ibid. April, 1845.

Article on "Rabelais." *Wade's London Review.* April, 1845.

Persia and her Poets. *Wade's London Review.* January, 1846.

Longus—Daphnis and Chloe.
Wade's London Review. February, 1846.

Odes from Háfiz and other articles published in the *Mirror*:—

Come Sufí, the bowl like a mirror doth shine (Háfiz).
September, 1846.

An hour with old Rabelais. September, 1846.

The Merchant and his Parrot (Mesnavi). September, 1846.

Some remarks on Abdullah Hafiti. October, 1846.

Joyful news have come, my heart (Háfiz). October, 1846.

Oh evening depart from my sight (Háfiz).
December, 1846.

Homeric Influence in the East; or, Some Remarks on a Passage in Ælian. *Gentleman's Magazine.* December, 1846.

Some Remarks on a Persian Legend of Athenæus.
Ibid. July, 1847.

Persian Poetry. *Westminster Quarterly Review.* July, 1847.

The Heptameron of Marguerite de Valois.
Gentleman's Magazine. January, 1848.

An hour with Athenæus. *Ibid.* April, 1848.

The Mesnavi of Jalaleddin Rumi. *Ibid.* July, 1848.

The Mesnavi (continued). *Ibid.* August, 1848.

Xenophon of Ephesus. *Ibid.* September, 1848.

Indian Epic Poetry (Sanskrit).
Westminster Quarterly Review. October, 1848.

Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions and Persian Ballads.
Ibid. April, 1850.

Savitro, an historical poem.
Gentleman's Magazine. June, 1850.

Hindú Drama. *Westminster Quarterly Review.* October, 1850.

Edited new edition of the "Rig-Veda-Sanhitá" translated by Prof. H. H. Wilson (a collection of Hindú Hymns). 1850.

Spanish Literature. *Westminster Quarterly Review.* January, 1851.

Review of the Maḳāmāt of Al Hariri of Basra, translated from the Arabic by Theodore Preston. *Ibid.* January, 1851.

A Translation of Vikramorvasî of Kâlidâsa. 1851.

Vararúchi's Prákrita-Prakása, with various readings, copious notes, an English translation and an easy introduction to Prákrit Grammar. 1854.

Háfiz, the Persian Poet. *Fraser's Magazine.* September. 1854.

Persian Literature. *Oxford Essays.* 1855.

Review of the Translation, Vol. II., of the "Rig-Veda-Sanhitá" by Prof. H. H. Wilson. *Gentleman's Magazine.* August, 1855.

Sádi, the Persian Poet. *Fraser's Magazine.* September, 1856.

Jámi, the Persian Poet. *Ibid.* November, 1856.

The Principles of Historic Evidence. *Calcutta Review.* September, 1857.

Review of French Edition of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer Poet of Persia. *Ibid.* March, 1858.

Various Lectures and Articles. *Calcutta Christian Observer.* 1858–63.

The Hindú Drama. *Edinburgh Review.* July, 1858.

The Mythical and Legendary Accounts of Caste. *Calcutta Review.* September, 1858.

"Taittiríya," or Black Yajur-Veda, Sanskrit (Books I. and II.), edited with Dr. E. Röer. 1858 to 1864.

On the Svayamvara of the ancient Hindús, and its traces in the ancient world generally. *Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal.* No. 1, 1859.

On Certain Mediæval Apologues. *Ibid.*, No. 1. 1860.

On attempts by Asiatic Sovereigns to establish a paper currency. *Ibid.*, No. 2. 1860.

On a passage in the 10th Book of the Sáhitya Darpana. *Ibid.*, No. 3. 1860.

The Kirán-us-Sa'dain of Mir Khusrau. *Ibid.*, No. 3. 1860.

Gyges' ring in Plato and Nizámí. *Ibid.*, No. 2. 1861.

"The Emperor Julian," a Lecture to native young men. 1861.

Háfiz, the Persian Poet (2nd Article). *Fraser's Magazine.* February, 1861.

History of Commerce with India, before the existence of the E.I.C., a Lecture delivered at S. Paul's School, Calcutta, on Feb. 5. *Christian Intelligencer.* April, 1861.

"Kaushítaki Upanishad," Sanskrit and English. 1861.

Notice of Sanskrit Works, "The Kumára Sambhava."
Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal, No. 3. 1862.

The Chárváka System of Philosophy. *Ibid.*, No. 4. 1862.

Notice of Sanskrit Works, "The Bhāminī-Vilāsa."
Ibid., No. 5. 1862.

The Study of Biography, a Lecture delivered April 25, 1862, when Principal of the Sanskrit College, at the Institution of the General Assembly.
Calcutta Christian Intelligencer. October, 1862.

A Lecture on the Principles of Historical Evidence and the paramount importance of the study of History to the educated natives of India.
Calcutta Christian Intelligencer. January, 1863.

"The Indo-Germanic Family of Languages," a Lecture delivered in Calcutta. June 12, 1863.

"The Madagascar Martyrs," a Lecture delivered in Calcutta. 1863.

The Maitrí Upanishad, Sanskrit and English. 1863.

"Kusumanjali," a Hindú proof of the existence of a Supreme Being; Sanskrit and English, with commentary by Hari Dasa Bhattáchárya. 1864.

"Heathen and Christian Philosophy in India."
Christian Advocate and Review. Feb., April, and Dec., 1865.

"The Calcutta University." *Ibid.* June and Sept., 1865.

La Fontaine and his Fables.
The London Quarterly, Vol. XXIV. July, 1865.

Edited the Fifth Edition of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's *History of India*, with notes and additions. 1866.

Edited *Kāvya Prakāsa*, by Mammata, 1866.

Edited the posthumous Fourth Volume of Prof. H. H. Wilson's Translation of the Rig-Veda. 1866.

Address to the University of Cambridge as a Candidate for the Sanskrit Professorship. 1867.

The Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, "The Sanskrit Language and Literature." Oct. 23, 1867.

Report on the tolls of Nuddea.
Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal, p. 86. 1867.

Article on "A Hindú Version of the Story of Rhampsinitus" Herod. II. 121. *Journal of Philology*, No. 1. 1868.

Some unsigned Reviews on Oriental Works (The Historians of Mohammedan India, Bibliotheca Indica, Mahābhārata, Hariri, &c.).
The Times. 1868—1893.

Review of "A Catalogue of Sanskrit MSS." in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Prof. T. Aufrecht.
The Academy. December, 1869.

Review of "Buddhaghosha's Parables" translated from the Burmese, by Capt. T. Rogers, R.E. *Ibid.* February, 1870.

Review of "History, Folklore and Distribution of the Races of the N.W. Provinces of India," by Sir Henry M. Elliot.
Ibid. May, 1870.

The "Rig-Veda-Sanhitá." *Quarterly Review.* July, 1870.

Numerous unsigned Reviews. *Athenæum.* 1870—1890.

Review of the "Sikandar-namah-i Bahrí of Nizámí," edited by Dr. A. Sprenger and Aghá Armad Alí.
The Academy. March, 1871.

"Thought, Word and Deed."
Journal of Philology. No. 6. 1871.

Review of "Uttaracanda," versione Italiana per Gaspare Gorresio.
The Academy. March, 1872.

Review of a Bengali Historical Novel.
Macmillan's Magazine. March, 1872.

Review of "Panchatantra; ou Les Cinque Livres, recueil d'apologues et de contes," traduit du Sanscrit, par Edouard Lancereau. *The Academy.* April, 1872.

A letter on the Calcutta Presidency and Sanskrit Colleges.
The Times. April 13, 1872.

The Introduction to Palmer Boyd's edition of the Buddhist Drama Nāgānanda. 1872.

On Two Kaṣīdahs of the Persian Poet Anwari, jointly with E. H. Palmer. *Journal of Philology.* No. 7. 1872.

Fragments of Greek Comedy, with J. E. B. Mayor.
Ibid., No. 8. 1872.

Edited, with Notes, a new Edition of H. T. Colebrooke's Miscellaneous Essays, &c. 1873.

The Persian Poet Háfiz. *Macmillan's Magazine.* July, 1874.

A short Introduction to the ordinary Prákrit of the Sanskrit Dramas, with the Grammar, and a list of common irregular Prákrit words. 1875.

On the word Glamour and the Legend of Glam.
Journal of Philology. No. 11. 1875.

"The Hastámalaka." *Ibid.*, No. 12. 1875.

The Legend of the Chapman of Swaffham Church.
Ibid., No. 12. 1875.

On the northern Buddhist Legend of Avalokitéswara's descent into the hell Avíchi. *Ibid.*, No. 12. 1875.

Review of Childer's Pāli Dictionary.
The Athenæum. Aug., 1875.

A catalogue of Buddhist Sanskrit MSS. in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society (Hodgson Collection), with Prof. J. Eggeling. *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society.* Vol. VIII. 1876.

The Aphorisms of Sándilya, with the Commentary of Swapneśwara on the Hindû Doctrine of Faith, translated, forming No. 409 of the Bibliotheca Indica. 1878.

The Nyâya-Mâlâ-Vistara, a Sanskrit work on the Púrva Mímánsá; left unfinished by the original Editor, Professor Goldstücker; and completed in 1878.

"Dafydd ab Gwilym." A paper read before the Cymmrodorion.
Y Cymmrodor. Vol. II. July, 1878.

Obituary notice of G. H. Damant, killed while Political Officer of the Naga Hills. *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society.* May, 1880.

Review of Hoernle's Comparative Grammar of the Gaudian Languages. *Indian Evang. Review.* January, 1881.

The Sarva-Darśana-Samgraha or Review of the different Schools of Hindú Philosophy; translated with Prof. A. E. Gough for Trübner's Oriental Series. 1882.

The Tattva-muktâvalî of Gauḍa-pûrnânanda-chakravartin; edited and translated: and two modern Sanskrit çlokas, translated.
Journal of Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. XV. 1882.

The Legend of the Oldest Animals.
Y Cymmrodor. Vol. V. October, 1882.

Divyāvadāna: a collection of early Buddhist legends in Sanskrit edited with R. A. Neil. 1886.

Queen Anclyda in Chaucer. Paper read to Camb. Phil. Society. 1886.

Article on Edward FitzGerald in the fourth volume of *Chambers' Encyclopædia.* 1889.

The Cātaka: two short Bengali poems containing the popular fancies associated with the Bird; translated.
Journal of Royal Asiatic Society. 1891.

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