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THE LIFE OF

CAPTAIN

SIR RICHD F. BURTON,

K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.

BY HIS WIFE,

ISABEL BURTON.

WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND MAPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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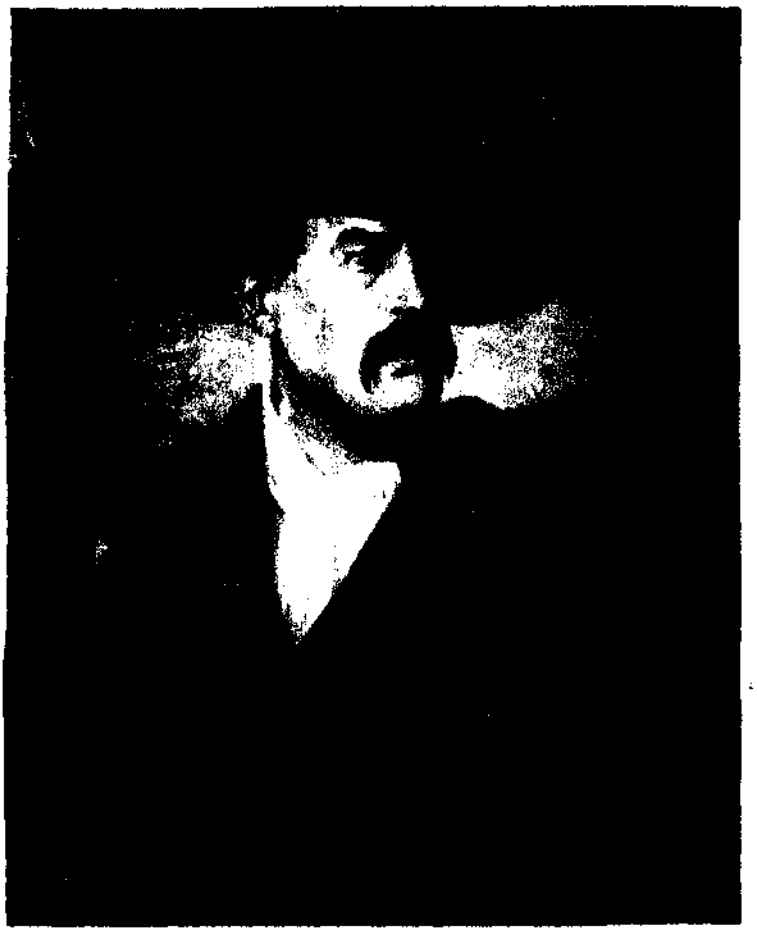
THE LIFE

OF

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON,

K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.



SIR RICHARD BURTON IN 1879.

By Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti ; Trieste

THE

LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

TRIESTE—HIS FOURTH AND LAST CONSULATE.

On the 24th of October, 1872, Richard left England for Trieste, to pass, though we little thought it then, the last eighteen years of his life. He was recommended to go to Trieste by sea, which always did him so much good. He was to go on and look for a house, hire servants, etc.; and I was to lay in the usual stock of everything a Consul could want, and follow as soon as might be by land. We all went down to Southampton to see him off, but, as the gale and fog were awful, they were only able to steam out and anchor in the Yarmouth Roads.*

On the 18th of November I went down to Folkestone to cross, *en route* to Trieste, and ran through straight to Brussels, where I slept, and next day got to Cologne.

Of course, I stopped and looked at the Cathedral, and went to Johann M. Farina's (4, Jülichs Platz), and the Museum, top of Cathedral for view, stained glass, and all that; and then I sauntered on to Bonn, Coblenz, Bingen, Castel, Mayence, until I got to Frankfort. I enjoyed the Rhine very much, but my perception for scenery had been a little blunted by the magnificence of South America, and for antiquities by ancient Syria. I thought the finest things in Frankfort were Dannecker's Ariadne, belonging to Mr. Bethmann, a private collection of pictures; and Huss before the Council of Constance, by Lessing; and another of four priests at the throne of the Virgin, by Moretto; and I thought how pretty the place must be in summer.

From here I went quietly on to Würzburg, and thence to Munich, where I was enchanted with the Hôtel des Quatres Saisons. I

* To go by sea from England to Trieste occupies from twenty-one to twenty-six days. To go by rail, if you never stop, was in those days a matter of sixty-three hours.

enjoyed the winding river, and the Forest of Spessart (the remnant of the great primeval Hercynian Forest described by Cæsar and Tacitus), the Spessart range of hills wooded to the top, the wild country with a few villages. I thought the rail along the river-side ascending amongst the wooded hills, crossing the stream of the Laufach, very beautiful, and the entrance to Würzburg reminded me of Damascus and its minarets. Here I called on the famous Dr. Döllinger. I went to see Steigenwald's Bavarian glass, and the porcelain with the Old Masters painted on it, ascended to the top of the Cathedral tower to see the view, and went to every museum and picture-gallery in the place, and thought, as most people do, I imagine, that the City was very pretty, but the Art was very new.

I then went on quietly to Innsbrück. The scenery is magnificent along the banks of the river Inn, through the Tyrolese mountains, capped with snow, wooded, dotted with villages, and with cattle on the mounds, and churches and chapels with delicate spires. I liked the exhilarating air, and especially the valley of Zillerthal, and seeing the fine Tyrolean peasants. The best thing to see at Innsbrück is the Hof-Kirche, or Court Church. There are statues in bronze of all the great Emperors of Austria, and one or two Empresses; they stand in two lines down the church, all in armour and coats of mail. The moment I went into the centre, between these imperial lines, I singled out one of them, exclaiming, "There is a gentleman and a knight, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot;" and I ran up to see who he was. He was labelled, "King Arthur of England." All that day we were crossing the Brenner Pass. The scenery is splendid, with snowy peaks, wooded mountains, waterfalls, and rivers (the Eisach and Adige), torrents and boulders, porphyry rocks, villages, fortresses, convents and castles, churches and chapels with slender red or green steeples. I arrived at Trent, where I found nothing to stay for; so went on to Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, and landed at the Hôtel Europa—which I had inhabited long ago, in 1858, when I was a girl,—in time for *table d'hôte*. It was fourteen years since I had seen Venice, and it was like a dream to come back again. It was all to a hair as I left it, even, I believe, to the artificial flowers on the *table d'hôte* table. It was just the same, only less gay and brilliant—it had lost the Austrians and Henri V.'s Court; and I was older, and all the friends I knew were dispersed.

My first action was to send telegram and letter to Trieste (which was only six hours away), to announce my arrival, then the next day to gondola all over Venice, and to visit all old haunts. Towards late afternoon I thought it would be only civil to call on my Consul,

Sir William Perry. Lucky that I did so. After greeting me kindly, he said something about "Captain Burton." I said, "Oh, he is at Trieste; I am just going to join him." "No; he has just left me." Seeing that he was rather old, and seemed a little deaf and short-sighted, I thought he did not understand, so I explained for the *third* time that "I was *Mrs.* Burton (not Captain Burton), just arrived from London, on my way to join my husband at Trieste." "I know all that," he said, rather impatiently; "you had better come with me in my gondola. I am going to the '*Morocco*' now—the ship that will sail for Trieste." I said, "*Certainly;*" and, very much puzzled, got into the gondola, chatted gaily, and went on board. As soon as I got down into the saloon, lo, and behold, there was my husband, quietly seated at the table, writing. "Hallo!" he said, "what the devil are *you* doing here?" So I said, "*Ditto;*" and we sat down and began to explain, Sir William looking intensely amused.

I had thought when Richard left me on the 24th October, that he had sailed straight for Trieste, and *he* thought I had also started by land straight for Trieste; so we had gone on writing and telegraphing to each other at Trieste, neither of us ever receiving anything, and Mr. Brock, our dear old Vice-Consul, who had been there for about forty years, thought what a funny couple he was going to have to deal with, who kept writing and telegraphing to each other, evidently knowing nothing of each other's movements. Stories never lose anything in the recital, and consequently this one grew thusly: "That the Burtons had been wandering separately all over Europe, amusing themselves, without knowing where each other were; that they had met quite by accident in the Piazza at Venice, shaking hands with each other like a pair of brothers who had met but yesterday, and then walked off to their hotel, sat down to their writing, as if nothing was the matter."

The ship was detained for cargo and enabled us to stay several days in Venice, amusing ourselves, and on the 6th of December, 1872, we crossed over to Trieste in the Cunard s.s. *Morocco*, Captain Ferguson, steaming out at 8 a.m., and getting to Trieste at 5.15 p.m. There came on board Mr. Brock, our Vice-Consul, and Mr. O'Callaghan, our Consular Chaplain. It was remarked "that Captain and Mrs. Burton (the new Consul) took up their quarters at the Hôtel de la Ville, *he* walking along with his game-cock under his arm, and she with her bull-terrier," and it was thought that we must be very funny. We dined at *table d'hôte*, and we did not like the place at all.

When Richard left England I had entrusted him with the care of two boxes containing all my best clothes, and part of my jewellery, wherewith to open my Trieste campaign. He contrived to lose them

on the road (value about £130), so when I arrived I had nothing to wear. We wrote and complained, but the Peninsular and Oriental would give us no redress; and when the boxes did arrive they were empty, but had been so cleverly robbed that we had to get the canvas covers off, before we perceived that they had been opened by running the pin out of the hinges at the back. I never recovered anything. The Peninsular laid the blame on Lloyd's, and Lloyd's on the Peninsular, and Richard said, "Of course I believe them both."

We stayed for the first six months in the hotel. The chief Israelitish family, our local Rothschilds, Chief Banker, and afterwards Director of Austrian-Lloyd's, Baron Morpurgo, called upon us, and opened their house to us; and this introduced us to all that was the best of Trieste, and everybody called. This family have always deserved to be placed on a pedestal for their princely hospitality, their enormous charities, and their innate nobleness of nature. They made Trieste what it was, and every one was glad to be asked to their house. We made our *debût* at the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. She was the belle of our little society; he was a British subject; and Richard, being his Consul, had to be sort of "best man." It was very interesting. I had not got used at that time to telegraphs, and when I saw innumerable telegrams flying about at the breakfast, I innocently asked if there was any great political crisis. They laughed, and they said, "Oh no; we only telegraphed to Madame Froufrou, to tell her how much Louise's dress was admired, and she telegraphs back her pleasure at hearing it," and so forth. I think in those days telegrams caused more surprise in England than they did abroad. I shall never forget the rage of my family the first time I came home from Trieste, who were thrown into violent palpitations at a telegram from me, which was only to ask them to send me a big goose for Michaelmas.

As I said, we stayed the first six months at the hotel, and we disliked the place very much, until we got thoroughly used to it; and, *when* we got used to it, I cannot give a better description of our lives than to cut out from the *World* the "Celebrity at Home, Captain R. F. Burton at Trieste," 1877, with Alfred Bates Richards's comments on the same; and that was the life we led from 1872 to 1882–83.

"Captain Richard F. Burton at Trieste.

"It is not given to every man to go to Trieste. The fact need not cause universal regret, inasmuch as the chief Austrian port on the Adriatic shares with Oriental towns the disagreeable character of presenting a fair appearance from a distance, and afflicting the

traveller who has become for the time a denizen, with a painful sense of disenchantment. Perhaps the first glimpse of Trieste owes something to contrast, as it is obtained after passing through a desolate stony wilderness called the Karso. As the train glides from these inhospitable heights towards Trieste, the head of the Adriatic presents a scene of unrivalled beauty. On the one side rise high, rugged, wooded mountains, on a ledge of which the rails are laid; on the other is a deep precipice, at whose base rolls the blue sea, dotted with lateen sails, painted in every shade of colour, and adorned with figures of saints and other popular devices. The white town staring out of the corner covers a considerable space, and places its villa-outposts high up the neighbouring hills, covered with verdure to the water's edge.

"Trieste is a polyglot settlement of Austrians, Italians, Slavs, Jews, and Greeks, of whom the two latter monopolize the commerce. It is a City dear and unhealthy to live in, over-ventilated and ill-drained. It might advantageously be called the City of Three Winds. One of these, the *Bora*, blows the people almost into the sea with its fury, rising suddenly, like a cyclone, and sweeping all before it; the second is named the *Scirocco*, which blows the drainage back into the town; and the third is the *Contraste*, formed by the two first-named winds blowing at once against each other. Alternating atmospherically between extremes of heat and cold, Trieste is, from a political point of view, perpetually pushing the principles of independence to the verge of disorder.

"Arrived at the railway station, there is no need to call a cab and ask to be driven to the British Consul's, since, just opposite the station and close to the sea, rises the tall block of building in which the Consulate is situated. Somewhat puzzled to choose between three entrances, the stranger proceeds to mount the long series of steps lying beyond the particular portal to which he is directed. There is a superstition, prevalent in the building and in the neighbourhood, that there are but four stories, including but one hundred and twenty steps. Whoso, after a protracted climb, finally succeeds in reaching Captain Burton's landing, will entertain considerable doubts as to the correctness of the estimate. A German damsel opens the door, and inquires whether the visitor wants to see the Gräfin or the Herr Consul.

"Captain and Mrs. Burton are well, if airily, lodged on a flat composed of ten rooms, separated by a corridor adorned with a picture of our Saviour, a statuette of St. Joseph with a lamp, and a Madonna with another lamp burning before it.* Thus far the belongings are all of the Cross; but no sooner are we landed in the little drawing-rooms than signs of the Crescent appear. Small but artistically arranged, the rooms, opening into one another, are bright

* N.B.—This was changed in 1883. They lived for the last eight years in a *palazzoni* in a large garden, on a wooded eminence standing out to sea, and had four such splendid views on each side, that they said that "if they were in England there would be express trains to see them."—I. B.

with Oriental hangings, with trays and dishes of gold and silver, brass trays and goblets, chibouques with great amber mouthpieces, and all kinds of Eastern treasures mingled with family souvenirs. There is no carpet, but a Bedouin rug occupies the middle of the floor, and vies in brilliancy of colour with Persian enamels and bits of good old china. There are no sofas, but plenty of divans covered with Damascus stuffs. Thus far the interior is as Mussulman as the exterior is Christian; but a curious effect is produced among the Oriental *mise en scène* by the presence of a pianoforte and a compact library of well-chosen books. There is, too, another library here, greatly treasured by Mrs. Burton, to wit, a collection of her husband's works in about fifty volumes. On the walls are many interesting relics, models, and diplomas of honour, one of which is especially prized by Captain Burton. It is the *brevet de pointe* earned in France for swordsmanship. Near this hangs a picture of the Damascus home of the Burtons, by Frederick Leighton.

"As the guest is inspecting this bright bit of colour, he will be roused by the full strident tones of a voice skilled in many languages, but never so full and hearty as when bidding a friend welcome. The speaker, Richard Burton, is a living proof that intense work, mental and physical, sojourn in torrid and frozen climes, danger from dagger and from pestilence, 'age' a person of good sound constitution far less than may be supposed. A Hertfordshire man, a soldier and the son of a soldier, of mingled Scotch, Irish, and French descent, his iron frame shows in its twelfth lustre no sign of decay. *Arme blanche* and more insidious fever have neither dimmed his eye nor wasted his sinews.

"Standing about five feet eleven, his broad deep chest and square shoulders reduce his apparent height very considerably, and the illusion is intensified by hands and feet of Oriental smallness. The Eastern, and indeed distinctly Arab, look of the man is made more pronounced by prominent cheek-bones (across one of which is the scar of a sabre-cut), by closely cropped black hair just tinged with grey, and a pair of piercing black, gipsy-looking eyes. A short straight nose, a determined mouth partly hidden by a black moustache, and a deeply bronzed complexion, complete the remarkable physiognomy so wonderfully rendered on canvas by Leighton only a couple of seasons ago. It is not to be wondered at that this stern Arab face, and a tongue marvellously rich in Oriental idiom and Mohammedan lore, should have deceived the doctors learned in the Korán, among whom Richard Burton risked his life during that memorable pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah, on which the slightest gesture or accent betraying the Frank would have unsheathed a hundred *khanjars*.

"This celebrated journey, the result of an adventurous spirit worthy of a descendant of Rob Roy Macgregor, has never been surpassed in audacity or in perfect execution, and would suffice to immortalize its hero if he had not, in addition, explored Harar and Somali-land, organized a body of irregular cavalry in the Crimea, pushed (accompanied by Speke) into Eastern Africa from Zanzibar, visited the Mormons, explored the Cameroon Mountains, visited the

King of Dahomey, traversed the interior of Brazil, made a voyage to Iceland, and last but not least, discovered and described the Land of Midian.

"Leading the way from the drawing-rooms or divans, he takes us through bedrooms and dressing-rooms, furnished in Spartan simplicity with little iron bedsteads covered with bearskins, and supplied with reading-tables and lamps, beside which repose the Bible, the Shakespeare, the Euclid and the Breviary, which go with Captain and Mrs. Burton on all their wanderings. His gifted wife, one of the Arundells of Wardour, is, as becomes a scion of an ancient Anglo-Saxon and Norman Catholic house, strongly attached to the Church of Rome; but religious opinion is never allowed to disturb the peace of the Burton household, the head of which is laughingly accused of Mohammedanism by his friends. The little rooms are completely lined with rough deal shelves, containing, perhaps, eight thousand or more volumes in every Western language, as well as in Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani. Every odd corner is piled with weapons, guns, pistols, boar-spears, swords of every shape and make, foils and masks, chronometers, barometers, and all kinds of scientific instruments. One cupboard is full of medicines necessary for Oriental expeditions or for Mrs. Burton's Trieste poor, and on it is written, 'The Pharmacy.' Idols are not wanting, for elephant-nosed Gunpati is there cheek by jowl with Vishnu.

"The most remarkable objects in the rooms just alluded to are the rough deal tables, which occupy most of the floor-space. They are almost like kitchen or ironing tables. There may be eleven of them, each covered with writing materials. At one of them sits Mrs. Burton, in morning *négligé*, a grey *choga*—the long loose Indian dressing-gown of soft camel's hair—topped by a smoking-cap of the same material. She rises and greets her husband's old friend with the cheeriest voice in the world. 'I see you are looking at our tables. Every one does. Dick likes a separate table for every book, and when he is tired of one he goes to another. There are no tables of any size in Trieste, so I had these made as soon as I came. They are so nice. We may upset the ink-bottle as often as we like without anybody being put out of the way. These three little rooms are our "den," where we live, work, and receive our *intimes*, and we leave the doors open that we may consult over our work. Look at our view!' From the windows, looking landward, one may see an expanse of country extending for thirty or forty miles, the hills covered with foliage, through which peep trim villas, and beyond the hills higher mountains dotted with villages, a bit of the wild Karso peering from above. On the other side lies spread the Adriatic, with Miramar, poor Maximilian's home and hobby, lying on a rock projecting into the blue water, and on the opposite coast are the Carnian Alps capped with snow.

"'Why we live so high up,' explains Captain Burton, 'is easily explained. To begin with, we are in good condition, and run up and down the stairs like squirrels. We live on the fourth story because there is no fifth. If I had a *campagna* and gardens and servants,

horses and carriages, I should feel tied, weighted down, in fact. With a flat, and two or three maidservants, one has only to lock the door and go. It feels like "light marching order," as if we were always ready for an expedition; and it is a comfortable place to come back to. Look at our land-and-sea-scape: we have air, light, and tranquillity; no dust, no noise, no street smells. Here my wife receives something like seventy very intimate friends every Friday—an exercise of hospitality to which I have no objection, save one, and that is met by the height we live at. There is in every town a lot of old women of both sexes, who sit for hours talking about the weather and the *cancans* of the place, and this contingent cannot face the stairs.'

"In spite of all this, and perhaps because of it—for the famous Oriental traveller, whose quarter of a hundred languages are hardly needed for the entry of cargoes at a third-rate seaport, seems to protest too much—one is impelled to ask what anybody can find to do at Trieste, an inquiry simply answered by a 'Stay and see,' with a slap on the shoulder to enforce the invitation. The *ménage Burton* is conducted on the early-rising principle. About four or five o'clock our hosts are astir, and already in their 'den,' drinking tea made over a spirit-lamp, and eating bread and fruit, reading and studying languages. By noon the morning's work is got over, including the consumption of a cup of soup, the ablution without which no true believer is happy, and the obligations of Frankish toilette. Then comes a stroll to the fencing-school, kept by an excellent broadswordsman, an old German trooper. For an hour Captain and Mrs. Burton fence in the school, if the weather be cold; if it is warm, they make for the water, and often swim for a couple of hours.

"Then comes a spell of work at the Consulate. 'I have my Consulate,' the Chief explains, 'in the heart of the town. I don't want my Jack-tar in my sanctum; and when he wants *me*, he has usually been on the spree and got into trouble.' While the husband is engaged in his official duties, the wife is abroad promoting a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a necessary institution in Southern countries, where—on the purely gratuitous hypothesis that the so-called lower animals have no souls—the uttermost brutality is shown in the treatment of them. 'You see,' remarks our host, 'that my wife and I are like an elder and younger brother living *en garçon*. We divide the work. I take all the hard and scientific part, and make her do all the rest. When we have worked all day, and said all we have to say to each other, we want relaxation. To that end we have formed a little "Mess," with fifteen friends at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel de la Ville, where we get a good dinner and a pint of the country wine made on the hillside for a florin and a half. By this plan we escape the bore of housekeeping, and are relieved from the curse of domesticity, which we both hate. At dinner we hear the news, if any, take our coffee, cigarettes, and *kirsch* outside the hotel, then go homewards to read ourselves to sleep; and to-morrow *da capo*.'

"To the remark that this existence, unless varied by journeys to Midian and elsewhere, would be apt to kindle desires for fresher woods and newer pastures, Captain Burton replies, 'The existence you deprecate is varied by excursions. We know every stick and stone for a hundred miles round, and all the pre-historic remains of the country-side. Our Austrian Governor-General, Baron Pino de Friedenthal, is a first-rate man, and often gives us a cruise in the Government yacht. It is, as you say, an odd place for me to be in; but recollect, it is not every place that would suit *me*' (1877).

"The man, who, with his wife, has made this *pied à terre* in Trieste is a man unlike anybody else—a very extraordinary man, who has toiled every hour and minute for forty-four and a half years, distinguishing himself in every possible way. He has done more than any other six men in her Majesty's dominions, and is one of the best, noblest, and truest that breathes.

"While not on active service or on sick leave, he has been serving his country, humanity, science, and civilization in other ways, by opening up lands hitherto unknown, and trying to do good wherever he went. He was the pioneer for all other living African travellers. He first attempted to open up the Sources of the Nile. He 'opened the oyster for the rest to take the pearl'—his Lake Tanganyika is the head basin of the Nile.

"He has made several great expeditions under the Royal Geographical Society and the Foreign Office, most of them at the risk of his life. His languages, knowledge, and experience upon every subject, or any single act of his life, of which he has concentrated so many into forty-four and a half years, would have raised any other man to the top of the ladder of honour and fortune.

"We may sum up his career by their principal heads.

"Nineteen years in the Bombay Army, the first ten in active service, principally in the Sindh Survey on Sir Charles Napier's staff. In the Crimea, Chief of the Staff to General Beatson, and the chief organizer of the Irregular Cavalry.

"Several remarkable and dangerous expeditions in unknown lands. He is the discoverer and opener of the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and perhaps the Senior Explorer of England.

"He has been nearly twenty-six years in the Consular service in the four quarters of the globe (always in bad climates—Africa, Asia, South America, and Europe), doing good service everywhere. It would be impossible to enumerate *all* that Captain Burton has done in the last forty-four years; but we cannot pass over his knowledge of twenty-nine languages, European and Oriental—not counting dialects—and now that Mezzofante is dead, we may call him the Senior Linguist. Nor can we omit the fact that he has written about fifty standard works, a list of which will appear at the end of this Memoir. (See Appendix A.)

"He is a man incapable of an untruth or of truckling to what finds favour. His wife tells us in her 'Inner Life of Syria' that 'humbug stands abashed before him,' that he lives sixty years before

his time, and that, 'born of Low Church and bigoted parents, as soon as he could reason he began to cast off prejudice and follow a natural law.' Grace aiding the reason of man—upright, honourable, manly, and gentlemanly, but *professing* no direct form of belief, except in one Almighty Being, God—the belief that says, 'I do that because it is *right*—not for hell nor heaven, nor for religion, but because it is right—a natural law of Divine grace, which such men unconsciously ignore as Divine intelligence: yet such it is.'

"Perhaps this is the secret of our finding so distinguished a soldier, Government envoy, Foreign Office commissioner, author, linguist, benefactor to science, explorer, discoverer, and organizer of benefits to his country and mankind at large, standing before the world on a pedestal as a plain unadorned hero, sitting by his distant fireside in a strange land, bearing England's neglect, and seeing men who have not done a tithe of his service reaping the credit and reward of his deeds—nay, of the very ideas and words that he has spoken and written. For years he has thought, studied, and written, and in all the four quarters of the globe has been a credit to his country. For years he has braved hunger, thirst, heat, and cold, wild beasts, savage tribes; has fought and suffered, carrying his life in his hand, for England's honour and credit, and his country's praise and approbation, and done it nobly and successfully. But, like many of the greatest heroes that have ever lived, his country will deny him the meed of success whilst he lives, and erect marble statues and write odes to his memory when he can no longer see and hear them —when God, who knows all, will be his reward."

"Burton's lamented college friend, Alfred Bates Richards, the author of this biography, also wrote two leading articles expressing his opinions in the following outspoken and manly words, and, if I quote them here, it is not by way of advertising any claim Burton may have, or of intoning any grumble against any Government, for to the best of my belief the Burtons have taken up a line of their own. I quote them merely to show the estimation in which I believe him to be held by the whole Press of England, since every article is more or less written in the same tone, with scarcely a dissentient pen, and I have selected these as two of the best specimens:—

"'The best men in this world, in point of those qualities which are of service to mankind, are seldom gifted with powers of self-assertion in regard to personal claims, rewards, and emoluments. Pioneers, originators, and inventors are frequently shunted and pushed aside by those who manage, by means of arts and subtleties (utterly unknown to men of true genius and greatness of character), to reap benefits and honours to which they are not in the slightest degree entitled. Sometimes a reaction sets in and the truth is discovered—when it is too late. There is no country which neglects real merit so frequently and so absolutely as England—none which so liberally bestows its bounties upon second and third rate men, and sometimes absolute pretenders. The most daring explorer cannot find his way up official back-stairs; the most heroic soldier

cannot take a *salon* or a *bureau* by storm. There are lucky as well as persevering individuals who succeed in the most marvellous way in obtaining far more than their deserts. We have heard of a certain foreigner, now dead, who held a lucrative position for many years in this country, that he so pestered and followed up the late Lord Brougham that he at last obtained the post he sought by simple force of boredom and annoyance. Some men think they ought not to be put in the position of postulants; but that recognition of their services should be spontaneous on the part of the authorities. They are too proud to ask for that which they consider it is patent they have so eminently deserved, that it is a violation of common decency to withhold it; and so they 'eat their hearts' in silence, and accept neglect with dignity, if not indifference.

"'We do not intend to apply these remarks strictly to the occasion which has suggested them. If we did not state this, we should possibly injure the cause which we are anxious to maintain. We have watched the career of an individual for some thirty-five years with interest and admiration, and we frankly own that we now think it time to express our opinion upon the neglect with which the object of that interest and admiration has been treated. We alone are responsible for the manner in which we record our sentiments. Captain Richard Burton, now her Majesty's Consul at Trieste, is, in our judgment, the foremost traveller of the age. We shall not compare his services or exploits with those of any of the distinguished men who have occupied a more or less prominent position, and whose services have been recognized by the nation.

"He has been upwards of thirty years actively engaged in enterprises, many of them of the most hazardous description. We pass over his career in the Bombay army for nearly twenty years, during which time he acquired that wonderful knowledge of Eastern languages, which is probably unequalled by any living linguist. We shall not give even the catalogue of his varied and interesting works, which have been of equal service to philology and geography. His system of Bayonet Exercise, published in 1855, is, we may observe, *en passant*, the one now in use in the British army. He suffered the fate of too many of his brother officers of the Indian army when it was reduced, on changing hands, and when he was left without pension or pay.

"He was emphatically the first great African pioneer of recent times. It is not our intention to speak disparagingly of the late Captain Speke —far from it; but it should be remembered that Speke was Burton's lieutenant, chosen by him to accompany him in his Nile researches, and that when Burton was stricken down by illness that threatened to prove fatal, Speke pushed on a little way ahead, and reaped nearly the whole credit of the discovery. Lake Tanganyika was Burton's discovery, and it was his original theory that it contained the Sources of the Nile. Never was man more cruelly robbed by fate of his just reward. Could Speke have arrived where he did without even the requisite knowledge of languages, manners of the people, etc., save under Burton's guidance? Burton's pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah was one of the most extraordinary on record.

"In the expedition to Somali-land, as well as that to the Lake regions of Central Africa, Speke was second in command. In the former, both were severely wounded, and cut their way out of surrounding numbers of natives with singular dash and gallantry, one of the party—Lieutenant Stroyan—being killed. Nor should the wonderful expedition, undertaken alone, to the walled town of Harar, where no European had even been known to penetrate before, be forgotten. On this occasion Captain Burton actually added a grammar and vocabulary of a language to the stores of the philologists. His journey and work on California and the Mormon country preceded that of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. He explored the West Coast of Africa from Bathurst, on the Gambia, to St. Paulo de Loanda in Angola, and the Congo River, visiting the Fans. But his visit to Dahomey was still more important, as he exposed the customs of that blood-stained kingdom, and gave information valuable to humanity as well as to civilization and science. This alone ought to have obtained for him some high honorary distinction; but he got nothing beyond a private expression of satisfaction from the Government then in power. During his four years' Consulship in Brazil his work was simply Herculean. He navigated the river San Francisco fifteen hundred miles in a canoe, visited the gold and diamond mines, crossed the Andes, and explored the Pacific Coast, affording a vast fund of information, political, geographical, and scientific, to the Foreign Office. Next we find him Consul at Damascus, where he did good work in raising English influence and credit. Here he narrowly escaped assassination, receiving a severe wound. He explored Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land, protected the Christian population from a massacre, and was recalled by the effete Liberal Government because he was too good a man, Damascus being reduced to a Vice-Consulate in accordance with their policy of effacement. He is now shelved at Trieste, but has still managed to embellish his stay here by some valuable antiquarian discoveries.

"'If a Consulate is thought a sufficient reward for such a man and such services, we have no more to say. If he has been fairly treated in reference to his Nile explorations, we have no knowledge of the affair—which we narrowly watched at the time—no discernment, and no true sense of justice. When the war with Ashanti broke out, we expressed our opinion that Captain Burton should have been attached to the expedition. During the Crimean War he showed his powers of organization under General Beatson, whose Chief of the Staff he was, in training four thousand irregular cavalry, fit, when he left them, to do anything and go anywhere. In short, he has done enough for half a dozen men, and to merit half a dozen K.C.B.'s. We sincerely trust that the present Government will not fail, amidst other acts of justice and good works, to bestow some signal mark of her Majesty's favour upon Captain Richard Burton, one of the most remarkable men of the age, who has displayed an intellectual power and a bodily endurance through a series of adventures, explorations, and daring feats of travel, which have never been surpassed in variety and interest by any one man, and whose further

neglectful treatment, should it take place, will be a future source of indignant regret to the people of England.'

"The following article appeared when Burton wrote his 'Nile Basin.' I quote that part of it which refers to Burton, and expunge that which does not regard my immediate subject :—

"'About a quarter of a century ago Richard Burton, who had gained only a reputation for eccentricity at Oxford, left that University for India and entered the Bombay army. There he devoted his spare time to the acquisition of Oriental languages, science, and falconry, in company with the Chiefs of Sind, and, amongst other things, wrote works on the language, manners, and sports of that country. We cannot trace his career, but it is well known that he has become one of the greatest linguists of the age, gifted with the rare if not unique capacity of passing for a native in various Oriental countries. In addition to this, he is a good classical scholar, an accomplished swordsman, and a crack shot. His "Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina" was a wonderful record of successful daring and wonderful impersonation of Oriental character.

"As an Afghan, and under the name of Mirza Abdullah, he left Southampton on his mission, after undergoing circumcision, and during the voyage on board the P. and O. steamer was only known to be a European to the captain and attaché of the Turkish Embassy returning to Constantinople. His pilgrimage was successful, and he is the only European ever known to have performed it. Perhaps, however, the story of the most remarkable of his performances is contained in his 'First Footsteps in Eastern Africa,' telling how, alone and unaccompanied, during the latter stages, even by his attendants, he penetrated the hitherto almost fabulous walled city of Harar, hobnobbed with its ferocious and exclusive Sultan, and bestowed on philologists a grammar of a new language. The description of his lying down to sleep the first night in that walled city of barbaric strangers, ignorant of the reception he might receive at the Sultan's levée in the morning, is well worth perusal.

"Then came the episode which first gave the name of Speke to the world—the expedition in the country of the Somali, on the coast of the Red Sea, when the cords of the tent of Burton, Speke, Herné, and the hapless Stroyan were cut by a band of a hundred and fifty armed Somali during the night, after the desertion of their Eastern followers. The escape of Burton was characteristic of the man. Snatching up an Eastern sabre, the first weapon he could grasp, he cut his way by sheer swordsmanship through the crowd, escaping with a javelin thrust through both cheeks. Speke, after receiving seventeen wounds, was captured, and also subsequently escaped, and Stroyan was killed. At this time Burton had taken Speke under his especial patronage, and made him lieutenant of his expeditions. Subsequently came the search after the Sources of the Nile, in which both Burton and Speke figured; next, Burton's expedition to Utah; his Consulship at Fernando Po, and the exploration of the Cameroon Mountains;

and, finally, his world-famed mission to the blood-stained Court of Dahomey. Such is Captain Richard Burton, and such his work, briefly and imperfectly described.

"It is known, at least to the geographical world, that between Burton and his *quondam* lieutenant, Speke, a feud existed after the latter had proclaimed himself the discoverer of the Sources of the Nile. The outline of the story is this. On the exploring expedition under Burton's command he was seized with a violent and apparently fatal illness which compelled him to pause on the path of discovery at an advanced point. Speke went on, and, returning first to England, succeeded in getting the ear of the Geographical Society and the Foreign Office, and organized another expedition independently of Burton. On his return from this he proclaimed at once to the world that he had solved the great mystery, and the news was received with universal congratulation and belief. In the race for fame—if '*honor est à Nilo*' be deemed, as it must be, the common motto of our daring travellers—Burton, shaken to the backbone by fever, disgusted, desponding, and left behind, both in the spirit and the flesh, was, in racing parlance, 'nowhere.' He had the sense to retire from the contest during the first burst of excitement, and let judgment go by default. He went to visit the Mormons, and thence, by an ascending scale in respect to the objects of his search, to leave a card or two in the forest residences of the Gorillas. In the mean time Speke became one of the lions of the day, and ignored the services of his able Chief and Pioneer. To him the good fortune, the honour, the success—to Burton, nothing. The very name and existence of the latter were, as far as possible, ignored. Yet he had commenced all, organized all, arranged all, and discovered Tanganyika. His Oriental acquirements and experiences had paved the way to at least within the last few stages of the discovery of the Nyanza. This is a matter to be regretted. Much more to be regretted was the sad and singular catastrophe of Captain Speke's untimely death. On that very day a great passage, not of Arms, but of intellect and knowledge, was fixed to take place. Burton had challenged Speke to a discussion before a select public tribunal. The subject was the Nile, its sources, and Speke's claim to their discovery.

"On the fatal afternoon of the 16th of September, 1864, when Speke perished, Burton had met him at 1.30 p.m. in the rooms of Section E of the Bath Association. Their meeting was silent and ominous. Speke, who, as we are informed, had been suffering for some time from nervousness and depression of spirits, probably arising from the trials to his health in an Eastern climate, left the room to go out shooting, and never returned alive! Much cause had Richard Burton to lament that untimely end. His lips were, to a great extent, immediately sealed. Humanity, feeling, and decency—nay, imperious necessity—demanded this. What he has written is argumentative and moderate. He speaks of his deceased rival with commendation for those good qualities which he allows him to have possessed. Burton is as dignified in his style as if he

were a true Oriental. Unhappily, Speke is now no more, but Burton has maintained throughout a chivalrous tone towards his deceased adversary."

Cicci.

There is a very peculiar and wild race of men who in Trieste are called Cicci; they are Wallachians of the old Danube, and they dress in the Danubian dress, and live in Inner Istria. They are wild people, and have their own breed of wild dogs, which are of a very savage nature. A real Cicci dog costs what is for Trieste a good sum of money, if he is of pure breed; he is secured as a house-guard, and has to be tied up except at night, and, in a general way, only the person who feeds him is able to go near him. These Cicci do not live in Trieste; they live up in the Karso, or Karst, in a remote spot, in their own separate wild villages, where they have the bare necessities of life, and their occupation is charcoal-burning. Richard determined he would become acquainted with this unruly and isolated race, and he made his way to their villages alone, and stayed with them for five days, leading naturally a perfectly comfortless life, sleeping on the floor, and eating their black bread and olives. They were very pleased with him, and very civil to him; but when he came back no man in Trieste would believe that he had done it, till accidentally they saw a party of Cicci coming down to sell their charcoal, and rushing up and claiming him as an old friend. He never could resist seeing a curious and, so to speak, Ishmaelitic race, *i.e.* severed away from the whole world, without going to live with it, and learn it.

Opçina.

The first thing Richard always did when he arrived in a new place, was to look for a sanitarium to which he might go for change in case of being seedy. There is a Slav village, one hour from and twelve hundred feet above Trieste, called Opçina. You can drive up on a good road by zigzag wooded ways in an hour, or you may climb also in an hour by five other different rugged paths up the cliff. Once arrived at the top, Trieste, the Adriatic, and all the separate points of land, with their villages, churches, towers, villas, and objects of interest, lies before you like a raised map. There are ranges of wooded hills, cliffs dotted with churches and villages, which seem to cling to them. Sometimes banks of clouds cover the whole scene, and you can imagine yourself isolated at the north pole, the white, woolly clouds representing the snow and ice. You see nothing below you, but in the distance you see the Carnian Alps topped with snow.

The house you inhabit is Daneu's old-fashioned rural country inn, on the edge of the declivity, and is a sort of outpost to the village of Opçina; and its terrace commands all this lovely view—the finest in the world. The back of the inn has shrubberies and fields, and a view of the Karso, backed by mountains. The air is splendid. We used to take the most delightful walks when up here, or make excursions in little country carts called *gripizzas.*

It is exceedingly pretty on festival days. Every house in the village, from the big house, the school, and Daneu's inn, to the smallest shed, hangs out its gayest drapery from the windows, and is decorated with flowers and flags. The poorest have at least a jug of large white lilies. All the villages around pour in—the Slav peasant men, in their big boots and knickerbocker-trousers, slouch hat, brown velveteen jacket, one ear-ring, and one flower jauntily cocked behind the ear.

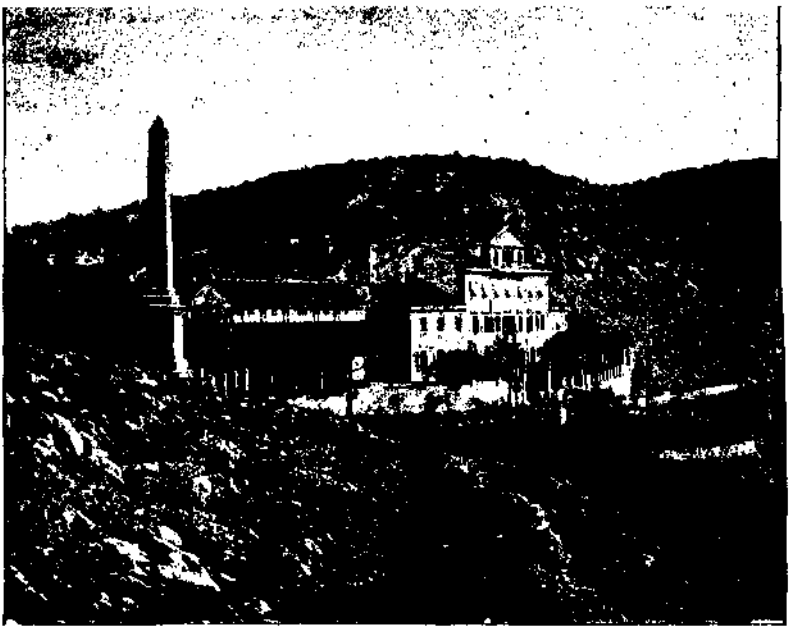
Women with straight features, tow-coloured hair, and blue eyes, dress very like a glorified Sister of Charity, only of all the colours of the rainbow, and a white head-dress deep with lace. In short, fine linen, fine lace, white head-dress, embroidered bodice, stout shoes, and ribbons round waist and down the petticoat of all different colours, one shorter than the other, and the last a big sash, over a final petticoat, opening behind like an all-round apron, a kerchief over the shoulders, real massive gold ornaments, and flowers form the costume. The dresses are most expensive, of all colours, but nothing in bad taste.

On procession days the whole village would turn out, perhaps six priests holding a canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, the villagers with banners, flambeaux, and bells, and every one a lighted candle and a bunch of flowers; they would walk through the village and fields and lanes. There were three altars erected out of doors, before which they would stop and recite the Gospels, and then to the church for High Mass and solemn benediction; fine voices rose in hymns, taking first, second, third, and fourths, nature taught, far better than many an oratorio. On one occasion I remember a little ragged urchin, two feet high, with bare feet, one little white garment, a straw hat with a hundred holes and rents in it, and his little bit of flower, kneeling near the altar. Educated visitors from Trieste would come in, but not even salute or kneel, *to show their superiority;* and this is the way that Faith gets stamped out of the world. The peasants, when the *fête* is over, steal the flowers to dry, and they burn them in a storm for protection, which is rather a pretty, though superstitious, idea.

Here we took rooms, and put in them all in which they were

deficient; and our delight was to come up alone, without servants, from Saturday to Monday, and get away from everything, wait upon ourselves more or less, and keep some literary work here. We sometimes stayed a fortnight or six weeks if we had a great work on hand.

The Trieste life was, of course, varied by many journeys and excursions; but we lived absolutely the jolly life of two bachelors, as it might be an elder and a younger brother. When we wanted to go, we just turned the key and left. We began our house with six



DANEU'S INN, OPÇINA, IN THE KARSO.

rooms, and were intensely happy; but after some years I became ambitious, and I stupidly went on spreading our domain until I ran round the large block of building, and had got twenty-seven rooms. The joke in Trieste was that I should eventually build a bridge across to the next house, and run round that; but as soon as I had just got everything to perfection, in 1883, Richard took a dislike to it, and we went off to the most beautiful house in Trieste, where he eventually died, 1890.

Our first thought as soon as we were settled in Trieste was to scour every part of the country on foot, and we often used to lose

our way, and on the 1st of January, 1873, we were out from 10 a.m. till 7.50 p.m. in this manner. The thing that astonished us most at first was the *Bora*, the north-easterly wind, which sweeps down the mountains, at a moment's notice. There are only two places in the world that have it—Trieste and the Caucasus. Its force is so great, that it blows people into the sea; it occasionally blows over a train; or a cab and horse into the sea. When there is a bad *Bora*, ropes are put up; if any house is exposed to the full fury of it, a new-comer would suppose that the house would also be carried away. It makes all new buildings tremble and rock; in fact, I have been told that if one tried to describe it in England, one would not be understood.

A blizzard is the nearest thing to it, but that is short and sharp, whereas the *Bora* always lasts three days, and I have known it, in 1890, to last forty days, more or less severe. The *Borino* is the little *Bora;* the white *Bora* is still bearable, but the black *Bora* is frightening, especially when it has "*ciappá*," as the dialect goes, *i.e.* "gripped," or "taken hold." At first Richard got thrown down by it, and was badly cut. In my strongest days, I could never breast a hill with the *Bora* facing me. I used to have to turn round, sit down, and be blown back again. Shocks of earthquake were very common affairs. They made one feel sick and uncomfortable; but they did not shake the houses down, only made the pictures dangle towards the middle of the room, and the cupboards nod and move. They were always the tag-end of the great earthquakes at Agram, in Croatia, which is a hundred miles away on a direct line.

The chief thing that spoils Trieste is politics. The City is composed of Italians, Austrians, and Slavs, which three languages are spoken. Greeks and Jews monopolize the trade. The few foreigners are the Consular corps; the English are the engineers of Austrian-Lloyd steamers, with a very small sprinkling of merchants, and might number three hundred all told, including British protections. When we went there, an Austrian would hardly give his hand to an Italian in a dance. An Italian would not sing in the concert where an Austrian sang. If an Austrian gave a ball, the Italian threw a bomb into it; and the Imperial family were always received with a chorus of bombs—bombs on the railway, bombs in the gardens, bombs in the sausages; in fact, it was not at such times pleasant. The Slavs also form a decided party. With Richard's usual good sense, he at once desired me to form a neutral house—a neutral *salon*—where politics and religion should never be mentioned, and where all would meet on neutral ground; and this was done the whole time of our Triestine career.

Here we made the acquaintance of the Count and Countess di Ferraris-Occhieppo, their son and two daughters. They were at this time charming children. He was in the Austrian service. They were of noble family, but not rich, and she had the romantic idea of bringing her daughters up to a musical profession, of travelling all over the world for the purpose of seeing and studying, and leading an interesting life, paying their way with concerts and entertainments as they went. She nobly succeeded in her mission, and must be rewarded by looking down upon her two clever daughters carrying out her idea in perfection. The little boy—he must be a man, and possibly an officer now—used to rebel against the constant drill; but I dare say, though I have lost sight of him for the present, that he is very glad of it now.

Venice was our happy hunting-ground. Whenever we were a little bit tired of Trieste, we had only to run over there, and I know nothing so resting. If you have been living at too high pressure, you order your gondola, closing the door, lie down in the middle of it, put your head on a cushion, tell them to row you anywhere, and doze and dream until you come round.

Miramar, the sea-palace of poor Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, was a great resource to Trieste people, being an hour's drive from Trieste, built on a rock-promontory out to sea, and backed by beautiful grounds and woods of his own designs. Most people know—but some may not—the touching little history of the Emperor of Austria's brother, married to Princess Charlotte of Belgium, who lived in this palace. They built and made this home themselves, and they lived in a little cottage close by whilst they were so engaged. The lower rooms, occupied by the Archduke himself, were built and arranged exactly like the Admiral's quarters of his ship. The grounds are most romantic and fanciful, full of covered terraces, shady walks, secluded places for reading, the ruins of a very old chapel, Italian gardens, and so on.

They were perfectly adored in Trieste, and he was worshipped by the Navy. Nothing could be happier than their lives. In an evil hour the Imperial Crown of Mexico was offered to him under the protection of Louis Napoleon. The Emperor of Austria approved of it, but Maximilian long hung back. Finally Princess Charlotte, who was ambitious, urged him to accept; he did so, and they departed. There is a picture in Miramar showing their departure in the ship's gig, and crowds from Trieste to see them off, of which most are real portraits. That was their last happy day. Everybody knows how ill that Imperial Mexican crown succeeded, Maximilian's unhappy death, Empress Charlotte's coming

over to claim the promised protection of Napoleon, and how the not getting it affected her brain. At one time they took her to Miramar to see if it would cure her, but it only made her worse. The Emperor keeps up his brother's place exactly as if he was living there, and, with exquisite taste and benevolence, throws it open to the people who loved him so much.

Monsieur and Madame Léon Favre, brother to Jules Favre, were our French Consul and Consuless General, and their house was the rendezvous for Spiritualism, where we had frequent *séances*.

One of their guests at these *séances* had a very curious faculty. He would sit opposite you, his eyes would glaze, and your face and features changed in his sight, and he saw all the evil in you and all the good, just as if you were a pane of glass. When this fit passed off, his face, and yours also, resumed its natural expression, but he knew you perfectly well, better than if you had told him all your life. I was fortunate enough to please him. He sent for me on his death-bed, but I was away, and did not know it till after; but a year or two after his death, one of his disciples swam up to me in the sea and said that the deceased wanted me to translate and bring out his writings on religion, which were inspired. I have, however, up to the present never had the time nor the money to do so.

Richard sent the following, thinking it might be useful:—

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"PRECAUTION IN FIGHTING THE ASHANTEES.

"Sir,—During the last Franco-Prussian War several of my friends escaped severe wounds by wearing in action a strip of hard leather with a rib or angle to the fore. It must be large enough to cover heart, lungs, and stomach-pit, and it should be sewn inside the blouse or tunic; of course the looser the better. Such a defence will be especially valuable for those who must often expose themselves in 'the bush' to Anglo-Ashanti trade-guns, loaded with pebbles and bits of iron. The sabre is hardly likely to play any part in the present campaign, or I should recommend my system of curb-chains worn across the cap, along the shoulders, and down the arms and legs.

"I am, sir, your obedient,

"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"November 25th, 1873."

When we had been there a little while, Richard took it into his head to make a pilgrimage to Loretto, and from there we went on to Rome, seeing twenty-six towns on our way. Here we made acquaint-

ance with our Ambassador, Sir Augustus, and clever, beautiful, charming Lady Paget; also we saw much of Cardinal Howard (who was a connection of mine, and was one of my favourite dancing partners when *he* was in the Life Guards, and *I* was a girl), and Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, between whom and Lady Ashburton we had a delightful time in Rome.

Richard, who had passed a good deal of time here in his boyhood, liked visiting the old places and showing them to me. It would take three months of high pressure and six quiet months to see everything in Rome; but during our short stay, under *his* guidance, I saw and enjoyed all the principal and best things, and he amused himself with writing long articles on Rome, which came out in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1874–5. Religiously speaking, what I enjoyed most was the Ara Cœli, the church built on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus (I wish I knew all the things that have taken place on that site). The other place was the Scala Santa. His Holiness Pius IX., unfortunately for me, went to bed ill the day before I arrived, and got up well the day after I left, so that I did not see him. We also much enjoyed the Catacombs and the Baths of Caracalla; but it was a wet and miserable day that we went to the Baths, and the smells in this last place from the little interstices of the pavement were awful. We dined at some cousins' who had gone with us, and their little bulldog, which had had its nose close to the ground all day, went mad, and died that night, and we found them next day in shocking grief. I got Roman fever. Richard had written the following letter to the *Tablet* in October, 1872:—

"The Overflow of the Tiber.

"To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

"Sir,—The very able review in the *Times* supplement (Oct. 21) of Signor Raffaelle Pareto's report to the Minister of Agriculture, encourages me to address you upon a subject so deeply interesting to the Catholic world, indeed to the whole world, as Rome is.

"That eminent engineer, Mr. Thomas Page (acting engineer of the Thames Tunnel, under Brunel, and the engineer of Westminster Bridge), whose works in England are known to all, has been for some time engaged in a plan for preventing the inundations of the Tiber, and for the *assainissement* of the Campagna di Roma, undertakings more urgently required every year. He purposes gigantic measures, but measures of no difficulty, and the sooner they are begun and the more promptly they are erected, the more satisfactory will be their results and the more economical their execution.

"Your space will hardly allow me to enter into details concerning

his scheme, whose broadest outlines are as follows: Provide a new channel for the Tiber, which, during floods, shall conduct all its waters in a free and uninterrupted course. For the sake of crossing, the line must be governed by the levels of the valley through which it runs. It may be constructed at the junction of the Teverone with the Tiber, be carried along the line of the Fossa della Maranella, and, passing through the higher ground in the line of the second milestone on the Via Tusculana da Roma, it would enter the depression of the Fiume Alarone, and finally anastomose with the old bed near the Ponto della Moletta, about a kilometre and a quarter outside the Porta San Paolo. Mr. Page would continue his new channel so as to cut off the reach of the Prati di S. Paolo, passing to the west of the celebrated Basilica, so called, and, by an embankment with gates and sluices at the sharp bend near the Porta della Puzzolana, he would convert the old channel into the Port of Rome. At the embouchure of the Teverone he would throw a similar embankment; and thus the Tiber, cleansed of all mud and deposits, would become an ornamental stream, or rather lake whose banks, about three miles long, would be the most pleasant of promenades. I need hardly remark that this insulation of Rome, and this replacement by drainage and irrigation of the fatal Campagna atmosphere, would amazingly increase the value of the land, and make the profits of its sale pay for the expenses of the works.

"The *Times* review of Signor Pareto's labours has sketched for the benefit of the general reader all the interesting features of pasturage and tillage in the large towns known as the Agro Romano. Mr. Page's plan would give the opportunity and the means of training the Campagna into one of the most productive and salubrious districts in Italy. With an extent of 311,550 hectares of valuable land, with a new channel for drainage, and with improved means of irrigation, the suburban district of Rome will soon become worthy of her greatness, past and present.

"I only hope that Mr. Page will soon be permitted to publish in detail this sketch, whose outlines you have allowed me to make public. The Holy City, I need hardly say, is not so much the capital of Italy as the capital of Europe, and consequently the capital of the world.

"I am, sir, yours truly,

"RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

"Southampton, October 24th, 1872."

The Tiber business after this was brought out as a brand-new idea by another man in 1874, so I had to write the following:—

"THE TIBER.

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Sir,—I venture to draw your attention to the fact that as early as October, 1872, my husband, Captain Burton, proposed the very

same measures for relieving the Tiber and for draining the Campagna which are now being taken up by General Garibaldi. Also the paper by Captain Burton, 'Notes on Rome,' published by *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873, concluded as follows: 'At the present moment Anglo-Italian companies are out of favour in England and in Italy. It would be an invidious task to explain the reason and to register the complaints on both sides. But there should be no difficulty in raising a "City of Rome Improvements Company," directed by a board which would combine southern thrift with northern energy and capital, a combination hitherto found wanting. Nor do I think that the Municipality of Rome, in whose hands lies acceptance or refusal, would object to the influx of foreign funds, especially if the management were in part confided to their own countrymen—to persons of name and position.'

"These last sentences were the very gist of the whole of the 'Notes on Rome,' but, unhappily, *Macmillan's*, being an uncommercial magazine, thought proper to omit them, with that unfortunate instinct which taboos one's best bits, and crushes down one's originality until one's work is cut out exactly on the regulation pattern of former writers. This makes author's work in England rather disheartening; for, as in this case, one man sows and another reaps; one invents and originates, and another gets the whole benefit and credit of the idea.

"Captain Burton has had all his plans for the benefit of Rome laid down ever since 1872.

"Yours obediently,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"March 17th, 1874."

We took my fever on to Assisi, Perugia, Cortona, and to Lake Thrasimene, which is lovely, and to Florence. How flat and ugly is Roman country, the valley of the Tiber, and the Sabine Hills, but after an hour and a half express it becomes beautiful. In Florence we had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of "Ouida" and Lady Orford, who was the Queen of Florence. Thence we went on to Pistojia and Bologna, thence to Venice, and, after a while, back to Trieste in a night of terrible gales.

We only stayed here just to change baggage, as Richard was engaged as reporter to a newspaper for the Great Exhibition of Vienna. I will only say *en passant* that the journey from Trieste to Vienna by express (fifteen hours) is stupendously lovely for the first six hours, and likewise all round Graz, halfway to Vienna; and the passage over the Semmering is a dream, at any rate for the first and second time. We were three weeks at Vienna. The Exhibition was very fine; the buildings were beautiful; there were royalties from every Court in the world, so that the mob could feast their eyes on them thirty at a time—not that a foreign

mob ever stares rudely at royalties. But the Exhibition was spoilt by one or two things. Firstly, the hotels made everything so dear that few people could afford to go there. It is told of Richard, that while travelling on a steamboat he seated himself at the table and called for a beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of that article. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar looks, he coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it. Bring me some."

As a pendant to that, it was during the Viennese Exhibition when supplies at the hotels were charged enormous prices, and all portions were most homœopathic. A waiter brought Richard a cup of coffee, not Turkish coffee, but a doll's cup with the chestnut water which Europeans presume to *call* coffee. "What is that?" asked Richard, looking at it curiously, with his head on one side. "Coffee for one, sir." "Oh! is it indeed?" inspecting it still more curiously. "H'm! bring me coffee for ten!" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, looking as if he thought it a capital joke, and presently returned with a common-sized cup of coffee.

People waited until the end, hoping things would get cheaper, and by that time the great "Krach," or money failures, had come, followed by the cholera, so that Vienna was huge sums to the bad, instead of gaining. We had a very gay time. Whilst we were there we went to the Viennese Court. There was a great difficulty about Richard, because Consuls are not admissible at the Vienna Court; but upon the Emperor being told this, he said, "Fancy being obliged to exclude such a man as Burton because he is a Consul! Has he no other profession?" And they said, "Yes, your Majesty; he has been in the Army." So he said, "Oh, tell him to come as a military man, and not as a Consul."

It was three weeks of incessant Society and gaiety. I do not know when I have met so many delightful people. I was very much dazzled by the Court; I thought everything so beautifully done, so arranged to give every one pleasure, and somehow it was a graciousness that was in itself a welcome. I shall never forget the first night that I saw the Empress, a vision of beauty clothed in silver, crowned with water-lilies, with large roses of diamonds and emeralds round her small head, in her beautiful hair, and descending all down her dress in festoons. The throne-room is immense, with marble columns down each side. All the men are ranged on one side, all the women on the other, and the new presentations, with their Ambassadors and Ambassadresses, nearest the throne. When the Empress and Emperor come in they walk up the middle, the Emperor bowing, and the Empress curtsying most

gracefully and smiling a general gracious greeting. They then ascended the throne, and presently she turned to our side. The presentations first took place, and she spoke to each one in their own language and on their own particular subject. I was quite entranced with her beauty, her cleverness, and her conversation. She passed down the ladies' side, and then came up that of the men, the Emperor doing exactly the same as she had done. He also spoke to us. Then some few of us, whose families the Empress knew about, were asked to sit down, and refreshments were handed round, the present Dowager Lady Dudley sitting by her. It is a thing never to be forgotten to have seen these two beautiful women sitting side by side. The Empress Frederick of Germany was also there, and sent for some of us on another day, which was, in many ways, another memorable event, and the Crown Prince, as he was then, also came in.

It is not to be wondered at that the Austrians are so loyal and wrapped up in their Imperial family. Everything they do is so gracious, and the Emperor enters so keenly into all the events that occur to his people. He is such a thoroughly good man. If they called him their "father," as the Russians do their Czar, it would not be wondered at. At the time that I write of, and for many, many years later, poor Prince Rudolph was literally adored by the people; he had such a charming way of speaking to them. I remember when he came to Trieste from Vienna in early days, an old woman of the people knew he would arrive cold and uncomfortable after fifteen hours' express, and she prepared a nice cup of coffee and hot milk, and rolls and butter, and the moment the train came in she ran up to the carriage with her tray and offered it him, and he received it with such hearty good will and thanks that she was quite overcome, and he put forty florins on her tray. He did many unknown acts of good to the people during his short life, and one could so well understand the enthusiasm felt by the people—not much danger of a republic *there*. It does not matter where you go in Austria; you might be looking at the oldest church, or the most antique ruin, and your guide will say to you, "On that particular spot stood our Emperor ten years ago;" "Last August the Empress admired that view;" "Prince Rudolph went up those stairs when he was a child;" "He sat on that chair, and we never allow anybody to touch it;" and so on.

To return to the dearness of the hotels which choked strangers off: our humble bill—and we had had nothing but absolute necessaries—was £163 for three weeks. The landlord having assured us that it would be very small, and as the Embassy had taken the rooms for us at fifteen florins a day, we did not think it was good taste

to make a fuss about it, so we paid it; and on examining it we found the rooms were charged twenty-five florins a day; single cups of tea in one's bedroom, ten and sixpence apiece; a carriage to convey and set one down at the Exhibition, and to pick one up in the evening back to the hotel, £5 a day for the first few days, and so on. I heard one of the Rothschilds making an awful to-do about £100 for a month, but I thought we, far smaller fry, were much worse off. These things were bruited about, and very few people dared to come. I was taken to one of the great dressmakers' establishments, and what they showed me for £30 I am sure my maid would not have worn, and it was only when they began to show me things from £70 to £90 that they were good enough for me. In England one would have paid £15 or £20 for these last-named dresses.

Charley Drake now arrived on a visit to us, and we went up to see the great Government *fête* at the Adelsberg Caves. On that one day the Government lights this ninth wonder of the world with a million candles. The remarkable stalactite caverns and grottoes are of the most curious and fantastic shapes, and about seven miles of them are open; then the torrent that rushes into them plunges underground, and comes up again in another part of the Karso, that wild and desolate stony tract of land above Trieste, which is about seventy-five miles each way, and contains some seventy-two Slav villages. It is a mysterious, unnatural, weird land, full of pot-holes, varying from two hundred to two thousand feet deep, abounding in *castellieri*—prehistoric ruins—waters that disappear and reappear, that bound into the earth at one spot and rush out again some miles distant; and this is supposed to be the safeguard of Trieste against disastrous earthquakes.

Books might be written about it; but the passing stranger in a train would only say, that when God Almighty had finished making the earth, He had thrown all the superfluous rocks there. Then in these mysterious and wonderful caverns there is a large hall like a domed ball-room, formed by nature, and here Austrian bands play at one of the Whitsun *fêtes*, and the peasants flock down from all parts in their costumes. It is a thing to be seen once in one's life. Richard nearly lost his life here (not on this occasion) by insisting on swimming down the stream, which is ice cold, and wanting to let himself be carried under the mountains to see where he would come out. It was a foolhardy thing, and fortunately he was so cramped before he neared the hole where the water disappears, that he had to be pulled out. I need not say that I was not there, or he would never have been allowed to go in. However, he discovered fish without eyes, which he sent to the Zoological

Gardens. From here we drove on to Fiume, about an eight-hour drive—ten with a rest—where we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, *née* Lever. From their house we visited all the neighbourhood, little thinking that fifteen years later we should come back to Abazzia for Richard's health, and we had the pleasure of making acquaintance with Mr. Whitehead and family of torpedo fame. We then went to Pola, the great naval station, the Spithead of the Austrians. The general world may not know that it has a Colosseum almost, if not quite, as good as that at Rome, with temples, ancient gates, and any amount of ruins.

"Captain Burton's Discoveries in Istria.

(Anthropological Report.)

"Tizu, February 18, 1874.

"The meeting of the London Anthropological Society held last night was devoted to the account by Captain Burton of his recent extraordinary discoveries in Istria, and was certainly the most interesting and crowded meeting which has taken place since the palmy days of Dr. Hunt and the great Negro question.

"Captain Burton, as most of our readers know, was sent last year by the late Liberal Government to a Consulate at Trieste, and there were many who thought that the lack of interest which the public generally feels in this extremely dull town would induce the gallant Captain to lead a quieter scientific life than he had hitherto followed at Brazil or Damascus. But he has devoted the first holiday he had to the excavation of a new series of prehistoric antiquities. The very existence of the Istrian *castellieri* was a secret to England. The well-known authority on rude stone monuments, James Fergusson, wrote to Captain Burton that nothing was known of the *castellieri*, and that a description was interesting and important, as showing they are or are not connected with the prehistoric monuments of Sardinia, or the Giants' Towers of Malta, or the Balearic Isles. The Mediterranean Islands contain many stray antiquities of whose origin we know nothing, and we must wait till congeners are found for us on the continent of Europe. As all schoolboys know, at the northern extremity of the Adriatic Gulf there lies a little triangle of land. This is Istria. Its position must have rendered it in early times a fit habitation, for uncivilized man would naturally prefer it to the cold and sterile Austrian provinces north-east and east of it. The neighbourhood of the sea supplies it with abundant winter rains. The peninsula was doubtless inhabited in early ages, and local students still trace in the modern Veneto-Italian speech remnants of the old Illyrian Istri, or Histri, whose dialect has been vaguely connected with Etruscan, Nubian, Illyrian, Keltic, Greek, and Phœnician. Various barbarous tribes occupied it, and successive revolutions and incursions of many ancient populations have left their traces on the manners, customs, and language of the people.

Overrun by the barbarians, subject to a succession of conquerors, annexed by Venice, colonized by Slavs, Istria has been copiously written about. Captain Burton gave an enormous series of references to the past history of the bibliography of Istria, which reflected the greatest possible glory on the natives of a small province of Austria, who have worked up their own country's history to an extent which English antiquaries can scarcely rival. But the pith of Captain Burton's paper was, of course, the minute description of the *castellieri* themselves. These were hill forts of which a perfect military disposition was effected, so that on all occasions two points were always in sight for convenience of signalling. The experienced eye can always detect at a distance the traces of an earthen ring or ellipse formed by levelling the summit and the gradual rises of the roads, or rather camps, which are, as a rule, comparatively free from trees and thickets. A nearer inspection shows a scatter of pottery, whose rude sandy paste contrasts sharply with the finished produce of the Roman kilns, and the more homogeneous materials of modern times. The contours of these *castellieri* are distinguished by a definite deposit of black ash from the surface soil of 'red' Istria around them. As a rule, the *castellieri* occupied the summits of the detached conical hills and mounds which appear to have been shaped and turned by glacial action. Some Istrian towns have been built upon these prehistoric sites. Viewed from below, they appear to be perched upon the summits of inaccessible stone walls. A crow's nest, with a stick driven through it, is the only object they suggest from afar, and they wear a peculiarly ghastly look, like the phantom of settlements when seen through the mists of a dark evening. They can scarcely be called villages, but rather towns in miniature. The whole peninsula was at one time studded over with these villages, and Fate has treated them with her usual caprice. Some have been carried off bodily, especially those lying near the lines of modern road. Others are in process of disappearance, being found useful for villages, and on the heights for the rude huts of the shepherd and the goatherd. But where situation, which determines such 'eternal cities of the world' as Damascus, was favourable, the *castellieri*, as at Pisino, became successively castles, hamlets, and towns, with the fairest prospects of being promoted to the honour of cityhood. On the other hand, Muggia-Vecchia, on the Bay of Trieste, has in turn been a castle and a church tower, and now it is a ruin. Captain Burton gave a minute description of fifteen *castellieri* in the territory of Albona. The Cunzi hillock was the chief of these. It is a dwarf, 'lumpy chine,' about a mile long, disposed north-north-east to south-south-west, with lowlands on all sides. The crest of the cone has evidently been cut away in one or more places, leaving part of the original earth-slope to form the parapet base. Upon this foundation were planted large blocks of limestone, sometimes of two cubic yards, in tolerably regular order, invariably without mortar, and never of cut or worked blocks, the *tout* forming a rough architecture of the style commonly called Cyclopean. The inner thickness of the parapet was apparently fitted with smaller stones, and the thickness

varied from eighteen to thirty-one feet. The inner scarp was steep and clear of rubbish. The *enceinte*, where probably were kept the cattle and goats belonging to the villagers, was mostly grass-grown. In another of the *castellieri* were found some interesting specimens of stone weapons. All were of the polished category popularly called 'neolithic.' Captain Burton has not found, through any of his researches in Istria, any of the ruder and older type. Most were composed of stone usual in the country. These tools and weapons seem to have travelled as far as Couries. Captain Burton gave a minute description of Trieste, in which the opera-house is old and unclean, fit only for a pauper country town, and the water supply is a disgrace to a civilized community. Here a sterile politic occupies the talent and energy which should be devoted to progress, and an inveterate party feeling prevails. Upon every conceivable proposal there are, and there must be, Vandals of opposite opinions, and the unfortunate city does not know which way to turn. It is a relief to revert to the *castellieri*. It is not difficult, with the aid of old experience and a little imagination, to restore the ancient savage condition of the settlement. The traveller, and especially the African traveller, has the advantage of having lived in prehistoric times. The villages were probably of wood and thatch, and the huts were of the conical or beehived shape of the lower races, rather than of the squares and parallelograms which mark a step in civilization. The walls were from six to seven feet high, allowing the war-men to use their stones and arrows, and a clear space, where the youths kept guard with axe, spear, and club, separated the huts from the *enceinte*. The gateways were closed by fascines. As the territory of Albona contains at least twenty *castellieri*, the population of the district of Eastern Istria would not number less than ten thousand souls. The inhabitants supported themselves by some form of agriculture. Deer, bears, and wolves were rare. Hares, foxes, badgers, and martens were as common as they continue to be. The live stock was penned between the outer and the inner walls. A total want of water supply shows that the days of sieges had not dawned, and that the simple act of taking refuge within the *enceinte* determined the retreat of the attacking party. The inhabitants were probably cannibals, and their morality was like that of all savage races. The women were not wholly ignorant of spinning. There was no attempt at partitions to the huts, but the polygamist savages turned their progeny out of doors as soon as possible. The fish were shot with arrows, and the hook and line were unknown.

"So ended Captain Burton's interesting paper, which, read *in extenso* by Dr. Carter Blake, produced an animated discussion. Specimens of the tiles from the *castellieri* were exhibited on the table, and produced much examination. The President of the Anthropological Society (Dr. R. S. Charnock, F.S.A.) said with regard to the name Istria, it was stated that Colchians having sailed up the Ister, or Danube, passed from that river to the Adriatic, and that they named Istria from the Ister. But, as Spon observes, if the Colchians proceeded from the Ister to the Adriatic, they must have

carried their vessels on their shoulders, inasmuch as there is no water communication between the Ister and the Adriatic. Something of this sort is mentioned by Pliny, who seems to have led Spon to make this ludicrous observation. Great gratification appeared to be felt by the members of the Society, that Captain Burton, while he assigned the *castellieri* to a pre-Roman age, did not identify them with any special race or period. In fact, the caution with which he described all his facts led observers to regard the present as one of the most important contributions to prehistoric literature which has been ever published.

"The meeting passed a hearty vote of thanks to Captain Burton, who is now continuing his researches on the *castellieri*. The discussion verged on analogous relics. Some remains have been found in Sussex which gullible antiquaries might suppose to be analogous to the Istrian *castellieri*. But the importance of the 'hill forts,' as some ignorant speculators have called them, is about as much as that of the mound which Scott's *Antiquary* identified as a Roman prætorium. No educated *savant* in England believes in the hoax which was played off on the Society of Antiquaries (vol. xlii. pt. i. p. 27) with regard to the hill forts of Sussex, and the genuineness of the relics from Cissbury is not now asserted. We cannot, therefore, in the present state of science, say that the remains discovered by Captain Burton are analogous with any other remains in any other part of Europe, and we must rather look for their representatives in Asia and Africa."

One of our favourite drives was to Lipizza, the Emperor's stud. It was established three hundred years ago. It is about two hours from Trieste. You come to a kind of farm, where you may get something to eat. You are then taken to the stables, where the Emperor keeps about nine thoroughbred Arab stallions, and afterwards you are taken through the park, where are herds of thoroughbred mares, chiefly Hungarians and Croats, most of them with foals, perhaps two hundred including foals. If anything is not perfect it is sold, and thus you see a very good breed of horses, in Trieste, often drawing a cart. The pleasantest way to make this trip for your own comfort is to take a luncheon basket for yourself and nosebags with corn for your horses, as well as a small tub or pail to draw water for them, as nothing will induce them—and rightly—to let your horses come anywhere near the stud, or to drink out of anything belonging to their horses, and two hours there and two hours back is a long way for animals to go without drink or any refreshment.

We had now, after six months, taken our first lodging in Trieste, and we showed Charley Drake all our wonderful country around. Here we had a visit from Schapira of famous memory. One of the charms near Trieste is Aquilea, where there is a museum with all its

antiquities; and there was then, until a year or two ago, Doctor Gregorutti and his charming wife and family, who had a far more choice collection than that of the museum, of every sort of thing; but most interesting were his incised gems. He was very anxious to sell his little collection for £4000, which was very reasonable considering what he possessed; though we tried hard we were not successful in obtaining purchasers, and he has since died. There you could see country Italian life in a country-house.

There was another place, called San Bartolo, where people used to go to sup by the sea on summer evenings, about half an hour's drive from Trieste.

Duino is also another romantic place where we frequently went and passed some weeks. The castle and the village belong to the Princess von Hohenlöhe, who is the *châtelaine* of all the country round, and lives there with her sons and daughters, who were good friends to us all the time we were there. The castle is a romantic and ancient pile, built on a rock overhanging the sea. The next promontory to that is Miramar, and from Trieste we can see both, and especially from our last home, which was also on a wooded promontory projecting into the sea. There are beautiful excursions to be taken by steamer all round the Bay of Trieste.

We crossed over to Venice to see Charley Drake off, when he was obliged to leave us. The Governor's (Ceschi's) party took the whole of the saloon. There were seventy-two first-class passengers, and only twenty-two beds. We passed a delightful night on deck on the skylights, and were awfully amused at the Governor and his wife coming up and envying us, and saying, "You English always know how to get the best places." "We like that," said Richard, "when you have taken the whole of the saloon. It might have been blowing great guns, and seas washing over the deck, and we should have had to sleep here all the same."

In those days, in Venice, a gondolier serenade by moonlight was rather a romantic thing; you paid a hundred and twenty francs. There were choice singers in one large gondola full of coloured lamps; the voices were good. They sang Tasso and Dante, as well as popular songs, and little by little some two hundred gondolas would follow. It was like hunting a fox; you pursued the music gondola under the Rialto, and then came the best singing. Now two gondolas come at once, and try who can bawl the other down under the hotel windows, and sing all sorts of things that one is dead tired of. Latterly it used to drive my husband out of Venice.

Poor Charley Drake left on the 4th of July. We never saw him again; he was dead the following year.

This summer (1874) we got very bad Asiatic cholera, which lasted some three or four months. It killed sixteen daily, and many of them (in fact, I believe most) were ill a very short time; some cases that I know were dead in about half an hour, turning black. When its virulence was going off, I was very bad for fifteen hours; but Richard treated me, and we did not tell anybody what it was, as these things are not advisable, or, at least, *were not* in those days. At Venice they used to put a *gendarme* at the door, and, by way of stamping it out, nobody was allowed either to come in or to go out. We had seen so much of it in other countries that we knew quite well what to do if anything could save us, and Richard did not then catch it at all.

This is one of the notes in my journal: "We all felt quite poisoned to-day by a sudden hurricane of wind and dust, which set people howling and running, blew the sea-baths to pieces, and upset the little steamer." These are the sort of delightful surprises that the weather gives one from time to time.

We always had plenty of visitors from England in spring and autumn. At that time Lord Henry Percy, Lord Antrim, and Lord Lindsay came to see us, and Mr. Henry Matthews, our late Home Secretary, Sir Charles Sebright, and Mr. Peyton, popularly known as "Jack Peyton."

One interesting inland excursion was to Prevald, a day's drive. We slept at a peasant's house, and supped on bread and butter, olives, sardines, sausage, and cheese. Next day being Sunday, we went to the village church; the Slav peasants were there in their costumes; the sermon was in Slav, the church clean, and the peasants, though untaught, sang in perfect harmony, with no false notes. Afterwards we ascended the Nanos, a high mountain with snow on it. Prevald, a bright little white Slav village, consists of one street, every house of which is of different shape, with thatched or tiled roofs and wood. It owns a long three-cornered square, a little white church with its pepperbox steeple, its shady grassy graveyard, and wooded hills and mountains; and this description would do for most of the villages. The Nanos is like a big dome, backing the village, from the top of which is a wonderful view.

From here we drove on through splendid mountain scenery to Vipach; there is a village and a castle on a peak, containing a local Marquis de Carabbas. The river rises from under a rock. We drove through a wild, desolate part of the Karso; the heat was burning, the drive jolting, and on the road Richard had a small attack of cholera.

This summer I unearthed my material, and wrote "Inner Life of Syria," which occupied me sixteen months; and we made excursions

to Pinguete and San Canziano, where there are also interesting caves on a minor scale than Adelsberg, and where a river dives into the earth.

On the 21st of September there were public prayers and Communion in the churches to stay the cholera; about five hundred went to Communion at a time.

This year also we first had the opera *Aïda*. We always get our operas in Trieste fresh from La Scala many years before England gets them.

Richard had always one good story to tell that delighted him. The Consular Chaplain, the Rev. Robert O'Callaghan, and I were very good friends. When I greeted him I told him I hoped he would not mind my not belonging to his Church, and he said it need make no difference in our friendship; and, on the other hand, I took care that the Consul's wife being a Catholic should be no detriment to the Protestant Church, nor the cause of the Protestant community lacking any assistance. After we got intimate Richard declared that with a triumphant wave I said, "I have got a convert from your Church." Now, proselytizing does not enter into my occupations, but the fact is that one day my Italian Capuchin confessor, a most holy man, told me that he had got a Protestant under instruction, and he desired that I should be godmother at his reception into the Church. I said, "Certainly, Father; but I think I should like to have a look at him first." When I did look at him, and he had retired, I said, "I think, Father, it is just possible that he may be a convict on leave." "Oh, daughter," he said, with a very shocked look, "he has a beautiful soul under that very rough exterior!" "Well," I said, "Father, it is your business; you ought to know." Accordingly the unprepossessing young man was "received," and I stood godmother. About a month after he was taken up as being the head of a gang of house-breakers, when of course I jeered at my horrified *padre*, and Mr. O'Callaghan had a tremendous crow over me. But shortly after Richard and I were invited to be present officially at the reception and baptizing in the Protestant church of two converted Jews, and we attended, and there were great rejoicings, but it was not long before they robbed the till and bolted, so I had the laugh back again. Richard rejoiced very much over our mutual conversions, and used to like to tell the story.

On the 28th of November there was a general return thanks in the churches for the cessation of the cholera.

On the 27th of December Richard and I were summoned to visit her Majesty Maria Theresa, ex-Queen of Spain, widow of old Don Carlos. We were very graciously received. She gave me two books, a holy picture, and the photographs of herself and her late husband.

Early in January, 1874, Maria Theresa Contessa de Montelin, ex-Queen of Spain, again sent for me. She gave me a Prayer-book, and she bequeathed to me all her pious works, begging of me to keep up and to promote certain pious societies which she had either started or wished to start. One was the Apostleship of Prayer, whose members were to take an active Sister of Charity part, doing good works, corporal and spiritual, in the town. I accepted the charge, and she died on the 17th of January. The following day we went to condole with the departed princess's *entourage*, and to pay our respects to the dead, who lay in state. I may mention, *en passant*, under my hand, that the members eventually increased to fifteen thousand, inscribed in a book; they made me President, and, with the assistance of my Capuchins, we got it into very good working order, dividing ourselves into bands in various quarters of the City, and did a great deal of good. After my husband died (after my sixteen years' work), there was a formal meeting in their church for me to hand over my Presidency to my successor.

One of our amusements in Trieste was, that whenever a ship came in with a captain we knew, he would invite us to dine, and we used to taste English food and see English people, and invite the captain and officers or any especially nice passengers back again.

Richard writes and foretells in his journal, 1873: "It is noticeable that even in 1873 Fiume will ruin Trieste. This place has not long to live."

In May, 1874, Richard and others made an expedition up the Schneeberg Mountain, which is always covered with snow. He used to amuse himself by buying any amount of clothes and greatcoats, which were hanging up in rows, and he always went out lightly clad to harden himself, so he started off with a little thin coat and thin shoes, and he did the expedition; and when the others were housed and warm, he would do more than anybody else, and sleep out in the snow. We had done that when we were obliged (as, for instance, in Teneriffe), but this was not obligatory; it was a very different climate. When he arrived back home it was a dreadful day, and six o'clock in the morning, and three days afterwards he was taken very ill quite suddenly; inflammation settled in the groin, a tumour formed, and he suffered tortures.

The doctor told me that it was going to be a long illness, so I telegraphed home for good port wine and all sorts of luxuries, and put two beds on rollers, so as to be able easily to change him from one to the other, and a couch for myself, so that I might sleep when

he slept. We had seventy-eight days and nights of it. The tumour had to be cut out, and afterwards it was discovered that the surgeon had not gone deep enough, and it had to be done again. The doctor and the surgeon came twice a day, and they taught me to dress the wound. I was afraid his life would ebb away, but I kept up his strength with good port wine, egg-flips with brandy, cream and fresh eggs, Brand's essences, and something every hour. His brain was so strong that the doctors had very hard work to get him under chloroform—it took forty minutes, and two bottles of chloroform; but when he did go off it was perfect, and on coming to, he said, "Well, when is it going to begin?" "It is all over long ago, Captain Burton," said the doctor; but in point of fact I had to keep his attention engaged, as they were just clearing away the blood and all traces of the operation. He was so brave, he smoked a cigar and drank a soda-and-brandy an hour after the operation.

It was a curious thing that poor Charley Drake, at the age of twenty-eight, died in Jerusalem on the very day Richard was operated upon. He had caught a severe fever in the malarious valley of the Jordan, living under canvas, in heavy rains. He was only ill three weeks, and had no idea of dying until seven hours before his death. For the first two hours he wept bitterly, and, resigning himself, he constantly said, "Tell my mother I die in the love of Jesus." He *talked* quite as agnostically as Richard did; but he was a good Protestant at heart, and died a holy death. During the time he was delirious he frequently said to Richard's servant, who remained with him, "Habíb, pitch the tents on Mount Sion; there is such a beautiful place." It was where we had often sat, we three together, and he had said how he should like to be buried there. Richard unfortunately got hold of the letter before I did, and he fell back in a faint with the wound reopened. We had lost a true friend, perhaps a better than we should ever see again, and we felt it bitterly. It was just a year since he left us at Venice.

Richard began (though he progressed favourably) to get exceedingly nervous; he thought he could never live to leave his room, and to fancy that he could not swallow. I proposed to take him away, and the doctors told me they would be only too glad if it were possible to move him. It was the end of July, so I went up to the rural inn, Opçina, before mentioned, took a ground-floor suite of rooms, ordered a carriage with a bed in it, and an invalid chair for carrying up and down stairs; so when he told me that he thought he should never get away, I told him that he certainly would, for that I

meant him to go on the morrow. He said it was *impossible*, that he never could be conveyed below. However, next morning the men came with the chair, the carriage was at the door, and he said smiling, "Do you know, I am absolutely sweating with funk." Fancy how ill that man of iron must have been, who could travel where and as he had travelled, and yet dreaded going down the stairs for an hour's journey in a carriage; but it was the seventy-ninth day of endurance. I made the men put him gently in the chair, and gave him a glass of port wine. We had a hundred and twenty steps to go down, and I made them pause on every landing while I gave him a stimulant, and then we put him gently in the carriage in a recumbent position on a bed, and telling the man to walk his horses, I sat by him and held his hand. After about a quarter of an hour he said, "I am all right; tell him to drive on." We then drove on, and in an hour reached the inn, where I had men waiting to lift him gently into bed. He said, "I feel as if I had made a journey into Central Africa; but I shall get well now."

In a couple of days he was breakfasting and basking out in the garden, and in twelve days I took him on to Padua, where there was a celebrated old doctor (Pinalli), whom I called in. He stayed an hour and a half, and overhauled Richard thoroughly. He said he should go for five days to Battaglia, and that nature and bicarbonate of soda would do the rest. Then he looked round at me, who had been on duty night and day two months and a half. He said, "As for you, you've got gastric fever, and you will go to Recoaro for four weeks; and you will drink the waters, which are purgative and iron, take the baths, and have complete rest." We drove to Battaglia, which is about seven and a half miles away; our traces broke, and we spent some time mending them with bits of string; but I got him there and conveyed him to bed, and here he bathed and took the waters, which are especially for gout.

We used to drive out every day to Monselice, which is a charming place, or to Arqua, to stay by Petrarch's tomb and see his house. One wonders how he left Rome and Venice to settle in such a wretched little place. He died in a very stuck-up wooden chair, in a little hole about the size of a cupboard. It is frescoed everywhere. The good priest (as his tomb was being repaired) gave me a nail out of his coffin, and a bit of its wood, to keep as a treasure. The priest at Monselice has an amateur collection of curios of every sort; a brave, gentlemanly old man, and very much taken with Richard. From here we went to Mont' Ortoni and to Abano, other baths of the same nature. Thence to Monte Rua to see a monastery of Benedictines, where there is an exquisite view of the

Italian plains; and one can see Padua, Vicenza, Venice, and the sea in the distance.

We always drove, and where we could not drive I had Richard carried on a chair on two poles everywhere, and I remember so well his saying, "I have always been afraid of being paralyzed, but I do not care in the least now, because I see that I could go about just the same." We returned to Battaglia, and went to a theatre in the evening that was just like a hole in some stables, and everything was to match. It was done, and well done, by the *dilettanti* of Padua (Torquato Tasso). We then went on to Vicenza. The hotel was rather like Noah's Ark, but it was not uncomfortable. It was now much cooler weather. We arrived at Palezetta, Montecchio, Cornedo with its four churches, and then we drove up a mountain ascent to Recoaro.

The cure here is chiefly a sitz-bath of Fonte Reggia water once a day, from one to three litres of Acqua Amára (bitter water) to drink per diem, a douche for the eyes twice, a douche for the back once, and cold compress at night. We had a charming drive to Valdagno; there are caves, mines, and petroleum there. Other excursions are Monte Guiliane, Fonte Vegri, Fonte Aqua di Capitello, Forano, Rovegliano, where there is a miraculous Virgin, Val d'Agno, Castagnara, Peserico, Spaccata, L'Aura, and Nogara; but the grandest of all is to the peak called the Spitz. We went all these excursions in country carts or on donkeys, for Richard was getting quite strong, and the country is exceedingly beautiful and mountainous. From the Spitz there is a magnificent view of the whole country, but we were eleven hours out.

For those who want to go to Recoaro from the main line between Milan and Venice, Tavernelle is the proper place. It is three hours' drive from Tavernelle to Recoaro. On our return to Vicenza we went to see Monte Berice. At Verona we stayed to see the amphitheatre, the church of Zanone, the tombs of the Scaligers, the gardens of the Conte Giusti, the Duomo, the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, the museum, Roland the Brave's statue, the Palazzo dei Consiglii, the Arco dei Borsari. We began early to explore Vicenza, the Palazzo della Ragione by Pallagio, the great architect of Vicenza, the Palazzo Prefettizio, the Cathedral, and the church of the Corona (where is the best Baptism in Jordan I have ever seen), by Giovanni Bellini. There are two styles of architecture—Venetian semi-Gothic, the Pallagio school, classical. We visited the house of Pigafetta, as well as the house of Pallagio; this gem, which has been most beautiful, is now neglected and forgotten. He was a great navigator, and was one of the companions of Magellan. So much

for posthumous fame. The Theatre Olimpico is one of the oldest and most interesting specimens of Pallagio. Here the Academicians used to act the old Greek and Latin plays about 1580. We stopped at Padua to see the doctor again, who found us both perfectly well; got on to Venice and back to Trieste in a shocking bad steamer.

Meantime the following letter about the Nile appeared from Mr. Findlay (*Athenæum*, March 21, 1874, No. 2421):—

"THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

"Dulwich Wood, March 18, 1874.

"It is somewhat remarkable that each accession to our knowledge of Lake Tanganyika has added to the difficulties of the Nile problem; for while oral testimony almost universally points towards its connection with that great river, yet the two occasions on which its northern end was examined would seem, at first sight, to negative such a solution. There are many other evidences in favour of its having a northern outlet, in addition to those which have been well adduced by Mr. Mott, in the *Athenæum* of March 14th, and those in my letter which you inserted in the *Athenæum* of February 28th.

"Mr. Stanley's account of the puny and insignificant streamlet which he was told was the Rusizi river, shows that it cannot be taken to have any weight whatever on the solution of the great enigma. The journey he describes has overturned the basis of Captain Speke's theory of the existence of lunar mountains. He does not say one word about the existence of the eleven *great* rivers which Captain Speke was told fell into the northern head of Tanganyika, therefrom inferring that they rose in an extensive and lofty mountain chain which entirely separated the Tanganyika lake from the Nile basin.

"Captain Speke, in his account of the share he took in the Burton-Speke expedition,* gives a most explicit account of an *outward* flow at the north end of the lake, from the statement of Sheikh Hamed, a respectable Arab merchant, one of a class whose trustworthy testimony was proved by the way in which Captain Burton was enabled to lay down on their map the outlines of rivers and countries they could not visit in their expedition of 1856–58. Sheikh Hamed, after an accurate description of Lake Tanganyika and the rivers which flow into it, says, 'On a visit to the northern end, *I saw one* which was very much larger than either of these (the Marungu and the Malagarázi), and which I am certain *flowed out* of the lake; for although I did not venture on it . . . I went so near its outlet that I could see and feel the *outward drift* of the water.' This is in exact accordance with the observations of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, quoted heretofore.

* "*Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1859, p. 352."

"The late venerable Mr. Macqueen published, in 1845,* a very circumstantial account of another Arab, Lief ben Saied's visit to the great African lake, of course unknown at that time to Europeans. He says, 'It is well known by all the people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its origin and source from the lake.'

"These extracts, with many others, have been frequently quoted before in the discussion of the most ancient geographic problem yet left to us, and I will not extend them by any reference to many mediæval speculations, based on the evidently correct and much misunderstood geography of Ptolemy, and but to only one of comparatively modern times, the first announcement from authentic information. It is that given by Pigafetta, among many wild speculations of his own, from the authority of Duarte (or Odoardo) Lopez, in his 'Relatione del Reaine di Congo,' published in 1591. He states that 'there are two lakes, . . . situated north and south of each other, in almost a direct line, and about four hundred miles asunder. Some persons in these countries are of opinion that the Nile, after leaving the first lake, hides itself underground, but afterwards rises again. . . . The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12° south latitude, . . . and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred and twenty miles in extent, and it lies under the equator.'† I will not now extend these quotations, but the last-named author, as has been pointed out by Mr. R. H. Major, has indicated the connection between the two lakes on his map as 'Lagoa,' a lagoon or shallow, coinciding exactly with Sir Samuel Baker's information.

"I trust that the expeditions now on foot in Africa will settle this great controversy, and secure for England and the Royal Geographical Society the honour of finally closing the canon of ancient geography, and completing the grand discoveries commenced by Captain Burton in 1857, which has been denied to the greatest explorer that ever existed, Dr. Livingstone.

"But there is one aspect of the geographic solution which may be thought by many not so desirable as the simple fact of the final determination of a grand geographic problem. It may be demonstrated that Lake Tanganyika and its southern extension, the beautiful Lake Liemba, first seen by Dr. Livingstone, and its tributaries, reaching to the cold highlands where that great man's earthly career ended, all belong to the basin of the Nile. If it be the determination of the Khedive that Egypt and the Nile basin shall be conterminous, there may be something to deplore on the missionary object of the great traveller's life. The Mohammedan influence, which has been so forcibly dwelt on of late by Sir Samuel Baker, may, in these distant regions, become paramount, and the telegrams of to-day tell us that by great efforts the navigation of the

* "See *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xv. pp. 361–374."

† "Pigafetta, edition 1591, p. 80."

Nile has been opened up to Gondokoro, so that it behoves Europe to make strenuous exertions to prevent the great efforts she has made to open Africa to Western civilization from being turned to her detriment.

"A. G. FINDLAY."

We now took very much to our life up in the Karso, walking up without servants, and staying part of the week, and taking immense long drives or immense long walks over the country, searching for inscriptions and *castellieri*, and of the former we generally took squeezes. When we first began this we were occasionally invited out shooting by the family proprietors of the inn; but we never saw anything, after miles of walking over stony country, but an occasional hare, and for our parts, as we were not hungry, we used to fire everywhere excepting at them, and they generally got off. But one day as we were going along we asked, "What are we going to shoot to-day?" and so they said, "Foxes." So we looked very grave, and we said, "But don't you know that it is against the English religion to shoot a fox?" And they said, "No, is it?" and we said, "Yes, we must turn back;" and so they agreed to sacrifice the day's shooting if we would go out with them, and Richard chaffed them, pretending that he thought that Adam and Eve had been turned out of Paradise for shooting a fox. (We had just seen it in *Punch*, where two little children had just been wondering why Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise, and the boy, the son of a sporting parson, said, "Perhaps he shot a fox!")

On Sunday, the 15th of November, we lost some friends. Captain Nevill and his wife, *née* Lever, sailed for India, having had an offer to command the Nizam's troops in Hyderabad (Deccan), where they have now been eighteen years, and have risen to a great position there. I had now (November 20th) finished writing my "Inner Life of Syria," 2 vols., which occupied me sixteen months, and on Christmas Eve handed my manuscripts over to the publisher. It came round to end of 1874.

This month Richard went to have some teeth out by gas, but the gas did not have any effect on him at all. Believing that they were playing a trick, and that there was no gas in it, it was tried on me, and I went off directly.

Richard now proposed a thing which disconcerted me considerably, and that was to send me to England to transact some business for him, and to bring out books, and I was to start with several pages of directions, and he would join me later on. I had only been two years in Trieste, and it made me exceedingly miserable; but whenever he put his foot down, I had to do it, whether I would or

no. I was getting very unhappy about my poor little Arab maid; she had been very much petted and spoiled; she was getting quite beyond my orders, and would only do what she fancied. It was not easy to marry her in Europe, so that I felt her life would be thrown away. I therefore wrote to her father, to tell him that we proposed to send her home under the charge of the captain and the stewardess of the first ship direct to Beyrout, and that he should meet her, and that he should try and marry her to some of her own people if possible. I told her she had often reproached me with not being able to give her a holiday; that England had disagreed with her so much before, I was afraid to take her back, and that she had better profit of my visit to England to go and see her parents. She liked very much the idea of going to show all her fine clothes and pretty things, and a good sum of money I had saved for her, and she started off with nine boxes full, and a purse full of gold, and before long I heard to my great relief that she had married one of her own people, and was settled down in the Buká'a. It was nevertheless a great wrench to part with her, and we always keep up our affection and correspond in broken Arabic and broken English.

On the 4th of December I put her on board, and I left on the 8th, and never stopped till I reached Paris, and next day went on to Boulogne, arriving in London on the 12th. At Dijon a little Frenchman, hearing me speak German to my maid, accused me of insulting his sister and throwing down her shawl, collected a crowd, had my little dog taken from me and put into the dog-box, although I had taken a ticket to hold it on my knees. I vainly explained that I had never seen either the sister or the shawl, so that I could not have insulted them; and I was very meek, because I was alone. When he found out I was an Englishwoman, he almost cried with vexation for what he had done. In England I was to study up the Iceland sulphur mine affair with Mr. L——, and then to see an immense lot of publishers for Richard. My work was pretty well cut out for me, and I got so wrapped up in it, that sometimes I worked for thirteen hours a day, and would forget to eat. They would come and put a tray by my side with something on it, and I can remember once, after working for thirteen hours, feeling my head whirling, and being quite alarmed, and then I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to eat anything all day, which I at once did, and recovered.

During the two years we had been at Trieste Richard had occupied himself with writing the "Lands of the Cazembe," * and

* "Lacerda's Journey to Cazembe in 1798," Richard translated and annotated, and "The Journey of the Pombeiros," by P. J. Baptista and Amaro Jaso, "Across

a small pamphlet of supplementary papers for the Royal Geographical Society, 1873; the "Captivity of Hans Stadt," for the Hakluyt, 1874; articles on "Rome" (two papers, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1874–5); the poem of "Uruguay," which has never been published; and "Volcanic Eruptions of Iceland" for the Royal Society of Edinburgh; the "Castellieri of Istria," Anthropological Society, 1874; a "New System of Sword Exercise," a manual, 1875; "Ultima Thule;" "A Summer in Iceland" (2 vols., 1875), which though written had not appeared; "Gorilla Land; or, the Cataracts of the Congo" (2 vols., 1875). Also we had been to Bologna for the express purpose of exploring all the Etruscan remains, and he had produced two volumes of "Etruscan Bologna;" "The Long Wall of Salona, and the Ruined Cities of Pharia and Gelsa di Lesina," a pamphlet, Anthropological Society, 1875; "The Port of Trieste, Ancient and Modern" (*Journal of the Society of Arts*, October 29th and November 5th, 1875); and Gerber's "Province of Minas Geraes," translated and annotated by him for the Royal Geographical Society; and a fresh paper for the Anthropological on "Human Remains and other Articles from Iceland." So that my charge was the bringing out of three books, and the "Manual of Sword Exercise." This last, when he arrived, he took himself to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who desired him to show him several of the positions of defence he most liked, and a system of *manchette*, with which he appeared particularly pleased, and Richard returned enchanted with his interview. Richard criticizes the English system of broadsword, which, he says, is the worst in the world. With this pamphlet he has done, for broadsword exercise, what a score of years ago he did for bayonet exercise, and he was confident that the Horse Guards will eventually adopt it. The last revised English edition, by MacLaren, at that time dated half a century before. A thousand writers have been at this subject for three hundred and fifty years, and yet Richard found lots of new things to say about it.

One of our most intimate friends was General Charles Gordon—"Chinese Gordon" of Khartoum sad memory. The likeness between these two men, Richard Burton and Charles Gordon, was immense. The two men stood out in this nineteenth century as a sort of pendant, and the sad fate of both is equal, as far as Government goes. One abandoned and forgotten in the desert, the other in a small foreign seaport; both men equally honoured by their country, and standing on pedestals that will never be thrown down—uncrowned

Africa from Angola to Tette on the Zambesi," translated by B. A. Beadle, and a *résumé* of the "Journey of MM. Monteiro and Gamitto," by Dr. C. T. Beke, published by the R.G.S. (London, John Murray, 1873).

kings both. This difference there was between them—Charles Gordon spoke out all that Richard laboured to conceal. He used to come and sit on our hearthrug before the fire in the long winter evenings, and it was very pleasant to hear them talk. Gordon had the habit of saying, "There are only two men in the world who could do such or such a thing; I am one, and you are the other." After he became Governor of the Soudan, he wrote to my husband as follows:—

"You and I are the only two men fit to govern the Soudan; if one dies, the other will be left. I will keep the Soudan, you take Darfur; and I will give you £5000 a year if you will throw up Trieste."

Richard wrote back:—

"My dear Gordon,

"You and I are too much alike. I could not serve under you, nor you under me. I do not look upon the Soudan as a lasting thing. I have nothing to depend upon but my salary, and I have a wife, and you have not."

I have got all Gordon's and his correspondence, and I will give specimens in the coming work, which I shall call "The Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton," as in this book there is no room to dilate upon his works for his country, nor to quote letters. The subject is so extensive that it would never be read in one work.

I had the pleasure during this visit to London of making acquaintance with Miss Emily Faithful, and renewing acquaintance with Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas). Miss Faithful took me to Middleton Hall, Islington, where she was going to take the chair on Women's Rights.

I need not say that I did not get much time for amusement, between Richard's proof-sheets and mine, K.C.B. letters, sulphur and saltpetre mines—except in the evening, when I went out a great deal.

On the 1st of March, 1875, there was a paragraph in the *Scotsman*, speaking of Richard's death, and of me as a widow, which gave me a few very unhappy hours. I telegraphed to Trieste at once, packed and prepared money to start; but I got a telegram as soon as a return could be, saying, "I am eating a very good dinner at *table d'hôte*."

During all the month of April I was very sad about Winwood Reade, who was living, or rather dying, alone in a wretched little room at the top of a house. I used to go and see him every day and

try and cheer him, and take him anything I fancied he could touch. I asked him if money could be of any use to him, but he told me he had quite enough to last him for the time he had to live. What distressed me the most of all, was the state he was dying in, which to me was dreadful, because he said he had no belief, and it seemed true. Of course it was useless—it was no business of mine; but I could not help doing my best during the last fortnight of his life to induce him to believe in God, and to be sorry before he died. Three or four days before he died, Mr. and Mrs. Sandwith, who were very old friends of his, removed him to their place, "The Old House, Wimbledon," where he passed away quietly on the 24th of April, 1875. He had caught a cold sitting up at night to write his last book, and had accomplished it in six weeks, but the cold settled on his chest. R.I.P.

On the 5th of May I went to the Drawing-room, and on the 12th of May Richard arrived himself, and we did a great deal of visiting and a great deal of Society in the evening.

This year Richard established his "Divans." They were to be every other Sunday—only men. They were to drop in after dinner, or opera, or club.[1] We were ready at half-past nine. We had mild refreshments, brandies and sodas, various drinks, smoking and talk, and he made me preside, but he would not allow me to invite other women; he said it would spoil the Divan character of the thing. Our first was on the 23rd of May.

This year, 1875, Richard took it into his head to make his fortune by producing a Bitter, the secret of which he had learnt in the East; it was to be put into a pretty bottle, and to have his picture on it. We took a great deal of trouble about it; it was to be called "Captain Burton's Tonic Bitters." It was compounded by a Swedish physician in 1565. He had been hospitably received in a Franciscan monastery, and having nothing to reward them with, before his death, he gave it as a token of gratitude to the Prior. It was extensively used by the monks as a restorative and nervous stimulant during three centuries, and the prescription was given to Richard by his Franciscan friend Padre Francesco. One tablespoonful was to be given in a glass of water or sherry, or diluted cognac. I have got the recipe now. Many people have made a fortune with less, but we were not knowing money-makers. It was supposed to digest and stimulate, and completely took away the consequences of drinking overnight. I am now starting it again with the same chemist with whom we intended to drive it in 1875.

One night in May (my book "Inner Life of Syria" had come out in the morning, and being my first independent publication I went to

bed quite ill with fright and the agony of a novice, thinking that all the world now knew what I was thinking about everything)—it so happened that I had to go to a party that night whether I liked it or not, but when I saw a famous Editor standing at the top of the stairs I nearly turned round and bolted out of the house, till I saw a kindly smile breaking out all over his face, and his two hands extended to me, and heard warm congratulations on having written "such a book," which made me as happy as if somebody had just given me a fortune. This month Richard went to the Levée.

Backed by about thirty of his most influential friends and names that carry weight, I did all I could to get Richard made a K.C.B., but it fell through. Lord Clarendon had told me in 1869 that he thought me very unreasonable, and that if he had one to give away, there were many people that he would rather give it to than Richard. I told him I thought that no one had earned it half so well, and that it was awfully unkind; but this is the paper that I circulated through Sir Roderick Murchison in 1869, now in 1875, and again through another source in 1878. I was backed by any amount of influence each time. Also I got them to ask that he should either return to Damascus or be moved to Marocco or Cairo, Tunis or Teheran.

"June 24, 1869.

"DEAR SIR RODERICK MURCHISON,

"I have already spoken to you and personally petitioned that you should ask that my husband, Captain Burton, may be made a K.C.B. You desired that I should furnish you with reasons for making such a petition. I do this with pleasure, and they are as follows:—

"He has been in active service of one kind or another—in each distinguishing himself—for twenty-seven years. Any one of these services would have ensured most men some high reward, but he remains, at forty-eight years of age, a simple Consul in her Majesty's service, without so much as a decoration or an honour of any kind.

"It will be objected that a military K.C.B. cannot be made.

"To this I have to reply, that Captain Burton was nineteen years in the Bombay army—the first ten years in active service, serving five of those years in the Scinde Survey on Sir Charles Napier's staff. He joined his regiment when marching upon Mooltan to attack the Sikhs, and only returned home when compelled by a severe attack of ophthalmia—the result of mental and physical over-fatigue.

"In 1853 he published a system of bayonet exercise—which is actually the one adopted at present by the Horse Guards—which was acknowledged by an order on the Treasury for the sum of one shilling.

"In the Crimea he was Chief of the Staff to General Beatson, and was the chief organizer of the Irregular Cavalry, and at the moment

of their disbanding had four thousand sabres in perfect training, ready to do anything and go anywhere.

"In 1861 he came under the reduction when the Indian army changed hands, and his whole nineteen years were swept out as if they had never been, without a vestige of pay or pension. For all this a K.C.B. would be a compensation.

"During the times he was not in active military service he was serving his country, humanity, science, and civilization in other ways, by opening up lands hitherto unknown, and trying to do good wherever he went.

"Baker and Grant have been rewarded for *one* expedition; Speke *would* have been had he lived; Livingstone *will be* when he returns; and Captain Burton only is left out in the cold. It is forgotten that he was the first to lead the way—that he, so to speak, opened the oyster, while Baker, Speke, and Grant appear to have taken the pearl; yet every news we get from Livingstone proves that Captain Burton's original theory was the right one, and that *his* Lake Tanganyika is the true head source of the Nile, for which all the others have been decorated. Again, it must be remembered that each of these men have made *one* expedition, and got a large reward, whilst Captain Burton has made several, most of which were at the risk of his life; for instance—

"1. Mecca and Medinah.

"2. Somali-land, East Africa (badly wounded, and lost all his effects). Speke second in command.

"3. The Lake Regions of Central Africa (Speke again second in command). The first attempt to discover the Sources of the Nile. Three years absent, twenty-one fevers, temporary paralysis, and total blindness.

"4. California and the Mormon Country.

"For eight years and a half Captain Burton has been in the Consular Service—

"Firstly.—On the West Coast of Africa, which he thoroughly explored, from Bathurst, on the Gambia, down to S. Paulo de Loanda, in Angola, and the Congo river, visiting the cannibal Fans, and discovering many unknown places.

"This included a dangerous mission of three months' visit to the King of Dahomè, where he was sent by the Foreign Office as Commissioner.

"Lastly.—Four years in Brazil, where he has been equally active and useful, both on the coast and the interior, having thoroughly explored his own province, which is larger than France; the Gold and Diamond Mines of Minas Geraes; canoed down the great river S. Francisco, fifteen hundred miles; visited the Argentine Republic, the river La Plata and Paraguay, for the purpose of reporting the state of the war to the Foreign Office; crossed the Andes, amongst the bad Indians, and visited all the Pacific Coast; and this during sick leave.

"It would be idle and useless to enumerate all that Captain Burton has done in these twenty-seven years, but still there is no

need to pass over his thorough knowledge of twenty-five languages, and the fact that he has written almost thirty standard works.

"He is now transferred to Damascus, where his friendship with Mohammedans and knowledge of Arabic and Turkish will put him in intimate relations with Arab tribes.

"Inasmuch as certain designing persons, who are known to us, covet the Consulship to which he is appointed, and are not very scrupulous in their means of trying to bring about their wishes by making disagreeable complications for him, it would be a great help to Captain Burton to leave England with the prestige of having received some mark of approval from his country for his past services, and as Sir Samuel Baker is already knighted and made a C.B. for his *one* expedition, Captain Burton would like to have something higher for his *many* services, and in the shape of a military distinction for his past unacknowledged military services, that is, a K.C.B.

"I am sure you will consider that, having done almost more than any other six men living, this distinction is fairly earned, and you will, I am certain, as his old friend and one of his earliest patrons, endeavour to obtain it for him.

"I am, dear Sir Roderick, yours most truly,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Howlett's Hotel, 36, Manchester Street, W.,
"London."

In 1878 I added—

"He explored all the unknown parts of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land. He saved the poor peasantry of his jurisdiction from the usurers; advanced the just claims of British subjects. He kept the peace when a massacre seemed imminent, and opposed the fanatical persecution directed against the Christians. Damascus was reduced to a Vice-Consulate, and Captain Burton was therefore recalled, and with 'leave' proceeded to explore Iceland.

"Fourthly.—On his return he found himself appointed to Trieste, where he has explored and described prehistoric ruins unknown to the world, and pronounced to be the most interesting on the continent of Europe. He has also added several new literary works to his writings, and other languages in addition to those before mentioned.

"Captain Burton deeply feels this want of appreciation of his services, for it is not only a neglect, it amounts to an imputation upon his career. He is now not only the first opener of the Lake Regions of Central Africa, but the senior African traveller in England. Most men who have done even average duty, military and civil, during thirty-two years, are acknowledged by some form of honour. To what, then, can the public at home and abroad attribute the cold shade thrown over exploits which are known and appreciated throughout Europe? The various geographical societies of the Continent have, it is true, made him an honorary Fellow. But the foreign Governments—for instance, the Italian, which

bestowed gold medals and other honours upon Captain Speke and the Rev. Mr. Badger—cannot be expected to lead the way in honouring a man whose services are ignored by his own rulers. He hopes that he may be recommended to her Majesty and her Majesty's Government, for honours no less than those received by Sir Samuel Baker, and which would have been conferred upon the other heroic travellers had they lived to receive them. In one word, he asks to be made a K.C.B."

When the press unanimously took up the cause of his K.C.B.-ship, and complained that the Government did not give him his proper place in official life, he wrote the following :—

"The Press are calling me 'the neglected Englishman,' and I want to express to them the feelings of pride and gratitude with which I have seen the exertions of my brethren of the Press to procure for me a tardy justice. The public is a fountain of honour which amply suffices all my aspirations; *it is the more honourable as it will not allow a long career to be ignored for reasons of catechism or creed.* With a general voice so loud and so unanimous in my favour, I can amply console myself for the absence of what the world calls 'honours,' which I have long done passing well without; nor should I repine at a fate which I share with England's most memorable men, and most honourable, to go no further than Gordon and Thackeray. It certainly is a sad sight to see perfectly private considerations and petty bias prevail against the claims of public service, and let us only hope for better things in future days."

It has been an oft-told tale, but it is a true one, that Richard went to the Zoological Gardens one Sunday, and he asked for a glass of beer. The girl was going to give it him, when she changed her mind, and then she said, "Now, are you really a *bonâ-fide* traveller?" "Well," he said, "I think I am." Then she thought he was taking her in, and she would not give it him. The others laughed and told her who he was; still she would not let him have it.

This year we had some expeditions down the Thames. My brothers and sisters had a boat, and we used to go down to Oxford, sleeping at little inns on the river-side at night, and cooking our food on the banks at lunch-time.

Richard and I went down to Oxford to see Professors Vaux, Jowett, Thomas Short, and McLaren, and, as he was fond of doing, to revisit the colleges—his own Trinity, and Magdalen and Oriel—and to go on the river. I note in our journals of this year, 1875, that we often breakfasted twice and lunched twice, that is to say, to fulfil invitations, and one night we had thirteen invitations, and made a bet that we would do them all, beginning by a dinner-party; and we won it by

passing the night in the streets, and only staying a quarter of an hour everywhere.

Richard was lounging at a supper-room door of a ball one night, when an impertinent young "masher" walked up to him and said, "Aw—are you one of the waitahs?" So Richard smiled and pulled his long moustache, and said with a quiet drawl, "No—are you? For you look a damned sight more like a waiter than I do, and I was in hopes you were, because I might have got something to drink." *

Richard's picture, by Sir Frederick Leighton, was exhibited in the Academy of 1875.

On the 10th of June we had the pleasure of being asked to meet Mr. Gladstone at Lord Houghton's. Very late in the evening Mrs. Gladstone said to me, "I don't know what it is, but I can't get Mr. Gladstone away this evening." And I said to her, "I think I know what it is; he has got hold of my husband, Richard Burton, and they are both so interested one with the other, and have so many points of interest to talk over, that I venture to hope that you will not take him away."

Richard lectured at the Numismatic, the Royal Geographical, the Anthropological, and several other societies, and we were invited to attend on the Sultan of Zanzibar at the Duchess of Sutherland's, mother of the present Duke, and his Crystal Palace party. The members of the Urban Club gave Richard a dinner and welcome on the 15th of June at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. We also had a very pleasant dinner at Mr. Edmund Yates', where we met Wilkie Collins and others, and had some very pleasant literary parties at the Brinsley Sheridans', and Mr. Dicey's. At Lady Derby's we were presented to the Queen of Holland. Her Majesty took a great deal of notice of Richard and me at Lady Salisbury's, and at Lady Egerton of Tatton's, and also at Lady Holland's, and expressed a wish to have his last book, which I had the pleasure of leaving with her secretary.

There was a great Licensed Victuallers' dinner at which two thousand were present, Alfred Bates Richards, who was editor of their paper, the *Morning Advertiser*, and Richard's great friend, being the President. Richard was a guest, and was asked to make a speech.

Richard had, amongst others, a very remarkable friend; his popular name was "Bob Campbell;" numbers of men knew him well. He was very gentlemanly, very clever, poor, proud, eccentric. He knew Paris as well as London. Richard and he had a very sincere

* A good pendant to this is Mr. Gilbert, to whom an aggressive masher said, "Aw—call me a four-wheelah." "Call you a four-wheelah? Of course, I will call you a 'four-wheelah' if you wish. I would call you 'a hansom' if *I could*."

friendship for each other. He lived in an attic, and the second room was a kitchen. He once took it into his head that it was very silly to have to go to the expense of a coffin and not to utilize it during his life, so he went and had himself measured for one, and ordered quite a nice oak and brass, and a plate with his name and everything usual on it, leaving a space for the date, only he had it fitted up inside with crossway shelves, so as to utilize it for keeping cold meat, or bottles, or any other sort of thing. He then told the undertaker to send it on a hearse covered up in the usual way, mutes and all. When it arrived, the landlord ran up in a dreadful state and said, "Sir, what is to be done? there are two mutes at the door with handkerchiefs up to their eyes, and they say the coffin is for one Mr. Robert Campbell. I told them you were not dead, but they say there is no mistake; it is for here, and they won't go away." So Bob Campbell, who had previously arranged the whole scene with the men, went down and told them to bring the coffin up, and put his own handkerchief up to his eyes, saying, "This is a very melancholy occasion indeed; pray bring the coffin upstairs." So it was brought up and set like a little cupboard against the wall, and he gave the mutes something to drink and paid them, and they went away, but the landlord could not get over it at all.

This same Bob Campbell gave delightful little literary suppers, to which we used to go. He used to put on a white-paper cap and white apron, and disappear to do the cooking himself. He used to make a most beautiful *bouille-a-baisse*, which he would bring in, in a valuable large china bowl, and ladle it out to us, and it was so good we wanted nothing else for supper. Then he would mix his "cup" or his punch (in another exquisite china bowl), and ladle it out with china cups. He used to say, "Now, you must fancy yourself in the Quartier Latin in Paris;" and they tell me it was just like the description. We went twice that summer to him, and the company was so amusing that we stayed till six, and came in with the milk. One morning we had breakfast with Sir Frederick Leighton, and we had our last Sunday's Divan. We went to the Princess of Wales's Chiswick party, and the same night Richard started off for another trip to Iceland.

I was now left alone for a few weeks, and as I had twenty-two country-house invitations, I made a sort of flying rush around, staying about twenty-four hours at each. Amongst others, I went to see the Duke and Duchess of Somerset at Bulstrode, Lady Tichborne, now Mrs. Wickham, and Madame von Bülow at Reigate, then wife, now widow of the then Danish Minister, with whom I formed a friendship which lasts till now, and I hope will always last.

Richard was not gone more than six weeks, and then he returned with an attack of lumbago, followed by gout.

He went off again as soon as he got better. He went by ship to Rouen. He wished to go to Tours to revisit the old home of his childhood, and from thence to Vichy to do some good to the gout, and from there to make a pilgrimage, all by himself, to Paray le Monial, from whence he brought me beads and medals, and arrived in London on October 6th.

This autumn we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Henry Irving, and we saw a great deal of him, and were very constant visitors at *Macbeth*, which was just out.

I notice some of the most pleasant dinners at the latter part of our stay in England were one at Mr. Dicey's, at George Augustus Sala's, Mr. Whyte-Cooper's, in Berkeley Square, where we met Professor (the late Sir Richard) Owen, and Mr. Frank Buckland, and other delightful people. There was a meeting at the Geographical, where also were Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Grant. Richard and I gave a little supper afterwards, at which I remember, amongst others, were Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Val Bromley the handsome artist, the before-named Bob Campbell, Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Sir Frederick Leighton. Early in this year I had a visit from Laurence Oliphant, and we had a long conversation about his spiritual views and the part he had taken in Richard's affairs, for which he was sorry.

On the 4th of December Richard notes a never-to-be-forgotten day —so dark, foggy, deep snow, and a red, lurid light. All the gas and candles had to be lit at nine o'clock in the morning. London was like a Dante's snow hell; the squares were like a Christmas tree. It was as dark as if some great national crime was being committed. A large family party accompanied us to the Pavilion at Folkestone to see us off, and there Carlo Pellegrini joined us. He was staying there for his health, and painting a little. Andrew Wilson, of the "Abode of Snow," also joined us, and travelled with us for a week. The snow was eight feet deep. We were joined by several surrounding relations, living at short distances from there. The Dover train stuck in the snow from six till twelve at night. The boat did not cross; the night train did not come in. It was blowing great guns at sea. On the 7th it was something better, and two sledges took us to the station. We landed with great difficulty on the French side. We always lingered at Boulogne whenever we got there. We used to go and see Constantin (Richard's old fencing-master), all the old haunts, the Ramparts where we first met. Caroline, the Queen of the Poissardes, who received us *à bras ouverts*, talked of old times

when we were young people, and reminded me of a promise which was *then* very unlikely, that if ever I should go to Jerusalem I should bring her a rosary, and I was now able to fulfil it. We went on to Paris. We did not care for Rossi's *Hamlet*, after Mr. Henry Irving's in London and Salvini's in Italy. I never can see any smartness in a Paris theatre; the scenery is so bad, the dresses so flashy and tinsel, no appliances for effect. I suppose in old days it was different, as so many people raved about it. The acting and the wit I can appreciate. We left Paris on the 16th, to my great delight —I believe I am the only woman who hates Paris—and dined next night at Turin with Cristoforo Negri and family, the head of the Geographical Society of Italy, and Signor Cora and wife, the editor of the most influential paper; and then we went on to Milan, where we always begin to consider ourselves at home on our own ground.

Mr. Kelly, who was then Consul, always made our stay pleasant as long as he was there, and we had delightful purely Milanese dinners together at the Rebecchino. I never pass Milan, and for those who do not know Milan well, I may say that I advise them never to go through without seeing Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in the refectory of Nostra Signora delle Grazie; then in the Brera, Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin," with the rejected suitor breaking his rod; the tower of Azoni Visconti, where Jain Maria Visconti was murdered; Saint Gothardo, beautiful Lombard architecture, the façade of the Hospital in terra cotta, so beautifully carved, and the cloistered court; then San Bernardino dei Morti, a curious little church whose whole interior is made of bones and skulls. Every one should go up to the top of Milan Cathedral, which is a garden of spires and pinnacles and statues like lace-work, and of faces of which no two are alike. The view is glorious, and the mountains of Lecco are capped with snow and rosy in the sun.

We arrived in Venice on a dark, sad, silent night, when the plash of the gondola has a sad music of its own. At this time the Montalbas—the whole family are clever, and Clara, whose Venetian paintings are so celebrated, is the best known—were in Venice. These two girls hired a kitchen in their early days, turned it into a studio, and thus gave birth to their now famous works. We got to our home at Trieste on Christmas Eve, and having accepted a Christmas dinner, gave all the servants leave to go out and see their friends; but Richard got seedy on Christmas Day and he went to bed. I had nothing in the house but bread and olives, and ate my Christmas dinner by his bed. How happy we were! What would I give for bread and olives now, and to sit by him again!

CHAPTER II.

INDIA.

We embarked at once for India. Baron D'Alber, my husband's best friend, the local Minister of Finance in Trieste, and the Captain of the Port, came in the Government boat to take us to the Austrian-Lloyd's *Calypso*, Captain Bogójevich. H.R.H. the Duke of Wurtemburg, who was our Commander-in-Chief, so distinguished in the Bosnian campaign; Baron Pascotini, a kind, clever, philanthropic old gentleman of eighty-four, and all the great people, came to see us off, to do honour to Richard. How touched we were at so much kindness! We steamed down the Adriatic with a fresh breeze. The day after, Richard began to dictate to me the biography which forms the beginning of this book. We read the life of Moore and the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassán," called by Moore Mokanna, whose real name was Hassan-Sabah, or Hassan es Sayyah. When we got to Zante it blew very hard. Our chairs were lashed on deck, and we read daily "Lalla Rookh," the "Light of the Haram," and Smollett's "Adventures of Roderick Random" and "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." At Pôrt Sáid, which is a sort of an Egyptian Wapping, we ran over the sands to see an Arab village. We met a lot of old friends, Consul and Mrs. Perceval, Mr. Buckley, F.O., Colonel Stoker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cave, and the grand old Baron de Lesseps, and Salih Beg, Mr. Royal, Mr. Webster, Mr. Fowler, and other gentlemen at dinner at the Consulate. We much enjoyed the Canal, seeing once more an Eastern sunrise over the desert, but it made us sad contrasting our old days with our present. We had a glorious moonlight, blue sky, clear green water, cool balmy air, golden sands to the very horizon, troops of Bedawi camels and goats. It is a wild and dangerous track.

We had the north-east monsoon dead against us the whole way after going out of the Canal, which made the ship pretty lively. In the Red Sea there is much to be seen for those who know the coasts, and my husband pointed out the far-off sites of his old Meccan

journey, and the land of Midian and Akabeh, which would be a *future* journey. On the thirteenth day we serpentined through twenty miles of mostly hidden reefs and slabs to Jeddah, the Port of Mecca, which can only be done in broad daylight, one ship at a time, and no lighthouses. We collided with an English ironclad ship, which did us considerable damage, so we had to remain some time, before we were repaired, and our pilgrims continued to arrive from Mecca, as we were a pilgrim-ship about to carry eight or nine hundred to Bombay.

To the far east we had a gladdening glimpse of the desert, the wild waterless wilderness of Sur on the Asiatic side, which looks like snow under the moonlight. I have not enjoyed myself so much with Nature for four and a half years as now, once more smelling the desert air and the usual Eastern scenes. The Nizam (regular soldiers), negroes, Bedawi draped in usual cloak and *kuffiyyeh*, and women in blue garments, not changed a hair since the days of Abraham, except that they now carry matchlocks instead of spears; the tawny camels squat upon the ground; the black sheep and goats huddle in knots, vainly attempting to shade their heads from the sun; the seedy *dahabiyyeh* rolls past, and is hustled aside by the fussy high-pressure *mouche*, which carries the mails daily to Ismailiyyah, a pretty mush-room town with palaces, Consulates and gardens, with telegraph and railway. It contained then two thousand souls, and hoisted nine various national flags. The land of Goshen is immediately north-west. There are plenty of foxes on the Asiatic side, and one sat like a dog on the sandbank and stared at us. We passed the village called Serapeum, which communicates with a Bedawi village in Asia. To the south and westward rise the sandy cliffs of Jebel Jeneffeh, and towering above all, Jebel Ataka. As we got near Suez, the children run along, crying, "Bakshish!" The soldiers threw them a bit of bread, but as we threw them nothing the petition changed to the curses with which the Orientals are so familiar, "Na'al Abukum ya Kilab!" ("Drat your fathers, O ye dogs!")

At Suez, if you leave your ship—and it is only going to anchor for a few hours in the bay, an hour's steam from the town, and much more by sail—there is a great danger, if a contrary wind springs up, that you are not able to join it. From being a town of importance, Suez was ruined by the opening of the Canal. She has become a big village of three thousand natives, and about seventy-five Europeans, employed in telegraph, post-office, steamers, and railways. She sits solitary under the sky in the sand on the borders of the sea, far from all civilization or progress. She has had a past, and Richard says she *will have a future.* The troops were then collecting at Masáwwah;

three thousand camels were being shipped. One would think that this regular wall of Asiatic mountain, now painted pink and plum blue by the last flood of sunlight, which begins far north of the Lebanon, and which extends southwards to Aden, a counterpart of the Moab range, would have served Holman Hunt for a background to his famous "Scape-goat." Richard knew all this ground twenty-five years before, and he showed me where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed the Red Sea, and where they did cross. Christians have three places, and the Arabs two.

The Red Sea to starboard, where Africa rises wild and grim, is a dangerous shore, requiring lighthouses, which it has not. The morning after, we could see Mount Sinai lone in the Tih Desert. In my husband's Arab days, he landed at Tur, and bathed at Hammam Musa on his way to Mecca. On the other side is the Gulf of Akabah the stormy, and Richard at this time (1876) was brewing his project of the Midian mines, whose gold he had discovered twenty-five years before. He then pointed out to me Yambu, the Port of Medinah, where he was in his pilgrimage, and the winding valleys that lead to it, and Richard asked the pilot about Sa'ad, the Shaykh of the Harb Bedawi, the robber-chief of the Jebel el Fikrah, who attacked Richard's caravan going to Mecca, and he replied that "that dog has since gone to Jehannum."

Jeddah is the most lovely town I have ever seen, and by moonlight quite ghostly. It looks like an ancient model carved in old ivory. It was here my husband came by land *from* Mecca, after the pilgrimage, and embarked in 1853. Mecca lies in a valley between those high mountains at the back. Mr. Gustavus Wylde, the Vice-Consul, the son of our old friend Mr. Henry Wylde, of the F.O., sent a boat and a *kawwás* to bring us off, and insisted on our remaining, the eight days that we were to anchor there, at the Consulate, which we gladly accepted, and I think it was the pleasantest eight days I ever remember. It was a bachelor house, consisting of five men. The Consulate was made of white coralline, with brown wood shutters; jalousies and balconies of fanciful shape, mostly all crooked, but as finely carved as delicate lace. There was a room at the top, a sort of belvedere with windows opening to all sides with delicious views, which I called "The Eagle's Nest," and everything was a combination of Eastern and European comfort. They always mounted us, and we used to ride out into the desert by the Hajj way. It was very tantalizing to find one's self so near Mecca—on one occasion about twenty-five miles—and to have to turn round and come back; but two Americans and two English had gone up for a lark, and had got into trouble. Richard could have gone, but it was not exactly the

time to show my blue eyes and broken Arabic upon holy ground, so we returned through the Meccan Gate and the bazars, which are half-dark and half-lit.

The population, except at the Hajj time, including the eleven villages in the plain, is estimated at eighteen, at twenty, at forty thousand. There were only ten resident Christians—European officials or merchants—no ladies. Three of these are Consuls—France, England, and Netherlands. I need not say that we saw everything in Jeddah, and all around it, except Mecca. To have taken these rides, to have walked through the Mecca Gate, to have wandered about the bazars in 1853, when my husband went to Mecca, would have cost us our lives. I cannot tell how I enjoyed the bazars; they are larger and cleaner than Damascus, but I think less rich, and even less picturesque, and my description of the Hajj of Damascus in my "Inner Life of Syria" would do equally well for both. They swarm with a picturesque and variegated mob from all parts of the world; every Eastern Moslem under the sun is represented. There are camels, donkeys, *takhtarawán* (litters), pilgrims, and Bedawi in quantities, but very few horses. We felt happy in this atmosphere, and the Arabic sounds so musical and so familiar. Here is the open-air mosque where the prayers of the Ramazan are recited. Here the pariah dogs are fiercer than in all other quarters. Here are the pits where the lime is burnt, the fuel and charcoal brought in by the Bedawi, the street of wattled matted booths, where meat and provisions are sold; this, side by side with the great bazar, showing the splendour and misery of the East. Tall-capped, long-bearded Persians are selling fine carpets, cutlery, precious stones—chiefly turquoises and gulf-pearls—and choice water-pipes. Those from Yemen are offering weapons studded with the gold coins of the Venetian Republic, Yemen guns, perfumed coffee, delicate filagree work, and chiselled silver. The pale-faced Turk, in his tarbush and furs in spite of the heat, contemptuously offers arms, jewellery, rugs, and perfumes. Short, thin, dark Indians in white cotton offer silks, dried goods, spices, drugs, tea, rice, and building timber. The Nizam officer talks in a dark corner to the sooty-faced Zanzibari slave-dealer, to settle the terms of some fair purchase. The vulturine Takruri from Western Inner Africa and the Bengali beggar scowl at each other, and the dervishes are singing to the tambourine, and offering a brass pot for contributions.

Turcomans wearing huge mushroom-like caps of Astrachan wool, Caucasians, Central Asians with wadded skull caps, retail to crabbed-faced and spectacled scribes. The tall sinewy Kurd, with gold-threaded *kufflyych* veiling his dark face, shaven chin, and up-twisted

moustachio, is a sheep-dealer and wrangling with the lamb-sellers. The tall, lanky Sawakin Moslem, with sphinx-like curls hanging to his shoulders and over his brow, the upper hair forming a mighty tuft, is selling the mother-o'-pearl fished on the coast. An Egyptian Fellah urges a small, neat horse through the crowd, crying his price—twelve napoleons. The savage Somali offers little parcels of gums, incense, and myrrh, the produce of the wild hills.

Strings of camels, from the high-bred *delúl* to the diminutive charity-made beast laden with grain and led by an equally miserable Bedawin, who dresses in a long blouse stained yellow with saffron or acacia bark, and kerchief bound to the head with ropes. They all wear the *jambíych* (dagger), either long and straight or short and curved. They carry the crooked stick of the wilderness and the dwarf spear with tapering head. Skeleton donkeys, holed with many a raw, and laden with water-skins, are cruelly driven along by a peasant lad in blue rags; but through the whole crowd we can detect our Shámis, or Damascenes, by the animal of better breed, ridden well by a huge Haji, whose peculiar *aba*, or cloak, proclaims him to be an Abu Shám, or father of Syria.

There is the surly, rough Slav Turk from Europe, in the Slav garb, swaggering, with his belt full of weapons, past the natty sneering Hejazi, who testily mutters "*Ghásim*" (Johnny Raw). This dandy affects tender colours — a white turban bound round an embroidered *surah* cap, a cashmere shawl, a *caftan* of fine pink cloth, a green worked waistcoat of silk and cotton, a silver-hilted dagger, and elaborately embroidered slippers. There is the pauper Javanese with his pock-marked face, Chinese features, and crooked-bladed Malay dagger; the Jedáwi, selling at auction white soft coral, the produce of the Red Sea, bought by pilgrims *in memoriam* of their pilgrimage, and black coral-like bog oak, found in thirteen fathoms of water some way down the coast. And lastly brushed by us four brawny Hayramis, the *hammals*, or porters, of these regions—men even stouter and stronger than the far-famed Armenian porters of Constantinople, who carry a lean corpse, whose toes are tied together; and close by us are seven little negroes with oil-black skins, dressed in snowy sheets, who cast yearning looks at us, for they are for sale.

The bazar at this moment is a panorama of Eastern life, whose costumes, various types, difference of language, manners, and customs form a veritable kaleidoscope. The dry heat of the tropical sun darting through the plank joints, makes the pleasant "coolth" of the coffee-houses and the bubble of the water-pipes refreshing. Every rug and perfume of the Orient, of pipe and kitchen, assail

the nose; the sounds of the grunt of the camel, the howl of the trampled dog, the chaff of the boys, the chant of the fakir, the blare of the trumpets, the roll of the drum, the blessing, the curse, the shrill cry, the hoarse expostulation, the babel of tongues, distant voices like the hum of insects on a drowsy summer noon. Every one is armed to the teeth, but no one ever draws a weapon.

At sunset the crowd melts away. The bazar when they light up at dusk is wonderfully picturesque; then the wealthy pilgrim retires to his caravansarai, the middle class to their tents, the majority to their carpets and rugs and coffers, spread in the open street. By eight o'clock the bazar is as silent as the desert, the moon rises, and the prayer cry of the *Muezzin* charms the ear (this one is peculiar to Jeddah). Richard and I went to the *khan*, where he lived as one of these very pilgrims in 1853, and stood under the Minaret he sketched in his book, to hear the "call to prayer."

I was very pleased to see that all regarded him with great favour, and though the whole story was known, the Governor and everybody else called upon him and were extremely civil. Nearly every day we rode out Meccawards; it had a great attraction for Richard. The great hospitality shown us, the unbounded kindness of our own countrymen, the courteousness of the Turkish Authorities, and the civility of the fanatical Jeddáwis will never be forgotten. We left in a *Sambúk* in furious southerly squalls to join our ship, anchored at least six miles away. This is the large, flat native boat, with big sail that can go close to the wind without upsetting. We found eight hundred pilgrims on board, packed like herrings.

There is a long reef near Jeddah, which we just shaved, but another ship that went out at the same time (I will not name it) had taken three hundred pilgrims, and she dashed on to it; the ship foundered, and all hands were lost, except one or two who clung to the spars and were picked up. They affirm that the English captain and officers were drunk, that the fanaticism of the pilgrims was aroused, that they combined and lashed them to the masts, and took charge of the ship themselves. We saw her, and we wondered to see her apparently managing herself, but there were no distress signals up. She ran on to this long bank of rock, upon which breakers foamed higher than a ship. I do not like to cumber my book with an account of the cause or source of the cholera, nor the Jeddah massacre (the same that my husband foretold, was officially snubbed for, which impolite letter he received in the depths of Africa in early 1859, and by the same post the account of the massacre); but I will do so either in the Appendix or in a future book—"Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton."

It is a great experience to have been in a pilgrim-ship, but I am quite content with *one* experience—they suffered horribly, especially in very wild weather.

On the twenty-seventh day the north-east monsoon *actually* set in, and destroyed all our peace. The pilgrims howled with fright, and many died; they called "Allahu Akbar" day and night. The ship danced like a cricket-ball. When the storm was at its height Richard was smoking behind a shelter in the bow of the vessel, in the quarters where the sturdiest of our pilgrims had established themselves—Afghans, and all tribes from the north of India, men from Bokhara—when he saw coming amongst them one of two Russian spies we had taken on board at Suez. We had Somalis, Hindis, Arabs from Bokhara, Kokand, Kashgar, Turcomans, Persians, Tashgand (these last Russian subjects), and to those he addressed himself. Richard heard him telling them, in broken Hindustani, that if any accident happened to the ship, that they should aid him to overpower the Austrian captain and officers, and that they and he would cut away the boats and escape, then batten down the remainder of the pilgrims under the hatches, and escape.

As soon as he was gone away, Richard came out to them, and he spoke to each set of men in their own dialect, and he told them that he was an Englishman, and an officer of the Bombay army, and that that man was a Russian spy; and he told them that the Russian had only told them that, in order to get them into trouble when the ship got into Bombay, that they might be looked upon as traitors in the sight of the British Government, and on no account to follow him or his councils. "If anything happened," he said, "everybody will be safely provided for; but I shall follow that man about, and never leave him until the Authorities in Bombay know all about him." The men quieted down at once, and it made the Russian very uneasy to find that they would not listen to him any more. And on arriving at Bombay Richard was as good as his word.

I spent a great deal of my time amongst them, because their misery made me suffer horribly. We lost twenty-three in twenty-three days, not of disease, but of privation, fatigue, hunger, thirst, opium, vermin, and misery. No one would believe it unless they saw the dirt and smelt the horrible effluvia. They have two insatiable wants, and no ship ought to be permitted to carry them unless they will give them a copious supply of fresh good drinking water, and wood to cook with. Many a dying pilgrim embarks without a penny, relying on charity; if there *is* no charity—which sometimes occurs—the wretch dies. They only want rice, but the ship does not give it, and I have seen a man with three hundred rupees

in his belt die of starvation sooner than spend it. They never move out of the small space or position assumed at the beginning of the voyage. The richer ones are all right; the poor are skin and bone, half naked, with a rag round the loins at most. They won't ask, but if they see a kind face they speak with the eyes, as an animal does.

From light till dark, unless writing the biography, we were staggering about our rolling ship with sherbet and food and medicines—we carried no doctor—treating dysentery, fever, diarrhœa; but if I had the misfortune to touch anything, they would not eat it, dying as they were, because they would lose caste. But I made more progress with them than most Europeans, because I could recite the Bismillah in giving it to them. The first funerals made one very serious. I have alluded to them in my "Arabia, Egypt, and India." What struck me was the jolliness with which they were executed—it seemed no more than heaving the lead; but I had never seen a funeral at sea, and I kept saying to myself, "That poor Indian and I might both be lying dead to-day; there would be a little more ceremony for me, and, excepting for my husband, it would cast a gloom over the dinner-table for *one* day only. The sharks would eat us both, and perhaps like me a little the best, because I am fat and well fed, and do not smell of cocoanut oil. Then we both stand before the throne of God to be judged, he with his poverty, hardships, privations, sufferings, pilgrimage, and harmless life, and I with all my sins, my happy life, my luxuries, and the little wee bit of good I have done, or ever thought to obtain mercy with—only equalled that our Saviour died for both." All are laughing because it is only a poor, ugly old skeleton of a "nigger;" not one of them thinking, "Supposing that were *me!* My turn *will* come, and then the rest will think it jolly fun to see *me* thrown over the side."

Richard at Aden inquired after all his old party in his exploration to Harar. Mohammed el Hammál died only a year ago. Long Guled and the two women, Shehrazade and Deenarzade, are still alive; the former in camp, the latter in Somali-land. Abdo (the End of Time) died a natural death; Yusuf, the monocular one, was murdered by the Isá tribe; Hasan Hammad, the boy, is now sergeant to the water-police. The Egyptians, who took possession of Berberah and Zayla, entered Harar without fighting, and the Amir died under suspicious circumstances. Rauf Pasha is invested on all sides by Gallas and Somali, and is in considerable danger. Hasan procured for us the coins of Harar, which Richard brought to England in 1878.

Aden is a wild and desolate spot, made of fiery rocks. One cannot imagine any one living here; but Richard's old friend, Dr.

Steinhaüser, so often mentioned in these pages, lived here for twenty-five years, and dropped down dead in Switzerland. On the thirty-first day I have the following entry :—"A charming day, and no one died. Have seen the prettiest sight possible, late afternoon. Thousands of dolphins playing leap-frog under our bows, and keeping up with the ship." If it had not been for Richard we should have been put into quarantine, through the captain not knowing English, and not being able to explain why he had had twenty-three deaths on board. The yellow flag was already hoisted up ; the pilgrims were in despair ; but on Richard explaining to the pilot, he pushed off to fetch the doctor, and we were allowed to land, running into Bombay. The last we saw of the holy mob was as a stream of black ants trickling down the ladders and the ropes, hardly able to wait for the boats, and giving us something like a cheer.

Arrived in Bombay, Richard took me to see all the scenes described in the beginning of this book in the early part of his life, and he said, "It is a curious thing, that although I hated them when I was obliged to live here, now that I am *not* obliged I can look back upon these scenes with a certain amount of affection and interest, although I would not live here again for anything. The old recollection makes me sad and melancholy." We were under very happy auspices there, because Mr. Frederick Foster Arbuthnot, who now lives at 18, Park Lane, had been a friend of Richard's for many, many years, and mine too ; he was "Collector" at Bombay, and occupied a great position, so that he used to take us out everywhere in his four-in-hand or in his boats, and we saw everything all over Bombay and its environs, which, though familiar to Richard, was entirely new to me, and we were also introduced to all the Society. The things that I found most interesting were a certain Ali Abdullah, the son of a Syrian Bedawin, of the tribe of Anazeh, who married a Christian, Europeanized himself, settled here, and keeps stables of four or five hundred horses, imports from Persia and elsewhere. We saw some perfect colts, one for £200, and some two hundred *kadishi*, about fourteen hands high, useful, but not pretty, worth about £12 or £14 in Syria. To the Garapooree Island we went to see the wonderful Hindoo caves, called the Elephant Caves, covered with carvings, cut out of solid blocks, of their Trinity—Shiva, Krishna, and Vishnu. There is something to see all round the Bay.

The Bhendi Bazar is the best sight of all. In its way, it is almost as striking and various as the bazars at Jeddah, so picturesque with its coloured temples, irregular coloured houses, and its wares to sell. There one sees something of native life in its native town.

Malabar Hill is very pretty, with its picturesque bungalows and vegetation. Mr. Arbuthnot took us to Bandora, which was to him what Bludán was to us in Syria, or Opçina at Trieste. He had there a charming bungalow and stables by the sea, on Salsette Island, a cool, refreshing, rural, and solitary place. The drive there took us through the bazar, and the beautiful Máhim woods, a cocoa-palm forest, and across an inlet of the sea, which looks like a lake, and divides Bombay from Salsette. On a rising country, with wooded hillsand the Ghauts for a background, there is a romantic church, built by the old Portuguese two hundred and fifty years ago, called Nossa Senhora do Monte. It commands a beautiful view, and the water (like a lake in the depression) surrounds it. We always went to Bandora every Saturday to Monday during our stay in Bombay, and always met charming people—the late Duke of Sutherland, Admiral Reginald Macdonald, Admiral Lambert; and Mr. Albert Grey arrived.

Sind.

Now the Sind expedition came off. First, Bassein Dámán, Surat, the first English factory in India, with the tombs of Vaux and Tom Coryat; then Diu, a Head and Fort, Ja'afarábád, the ruins of Somanáth, the home of the famous Gates; the Dwáriká Pagoda, Kachh (Cutch), Mandavi, and the Indus mouths. We called upon the village Chiefs; we chatted with the villagers; we learnt much about the country, and we taught the country something about ourselves. Gujarat was the next place—Káthiawár and Junágarh, better known as Gírnár. And then to Manhóra, where the British arms first showed the vaunting Sindi and the blustering Beloch what the British lion can do when disposed to be carnivorous, and thence to Karáchi town. There we visited every part of the Unhappy Valley, and particularly the Belochis of the hills (with whom Richard had so much to do when under Sir Walter Scott). He writes indignantly about the way Mirza Ali Akbar Kahn Bahadúr was treated by the Government, being removed from the service, and his pension refused in 1847—it is said to annoy Sir Charles Napier, Richard's Chief.

Everywhere he goes (as he recounts in "Sind Revisited," which he wrote from our journal on return) he visits the old scenes of his former life, saluting them, letting the changes sink into his mind, and taking an everlasting farewell of them. He was very apt to do this in places where he had lived. He notices the ruin of the Indian army—the great difference between his time and now. He said, "Were I a woman, I would have sat down and had a good cry." There was only

one of his joyous crew still breathing. The buildings had grown magnificent, but everything else had changed for the worse; the old hospitality was gone; there was no more jollity, no more larking boys; everything so painfully respectable, and so degenerated. He went to visit the old alligator tanks, where they used to go and worry them with their bull-terriers, and the boys used to jump on them and ride them. "No such skylarking now," he remarked. Then he waxes sentimental at the place where he had a serious flirtation with a Persian girl. There is the shop where he used to write with phosphorus on the wall. He had three shops in Karáchi, where he appeared in different disguises, and was considered a saint when he was so disguised and appeared in such or such a character. Then we went back to Baroda, where he was quartered so long, and to see the Goanese church, to which he transferred himself in 1843, and to Gharra, where he had to live so miserably. He traces the foundation of the lines of his old regiment, where he says, "None of us died, because we were young and strong; but we led the life of salamanders." He says, "There lies the old village, which saw so many of our 'little games;' a cluster of clay hovels, with its garnishing of dry thorns, as artlessly disposed as the home of the nest-building ape. How little it has changed; how much have we!" He next goes to Nagar (everywhere pronounced Nangar), and to Thathă, and Kalyan Kot, and the Mekli Hills (holy places), where he composed the following poem:—

"LEGEND OF THE LAKKÍ HILLS.

"In awful majesty they stand,
Yon ancient of an earlier earth,
High towering o'er the lowly land
That in their memories had birth;
And spurning from their stony feet
The rebel tides, that rush to beat
And break where rock and water meet.
Hoar their heads and black their brows,
And scarred their ribbèd sides, where ploughs
Old Age his own peculiar mark
Of uneffaceable decay;
And high and haughty, stern and stark,
As monarchs to whose mighty sway,
A hundred nations bow—stand they.

"Within the deep dark cleft of rock dividing,
Two giants taller than their kin,
Whence the sharp blade of piercing torrent gliding,
Here flashes sudden on the sight, there hiding
'Mid stones all voice with crashing din;
Where earthborn shade with skylight blends,
A grot of grisly gloom impends
The source from which the wave descends.

"Upon its horrid mouth, I ween,
The foot of man hath never been;
The foulest bird of prey would shrink
To nestle on that noisome brink.
Now the warm cauldron's sulphury fumes upseething,
As sighs that Stygian pit exhales,
The cavern's pitchy entrance veils,
Then in the wind's cold breath the vapours wreathing,
Dissolve—again the eye defines
The dripping portals' jagged lines.

"A glorious vision from that cave
Glittered before my gazing eye;
A seraph-face, like one that beams
Upon his sight, when blissful dreams
Round holy hermit's pillow fly.
A form of light, as souls that cleave
The darksome dungeon of the grave,
When awful judgment hour is nigh.
And oh, that voice! Can words express
The fulness of its loveliness,
Its rare and wondrous melody?
Ah, no! no mortal tongue may be
So powerful in poesy!

"Might I but gaze upon that brow,
Might I but hear that witching strain,
The joys that all the Seven Climes * know,
The charms that all the heavens show,
Were mine—but mine in vain.

"A moment pass'd the sound away,
Faded the vision from my sight;
And all was as it was before—
Vapour and gloom and deaf'ning roar.
Then soft arose that sound again—
Again appeared that form of light
Athwart the blue mist, purely white;
As from the main, at break of day,
Springs high to heaven the silvery spray.

"She beckoneth to me,
And in that smile there is
Promise of love and bliss,
Enduring endlessly.

"Whirled my brain, my heedless foot
Already left the verge
Where the water-spirit pours
His bolts of feathery surge,
Where iron rocks around, beneath,
Stand quick to do the work of death.
When, swift as thought, an icy arm
Against my falling bosom prest;
Its mighty touch dissolved the charm,
As suns disperse the mists that rest
On heathery mountains' dewy crest.

* "Moslems, I have said, count seven heavens; they also reckon, after the fashion of the Greeks and classical geographers, seven climates on earth. Their 'Haft-Iklim,' therefore, means this sublunary world. This is blending together two superstitions, Hindú and Mussulman—but *n'importe.*"—R. F. B.

I heard the angry waters rave,
I saw the horrors of the grave
That yawned to gulf its prey;
And started back in such dismay,
As wretch that, waked from midnight sleep,
Descries through shadows, glooming deep,
The ghost of murdered victim glide,
In gory robes, his couch beside.
I looked towards the darkling cave;
No more the vision glittered there,
No music charmed the echoing air—
That strain so sweet! that face so fair!—
And, but for one shrilly shriek
Of fiendish rage that smote mine ear,
And, but for one horrent thrill
That seemed with ice my veins to thrill;
Well had I deem'd 'twas Fancy's freak,
That scene, whose vivid features lie
On Memory's page typed durably."

We go to Sundan, to Jarak, to the Phuleli river, where he spent some time in his early days with a *moonshee*, and make a pilgrimage to the Indus river, and eventually to Hyderabad (Sind) and to Kotri the Fort, where, as he says, for the sake of "auld lang syne," he visits every place to right and left on his way, even the Agency and the old road. He says the changes take away his breath.

"I was last at Kotrí in 1849. All that once *was*, is a dismal ruin, even the outer wall, which, loopholed and banquetted, had driven off a host of Beloch swordsmen, headed by Mír Sháhdád. Who would fancy that the defence of that wall by the Light Company of H.M.'s 22nd Regiment, under Captain Conway, directed by Major Outram, had ever given rise to a treatise on the defence of field fortifications? Surely it would have been well, at the expense of a few rupees, to have kept up a place to which such mighty memories cling. The trees had grown, but everything else seems changed. I am now bound for my old home. Novelties meet my eye at every turn. In some places I find improvements."

On arriving he says—

"What a change! Some twenty-five natives, mostly negresses, haunt the houses which lodged our corps. The Mess-house, to which many recollections attach, still stands, thanks to its foundation of baked brick, but the front is converted into an open stable for human beings. There lived the actors in the famous Phuleli Regatta; there W—— hatched all the troubles which prevented us from feeling too happy. There is the house which fell down, nearly crushing me and my *moonshee*; the fireplaces are half filled up; the floor is grown with camel thorn. How small and mean are the dimensions, which loom so large in the picture stored within the brain! There I temporarily buried the 'young person'* when the police-master gave

* This was a very romantic affair.—I. B.

orders to search the house. There T—— played peeping Tom upon his father and mother-in-law. How strange are the tricks of memory, which, often hazy as a dream about the most important events of a man's life, religiously preserves the merest trifles! And how very unpleasant to meet one's self, one's 'dead self thirty years younger'! Adieu, old home! I shall not perhaps see you again, but it is not in my power ever to forget you."

We go on from Hyderabad to Sakhar and Shikárpúr, but first he recognizes the old artillery lines, the billiard-room, and John Jacob's house built on a graveyard, and then goes to the Tombs of the Kings at Kalhóra and Talpúr, which are very like those of Golconda (Jaypur marble, which the Rajput artists seem to handle like wax). The flutings of the open work are delicate in the extreme, and the general effect is a lacery of stone. We then visit New Hyderabad, and he is surprised at all the new buildings. He is very much distressed at the state of the Army; the Beloch element has gone out, and the Pathán, or Afghan, is taking its place. The men are no longer what they were, and the military authorities have only to thank their own folly. He says—

"There is a medium between the over-long and over-short service. A term of three years may make an intelligent and well-educated *Prussian* soldier, but the system has become a caricature as adopted by other nations. Before 1848 the Austrian army was the finest in Europe; see what the three years' service has done for it."

He dives into the Eastern mind, and shows you that the moment you begin to intrigue with an Oriental, he has you on his own ground, he beats you with your own weapons, and that the only way that you have the Oriental at *your* mercy is by being perfectly straightforward and honest. He shows you what value they set on good manners. Then we visit the field of Meanee. He describes the brisk way that Sir Charles Napier fought—a fierce *mêlée*, no quarter asked or given. He said the way to fight an Indian battle is to shake the enemy's line with a hot fire of artillery, charge home with infantry, and when a slight hesitation begins, to throw all your cavalry at the opposing ranks, and the battle is ended. Such was the battle of Meanee, when our 2800 thrashed 22,000 men. He greatly blames the yielding up of Afghanistan. Then we go to Husri, where, in old days, he surveyed and amused himself with cock-fighting—the scene of the death of "Bhujang,"* his favourite cock—and from thence to Sudderan Column, from whence he visited Mir Ibrahim Khan Talpur's village;* and then he goes on to the

* I give a short account of these two in the appendixes.

"Jats" country (the Gypsies), with whom he affiliated himself, and where he worked with the camel-men, levelling canals in the old days. Then we go on to Badhá and Unarpúr, Lakrá, and Sibt, wells in the desert, and here he translated the tale of Bári and Isa (Jesus). Whilst among the Belochs he wrote—

"THE TALE OF BÁRI AND ISA.

'Give ear, O ye sons of the Beloch,
Whilst I recount to you a true tale!
As Isa, the prophet of Allah,
Was travelling, Fakír-like, over the earth,
Seeing its wonders and its wastes,
He came into a desert land
Where no river nor Káríz was,
Nor green fields, nor waving crops.
Dreadful mountains rose on all four sides
Round a plain of sand and flint,
On which stood a stump (of tree) one cubit high,
And propped against it sat Bári, the hermit,
Meditating, with his shroud* over his head,
Upon the might of Rabb Ta'álá.†
Isa considered him awhile,
Then, advancing, he touched his shoulder,
Saying, 'Tell me truly, how dost thou live?
What eatest thou in this grainless place,
And what drinkest thou where no water is?'
Bári raised his head from his breast;
He was old and stone blind,
His knees were sore by continued kneeling,
And his bones, through fasting, pierced his skin.
Yet his heart was as the life of the seed
That dwells in a withered home.‡
He comprehended the question, and thus replied,
Weeping and exclaiming, 'Wá wailá!§
How can man doubt the Creator's might?
Sit down by me for awhile,
I show thee the power of Allah.'
Then the stump shot up till it became
A noble towering tree;
At morning prayers it began to grow,
And (presently) shadowed the ground beneath.
At midday berries appeared upon it,
Hanging in festoons like the young brab's fruit.
In the afternoon they became brightly red,
As the date when it falls from the tree;
Before the sun set they were ripe.
From each bough the bunches hung
Cool as water in a cavern,

* "A *memento mori*, fashionable amongst Eastern devotees. So the Icelanders provide their coffins in middle age."

† "The Creator."

‡ "Meaning that his heart in his withered bosom was as the germ of life in the dry seed—a true Pythagorean, Oriental idea."

§ "*Wá wailá*—'Alas! and alas!' The Arabic explanation is put into Bári's mouth on account of the sacredness of his character. Saints, prophets, and sages are always made to speak as Semitically as possible."

Sweet as the sugar * in Paradise,
Fit for prophets and martyrs to eat.
Then said Bári, 'Thou seest Allah's might,
How he can feed His children in the waste!
Fruits grow upon the (withered) stump,
Waters flow from the rugged rock,
All things obey the Lord of all;
It is (only) man that doubts and disbelieves.'
As it happened unto him,
So, by my head! may it happen to me.
Such is the tale of the Dervish;†
Gentles, my song is done."

Leaving Unarpúr, we pass out of the Unhappy Valley into Sindia Felix, beginning at Gopang, Májhand, Sann, and Amiri, and here in 1876 rails have been laid and trollies were working. Thence we go to Lakkí, where he composed the poem on the "Legends of the Lakkí Hills," given above, and then to Séhwan. The road was a precipitous *corniche*, very narrow, with camels marching in Indian file. Séhwan is an important military and religious place, commanding the passage of the Indus, but intensely hot, with deleterious and deadly climate. This was the place where Richard in old days buried an old Athenæum sauce-pot, which he had painted like an Etruscan vase. He treated it with fire and acid, smashed it, and buried it in the ground, and took in a lot of antiquaries, who never forgave him; and when he was travelling in the land of the Turanian Brahúis, he drew up a grammar and a vocabulary, with barbaric terminations, and the Presidency rang for nine days with the wondrous discovery. That was in his boyhood, and he writes, "I *now* repent me in sackcloth and ashes, and my trembling hand indites '*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*'"

We then go along the Aral stream for two days to Lake Manchar, and visit the Kirthár Mountains, with their two sanitaria, Char Yaru and the Danna Towers. Then to Lárkána, an Eastern influent of the Indus—eight stages. Lárkána is the centre of Sindia Felix. We go to Sakhar, to Bakar, and lastly to Rohri, and then make our way to Shikárpúr across a kind of desert, south of the Bolan Pass, and which is the main *entrepôt* of the Khorasán and Central Asian caravan trade with Sind and Western India, where, as usual, he visited everything and found the usual changes.

* "In the days when sugar of any kind was a rarity, and consequently a delicacy, our English poets used the word with a certain appetite in their comparisons. Now, the metaphor is apt to offend the sensitive ear, long accustomed to associate the word with nursery discussions, or tiresome colonial grievances. But in Persian, *shakkar* (sugar) still holds its ground as a fit simile for choice things; for instance, a 'sugar-candy-chewing parrot' is a compliment which may be offered to the daintiest damsel in the land."

† "The songs always conclude with some such formula as this."

The *bonne bouche* of Shikárpúr is the Great Bazar, about eight hundred yards long and branching out. It was as striking in its way as the Bhendi Bazar. The women and the men are superb animals, a perfect combination of strength and symmetry and absolute grace, and they outstrip in intellect as in physical development all the other inhabitants of the plain. They are respected, and are called the sons of the Aughán. We enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Salaman, whom he told that in *his* day the cantonment contained two regiments, whereas in 1876 it looked as if it had suffered from siege, pestilence, and famine. The railway, Richard said, will retrieve its fortunes, the banking business will revive, with increased facilities for transit and traffic. It will be wealth to the Great Bazar, and the position of the town will make it supply the railway. It will recover its garrison as soon as "Common Sense" takes courage to withdraw its troops from pestilent Jacobábád, twenty-six miles north-north-west of Shikárpúr. When the choice of a frontier post rested upon General John Jacob, he pitched upon the best he could; now it is the very worst.

The Indian Army.

"Karáchi is still the capital village of the local Government, and the head-quarters of the European regiment. Under the *Conquistador* the camp usually numbered about five to eight thousand men, both colours and all arms included. This strong force has been greatly reduced. The 'boss' is now a brigadier-general, commanding the station (where he resides) and the Sind district, no longer a division; it may, however, recover its honours when annexed to the Panjáb. He has no adjutant-general; only a brigade-major and a quartermaster-general. The single white corps is the 56th, and the 'Pompadours' detach two companies to Haydarábád. Here we have no cavalry. Three corps of the Sind Horse (about 1480 sabres) are stationed at Jacobábád, their head-quarters; they also man all the adjoining outposts. The arms are carbine and sword; the uniform is almost that of the Cossack, the old Crimean Bashi-Bazouks, and the irregular cavalry in general: green tunics and overalls; turban, riding-boots, and black belts. The native infantry at Karáchi is now the 2nd Beloch Regiment (29th Bombay Native Infantry). They wear light serge blouses in working costume, and green tunics with red facings for full dress; loose blue '*pagris*;' madder-stained knickerbockers—'cherubim shorts' are excellent for wear—and white, which should be brown, gaiters covering blucher boots. Their weapons are those of the Sepoy line generally. At Jacobábád, on the north-western frontier, are also Jacob's Rifles (30th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry), averaging some seven hundred men armed with sniders, and

habited in *khâki*, or drab-coloured drill. Haydarábád, besides its two white companies, is garrisoned by the 1st Beloch Regiment (27th Bombay Native Infantry), known by its looser turbans.

"The artillery of the Sind district is now commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, residing at head-quarters. Under him are two field batteries of white troops; one stationed here, the other at Haydarábád. Finally, at Jacobábád there is a mountain train, about a hundred and fifty men, with two mortars and as many howitzers (all 4½-inch), which are to be exchanged for steel breech-loaders weighing two hundred pounds, and drawn by the sure-footed mule. A move has lately been made in the right direction as regards the 'gunners,' and presidential jealousies have been abated by appointing a Director-General of Ordnance for all India. Still, the mountain train is left almost inefficient, *the* complaint of universal India; fourteen mules are short, and the commanding officer, Captain Young, an officer of twelve years' experience in Sind, 'passed' also in the native languages, could hardly take the field in full force without great delay.

"Thus, you see, Mr. Bull, Sind has utterly 'eliminated' the Sepoy, whilst India has reduced her Sepoy army to a mere absurdity. The claims of economy, the delusive prospect of peace, and last, not least, the loud persistent voice of Prophet and Acting-Commissioner, General John Jacob, and his '*silahdar* system,' prevailed against the old organization and common sense. He was in many ways a remarkable man, endowed with that calm and perfect confidence in himself which founds 'schools,' and which propagates faiths. Accustomed to base the strongest views, the headstrongest opinions, upon a limited experience of facts, he was an imposing figure as long as he remained in obscurity. But, unfortunately, one of his disciples and most ardent admirers, Captain (now Sir Lewis) Pelly, published, shortly after his death, an octavo containing the 'Views and Opinions of General John Jacob,'* and enables the world to take the measure of the man.

"General John Jacob's devotion to his own idea has left a fatal legacy, not only to Sind, but to the whole of India. Sir Charles Napier, a soldier worth a hundred of him, had steadily advocated increasing, with regiments on service, the number of 'Sepoy officers,' then six captains, twelve lieutenants, and four ensigns. The Conqueror of Sind protested that the 'regulars' were not regular enough, the best men being picked out for staff and detached appointments. The 'butcher's bill' of every battle, I may tell you, gives nearly double the number of casualties among the 'black officers,' as we were called, and at Miyáni (Meanee) we were six deaths to one 'white officer.' The reason is obvious; the 'pale faces' must lead their companies, wings, and corps, otherwise the natives, commissioned, non-commissioned, and privates, will not advance in the teeth of too hot a fire. We are already made sufficiently conspicuous by the colour of our skins and by the cut

* Smith, Taylor, and Co., Bombay, 1858.

of our uniforms, while the enemy is always sharp enough to aim at 'picking' us 'off.'

"General John Jacob proposed, in opposition to the Conqueror of Sind, to supplant the Regular system by the Irregulars, which means diminishing the number of Englishmen. Having the pick and choice of the Indian army at his disposal, he succeeded in fairly drilling and disciplining his Sind Horse; *argal*, as the grave-digger said, he resolved that the Sind Horse should become a model and a pattern to the whole world. He honestly puffed his progeny on all occasions, even when it least deserved praise. During our four months' raid on Southern Persia, the Sind Horse was pronounced by all the cavalrymen present to be the last in point of merit; the same was the case in Abyssinia; and during the Mutiny many of his men were found among the 'Pándís.' Yet he puffed and preached and wrote with such vigour that the military authorities, worn out by his persistency, and finding that the fatal measure would save money, gave ear to the loud, harsh voice. In an inauspicious hour the whole regular Sepoy force of India was not only irregularized: it was, moreover, made a bastard mixture of the Regular and the Irregular.

"The result is the ruin of the Indian army. The system itself is simply a marvel. The corps have either too many officers or too few. For drilling purposes you want only a commandant, an adjutant (who should also be musketry instructor), and a surgeon; or at most the three combatants who led the old Irregular corps. For fighting, you require, besides the field officers, at least two Englishmen, or better still, three per company. It is, I own, possible to increase the normal complement by free borrowing from the staff corps, and from the rest of the army, but every soldier will tell you that this is a mere shift; the officers must know their men, and the men their officers.

"Again, under the present system, which effectually combines the faults of both the older, and the merits of neither, your infantry corps with its full *cadre*, of which half is usually absent, theoretically numbers nine European officers. One, the surgeon, is a non-combatant, and two, the adjutant and quartermaster, are usually represented by the wing subalterns. An English regiment, with its *cadre* of thirty, mounts only its field-officers and adjutant. An Indian corps—would you believe it?—mounts the lieutenant-colonel commanding; the major, second in command; the two wing officers, the two wing subalterns, the adjutant, and the quartermaster. The result is to incur the moral certainty of their all being swept away by the first few volleys. True, you have sixteen native commissioned officers, forty *havildárs* (sergeants), and the same number of *náiks* (corporals)—a total of ninety-six. But the belief that Sepoys will fight without Englishmen to lead them, is a snare, a sham, and a delusion.

"A host of other evils besets the present state of things. Your cavalry corps are so weak in officers, rank and file, that a six months' campaign would reduce them each to a single troop. Your infantry regiments, eight companies of seventy-five bayonets each,

or a total of six hundred and forty, have not been reduced to the form now recognized as the best tactical unit. Again, officers are still transferred, after six and even seven years' service, from the white to the black line, thus bringing them upon the Indian pension list without having served the full time. They also want *esprit de corps;* they dislike and despise 'Jack Sepoy,' and their chief object in life is to regain something more congenial than the out-station and the dull, half-deserted Mess. Again, at the other end of the scale, field officers of twenty-five to thirty years' Indian service are made to do subalterns' work. Regimental zeal is being annihilated; and the evil of senility is yearly increasing. Let me relate a case, which you shall presently see for yourself. Major A——, who has served in a corps for nine years, who has seen three campaigns, and who for three years has acted second in command, lately finds himself superseded by a lieutenant-colonel, when he himself expects to become lieutenant-colonel within six months. What is the result? He is utterly weary of the service, he has lost all heart for its monotonous duties. 'An old subaltern,' says one of your favourites, 'is a military vegetable, without zeal as without hope.'

"Again, the new furlough regulations, after abundant considerings, have turned out so badly, that all who can cleave to the old. Why grant leave, with full pay and allowances for six months, to Kashmír and to the depths of the Himálayas, and yet refuse it to the home-goer, under pain of English pay? Why should the Civil Service have, and the military lack, 'privilege leave'? Why thus adhere to old and obsolete tradition, so as to make the soldier's life as unpleasant as possible? Why—— But at this rate, sir, 'Whys' will never end.

"Sir Henry Havelock's truthful statement in the House of Commons, that the Anglo-Indian army is 'rotten from head to foot,' has surprised the public mass which puts trust in Pickwickian and official declarations. We, who know the subject, declare that the Indian is, perhaps, in a worse condition than the home force; and we assert that the idea of opposing regiments, so officered and so manned, to the Russians, or even to the Afghans, is simply insane.

"Do not disbelieve me, Mr. John Bull, because my language is not rose-watered. The Old Maids' Journal (*Spectator*)—ancient, but not very pretty, virginity—has lately been berating me for seeking 'cheap credit' by 'pointing out how much better duties might be done by persons whose business it is to do them.' But officials are ever in trammels, whilst we critics, who look only to results, are not; moreover, a man is hardly omniscient because his work is in this or that department, or even because he holds high rank in this or that service. And did not Voltaire think and declare that, 'of all the ways of Providence, nothing is so inscrutable as the littleness of the minds that control the destinies of great nations'?

"Some have distinction, you know, forced upon them; others win it by means which honest men despise. They never report the truth unless pleasant to the ear; they calculate that, possibly, the disagreement will not occur; and that, if it does, their neglect will be

slurred over and forgotten. Plausible and specious, 'they can preach and they can lecture; they can talk "soft sawder," and they can quote platitudes *ad infinitum*. These superficial specimens of humanity, who know which side their bread is buttered, owe their rise, their stars and ribbons, their K.C.B.'s and pensions, not to the sterling merits of courage and ability, of talents and manliness, but to the oily tongue that knows so well how to work the oracle, and to a readiness of changing tactics as the chameleon changes colour.' In short, these gentlemen have mastered the 'gospel of getting on;' the species, 'neglected Englishmen,' has not.

"Thus you have no right to be surprised, as you often are, when some notorious incapable, entrusted with an office of the highest responsibility, comes to grief. His 'Kismet,' his 'Nasib,' his star, have been in the ascendant, and he has done nothing to obscure them by personal merit, by originality, by candour, or by over-veracity. These qualities are sure to make enemies, and the millenium must dawn before your friends—private, public, or political—will look after you with the vigour and the tenacity of your foes.

"But so rotten is the state, so glaring is the inefficiency, of the Indian army, that you will not be astonished to hear reports of 'organic changes' and fundamental reforms, or even to see a return to the old system. Strange to say, Lord Northbrook, the civilian, saw the necessity of reorganization. Lord Napier, the soldier, who, during the Abyssinian campaign, sent for officers to every Presidency, ignored it. Perhaps the Napierian clique took the opportunity to oppose, tooth and nail, the efforts of another service. The Shí'ahs, who, you know, abhor the Sunnis bitterly, as Roman Catholics hate Protestants, when any mode of action left to private judgment is proposed, always choose the line opposed to that taken by their heretic enemies—*raghman li-'l-Tasannun*, 'in adverse bearing to Sunniship,' as the religious formula runs.

"Briefly, the sooner we convert Jacobábád into an outpost, connect it by a decent road with Shikárpúr, and station the troops at Sakhar, the better. No man in his sane senses would station his whole force upon the skirts of a province, where a troop or two suffices, without a single soldier, for support or reserve, nearer than some three hundred miles.

"The defective dyke has depopulated a fine tract of country; it threatened old Sakhar, and it may even cause a complete shifting of the irrepressible river. Any exceptional freshet may burst the 'Band' and insulate Sakhar Camp, below which the inundation used to discharge; and seriously damage the working of the railway, upon which all the prosperity of the Upper Province now depends.

"But dull, desolate, decayed, miserable-looking Sakhar has a future. Bad as the climate is, men live longer in it than at Shikárpúr or Jacobábád. The railway, which the engineers seem trying their hardest *not* to make, must some day be finished; it will not only connect Sind with India, but it must also attract to itself all the outlying settlements. 'Common Sense,' again, will presently withdraw the Sind Horse from wretched malarious Jacobábád, a

prison with the chance of being drowned. The occupation of Kelat will give poor old Sakhar an excellent sanitarium, and the annexation of the Unhappy Valley to the broad and fertile plains of the Panjáb will make it, I venture to predict, one of the principal stations upon the highway of commerce.

"The present antiquated arrangements date from the days of General and Acting-Commissioner John Jacob, who, after eighteen years' service in Sind, died on October 5, 1858; and his rules endure, I have told you, whilst all the conditions that favoured them have changed. They were originally intended for the benefit of the Jekránis, the Domkís, and the Bugtís; but these robber tribes have long ago become peaceful cultivators. They are perpetuated by the old school of Sind soldier, that sat at the feet of his Gamaliel, John Jacob, and that ever held and still hold him a manner of Minor Prophet. He was, I have told you, a remarkable man, and so you may judge by the entire devotion of his followers and successors. He used to base the most decided views upon the shallowest study of the 'Eternal Laws of Nature,' of 'Principles,' and so forth.

"General Jacob could not play whist; ergo, whist was banished from the Mess of the Sind Horse, and even now, nearly a score of years after his death, it is still, I believe, under interdict. A 'practical mechanic,' that is to say, a mere amateur, he tried to force upon the army a rapier-bayonet and a double-barrelled, four-grooved rifle, which reached the climax of impracticability. Incapable of mastering native languages, he hated linguists, and never lost an opportunity of ridiculing and reviling them. Moreover, he dignified his deficiency by erecting it into a principle—namely, that all English subjects should learn English; and here, for once, his prejudice ran in the right line. He knew nothing of the sword beyond handling it like a broomstick; therefore he would not allow it to be taught to his men, many of whose lives were thus sacrificed to his fatal obstinacy. He utterly condemned the use of the point, which is invaluable throughout India, because the natives neither make it nor learn to guard it. His only reason for this dogmatism was the danger of the thrust by his own inexperienced hand. In a few single combats, after running his man through the body, he had risked being disarmed or dragged from his horse. He probably never knew, and, with characteristic tenacity, he would not have changed his opinion had he known, that Lamoricière proposed to take away the edge from the French trooper's blade; that the French heavies still use the straight sword, best fitted for the point; and that the superiority of the latter to the cut is a settled question throughout the civilized world. His prejudices were inveterate, and they were most easily roused. He hated through life a native of Persia, who, not understanding his stutter, a defect imitated by his admirers, wrote his name J-J-J-J-Jacob, thus :—

At last his obstinacy killed him. When advised by the surgeon not to ride his final ride home, he asked, with a sneer, if the young man knew his constitution better than he did himself, and he died examining a new rifle."

He continues—

"Kasmor is our northernmost village, but it is one hundred miles of winding road, a deadly uninteresting series of seven marches, and is of no interest; but we will, on returning to Sakhar again, visit the ruins of Aror. Issuing from Rohri by the Multán road, we shall pass on the left the Aroráwáh, and east of it the new Nárá supply canal, and then we will drop down the Indus to Kotri. We have now inspected and studied Sind and its river Indus, and you must marvel at the complete physical resemblance, and the absolute intellectual difference between this and Egypt—there Meroe, Philæ, Thebes, the Pyramids; here nothing. Yet this is one of the nurseries of the Indo-Aryan race, whose occupation of the Panjáb learned Pandits placed before the sixth century before Christ; this is the home of the Vedas, the scene of the Puránas; the traditions of Ráma and Sitá's travel in Lower Sind. Why is this mighty contrast in the works of Art, where the gifts of Nature are so similar? My theory is that Old Egypt has always been the meeting-place of nations, the common ground upon which the Orient and the Occident stood front to front, where Eastern man compared himself with Western man, where mind struck mind, where the Promethean spark resulted from the impact of Northern or Southern thought. Indus-land stood in a corner far from the outer worlds of the North and the far West; she led to nothing, she was of scant service to racial development. Indus-land was compelled to work out her own destinies in a mean and humble way, while the monuments of Nile-land still instruct and astonish humanity."

Then we came to Hyderabad, and he discusses the Indus Valley Railway. He finds it silly that the Government continued to march its troops between Karáchi and Kotri in ten days, including a single halt, rather than take the rail for four or five hours; expensive economy, he remarks, as the baggage camels cost far more than a few additional cars.

He says that we have improved the climate of the Indus Valley; we have learned to subdue its wildness by the increased comforts of a more civilized life. Many abuses of the olden time have disappeared; formerly, it was a feat to live five years in Indus-land, but now you find men who have weathered their twenty years.

"There is an imperative demand for a sanitarium, and the nearest and best is Kelat. Kelat requires protection, and would be an admirable outpost in case of hostile movements from Merv upon

Herat (1876). A couple of troops would amply suffice that abominable Jacobábád. A single corps of Sind Horse should support them from Shikárpúr, and the reserves, or body of the force, should occupy Sakhar, where the climate is supportable and locomotion easy. Sind is virtually unconnected with North-Western India, whose prolongation she is. From Kotri-Hyderabad to Multán (570 miles) is a long steamer voyage of twenty days, which should be covered by twenty-four hours of rail-travel.

"The military political has had his day, and Sind, after a fair trial of seventy-five years, has shown herself impotent to hold the position of an independent province. She should be annexed to the Panjáb, and then, as in the ancient days of the Hindú Rajahs, her frontiers will extend to Kashmír. Already the papers tell us that the Trans-Indine districts, from Pesháwar to near Karáchi, will be formed into a Frontier Government, or an agency purely political, and will be placed directly under the Viceroy; while Cis-Indine Sind, including also Karáchi, is to be transferred from Bombay to the Panjáb, in exchange for the Central Provinces. These sensible measures will be, to use a popular phrase, the making of Young Egypt or Indus-land. She will become the export-line of the rich Upper Valley, and the broad plains of the Land of the Five Rivers, and increased wealth will enable her to supply many a local want; for instance, water and gas to Karáchi, a branch railway to Thathá, and so forth. Finally, when Karáchi becomes the terminus of the Euphrates or Overland Railway, so much wanted at this moment (February, 1877), then 'The Unhappy' will change her name, and in the evening of her days shall become 'The Happy Valley.'"

We were fortunate enough to be in time for the Feast of the Muhárram, with the procession for Hossein's death. This is a Moslem miracle play, answering to our Passion play at Ober Ammergau, and represents the martyrdom and death of Ḥassan and Hossein, sons of Ali and Fatima, son-in-law and daughter of Mohammed. No European seemed to care about it, but in any other land there would be crowded express trains and excursion steamers to catch a glimpse of it. Richard took me to the Imám Bárrá, to his friends the Shí'ahs (Persians), to his Highness Agha Khan, chief of the Khojahs, who took me to the Jumat Khana, the place of assembly of the Khojah caste—an immense building, enclosing in a large space of ground. They let us in, and the Hindús, but not the Sunnis, who, though Moslems, are their religious enemies. The whole place was a blaze of lamps, mirrors, a brazier of wood flaring up, and a large white tank of water (Hossein died fighting his way to the Great River). Men form themselves into a ring, moving from right to left with a curious step, beating their naked breasts with their hands. It makes a noise like the thud of a crowbar, but in musical time; the Arabs dance that way, but do

not beat their breasts. The blows are given with such violence that they sometimes die of them, and often faint, and think themselves happy to suffer for the cause. They become more and more fanatical, working themselves up to frenzy, crying, "Hossein! Hossein Ah-ha!" and with this wail the blows are dealt with noise and regularity like a huge sledge-hammer, till it becomes a maddening shriek. They become raw as beef, and bleed, and are distorted. To see those hundreds of men, in the prime of life, brawny and muscular as they are, carried away by religious fanaticism, awes you; and you know what a terrible thing it is, and what a tremendous force it is, when roused, to twist the world in and out of shape with.

Then comes a procession of horses bearing little boys of six or eight, the children and nephews of Hossein, carried off prisoners; their white clothes and the horse's trappings stream with blood (painted wonderfully well). A group of mourners hang round each horse, crying real tears, and shrieking, "Hossein!" which thrills our nerves, and all the spectators sob. Then comes the bier with Hossein's corpse, and his son sitting upon it sorrowing and embracing him, and a beautiful white dove in the corner, whose wings are dabbled with blood. The effect upon the excited crowd is awful. Then follows a litter with the sister and widow of Hossein, throwing dust and straw upon their heads. One horse has a score of arrows stuck in its housings. We must here call to mind that Fatima was the daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, was married to Ali, the Prophet's favourite companion, and was mother of Hassan and Hossein. Fatima expected Ali to succeed her father; but Ayesha, the last and youngest wife of Mohammed, managed that her own father, Abubekr, should become the Caliph. Then came Omar, then Osman. When Osman died, Ali, who was still alive, became Caliph, and was assassinated A.D. 660, leaving his two sons, Hassan and Hossein, blessed by their grandfather, Mohammed, as the foremost youths of Paradise. Hassan renounced his rights to save civil war, and was poisoned at Medina by his wife, at the instigation of Muawíyah. Hossein went to Medina, invited to return by the subjects of the treacherous Yezíd, was caught in the snare, and slain in battle at Kerbála (Arabia).

This was the tragedy represented there:—

First came Hossein, six feet high, with fair complexion, and black beard cut close. He walks with dignity, as becomes so great a personage. His green and gold turban is like a crown, and shows his relationship to the Prophet. He is draped in a black cloak. Then the wife and sister came, veiled; then four little children;

then attendants. Hossein seats himself in a large armchair on one of three dais; his family on a similar one opposite; and a sick youth, the son of Hossein, lies on a mattress on a third. His son was ill when Hossein died, but lived to become the progenitor of all the Sherifs of the East. Then the villain Shimr, inviting Hossein to return, was hooted, and a noble reply from Hossein was received with murmurs of applause. Then rises up Hossein's sister, imploring him not to go to destruction. The wife dare not speak; she may feel the most, but in the East she dares not show it, even by a murmur. Hossein says that he is called to be the Imám of the Faithful. If slain, he will die for the people of the true Faith; if he lives, he will do Allah's will. The sister cries aloud, and casting dust on her head, flings herself on his neck. He embraces her tenderly, but will go and die for the sins of all. Sobs burst from all sides—and real sobs. Everything is so earnest, so simple, so distinct, and expressive. Then the little daughter comes forth and caresses him; the child really weeps. He takes it in his arms, soothes, and puts it back to its mother's lap. He then goes over to his son's sick bed and bids him a tender adieu. A splendid horse then comes in, and the sister brings him a white linen shroud, and puts it on him. When about to mount, the child rushes from her mother's arms and catches his cloak. He sinks on the ground, and wraps the child in his arms. As he rises, the child pulls off the shroud, covers herself with it, and stretches herself on the earth. He takes it from her, and mounts his horse. The child flings herself in front of the horse's hoofs, and the animal stands still. A servant picks the child up, but she breaks away, and clings to the horse's legs; her little hands clutch its hoofs.

The audience have been sobbing the whole time, but now there is a perfect spasm of grief. An angel then comes, and offers to slay Hossein's enemies; but he refuses, and the angel throws dust over his head. Then he draws his scimitar. The villain Shimr appears, and they ride off. The battle, the treachery, want of water, and the slaying, are left to the imagination; and we next see the procession of the Imam's captive children, widow, and sister, and the headless corpse upon a bier. The procession of last night follows again, shrieking, "Ya Ali! Ya Hossein!" with beating of breasts. The *tabuts* are set up in every nook and corner, and are fanciful representations of the tombs of Hassan and Hossein—gay, glittering gimcracks and tinsel. They are carried through the streets by men and boys as merry as grigs, dancing and shouting, to fling them into the sea. The explanation is that the Shi'ahs mourn for Hossein with despair, but the Sunnis consider him not a martyr to be mourned

for, and turn the occasion into ridicule; and these *tabut* processions are conducted by the Sunnis as a caricature, which sometimes ends in a serious fight.

We also came in for a regatta, and we received great hospitality on board the Squadron.

During this journey we saw a great deal of Mirza Ali Akbar, who was Richard's old *moonshee* when he was a boy. We had a delightful Persian breakfast with him, of fruit, vegetables, every kind of sweets, and rice highly seasoned, rice with caraway seeds, *pilao* with saffron savoury and aromatic, prawn curry with plain rice, sweet rice with rose-water, spices, and sweet paste from Muscat. He had been very much wronged in some matter, and Richard was helping and instructing him how to put his case clearly before the public, he being quite an innocent man, of whatever charge was brought against him, though I forget what it was; but he died—like many others—before he was righted—as justice was slow. When he called upon Richard, his card was brought in, in large letters looking like the visiting-card of some middle-class respectable Englishman, with "Mirza *Ally* Akbar" upon it. "Hullo, Mirza," Richard said, after they had salaamed. "Are you any relation to Ally Sloper?" The Mirza laughed—that is, as nearly as an Eastern does laugh—and said, "No! but the English always call me *Ally* Akbar, so I found it was the shortest way to call myself so." It is surprising how often we have gone to places, and found the natives had changed their names to whatever the English chose to call them; for instance, a Señor Machado had become a Mr. Much-harder.

We saw a great deal also of Mr. and Mrs. MacLean, and Mr. Gratton Geary, editors of the papers. We visited the schools of the native girls; it was an English institution called the Alexandra, where they went through a good many performances, sang and recited in English and Guzeratee, and one girl, D. A. H. Wadia, illustrated well enough for a professional.

The beautiful moonlight nights are here spoilt by the air being redolent of burnt flesh (roast Hindú) and sandal-wood. Richard took me over to inspect the cotton-mills. There were some grand races, and the Nawáb and all the Eastern "big-wigs" were there; distance a mile and a half, and, as usual, whatever Hackney rode won. Long, lanky weedy whalers ran better than the Arabs *bred there*. We dined with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles and Lady Staveley, in tent quarters. We used to frequent the burial-ground very often in search of a tomb we could not find, and at last we found it in the old Girgaum burial-grounds in the Sonápur quarter, which had long been closed as full. It was one of the

characteristics of my husband that he could never bear to pass a countryman's grave, or a celebrated person's grave, without honouring it. This was a once celebrated man, yet, except Richard, no one of the present day knew anything about him, or his nameless grave—such is glory!

After many hot hours and days, and vain searching in parties amongst the twenty thousand tombs, we found a plain space containing a very old tombstone, with letters that required one to kneel down and trace with the finger. No "Sacred to," but only "Victor Jacquemont, born in Paris 28th August, 1801; arrived at Calcutta in May, 1829; and after travelling three and a half years in India, expired at Bombay on 7th December, 1832." He was a man of letters, a botanist, and naturalist, who is supposed to have pioneered the French to India, and had the Legion of Honour ("Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont," 2 vols., Paris, 1833, published a year after his death). He was a French Catholic and fellow-Bohemian, so we paid a tribute to his memory. I recited a "De profundis," and my husband gave directions to have the letters picked out and painted afresh, and the grave replanted to mark where he was buried. Jacquemont died in the house of one Nico, who wrote to his brother, M. Porphyre; he had three doctors, MacLellan, Kembell, and Henderson; treatment was 60 by 60 leeches, salivated, blistered, etc.; got worse after a quarrel with his black servants, and died of abscess on the liver, which burst internally. He had black vomit "c'était un baquet de macération," and was kept alive by animal soup and wine. He had a public funeral. These were all the details we were able to collect; but it was a great deal, after forty-six years of such utter forgetfulness that nobody knew where he was buried. We also saw a great deal of the philanthropist, Miss Mary Carpenter, and her work.

We went to the wedding feast of the daughter of Venayek Ramchunder Luxumonjee, at Bhau, Russell House, Girgaum Road. It was a magnificent entertainment, a long saloon brilliantly lit, every sort of luxurious carpet, crossed one upon another, hundreds of Easterns in gorgeous dresses. They say "we are just, but not kind," and it is true. There is no mixing of Society. There are few Burtons, and Stricklands of the Rudyard Kipling type. I regret to say that I was the only European lady. There was a *Nach* (Nautch). The host had natural dignified manners. He was gentlemanly, manly, courteous without servility, spoke excellent English, and was in nothing inferior, except in colour, to the most polished English gentleman. The little bride and bridegroom were aged nine and ten. The marriage feasts last for days, after which they each stay with their parents till

they are ready for practical marriage. There are no more ceremonies; they are actually *theoretically* married to-day. The house was lit up like a transformation scene in a pantomime. Then we had to go and be vaccinated, for small-pox was raging; so we made a large party, and were about four hundred clustering round a cow at the hospital. Then Mr. Ormiston and his brother took us in a steam launch to see his work—the revolving light at the Prongs, the handsomest thing we had ever seen. The lighthouse is eight stories high, 169 feet. We then went to a Garden-party at Parell, Government House—something like a mild Chiswick party. There is so much hospitality that we dined out every night, and the drives out to dinner and back were delicious, on the balmy Indian nights. We saw Indian jugglery, such as the mango planted and growing before one's sight, the child being killed in the basket, and many other things which I, being a new-comer, was delighted with, and it amused Richard to see my astonishment.

We then went up to Mátherán, the most easily got at hill-station, or sanitarium, passing through the villages Byculla, Chinchoogly, Parell, Dadur, Sion, Coorla, Bhandoop, Tannah, and Derwa. Tannah is a big village, an unhealthy-looking place, with two crumbling forts in the river. Long, long ago there were five thousand velvet weavers here. They also used to cure large quantities of bacon. In the thirteenth century four friars went to dispute with the Moslem Kadi, and told him Mohammed was in hell with his father the Devil, on which he executed them with such tortures that his own King banished him, and the Portuguese took signal revenge. Our third halt was Kalyan junction. This poor village port was, in A.D. 200, the far-famed Kalliénapolis, which shipped dry goods and precious woods to the outer west. We are also now on classic ground, near the northern extremity of the Shurpáraka, or winnow-shaped region, the Greek Limyrica, where some have placed Ophir of Solomon. The Konkan lowland is like the Arabian desert, tawny, not with sand, but black patched with fire. Here we turn down towards Madras, joining the Calcutta Railway, and pass Budapoor. We catch the Deccan hot winds, and alight at Narel, a little Maharatta village at the eastern base of Mátherán, which will be noted afterwards as the birthplace of the infamous Nana Sahib.

Here we mount ponies. We had to climb up four plateaux, and we arrived at the Alexandra Hotel, Mátherán, a very comfortable bungalow. The wooded lanes, the wild flowers, the pure atmosphere, the light and shadows playing on the big foliage, and the birds rustling and singing in it, were delightful to us. We were standing on a table-land of eight square miles covered with bungalows in lovely

woods, seamed with riding-paths—regular leafy screens, whose ends lead to famous points, each one showing a magnificent view. We looked down splendid ravines amongst buttress-shaped mountains, light and shade sharply defined, burnt yellow grass, green trees and black basalt. The fresh vivid verdure of the woods is a repose to the eyes, weary by tawny lowlands and fœtid jungly undergrowth. We enjoy bright green grove, black rock, red-yellow laterite, a luxuriance of fernery, after so much palm and bamboo, aloe and cactus. We have got a patch of virgin forest and plenty of the gigantic anjun, whose pink-and-lilac bloom look like patches of morning sky through the foliage, and you hear everywhere the bark of the Wánúrú monkey, which is something like that of the wolf.

The officers' sanitarium is a horridly smelling, melancholy, deserted almshouse-looking row, painted black, with black mat screens; it looks like a stationary hearse, and would make one sick even if the air were not redolent of small-pox. The rooms looked evidently fresh from some horrid disease, and unclean. We shuddered, and passed away from the tainted atmosphere. Mátherán is not fashionable; it is affected by the commercial classes from Saturday till Monday. It is Margate, whilst Máhábáleshwar and the Neilgherries are Brighton and Biarritz, and are patronized by the "Services." But we did meet with some nice people there—a charming Mrs. Douglas, and Dr. and Mrs. Nevin.

I think I said to leave Mátherán one has to get back to Narel. The railway makes a tour like a V. We came down one side, and we go up the other to Lanauli. On our road down from Mátherán we passed a procession of Brínjaris for about two miles. This wild tribe intermarry only amongst themselves, and have their own laws. They are a strong race; men, women, and children are good looking. They grow their own corn, have their own bullocks, spin their own sacks, and have huge dogs for guard. They dress picturesquely, and are very defiant. The women carry the babies in a basket on their heads. They *have* been described, as have also the Nats, as being one with the Gypsies, to whom they bear some resemblance; but it is a mistake. My husband made up his mind on this point whilst he was working with the camel-men, and lived with the "Jats" in India, in his early days. He said the Romany are an Indine people from the great valley of the Indus.

We passed another overhanging rock covered with monkeys, some as big as a man, and some of a small species; they do not associate or intermarry. There are two Maharatta forts in this part of the world, on the way to Lanauli, called Rao Machi, the scene of one of our great fights in 1846. The conductor on our brake had been a

soldier fighting in it, and gave my husband, who was at that time on Sir Charles Napier's staff in Sind, a spirited account of it.

With the English mistaken notion of clemency, that always scotches its snake, but is too generous or holds it too much in contempt to kill it, and lets it run about to sting *ad libitum*, instead of being hanged Bajee Ráo was pensioned with 80,000 rupees a year, and retired to Bithoor on the Ganges, where he rewarded British clemency by adopting a child born in the village of Narel, at the foot of Mátherán, who lived to be the infamous Nana Sahib, the same that afterwards tortured and killed so many of our people.

We visited the Karla Caves, climbing a goat-like path to a gash in the mountain side, with a belt of trees, and sat on the stones facing one of the most wonderful Buddhist temples in India, constructed more than two thousand years ago. It was shaped just like our cathedrals, body and aisle, with a horseshoe roof of teakwood. The nave is separated from the aisles by fifteen columns on each side, whose capitals are two couchant elephants, with a man and woman upon each. A dome surmounted by a coloured ornament at the top takes the place of high altar, the ornament being like the pedestal for the Blessed Sacrament, and the umbrella for canopy or tabernacle; and the space behind the high altar in continuation of the horseshoe shape is separated by four plain columns. The light comes from an open space where a large window should be, artistically shining only on the high altar and dome, like ancient Spanish and Portuguese churches. This is cut out of the solid rock, pillars, capitals, façade, and all: the Kanheri Caves are the same. On either side of the entrance are carved three splendid elephants larger than life, and covered with niches and figures of Buddhist men and women. Four enormous columns front it, with a gigantic slab of stone across the entry, to prevent curious gazings from outside. A huge column with three lions for its capital is a further outpost. A little temple far outside is consecrated by the Brahúis to Devi. We were only allowed to peep into this last. The "Monkery" was most curious. Cells scooped all round opened into the large round centre room. Besides a ground-floor cave, there were three stories. They say the Jesuits pick and choose the best situations, but I am sure the Buddhists did the same thing. This place commands the whole country. The more I travel, see, and learn, the more I perceive that all the ancient religions, show that but one has existed from the Creation, for every faith tells the same tale as ours, with different actors under different names, but all the facts are the same.

To get to Poonah the way is through the Indrauni River valley, through the station of Kurkulla, Tulligaum, Chinchwud, and Kirkee,

a large European military station and very pretty. We eventually reached Poonah, the scene of all the Peshwa intrigues against the English, and our great battles with the Maharattas. Their dynasty lasted over seventy years, but Bajee Ráo and his successors might always have been there, if they had not quarrelled with the English. This was in Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone's time, with whom at that time was Grant Duff, the historian. The great names connected with that period and business were Sir Arthur Wellesley (Wellington), General Sir Harry Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Burr, Captains Ford and Staunton, General Pritzler, Sir Thomas Munro, and Colonel Prother. We went to Párbati, the Maharattas' chief palace and stronghold, from which the last Peshwa, Bajee Ráo, who sat on the rocky brow, saw his troops defeated by the English on the plain, fled on horseback down the other side, and was hunted about the country for months, till he gave himself up to Sir John Malcolm.

There are three pagodas in Bajee Ráo's palace, dedicated to Vishnu, Shiva, and Wittoba, and one small temple particularly to Kalee or Bhowanee, wife of Shiva, and patroness of the Thugs. Being sunset, the wild, mournful, bizarre sound of tomtom, kettle, cymbal, and reed suddenly struck up. We shut our eyes, and fancied ourselves in camp again in the desert, wild sword-dances being performed by the Arabs. We had a remarkable dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Petersen's, meeting Captain Yates and Dr. Machonochie. Next morning we visited the Kharekwasla tanks or lakes, laid out by Mr. Joyner, C.E.—a wonderfully clever work—and he made a water-party for us.

CHAPTER III.

THE DECCAN.

"His fine wit
Makes such a wound the knife is lost in it:
A strain too learned for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots. Let his page,
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for a serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation."

SHELLEY.

Now came the journey that pleased us most of all; it was as new to Richard as it was to me—to Hyderabad in the Deccan. We passed Soonee, Oroolee, Kheirgaum, Patus, Dhond, Deeksal, Bheegwan, Poomulwaree, Schwoor, Keim, Barsee-Road, Marheh, Unger, Mohol, Packney, Sholapoor, Haodgee, Kurrubgaum, Doodneh, Goodoor, Goolburga, and then Sháhabád. I give the names of the stations because it shows a reader on the map, or reminds one who knows India, what country we passed through.

Here we changed the Great Indian Peninsular for the Nizam's State Railway. After this we passed through Wadi Junction, and seven stations more—Chitapore, Seram, Hepore, Tandur, Dharur, Illampallee, Pattapore, Singampallee, into Hyderabad. Sháhabád, a large and very pretty station, was our last before entering the Nizam's territory and railway. The change impressed us in favour of the Nizam's government. Ours looked so poor and taxed, the Nizam's comfortable and prosperous, and so we thought throughout all the parts of India we visited. In English Society people say, "Nonsense! India poor? Why, it was never richer!"

An hour before reaching Hyderabad (Deccan) all nature changes to a strange formation which reminded us of the Karso at Trieste, only on an exaggerated scale. An outcrop of huge granite boulders, which is wild nature, but looks as if arranged by art, forms shapes like an ancient town with battlements and castles, and covers a radius of thirty miles round that city like natural defences. Hyderabad is the largest and most important native State in India, ruled by our

faithful ally, the Nizam. The area is almost ninety-six thousand square miles; the population, eleven millions. The army in 1876 numbered about thirty thousand men, chiefly cavalry, of whom six hundred are Arabs. Our kind hosts, Colonel and Mrs. Nevill, met us cordially at the station. She is the eldest daughter of the late talented and lamented Charles Lever, our predecessor at Trieste, so famous as a novelist, and Colonel Nevill is practically Commander-in-Chief of the Nizam's army, then under Sir Salar Jung.

There was no losing time in Hyderabad, we had too much to see. No sooner did we get into our pleasant quarters at the Nevills' than we had to dress sharp, as there was a dinner-party given to the 16th Lancers, and a ball at Sir Richard and Lady Meade's—the Governor and his wife—charming people. Early next morning we were out on elephants to see the town. These animals look awfully imposing in large numbers with gaudy trappings. I had never been on one before; the first mounting and the curious motion are decidedly new sensations. We went all through the City unarmed and without guards, and met with nothing but greetings and blessings. I mention this because every one knows what a bad name Hyderabad had. The horses show blood; they are frightened of elephants, and try to avoid them. You see everywhere wild-looking men in gaudy dresses and unveiled women. The very great "swells" have troops of men before and behind them with drawn swords. Everything is on the feudal system. You meet brown "Nobles" riding with troops of retainers in white burnous, carrying the arms and wearing the uniform of their Chiefs. The houses are flat like those of Damascus; the town is clean; the streets are broad, and spanned by high arches whose bold simplicity is very striking. The Nizam's palace, at least a mile long, is carved with delicate tracery, and many a mosque, like lacework, rises here and there, but the cachet of all is size, boldness, and simplicity.

There are three great men in Hyderabad who jointly manage the Nizam's affairs, and are related to him. In 1876 Sir Salar Jung was Regent and Prime Minister. The Amir el Kebír was co-Regent and Minister of Justice; the Wikar ool Umárá is his brother. After going over the town we proceeded to the palace of his Excellency Mookhtar ool Moolk Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., then called "the wily Minister" by our Press. He is a noble, chivalrous, single-hearted Arab gentleman of the very best stamp. His palace contained about seven courts with fountains, and various suites of large halls opening on to them. It was perfectly magnificent. One room had its ceilings and walls thickly studded with china cups, saucers, and plates, which would have been envied by many collectors in London. After

a luxuriant breakfast of European and Eastern dishes, and wine for us, but water for himself, he showed us his weapons, swords and daggers, and many arms I had never seen before, with beautiful blades, inlaid sheaths, and some covered with gorgeous jewels. Richard was in his glory amongst them. The party consisted of the great Minister and his two sons, ourselves, and the Ministers. He had a little son aged ten, whom he called "Fox," who took my fancy exceedingly; he was very serious, sharp as a needle, and full of courage and spirit. I wonder how he has grown up.

We were then taken to the stables, a place like the Burlington Arcade, open at both ends, loose boxes where the shops would be, each opening into the passage running down the centre. There were about a hundred horses, nearly all thoroughbred Arabs and Persians, grey and light bay being the favourite colour. Every horse had his own groom. That night we were invited to the Residency. Sir Richard and Lady Meade gave a dinner-party to Sir Salar Jung and the Ministers. Cholera was very bad at this time; there were about thirty cases a day. Sir Salar Jung lent me a beautiful grey Arab, large, powerful, and showy. Mrs. Nevill was a perfect horsewoman; she had broken in four thoroughbreds for her husband and herself during the short time she had been there. That night there was another dinner-party at Colonel Nevill's; next morning a breakfast with Sir Salar Jung and the officers of the 44th, who arrived on troops of elephants with scarlet trappings.

Afterwards we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of General Raymond, who once commanded the Nizam's forces. He is now called Shah Rahman, and is made a saint of, as Colonel Nevill probably will be, and future generations will make a pilgrimage to his tomb as Shah bin Rahman, Anglicized "*little* Johnny Shaw," as there is a fakir's tomb near it with a hard name which the English have shortened to "Johnny Shaw," and a group of lovely little temples that you would like to put under a glass case on the drawing-room table. A dinner-party and a little music at Lady Meade's finished the evening.

Early next morning was first a water-party to the tank, and then to the palace of the Wikar Shums ool Umárá, K.C.S.I., one of the three great dignitaries of the Nizam's country. We were received by a guard of soldiers and a band of music, and ushered up into a splendid palace. The gardens and courts could easily lodge a small army. A band, directed by an English bandmaster, played "God save the Queen." Our host, whose gold-fringed turban denotes his connection with Royalty, received us like old friends. We had a capital breakfast with the Chief and his relatives; the cooking was delicious. The hall was full of retainers and servants, who pressed us

to eat as they served the dishes. "Take mutton cutlet; 'im very good," was whispered close to my ear with an excellent English accent. After breakfast we were shown the jewellery; then, far more interesting, the weapons—shields inlaid with gold. His grandfather in his day wielded a ponderous *gurz* (mace), and wore a small Hyderabad turban of steel bands with bar nose-piece, and a coat of mail, every link and every ring containing an engraved verse of the Koran. This was sacred armour, and a warrior was supposed to be invincible in it. There was a beautiful lance, well balanced, whose point was shaped like a flame. There was every sort of gun, sword, and dagger, with jewelled inlaid hilts, and sometimes dangling pearls and emeralds attached to them. At the top of the palace is a huge room with windows to the four quarters, and the eye commands the country for forty miles round,—and then we saw something we had never seen before.

The Chief had an ostrich race for us, which was delightful. The man mounts, sits back, puts his legs under the wings, locks his feet under the breast; the birds go at an awful pace, and can kick like a horse. From this we went to Lady Meade's garden-party, with lawn-tennis, badminton, and refreshments. In the evening Colonel Nevill gave a dinner-party to his native officers, which was most interesting, Sayyid Ahmad and Ahmad Abdullah being the two nicest. They are Arab descendants of Anazeh (Bedawi) and Sayyids (of the Prophet's race).

There are two parties in India on a certain question, the treatment of the Native. One is all for keeping him down and treating him harshly; the other condemns this, and wants to make him on an equality. Neither party actually mix freely with the native, and the native says, "The English are just, but they are not kind," and that is about the truth. Now, Richard was all for firmness, and said, "What has to be done should be done with a hand that never relaxes; but we should be kind and courteous too," and he was certain if we were we should never want force. It is the gulf that hinders all good, and breeds all evil feeling, and it is the common, uneducated English that do everything to widen it. As he says, "to the English eye, people are all black, or all brown like a flock of sheep; they have generally not learning enough, or education enough, or discrimination enough to make a difference between the high-caste Indian, or the pure Arab gentleman who is noble like themselves, and the Sierra Leone Negro, who, if you were to shake hands with him once, would smack your face the first time he felt cross, and requires not kicking and beating, but absolutely to be kept, in a moral sense, to a state of wholesome awe."

Our next pleasure was an assault-of-arms; there were about two hundred performers. There were some very good gymnastics, sword exercise, single-stick with small shields, which were soft and about the size of a plate. Their actions were wild and graceful, with something of the tiger in their defiant gestures. We thanked them all before leaving; we were afraid that Colonel Nevill's garden was not improved after it. They also showed some cock-fighting, which Richard liked, but I went away from that. In the evening there was a dinner-party containing European ladies. The next morning the third great man, Amir el Kebír, invited us to breakfast. The place was a succession of beautiful buildings in gardens full of storks, pigeons, and other birds, flowers, and all the gardens and terraces covered with a beautiful purple Indian honeysuckle. We once more mounted our elephants after breakfast, and visited the Masjid el Mekkah (mosque), the main street, and the wonderful arches, and kindly words and blessings greeted us everywhere. We then breakfasted with the Amir. Our host wore a lovely cashmere robe like a dressing-gown, with gorgeous jewels. We had a charming breakfast, with delicious mangoes.

In early morning, Sundargaj, one of his Excellency Sir Salar Jung's tallest and bravest elephants, in all the bravery of bells and scarlet trappings, knelt down to receive us, and with that queer one-sided gait which makes the cabriolet-*haudah* pitch like a little boat in a short chopping sea, began to lumber over the three miles separating us from the City. Hyderabad can collect nine hundred such in a few hours, which surpasses the famous exhibition of Tipú Sahib.

The Afzal Ganj (the native bazar of the regular troops) consists of parallel lines of shops and booths, flat-roofed or tiled, one-storied, verandahed, and cleaned with whitewash and red paint.

Hyderabad owes its origin to Sultan Mohammed Kuli II., of the Kutub Shahi or Golconda dynasty, who about A.D. 1520 built a country palace for one of his mistresses, the lady Baghwati, a Hindú of no particular caste. He assigned to her a guard of a hundred horsemen, and called the outpost Bhagnagar.

As a short account of Hyderabad, a literal translation by a native, from an ancient Hindostani work in that City, was given to us by Sir Salar Jung, I think it may not be uninteresting:—

"Up to the reign of three kings of the line of Khootoob Shahs, the Fort of Golconda, which was so large as to contain forty thousand cavaliers, was the seat of the Capital, but during the rule of Mohammed Khoolee II., son of Ibrahim Khootoob Shah, the Capital, being crowded by people, and densely populated, created

a foul air, from which most of the people were subjected to all sorts of illness; and, besides, the King, taking consideration of his rank and dignity, found that the place was unworthy of his residence, and thereby resolved to build another City, which, both in expansion and pleasantness, was to be the next to the Paradise of Rest. In this meditation he rode for hunting, and went in search of game. Whilst going here and there he happened to pass into a forest, which, being put up into a beautiful spot of ground, was, in pleasantness and purity of climate, envied by the blue sky and the garden of heaven. There the King was pleased to build a City, and ordered the astrologers, of great skill and discernment, to fix an auspicious moment to lay its foundation. This being accordingly done, the cleverest architect laid the design of the City, containing four extensive bazars and four elevated arches (Chár Kámán), and each of the bazars was equal in size to the other; also several other bazars, which are said to have been forty thousand in number, were made with streams flowing through, bordered with shadowy trees, and each bazar was confronted by a large edifice; and, besides, there were planned twelve thousand buildings, of the kind of baths, monasteries, schools, mosques, poorhouses, and inns. The residence of the King being settled to be in the northern part of the Capital, several grand and beautiful palaces were erected. The Capital was at first named Bhag Nugger, after the name of a woman, Bhag Mutty, to whom the King was attached, and upon her death it was changed into Hyderabad, which is bounded on the north by Meduck, on the south by the Coelconda Circars, on the east by the Bhonghur Circars, and on the west by the Mozuffer Nugger Circars, called also Mohamadabad Beder. The year of the commencement of the City can be found out from the word 'Ya Hafiz,' said by some poet, which comes to 1000; and of its completion from the word 'Furkhonda Boonad,' which is 1006.

"As the King was very fond of propagating the Mussulman Creed, and at the same time mindful of the benefits of the public in general, likewise ordered the erection of Mukka Musjid (or mosque), which was called by some poet Baitool Ateekh, from an Arabic word meaning Caba, which is also expressive of the year of its erection, 1023. Its height from the surface of the ground to the roof is calculated at about thirty-six yards, and the cost is estimated at eight lakhs of rupees. It is said that no other building like it was ever witnessed by anybody in all the Mussulman countries. Char Minas (four minarets), containing four arches, each facing the broad road of the four bazar lines, being firm and lofty, is situated in the centre of the City, each of the minarets containing rooms intended for students; and in the centre of the building lies a cistern with a fountain. Char Soo Ká Howz (water cistern), standing at the junction of the four roads, is beautifully situated in the centre of the four arches (Chár Kámán). The Daroosh Shiffa (general hospital), and several other works of public utility, as baths, etc., etc., were constructed and supplied at the expense of Government, with all their requisites."

One great street runs north and south, and nearly bisects the City. The bazar is something like the Bhendi Bazar of Bombay, without the Europeans, and with a different set of natives. Here we have dark, wiry Arabs from Hazramant or the Persian Gulf, sturdy Sulaymanis or Afghans, and large-limbed Zanzibar Sidis (Wásawáhíli), sometimes pure blood, oftener mixed with Asiatic blood. The Wáhhabis conceal their tenets, the Shí'ahs are numerous, and the Bábis are unknown. Every respectable man is armed with gun, matchlock, pistol, sword, or dagger. All the women show their faces, proving they are Hindús, and not high-caste Moslemahs. As in all "native" cities, the fakirs, dervishes, Sányasis, Jogis, and religious mendicants, Hindí or Hindú, are many and noisy, but gave us no trouble.

A marked feature here is the pointed arch with horizontal coping and side windows; they tower above everything, crossing the thoroughfares, relieving the monotony, and form a resting-place for the eye. The four main bazars are fronted by as many elevated arches. A ride round the official, or walled city, occupies two hours of sharp canter on horses, and the suburbs must have extended several leagues. The Mecca Mosque, built in A.D. 1600, by Mohammed Kuli, is of noble simplicity; it cost thirty-three lakhs, and is a hundred and eight feet high. The City is said to measure fourteen miles in circumference, and to contain four hundred thousand souls.

At the proper hour, Sundargaj rolls up to the palace where we are to breakfast, and deposits us. Forty years ago Hyderabad may have been a turbulent city into which Europeans could not enter without insult or injury, and where lawlessness and recklessness of life were the laws of the land, but the progressive measures of an enlightened Minister had completely changed the condition of things; still, popular and official opinion, whose watch is always an age or two behind the time, refused to admit the change. "You come from a place where you may be murdered at any moment," was the address of a late Viceroy to an Englishman who had taken service under his Highness the Nizam; and yet, during the last thirty-five years, I am assured that not a single European has been murdered in the Moslem dominions, and the only one that *was* wounded suffered the consequences of his own fault. Nothing was done here by the enraged peasantry to the gentlemen sportsman, who took the liberty of shooting the Prince's tame deer; yet when we returned to Bombay, friends said to us, "Of course you had a large escort?" We had nothing of the kind, nothing but a single *mahaut;* but it is not easy to dispose of prejudices. Murray has said that Hyderabad is one of the filthiest cities

in India; I tell you it is the cleanest. All I can say is that, so far from "insult and personal injury," we were most pleasantly received by what Bevar quotes as "the most disorderly, turbulent, and ferocious set of ruffians within the limits of India." I can only say that of all the visits paid to various parts of India, it is the one that has left the most lasting, the most happy, and the most romantic impression upon our memories.

The cream of all was going to Golconda—a most interesting place, which in 1876 no European had ever been permitted to enter, and as Sir Salar Jung and the Nizam himself had never done so, we could not ask or hope for such a favour. We supposed that this great event happened when the Nizam came of age.

We dismounted and remained there for a long time, inspecting everything outside the walls. The prevailing style of the Golconda tomb is a dome standing upon a square; the cupola of a steeple is of the orange shape, and is arabesqued. The finials are of silver; they are single-storied and double-storied; some have floriated crenelles like spear-heads, and balustraded balconies. The lower portions are arcades of pointed arches, resting on a terrace of cut stone, ascended by four flights of steps. The colours are white, picked out with green; each has its little mosque flanked by minarets. We were very sorry when it was time to leave the Tombs of the Kings. It is a high and healthy site; the wind is strong and cold. A sanitarium would do well there, and we wished that picnickers from the European services would have the grace to erect a travellers' bungalow, and cease to desecrate poor Thana Shah's tomb.

The tombs are the prettiest toys in the world; the material is the waxlike Jaypur marble. They look as if carved in ivory, some Giant's Dieppe, ready to be placed under a glass case; the frètted and open work is lovely lacery in stone, and the sharp shadows of the dark green trees set off their snowy whiteness.

Golconda is the first and the most famous of the six independent Moslem kingdoms, which, in A.D. 1399, rose on the extinction of the Toghlak Delhi dynasty, and it survived till 1688, when Aurungzeb brought all India under one sceptre. In it is the state prison in which the sons of the Nizam *used* to be confined. We found all the works which we had read upon it very unsatisfying, but we read the "French in India" (London, Longmans, 1868) with pleasure and profit. The four white domes denote the Tombs of the Kings, are visible from most parts of Hyderabad, and form the main body of a line here scattered, there grouped, which begins immediately beyond the faubourgs, and runs up the left side of the river valley.

THE MAIN BUILDING OF GOLCONDA.

Each *burj* carries from one to three guns. The defences are strong towards the east, and on the south they are doubled. There is a glacis, a moat, and a covered way. The mixture of oasis and desert is truly Arabian; Arab also are the pigeon-holes and dove-cotes of the walls, while the song of the water-wheel reminded us of Egypt and Syria. The throne-hall towers over the river valley, and the double lines of defence show to the best advantage.

We were only allowed to view the town from the outside, but we could see all this as it is hilly. The throne-hall, with arched windows, the king's palace and defences, occupy the hill. The town on the flat ground is surrounded by walls, battlements, curtained bastions, and towers thrown out, and reminds one of Old Damascus and Jerusalem, and in it dwells many an old feudal Chief. Past those walls, no European or Christian has ever been allowed; at least, at the time I wrote. The Tombs of the Kings are very ancient, are outside the town, and to those we were admitted, and they reminded us of the tower-tombs of Palmyra.

They are enormous domes set on square broad bases, the upper part beautifully carved or covered with Persian tiles or tiles from Sind, bearing Arabic and Hindostani inscriptions. One is supported by slender needle-like monolithic columns. There is a beautiful garden of palm trees, and a labyrinth of arches; and we wandered about this romantic spot, remembering our nursery tales "of all the mines and riches of Golconda," by a crescent moon on a balmy night, the fire-flies spangling the white-domed tombs and the palm gardens. At such a pleasant hour, surrounded by the romances of which we had so much read and heard, we talked over and noted down the history of the far-famed Koh-i-noor, whose birthplace was on this very spot, and whose history I wrote to the *Morning Post*, September 25th, 1875, for which I was considerably chaffed by the Press. We must not forget that this great diamond was first discovered in these mines in A.D. 1650, and it has cursed the world for two hundred and forty-three years. The following day we were obliged to return to Bombay. We had a very good journey, but the heat was so great that the railway officials were walking up and down, periodically waking up the passengers, as they have sometimes been found dead, and two or three cases had occurred about that time.

I would give you my husband's account of the diamond diggings in India, the Nizam diamond, and the history of the Koh-i-noor; but I fear it would be too long, too heavy, except the Koh-i-noor, so I will put them in the Appendix.

"THE KOH-I-NOOR.

"The Koh-i-noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' is the largest and most celebrated diamond in the world, and is famous throughout the East as the 'Accursed Stone' that brings misfortune and eventually destruction upon the dynasty of every successive possessor. In the East there is a belief as to good or evil fortune attending particular precious stones. It was the same in England in the reign of Elizabeth and the first James, and Shakespeare alludes to this belief in one of his minor poems, but the modern Englishman rejects the absurdity, despite the fact that evil fortune has actually always followed the owner of this particular gem, showing how curiously actual fact co-operates with superstitious theory.

"The Koh-i-noor was first discovered in the mines of Golconda about A.D. 1650, and has cursed the world for two hundred and forty-three years. The famous Mir Jumla was then farmer of the diamond mines, and the King's chief minister, a Persian who had been brought young to India, and who rose by rapid gradations to power, was famous for the sagacity of his plans and the ruthless cruelty with which he carried them out. The poor people, under compulsory labour, had to give their services for a bare subsistence to all the farmers of the mines, and under Mir Jumla their condition was desperate; this tempted them occasionally to elude the vigilance of their taskmasters, and secrete a stone if they could. The cruelties that followed the smallest suspicion of such a fault rendered the mines a perpetual scene of horror, especially under Mir Jumla, and it is supposed that some frightful act of fiendish brutality occurred at the finding of the Koh-i-noor, which was cursed by the innocent victim—a curse which ever since, according to the natives of India, has remained attached to it and its possessors.

"Certain it is that before the King of Golconda had long been in possession of it he quarrelled with Mir Jumla, who in return treacherously invited the Mogul Emperor of Delhi, Aurungzeb, to invade his master's territory, promising to join him with the whole of the forces under his command. This he did, and the King of Golconda had to sue for peace, which was granted by Aurungzeb only on his giving him one of his daughters in marriage; making over to him a large portion of his treasures, including the Koh-i-noor, as well as a considerable slice of his territories; and consenting to hold the rest as a fief of the Great Mogul Empire. Some time after, the King of Golconda thought he saw a favourable opportunity to recover his territories, rose against his oppressor, and lost all the rest of his kingdom—nay, all that he possessed. Mir Jumla died a miserable death of disease in exile.

"Aurungzeb, the second royal possessor of the Koh-i-noor, was at the time of getting it in the zenith of his power; but immediately trouble after trouble rained upon him, and accumulated till he died in 1707. After his death a war began amongst his progeny. The first who succeeded him, the third royal possessor of the Koh-i-noor,

was Shah Alum, who died in 1712, five years after his succession. The next King of Delhi, the fourth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, was Jehander Shah, who was deposed and strangled at the end of one year (1713). Ferok Shah, the next in succession and fifth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, met the same fate in 1719, in the course of which year two other occupants of the throne (sixth and seventh possessors of the Koh-i-noor) passed in the same way thence to the grave.

"So, in twelve years from the death of Aurungzeb, five princes of his line who had ascended the throne and possessed the Koh-i-noor, and six others who had been competitors for it, had come to grief. Moreover, the degraded state of the royal authority during this period had introduced an incurable anarchy, and a disposition in all the Governors of Provinces to shake off their dependency on the head of the Empire. The next King of Delhi, and eighth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, was the Emperor Mahmoud Shah, under whose reign the once great empire of Aurungzeb almost fell to pieces. He succeeded in 1719, twelve years after the death of Aurungzeb, being the son of Akter, son of Shah Alum, the son and immediate successor of Aurungzeb, and it was in 1739 that the final blow was given to his authority; his ill fortune culminated in the capture of Delhi by the celebrated Nadir Shah, who in that year invaded India, and, after defeating the army of Shah Mahmoud at Kurnaul, entered as conqueror into the Capital. Then, in consequence of the hostile acts of some of the people, he delivered over the whole City to massacre and pillage; and from the dawn of light till the day was far advanced, without regard for age or sex, all were put to the sword by his ferocious soldiery.

"Fifty-eight days afterwards Nadir Shah commenced his march homewards, carrying with him treasure amounting to twenty millions sterling, jewels of enormous value, and the Koh-i-noor, which was considered by the Persian conqueror to be his greatest prize. Nadir Shah, ninth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, was no more fortunate with it than the previous owners had been, for shortly after his return to Persia, in the height of his glory, he was assassinated, leaving no heir to his kingdom; while Ahmed Abdallee, chief assassin, and once his trusted officer, went off, carrying with him most of Nadir Shah's treasure, and amongst it the Koh-i-noor. He meant to found a kingdom for himself out of the territories now known as Afghanistan.

"The dynasty which Abdallee, this tenth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, founded, having been crowned at Kandahar in the year 1747, met with the same fate that attended the dynasties of all the possessors of this celebrated stone. His son Timour, after a short and inglorious reign, left his throne to his eldest son Humayoon, twelfth possessor of the Koh-i-noor, who fell into the hands of his next brother, Zemaun Shah, by whom he was cruelly blinded, and rendered incapable of reigning. The same fate befell Zemaun Shah, the thirteenth possessor of the Koh-i-noor; he in turn fell into the hands of another brother, Mahmoud, who also put out his eyes and succeeded him, but who was in his turn soon conquered by another

brother, Shah Shooja, our Afghan ally. This last did not long maintain his position, and, after various vicissitudes, fled to the Punjaub with his brother Zemaun Shah, carrying with them the Koh-i-noor, of which Shah Shooja was the fifteenth and last Mohammedan possessor. His fate is known to all who have heard or read the story of our fatal expedition to Cabul and its consequences, including Shah Shooja's end. Shah Shooja being now dependent on Runjeet Sing, the then sovereign of the Punjaub, for his very existence, soon found himself compelled to yield to the requirements of this powerful and most unscrupulous potentate, who insisted upon the Koh-i-noor being given up to him. The captive prince had no alternative, and yielded, when the great Sikh potentate became the sixteenth possessor of the Koh-i-noor.

"At that time no native sovereign in India was so great as Runjeet, and no kingdom seemed more likely to last than the great Sikh monarchy he had founded, but by a curious coincidence the same ill fate that had always followed the possessor of the Koh-i-noor pursued it into this great family. Runjeet himself died, leaving the Koh-i-noor, which he valued at £1,000,000 sterling, to the priests of Jagannath (Juggernath); but it was preserved in the Lahore Treasury. Runjeet was succeeded in 1839 by his son, Kurruck Sing, who was poisoned the following year. Before the funeral ceremonies were completed, his son was purposely killed by a falling archway. A competition for the throne (now vacant) ensued, between the widow of Kurruck Sing and a reputed son of Runjeet Sing, named Shere Sing, who, though born in wedlock, had been stigmatized by his father as illegitimate. Shere Sing, however, succeeded, but his triumph was of a short duration. Near the close of 1843 he was assassinated, and this led to wide-spreading anarchy, culminating in the two successive wars with the British, that of 1846 and 1848–9, ending in the final annexation of the Punjaub by the British, and the acquisition by it of the celebrated diamond, the Koh-i-noor.

"The natives, with their belief as to the peculiar properties of the stone, prophesied what would happen. The East India Company carried off the booty, which should have been sold and converted into prize-money. They broke up almost directly after the 'Accursed' had entered their hands, when Lord Dalhousie, the Viceroy of India, presented it to her Majesty (3rd of July, 1850, forty-three years ago). It was considered by loyal natives the most sinister circumstance that could have befallen our royal family. Lord Dalhousie did not live very long, and died just as he might have expected to be raised to the highest honours of the State. The Duke of Wellington, who gave the first turn to the cutting, died three months after. We then lost Prince Albert, and I do not believe we any of us knew what we were losing until he was gone.

"When my friend, the then Collector of Hyderabad, was sitting with the Nawáb Mahmoud Khan, the former Minister of that State, and one of the Queen's most loyal subjects after the conquest of the province, he informed the Nawáb of the stone's destination. The

latter spat upon the ground, and with an expression of horror uttered the usual Mohammedan exclamation under the circumstances, 'Tobah! repentance in the name of God! Are they going to send that accursed thing to the Queen? May she refuse it!' All natives spit with an exclamation of horror whenever they hear it mentioned. It is impossible for me to go into the causes, nor perhaps ought I to say how, according to Eastern theory, the curse may be averted. Nevertheless I have done so. May I ask if, barring £ *s. d.*, our position or *prestige* has progressed or declined since we became the possessor of the 'Accursed Stone'? I ask all non-£ *s. d.* Englishmen whether they consider the Koh-i-noor a comfortable ornament for the English crown, or a pleasant legacy for our most deservedly popular Prince of Wales?"

Our last recollections of Hyderabad are brilliant. Sir Salar Jung gave a magnificent evening *fête*, which was like a scene in the "Arabian Nights." One of the large courts of the palace is a quadrangle, the centre of which is occupied by a huge basin of water as big as a small lake full of fountains. The *salámliks* all open out into it with flights of marble stairs. The starlight was above us, and a blaze of wax lights and chandeliers lit up every hall, and coloured lamps and flowers spangled the whole centre. The company consisted of the Nizam's Court and Ministers, and about thirty-six picked Europeans. It began by a *Nach*; then a beautiful dinner of about fifty-six covers was served in the principal *salamlik* by retainers in wild picturesque costumes. The band played; we afterwards walked about and conversed, and were presented with attar of roses. We were very sorry to be obliged to leave before we could accept an invitation from the Nizam's 3rd Lancers to witness their *Holee Tamasha* in their lines at Assuf Nagur, which answers very much to our Carnival, but the day after this we were bound to go to Secunderabad, a prosperous European station with three regiments, which, however, is not the least interesting.

Back to Bombay.

The Towers of Silence, or Parsee charnel-house, the burying-place of the Fire Worshippers, one should not omit to see. Ascend a giant staircase overhung by palms and tropical vegetation to a large garden on a hill summit. On the way you pass a clock, and a hand points to the following notice: "None but Parsees enter here." This is one of the four splendid views of Bombay; the other three are from Kumballa Hill, Mazagon Hill, and Parel Hill. The palms immediately around us are thick with myriads of large black vultures, gorged with small-pox and cholera corpses. The air is

heavy with their breath; they breathe and exhale what they feed upon; they fatten upon what bare contact with would kill us, and they cluster in thousands.

This garden is full of public and private family towers. The great public tower is divided into three circles, with a well in the middle. It has an entrance and four outlets for water. First, there is a place for clothes, and a tank to bathe in. Here the priests (the operators) leave their garments. The procession of Parsees who accompany the body here desist, and wait outside. The priests then place the body, if a man, on the first circle; if a woman, on the second; if a child, on the third. The centre is a dry well covered with grating. The priests are obliged to stop and watch. A body is picked clean in an hour by these vultures, who fly down the moment they see the procession coming, and have to be kept at bay till the right moment. It is considered very lucky if they pick the right eye out first instead of the left, and the fact is recorded to the relatives. When the bones are perfectly clean, the priest pushes them into the well; when the rain comes, it carries off the ashes and the bones, and the water runs through these four outlets, with charcoal at the mouths to purify it before entering and defiling the earth, which would become putrid, and cause fever. They will not defile the earth by being buried in it, and it is an honour to have a living sepulchre. When there is no epidemic, they have about three bodies a day. The priests then descend, wash, and resume their garments, when they are reclaimed from being impure, and the procession returns to the City. Once descended from this melancholy height, there is no smell.

We saw a great deal here of the Sassoon family, who showed us much hospitality. Sir Charles Sargent and Mr. Melvilla gave several garden-parties, also private theatricals, in a very nice bungalow at Breach Candy. We also had a delightful bachelor dinner at Mr. Pedder's.

One of the notable things was seeing the departure of Lord Napier of Magdala. Besides the regular guard of honour, all his old Abyssinian Wallahs (21st), by force of habit, "off duty" and without arms, formed themselves into a guard to bid farewell to their cherished Commander. We all had misty eyes as we saw the splendid old soldier move away from the crowd of "swells" and go and speak touching words of parting to his men. It must be a strange moment in a man's life resigning a Command after a brilliant forty-eight years' career, such as his was, and being turned out to grass e'er the fire and energy of work has flickered out, if one may use such an expression regarding the Command of Gibraltar.

We then witnessed the arrival of Lord Lytton. The Chinese bazar was also a great amusement.

There was a new sect arising among the Maharattas, and we used to go to their meetings at the Brahm Somaj, a Hindú temple. They believe in one God, no idol, and no revelation. There was an old lady named Mrs. Hough, who died three years before we came here, at Kolaba, who used to relate that in 1803 she danced with Sir Arthur Wellesley at a *fête*. Mr. MacLean, the editor of the Bombay paper, regretted that before her death she burnt all her memoirs, extending over three-quarters of a century, from 1798 to 1873, which would have been invaluable material for a domestic history of Bombay at that time. I dare say she knew why she burnt them; I dare say thousands of people's descendants have cause to bless her for it. A house was now pulled down at Malabar Point, which was inhabited by the subsequent Duke of Wellington.

There is an old new church in Travancore belonging to the Syrian Christians, founded personally by St. Thomas the Apostle, in the year of our Lord 57; anyway, it traces clearly to the second century. Their leader, Justus Joseph, has a flock of five thousand Syrian Christians and eighteen priests. I hear their doings are wonderful.

Not the least curious thing near Bombay is Walkeshwar; most visitors and many residents do not know what it is. Just off the road to Malabar Point, and close to Frere Town, quite unsuspected, lies concealed a most interesting remnant of ancient India, pure and undefiled. We descended several flights of steps, and came in view of a splendid tank some hundred yards wide and broad, which you reach by other flights of steps extending the whole length and breadth of the tank. The water looked nasty and unwholesome, and was covered with insects, some stinging and venomous. The banks are surrounded by innumerable Hindú temples, great and small, dedicated to Mahadevi and their other gods. The village around was inhabited entirely by Hindús. A holy Brahm Pundit came out of a Hindú convent, or ascetic place. My husband said something to him, and told him that he had been admitted to the Brahminical thread, and he took us to see everything. It was already evening; there was a lighting of lamps and a ringing of bells, and we stayed to see their worship.

The next day we went to the Hindús' *Smáshán*, or burning-ground, in the Sonápur quarter. The corpse was covered with flowers, the forehead reddened with sandal-wood, and the mouth blackened. The bier was carried by several men; one bore sacred fire in an earthen-

ware pot. The burial-ground men made four holes in the ground with a crowbar, into which they drove four stout stakes; then they piled up logs of wood cross-barred of the same length and breadth, six or eight layers high; it is teakwood. Then they lay the body on it. Everybody walked up and put a little water in her mouth—first the husband, then the father, father-in-law, relatives and friends, just as we throw dust on the coffin. They pile more layers of wood on the body, leaving it in the middle; then the husband comes out, and walks backwards to the fire, and takes, with his hands behind him, a burning brand, and sets the first light to the wood. The whole party in similar order (as before named with the water) do the same, but *they* face the pile, and apply the fire to the four quarters, one at each cardinal point. The rich burn with wood and ghee. The ashes and bones are thrown into the sea. The ordinary ceremony costs sixteen rupees, and three hours consumes a corpse. The burning of the Hindú is thus explained: He has three births; the first physical, from his parents; the second his religious ceremony, which makes him a *Dwija*, or twice-born man; the third is the heavenly birth, attained by passing through the purifying fire. All present at this funeral were Hindú except ourselves. They throw sugar down to feed the ants. The clothes caught fire first, and then the feet, and then you only see a great blaze and smell roasted flesh. The burning-ground is a long, large, enclosed yard with a long shed, or covered verandah, and seats for mourners. The yard is dotted with these burning-places; a sacred cow is stalled at one end. Outside is a little burial-ground for Hindú babies, as they are not burnt.

Another very curious place is the Pinjrapole, in the heart of the native quarter called Bhuleshpsar—a hospital for sick, maimed, and incurable animals, which covers two thousand square yards. There were old bullocks that had been tortured, orphan goats and calves, starved kittens and dogs, and blind and lame and wounded beasts. It was founded fifty-seven years ago by Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy, supported by his money and piety, and that of the well-known banker, Mr. Khamchund Motichand, and by Hindú contributions to the amount of eight lakhs a year. I admire immensely a religion that believes in animals having a kind of soul and a future. To me this is the missing link between Nature and Grace. Perhaps I had better not say what I do think about it.

We then went for a little excursion to Jhinjeera, and one to Bassein, for we found it extremely hot in March in Bombay. Bombay is a City of large public buildings; every great man builds one, and it is called by his name. But in 1876 there was no general hospital, no assembly-room, no theatre, no lunatic asylum.

One cannot say enough of the Bhendi Bazar. It is unrivalled in India, and there one really sees what India is in the present time. It has a totally different cachet to any other Eastern bazar. You have Hindú, Parsee, Portuguese, Chinese—every race, caste, and family between Cathay and Peru, Marocco and Pekin, Moscow and the Malay Peninsula. Every house is of a different architecture and different colour—green, blue, Cashmere shawl pattern, the names written in English, in Maharattee, Guzaratee, and Hindostani. Here and there are inserted small oratories dedicated to as many different gods as races, and you are mostly attracted to them by a black, almost naked worshipper, dancing furiously before it to the jangling of bells. Here are three hundred and three jewellers and dealers in precious stones, fine diamonds, carved blackwood furniture, cocoanut-fibre matting and reed matting, brass and copper work, bronzes, ivory, and tortoiseshell, Bombay box-work, carving in sandalwood and ebony, turquoise ornaments, shawls, and all sorts of silver and gold work, and old china. The "swells'" houses are also the quaintest things under heaven, with every colour in the rainbow, and all sorts of shapes.

The crowd, seething and frying in the gorgeous glare of the tropical sun, is as remarkable as the houses which lodge it. Konkani Moslems, Persian Shí'ahs, Bohrahs, Arabs from the Persian Gulf, or from the stables of Abd el Rahman or Ali bin Abdullah, Afghans, Beloch Sindis, and Brahmins and Mahmans, schismatic Shí'ahs and Khiyahi and Wáhhabis, Hindú women in wonderful colours, the best-dressed women in India, making the place look like a garden with their bright-coloured *sáris*. A great object of curiosity is the variety of turban, every size and shape, every colour and manner of wearing—some of the size of a good-sized tea-table; some fit the head tight, some are red and horned, some are worn straight, and some are jauntily cocked sideways. There is the Pattewála (the local Janissary), the dark Portuguese, the Sisters of Mary and Joseph, in black robes and white-frilled caps, gliding meekly in and out the crowd, Souters canaries (policemen), Sepoy riflemen, the Bheestie under his huge water-skin, Sulaymanis (Afghans) from the hills, and Rohillas, also hill-men. After being there a week one begins to learn the *tilak*—the Hindú forehead mark, the sign that denotes his caste; and we saw eight various sorts. The colouring of this crowd is truly wonderful, and the Hindú waggon, a painted box on wheels, dating from the year 1, completes the scene. Nowhere in the world, except perhaps at Damascus, are there so many varieties of race, nationality, and religion as in Bombay.

MÁHÁBÁLESHWAR.

Máhábáleshwar is the favourite of all the sanitaria save the Neilgherries, which, fortunately for the other poor stations, is eight or ten days' journey by sea and land, very expensive, and rough travelling for invalids. We took a ticket to Bassein, and to our right were the far-famed Kanheri Caves (called "Kennery" by the English), which are very like those of Karla. There are plenty of places which could be advantageously converted into sanitaria—Khandála, Lanáuli, Sinhgarh, Purunbhur, Punalla near Colapur, and Kalsabai in the Deccan, and Tunga in the Northern Konkan. *It is no use waiting until you are sick to look for sanitaria;* while you are healthy seek them all out, and find which suits you best.

No private family can form a sanitarium. Some great official must go there with all his Staff; then bungalows, inns, necessaries, and comforts begin to grow; roads have to be cleared, water looked after, wild beasts to be hunted out, regular supplies for man and beast to be sent from the next greatest town, and things come round of themselves. Máhábáleshwar was made by Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay 1827–30. To reach it you have first got to make for Poonah, and after that you have to go seventy-five miles.

The air was like blasts of a heated furnace on the 16th of April, and the thermometer we pinned to the cushion showed 105° F. We ordered a trap; the springs were broken, the projections stuck through the hard, narrow cushions into our unhappy bodies, the carriage was lopsided and bumped fearfully; but we were well, hearty, and happy. It was a charming night, and we enjoyed it awfully, sleeping through the dark, and drinking a lot of water. In the morning we passed a beautiful clean bungalow at Soorool, where we brought down our provision basket, ate, and had tea and milk with the old soldier that kept it; and we stopped at Wali, the prettiest and most interesting village in Western India, from its temples up to the river-bed.

We passed several most interesting things, which we inspected; and when we arrived at the bottom of the mountain the horses were taken out, and sixteen coolies took us up to the top. After every two minutes we had to tie up our broken springs, but when we got under the verdure of Máhábáleshwar at the summit, 4780 feet above sea-level, we found the carriage-roads so broad and the vegetation and trees so plucked as to give no shade, though the luxuriant woods extend over seventeen miles long to five broad. The distances seemed intolerable, and the last thirteen miles we were very tired. We had been eighteen hours out, but on arrival we went off for a drive with Lady Agnes Danyell, who drove a

pair of "tattoos" the size of a dog. At the end of the day we were thoroughly tired. We had been out twenty-five hours, and had had no sleep for forty-one hours; we dined, and we do not remember the end of the dinner nor how we got to bed. Dorabjee Sorabjee, the civil Parsee of "Máhábáleshwar Hotel," treated us very well, and was most reasonable in charges. One drives everywhere in a *tonga*, a little tea-cart with small tattoo ponies; but it is an agony to drive with hired "tats," they are so ill-treated; so that Richard did nothing but swear at the driver in his own particular dialect for being cruel. My fox-terrier did nothing but struggle and fly at his throat, for she could not stand cruelty either; and Richard, in contradiction, scolded me all the way for my ridiculous tender sensibilities.

There were magnificent mountain scenes, with piles of Ghâts on all sides; the points went out into the air with a fall of four thousand feet into the Konkan, and the ravines are wild and jagged. Sívaji, born in 1627, was one of the greatest leaders of light cavalry ever known. His character was fiery, and fascinated all bold adventurers. He formed a large body of wild horsemen, whom he led to great military enterprises, and at his death left a kingdom four hundred miles long by a hundred and twenty broad, though only a subject of the Rajah of Bijapur, with whom he broke faith. On yonder eminence is Purtabghur, where this Sívaji, the founder of the Maharatta Empire, murdered the Moslem General, Afzul Khan, in a disgraceful manner; whilst embracing him he stabbed him with a dagger, called *waghnak*, a thing like a tiger-claw, worn on the hand like a knuckle-duster.

The village of Máhábáleshwar is a Brahm settlement, where five rivers in the dry and seven in the wet season arise; this is the Krishna source, and these Maharattas are a very fine race. We went to Lingmálá, where lie utterly neglected plantations of quinine (cinchona). Why! when quinine is so dear?

At nine a.m. the sun is too hot; at five begins the cool afternoon. At nightfall a horror of deep gloom settles upon the world up there. The sun is as hot as Sind, the nights are cold. Here we again found the Petersons. We went off to look at the iron mines; this is the best iron, from which all the Damascus and Khorasán blades were made. It is soft and pliable, and when the blade is made they harden it. Richard brought away a lump of the iron, and Mr. Joyner, C.E., has since had it made into an inkstand as a remembrance, which always stood on Richard's writing-table, and which I keep now as a treasure. The bridle-paths, and the shady dingly walks of Mátherán, are far better than the broad carriage-roads of Máhá-

báleshwar, that, in spite of the lovely green, give you no shade. Besides, Society is always on duty up there. Tall carriages instead of basket chairs, and sables capped with black chimney-pots, look queer in the wild woods. There is none of the *abandon* of the country.

The Dangar tribes linger here, the Thakurs cling to Mátherán, and the Kátkaris haunt the lowlands. After a few days here, which Lady Agnes Danyell made very pleasant to us, with drives and breakfasts and dinners, we started for our return journey. We were twelve hours getting down, stopping to admire Wali, and have some tea at Soorool. There was just enough moon to show us the dark and awful parts of the Ghâts, and the windings of the woods and the very sharp turns suggested tigers, jackals, and brigands (which do not exist here). We arrived at the station at two in the morning, ate from our basket, got into the train, reached Lanáuli at seven, and were at Bombay by midday. I will not insert an account of the hill races and tribes, which would overload this book, but will insert it amongst my husband's "Labours," as he taught them to me.

Goa.

As soon as we arrived in Bombay we caught the "British Indian steamer" going down south, coasting along. They are middle-sized steamers, beautifully clean, good table, excellent wine, airy cabins, great civility, and fairly steady ships—which they have need to be in such a sea as is often on. The fares are extravagantly dear—£10 for a thirty-six hours' passage; but there is no opposition.

Richard had always such ready, sparkling wit, and it was never offensive nor hurtful. One day, as we were on board a ship, going to a rather uncivilized place, a Catholic Archbishop, and a Bishop with a Catholic party, stepped on board. My husband whispered, "Introduce me." I did so, and they became very friendly, and sat down to chat. The Archbishop was a very clever man, but no match for Richard. My husband began to chaff, and said, "My wife is the Jesuit of the family." "What a capital thing for *you!*" answered the Archbishop. Presently some apes were jumping about the rigging, so the Archbishop looked up and said playfully, "Well, Captain Burton, there are some of your ancestors." Richard was delighted; he pulled his moustache quietly, looking very amused and a little shy and apologetic, and said with that cool drawl of his, "Well, my lord, I at least have made a little progress, but—what about your lordship, who is descended from the angels?"

The Archbishop roared; he was delighted with the retort, and treasures it up as a good story till this day.*

At nine at night we reached Vingorla; the coast is very bad and dangerous, and in the monsoon all but impossible. Vessels are often wrecked, so steamers never go near, but put boats off. We disembarked a Sister Marie (*fille de la Croix*), a young German nun, bound for some desolate spot where they are forming a convent for educating children, nursing the sick, and reclaiming the savage. This young, interesting-looking girl of about twenty had to make her own way up country; these are the true "Soldiers of Christ," and our hearts yearned to her as she calmly and smilingly bid us good-bye, and went over the ship's side.

Arrived opposite Goa, we were cast adrift in the open sea, as is usual, on account of an unbuoyed and doubtful shoal, and we had eight miles to row before we could reach Goa. You may imagine what that means in a storm. The mail agents must do this, monsoon weather as well, once a fortnight all the year through, and the return ships are in the dead of the night, besides living in a fœtid hole, where they get none of the comforts of life, and never see a soul.

The Portuguese manage to make every place look like Lisbon; actually the features of the country grow the same. There is the same abrupt entrance to the sea between mountainous cliffs, up a broad winding river or sea arm, with wooded rising banks, with the same white town perched on its banks, a perfect Santos in Brazil, which is 24° south of the Equator. We rowed a mile and a half of open sea, five miles of bay, and one and a half of winding river, to a little stone pier landing at Panjim (New Goa).

All Portuguese India is only a strip of about seventy miles long, and very narrow, which they would do much better to sell to the British Government; for of all the God-forgotten, deserted holes, a thousand years behind the rest of the creation, I have never seen anything to equal Goa, and I pitied from my heart the charming, kindly, gentle, hospitable people who have to live there. I have lived in sandy deserts, in primeval forests; I have suffered hunger, thirst, cold, heat, fatigue, privation, and danger, and thought it charming; but I hated the sort of life at Goa. It is dead, and there is nothing to reward one; only we were here for a purpose.

* I put this story in the *New Review* last November. Hardly had I done so when it was claimed by an American for Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. It could hardly have happened to two men, and Richard was much too witty to need to copy. It happened at eleven o'clock on the 22nd of April, 1876. I was present, saw it with my own eyes, heard it with my own ears, and thinking it too good to be forgotten wrote it down there and then. The Archbishop and I mentioned it in letters a few months ago.—I. B.

There are three Goas, full of history and romance. There is the Inquisition to study, and there is the tomb of St. Francis Xavier.

No. 1 is the *old* Hindú Goa, now called San Lourenço, about six miles from Panjim (New Goa), upon the winding river, and two miles to the southward of Old Goa, or Goa Velha. It is only marked by a salt plain, and two hills with a church upon each, and a bit upon the plain. It is pretty healthy, and no one knows why it was deserted. Old Goa, or Goa Velha, is that of St. Francis Xavier; it is nine and a half kilometres from Panjim, by a good road along the winding river—a most picturesque locality, full of history, Catholic tradition, and the scene of the infamous Inquisition. It was deserted on account of malaria and fever for New Goa (called Panjim), where we landed, and where the few personages who are obliged to be there vegetate, except with an occasional change to Cazalem, the six cottages on the open beach of the bay corresponding to our Barra at Santos.

In Panjim are the barest necessaries of life; there is no inn, no travellers' bungalow, no tents, and you must sleep in your filthy open boat and have fever. Kind-hearted Samaritans (Mr. and Mrs. Major) gave us their only small spare room and spare single bed. I had, luckily, one of those large straw Pondicherry reclining chairs and a rug, so we took the bed in turns, night about, the other in the chair. It is the worst climate we were ever in, and we know pretty bad ones. The thirst was agonizing. All the drinks were hot (no ice); the more you drank the more you wanted. The depression was fearful, and never a breath of air *even at night.* The blazing sun poured into our little room all day, and baked it quite red-hot for the night. I used to look upon the people who lived there as miracles—a truly purgatorial preparation for death.

We found for hire only one small *gári*, a small open wooden cart with room for two; the wheels wobbled, the spring on one side was broken, the lamps dangled, there was a deal box for the driver, the harness was old rusty chains tied together with bits of string. Our coachman and footmen were two little boys with something round their loins. The pony was broken down by mange, starvation, and sores. I insisted on keeping him myself. He was put into a comfortable shed in Mr. Major's garden, and had as much as ever he could eat and drink, and was groomed daily. We started at dawn, for at nine it is too hot. At first the pony had to be led by a rope by No. 1 boy. We used the whip gently and mercifully from the cart, and the wheels had to be rolled round by No. 2 boy and a help; but as soon as his sores healed, and he

began to resume a respectable appearance, he followed me about like a dog, and looked after me with almost human eyes; and if he stopped needlessly after that, the *gharawâla* running in front of him for a moment was enough, without any whip or any rope. He trod his old forage underfoot with contempt and used it as litter.

Richard was very fond of collecting native music from various parts of the world, and we tried very hard to get them to treat us to some of the music of Portugal and Brazil; but they are foolishly ashamed of it, and will only sing in French and Italian, which does not suit their voices. It would be difficult to find an uglier or meaner-looking race than the people here. Black Christians are a mixed breed of European and Indian blood. The *mestiços* (Eurasians) or mixed breed compose the mass, the Government officials are mostly from Portugal. The white families settled here, native Portuguese, were called *castissos*. The few who consider themselves pure Portuguese are very proud of it. The officials from Portugal are, of course, pure, but the descendants of the first great families have intermixed with the natives.

The mesquin rhubarb-coloured race are dressed in a scanty dirty-white bit of decency, or the refuse of European rag-shops. A great sign of respectability is the top hat. The poorest man who considers himself a Portuguese twenty times removed, will wear a seedy patched black coat and a black tile in a cocoanut-forest-hut to distinguish himself from the natives, as a mark of respectability. The shabby demi-semi-civilization, the enervating climate, the poverty, the utter uninterestedness of everything, bears the curse of the Inquisition. They bear, however, one mark of St. Francis Xavier's teaching, who was a true gentleman (Hidalgo), besides being a saint. He preached courteousness, and the manners of the lower orders are excellent. The merest beggar has the manners of a gentleman; the poor all doff their caps as you pass, and seem formed to exchange civilities with Europeans. Richard found them just as he left them thirty years ago, the women scolding, making a noise almost like pig-killing, the children whining and crying as if they were perpetually teething, the animals starved and ill-treated.

There is no escaping the heat of Goa; no ice, no punkahs, no tatties. The houses have no verandahs, have no shade, all white paint, and the sun bakes the walls the first hour it comes out. There is no milk and no servants. They export annually twenty-eight thousand *excellent** servants, but they won't stay there.

* Richard always took Goanese boys on his wildest travels, and they were always true to him.

If any extraordinary law could oblige anybody to live here, they should bring a dozen tents, and pitch them under the trees, half a dozen good horses, a tent servant, a first-rate cook who could market, a groom, and a general servant and messenger. They should make a contract with the British Indian steamers to supply them with everything, keep a steam launch to go out and meet those steamers. But if any one were rich enough to do all that, they would not live at Goa. However, we were most lucky to have found the kind Majors.

Richard had to revisit old scenes, and I had my work to do amongst the old Portuguese manuscripts at Old Goa. This must have been once a very extensive City, and you are deluded by its magnificent appearance, until you find yourself wandering in utter desolation in a City of the Dead, amongst Churches and old Monasteries; the very rustling of the trees, the murmur of the waves, sounded like a dirge for the departed grandeur of the City. The Church and House of the Bom Jesus belonged to the Society of Jesus, was dedicated to Xavier, and given to the Jesuits in 1584, till they were expelled in 1761, when it was given to the Lazarists. The Jesuits were the first to pioneer civilization to all lands, to choose healthy sites, to build tanks, to teach the people, and how badly they have been rewarded! Here the new Governors are invested, and here they are buried if they die during the term of office.

The body of St. Francis Xavier is in a magnificently carved silver sarcophagus placed on a splendid base of black marble. On the sarcophagus are beautifully cast alto-relievi, representing the various acts of his life and death, all surmounted by a gold and silver top. The actual body of the saint is inside, in a gold shell, and is shown to the people once in a century on the 3rd of December. The last time was in 1878; the body was found in its normal state of freshness. There is a real old portrait of him in oils outside his chapel, done in 1552. A print found in rags in a convent dusthole is so like it, that I put it together, brought it home, and had it copied.

We used always to leave our vehicle here, and have the pony taken out and fed, watered, and rested, whilst we scrambled all the day over the hills, looking at the different remnants of Churches and Monasteries.

The site of the once so-called "Holy Office" is on the right hand of the Cathedral and the Archbishop's Palace, a heap of ruins, covered with luxuriant growth, and poisonous plants and thorns; not one stone left upon another; not a wholesome shrub springs between the fragments of masonry which, broken and blackened with decay,

are left to encumber the soil, as unworthy of being removed, or contaminating another building with their curse. You must not think we walked through comfortable paved streets to these different buildings, of which I only mention two, but there were dozens. We scrambled through woods, over hill and dale, and the distances tell us how large Goa must have been, especially ascending a stony Scala Santa through briars and brambles to the place where the victims used to be scourged. There was the chapel where Xavier first started a school and a chapel for converting and preaching, where he used to educate children; and hard by was the well where he took his morning bath. It is like the Arab's "City with impenetrable gates, still, without a voice or cheery inhabitant; the owl hooting in its quarters, and night-birds skimming in circles in its ruins, and the raven croaking in its great thoroughfare-streets, as if bewailing those that had been in it." How thirsty we used to be! But at the sight of a bit of silver, boys would climb the trees like monkeys, pick off cocoanuts, chop off the little round piece at the top, and hand them to us to drink. How beautifully white the inside of the nut; how refreshing the milk, clean and cold as ice! Each nut containing enough to quench the greatest thirst, leaving a refreshing coolness in the mouth, throat, and interior. In a dry, parched, thirsty land without water, there is drink for you at the top of the trees that shade you—harmless drink, iced by nature.

The moonlit scenery of the distant bay smiles in all eternal Nature's loveliness upon the dull-grey piles of ruined, desolate habitations, the short-lived labours of man; delicately beautiful are the dark hills, clothed with semi-transparent mist, the little streams glistening like lines of silver over the opposite plain, and the purple surface of the creek stretched at our feet. Musically, the mimic waves splashing against the barrier of stone, and the soft whisperings of the night breeze, alternately rose and fell with the voice of the waters.

During all our drives and long walks we were chiefly struck by the poverty of the people and the unhealthiness of the air; but we were healthy and strong, and we did not mind it. We drove once to a large village called Ribandar for the purpose of seeing the Convent of the Misericordia. Here are closely kept under strict surveillance, both religious and civil, seventy orphan girls of all colours, class, and ages, educated by the nuns, and who, when grown up, remain in the house till they receive an offer of marriage. They look like birds in a cage, and I pitied them; for, with the world full of nice pretty girls and spontaneous love affairs, who would think of going to the World's End to overhaul this cage of forgotten captives?

Richard gives a rather amusing account of his visit to this convent when he was a young lieutenant thirty years before.*

We had two nice boat expeditions; one to Mr. Major's coffee plantation, in which is a petrified forest, and one to Seroda; each expedition occupying two or three days.

Seroda is a Hindú town of houses, pagodas, tombs, tanks, lofty parapets, and a huge flight of steps, people, trees, and bazars, all massed together. It is fearfully hot, dirty, and shut in on all sides. In old days it was a nursery for *Nach* girls.

Goa is well worth visiting, its history well worth learning. It is one of those kingdoms that has been; that grew, reigned in magnificence, declined, and is now a pauper. I studied its history on the spot in Portuguese, and I thought that none of the English books upon it are worth reading. I cannot give an account of it here, for the reason of overweighting my book, but of all its grandeur there are only two interests attaching to its name that *last*—one infamous, the Inquisition; the other glorious, the poor Jesuit, St. Francis Xavier. The Inquisition practically ceased in 1732, and was officially effaced in 1812, being abolished by the interference of the British Government, and its offices were shut up in the reign of the Count of Sarzedas, who was Viceroy from 1807 to 1816; but for eighty years the Inquisition had been *only a name.*

The religious history of Goa is even more striking than its civil Government. It seems to have been a sort of sacerdotal republic—a huge collection of Churches and Convents in a desert place. The province was in its meridian, both civil and religious, 324 years ago. In 1571 it contained 150,000 practical Catholics, and owned half a million of subjects in Portuguese India, and in Old Goa alone there were 200,000 inhabitants. It only *absolutely* flourished during a space of 135 years. How it must have been cursed by the victims of the tortures of the Inquisition, till God heard their cry, and avenged their blood, so that not one stone remains upon another, whilst the only thing that lives is the shrine of the one saint and gentleman, Xavier, and the tomb of the Christian hero, João da Castro—as if God had preserved them to shine out as everlasting treasures from the ruins of crime! Xavier was the apostle of the Indies; his mission was to reform the manners of Europeans in the Indies, whose lives were a disgrace to the Christian profession, and on the other hand to preach the gospel to the pagan population of the East. There is no space in this book to give an interesting account of him and his works, but he went to India in April, 1541, and was

* "Goa and the Blue Mountains," which will later be in the "Uniform Library."—I. B.

thirty-five years of age. He only lived ten years, and there was no Inquisition in his time. They used to call him the "God of Nature."

In April, 1552, he set sail with a little band of apostles for an expedition to China. A shipwreck drove them to Malacca, where they were persecuted and detained. The Governor sent Xavier's vessel, the *Santa Cruz*, to trade at the island of San Chan (Sancian), off the coast of China, with orders to erect no buildings, save shelters of mats and branches. Xavier resolved to embark with the three companions he had kept back—a Chinese, a young Indian, and a lay brother, and after great storms and difficulties Sancian was reached—a desolate sandy region invested only by tigers. To please the Governor of Malacca, the merchants and men on board all turned against Xavier; they denied him sufficient food, and he was struck down by fever.

One morning of late November, 1552, amidst a breaking surf, a boat was lowered from the ship's side, and made towards the island where they had abandoned Xavier. The lay brother, the Chinese, the Indian, and one Portuguese merchant named Alvarez, ascended a sandy hillock and hurried to the prostrate body of a man. There, on a bed of sand, lay the great apostle of the Indies, his head, grey with toil and suffering, exposed to wind and sun. His face was flushed with fever, his thin hands clasped his crucifix, and beside him was a little knapsack containing the necessaries for Mass. They bore him to a shed of mats and leaves; they bled him, but, being ignorant, pricked a vein which only produced convulsions, and the operation was twice repeated. He was delirious, and muttered only, "My Lord and my God! Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me! O most Holy Trinity! Queen of Heaven, show thyself a Mother!" He came to his senses, smiling sweetly, and thanking those around him, and told them his end was near. At two o'clock on Friday, December 2nd, 1552, he kissed his crucifix, and saying, with a gleam of joy upon his face, "In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped; let me not be confounded for ever," life departed. He was forty-six years of age, and these events happened 343 years ago.

What makes the freshness of the body at the present time extraordinary, is that the merchant Alvarez put the body in a large Chinese chest, filled up with unslaked lime to consume the flesh, and they buried it, set up a cross, and two heaps of stones at the head and feet. The following 17th of February, two months and a half later, by the Captain's orders, the coffin was uncovered; but when the lime was taken off, the body was found ruddy and flesh-coloured as though asleep, and on making a puncture the blood flowed, and the

priestly vestments were unhurt. In June it was taken to Malacca, where the whole place (except the Governor who had persecuted him, whose name was D'Atayde, and who mocked at it) came to meet it in procession; then it was conveyed to Goa, and all Goa went twenty miles out to sea to receive the body, with great pomp and ceremony. This happened on the 15th of March, 1554. He was already canonized by the people, but Pope Paul V. beatified him, and he was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622, and promulgated by Urban VIII.

This place had a great attraction for Richard, and this was the third pilgrimage he had made here since 1844.

Baldæus, a Protestant, in his "History of the Indies," says, "Had Xavier been of the same religion as ourselves, we should have esteemed and honoured him as another St. Paul;" and he concludes his elegy thus: "Oh that it had pleased God that, being what you were, you had been, or might have been, one of us!" Hakluyt, a Protestant, and Tavernier, a Huguenot, and many other Protestants, speak equally in his praise.

In 1221 the Inquisition was introduced by Pope Innocent IV., and in 1255 by Pope Alexander III. It found little favour in France, Italy, and Germany; but in the thirteenth century it crept into Spain; but it was in Portugal where it grew and flourished, and in 1478 became cruel. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, Torquemada, the great Chief Inquisitor, worked it up to its maximum of full energy and bloodthirsty ferocity; but it did not reach Goa till 1560, eight years after the death of Xavier. This vile institution is said to have existed two hundred and fifty years, and the last person burnt was a Jesuit named Malagrida, about 1732. Every writer says that Goa was the very worst City of the Inquisition. It was used for all manner of private spites, and political intrigues under the name of religion. It was this that caused the Portuguese to lose India, as no one who could fly from it would run the risk of staying, and ships did not even like to call in port. We were very much impressed by the booming of the Cathedral bell, which had tolled so many to their *auto da fé*.

The Rev. Dr. Claude Buchanan, Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William of Calcutta, went there in 1808, and worried the Inquisitors considerably, which he could afford to do, as Buchanan's regiment, the 78th Highlanders, was at Panjim, only eight miles off, and would have blown the Inquisitors and their Holy Office into the air if he had been touched. Even Buchanan said that "Xavier was counted a first-rate man *even* amongst the English." He was there after it had been abolished in 1770, but it was re-allowed under

great restrictions in the reign of Donna Maria (1779), until its final and total abolition. Colonel Adams of the 78th, when Buchanan went up to Old Goa, said, half in joke, half in earnest, "If we don't hear from you in three days, I shall march the 78th up and take the Inquisition by assault."

Buchanan *did* forget to write, and, at the end of three days, the Colonel sent him a note begging of him to come down to Panjim every night to sleep in the fortress (a ride of eight miles), on account of the unhealthiness of Goa. In 1812 the letters of the King from Lisbon ordered liberty of conscience and total annihilation of the Inquisition, being, as the King said, "so terrifying to all nations, so contrary to the true spirit of the Institution, so opposed to the original pious intention of his august and royal ancestors." The Conde de Sarzedas wrote thanking the King, and begging that he might also burn the enormous quantity of processes and documents, *as too great scandals would result* therefrom; so we have lost about forty thousand *procés*, inexhaustible matter for historians, novelists, and dramatic writers, showing the manners and customs of those centuries in Portuguese India.

It only shows what the Catholic religion is, and that "Hell's gates cannot prevail against Christ's Church," when the Faith could stand unmoved and flourish under three centuries of this tribunal of fire and woe, composed of serpents in its own bosom, traitors in the camp; worse than internal civil war, covering even its own members with infamy. From this monster's brutal claw all fled,—Godliness, Manliness, and Nature.

Moreover, Arabs, Persians, Armenians, Jews, and Indians found the Christian God even more cruel than Brahma or Allah; they deserted the country and commerce, and fled from low envy, vile cowardice, and calumny, which dealt brutally and safely—like vivisection—not with crime alone, but with the most trivial actions of their home-life. Sufficed a little success in an enterprise, a few more thousands, a gallant action winning praise, a rise in the social scale, public esteem for a good work done,—anything that raised a man above his fellows was quite enough.

It is, perhaps, the same now, *as far as evil tongues and pens can wag*, and will always be, and people wince with moral pain; but it breaks no bones, scorches no skin, and the object of envy may still breathe fresh air and light, and enjoy life and liberty, though a few *soi-disant* friends may fall away. Nay, the fact of being of a different race, tongue, and creed, a variance of opinion, family rivalries, an unhappy love, a little spite or jealousy,—all was turned to account, all was of use to denounce one's enemy *on a religious ground*. It was enough

for a "familiar" to open his mouth to make people lose their judgment and reason.

I have had a sight of all the documents existing, exclusively Goanese, by the present descendants of the Inquisitors, and the authorities of that time.

We had a charming Portuguese dinner with Dr. Da Gama. Our last evening Mr. Major took us an excursion in his boat to Cazalem. We coasted along for an hour and sang glees under a fine moon, accompanied by a heavy swell, and we were carried ashore through the surf on native shoulders, and passed a very merry evening.

At last the time came round for us to leave Goa. The steamers are due once a fortnight, but this one was long past her time. At last we had a telegram to say, "The steamer would pass Goa at midnight." We started in a large open boat in the evening with Mr. Major, his secretary, four men to row and one to steer. We rowed down the river in the evening, and then across the bay for three hours against wind and tide to open sea, bow on to heavy rollers, and at last reached the mouth of the bay, where is the fort. We remained bobbing about in the sea, in the trough of the big waves, for a considerable time. A violent storm of rain, thunder, and lightning came on, and Mr. Major proposed we should put back to the fort, at the entrance of the bay, and take shelter under some arches, which we did. Then we went to sleep, leaving the secretary and the *boatwála* to watch for the steamer.

At 1.30 I was awoke by the sound of a gun booming across the water. I sprang up and roused the others; but the storm was so heavy we could see no lights, and returned to sleep. We ought to have gone off when the gun fired; the ship had been laying to for us for three-quarters of an hour. If the ship went without us, we should have lost our passage to Europe, we should have been caught in the monsoon, we should have had to return another fortnight to Goa, of which we were heartily tired, and knew by heart, only to renew the same a fortnight hence. We were soon under way again, and by-and-by saw the lights of the steamer about three miles off. Knowing the independence of these captains, the monopoly, and the futility of complaints, and seeing that my husband and Mr. Major slept, I began to be very disagreeable with the boat-hook. I got the secretary to stand in the bows and wave a lamp on a pole. I urged the *boatwálas* with perpetual promises of *bakshish*. Everybody else was leaving it to Kismet. Our kind host had been holloaing at the *boatwálas* the whole evening because the boat was dirty, and making them bale out the horrid-smelling bilge water, and now we wanted him, he was sound asleep and as good as gold. "Can't you shout?"

I cried to him; "they might hear you. You can shout loud enough when nobody wants you to." At last, after an hour's anxiety, we reached the ship, and heavy seas kept washing us away from the ladder. No one had the energy to hold on to the rope, or to take the boat-hook to keep us to her, so at last I did it myself; my husband roaring with laughter at their supineness, and at me making myself so disagreeably officious and energetic. An English sailor threw me a rope. "Thanks," I said, as I took advantage of an enormous wave to spring on to the ladder. "I am the only man in the boat to-night." All came on board with us, and we had a parting stirrup-cup, and said farewell, and often after, our good host and his wife used to write to me, and call me the "only man in the boat."

We had been six months in India, and had made the most of it, and the day of departure came round. We were glad and sorry—glad to leave the intolerable heat, to escape the coming monsoon; sorry to leave the ever-increasing interest and the daily accumulating friends. We generally chose Austrian-Lloyd's steamers. They owned at that time a fleet of sixty-nine keel, covering twenty-two different lines, reasonable in charges. An Italian *cuisine*, everything clean, with a certain style and refinement. They are safe ships, and their sailors, mostly Dalmatians, are a brave seafaring race, quiet, docile, and sober, stalwart, honest, and civil, and mind their ship in a storm.

On calm nights, say a delightful evening with balmy air, crescent moon, with its attendant star, our Dalmatian crew sing better than many a usual opera chorus, though quite untutored. They are thorough sailors, gay in fine weather, hard-working and brave in the worst of storms, and never drink. I know nothing pleasanter than a voyage in Austrian-Lloyd's in fine weather with few passengers. This time, however, we were physically uncomfortable. The boats were not fitted for regular English passengers from India. They steam very slow—eight knots an hour. They then carried no stewardess or doctor; they do now. Then they had no ice or soda-water, no sky-light for wind-sails, only one awning instead of three, no punkahs and tatties. I believe all that is changed. So we were seventeen English passengers, and we fried alive in the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea.

The average English people, if not made comfortable at sea, are as troublesome as a mustard plaster—nothing was right. They wanted their huge lumps of beef and mutton four times a day; they ate up all the provisions like locusts, and drank the cellar dry almost before we got to Aden. What would last Italians and Greek six weeks, does not last an Englishman one.

Italians and Greeks have quite another form of being troublesome.

They would send every half-hour for the captain to ask if there is any danger; if the sea and wind are going down; to say that they feel very bad, and ask him what they shall take. He, with the greatest good nature, instead of giving them the hearty "blessing" that ours would, recommends a little *eau sucrée*, and says we shall be in smooth water in another hour, though he knows quite well that the glass is down, and that we are going straight into a gale, which will last several days.

Richard and I were exceedingly comfortable, as we always were, and it amused us to hear "our boys," as we called our English fellow-passengers, swearing at the Triestine stewards in Hindostani, and talking louder and louder in the hopes of being understood. We used to hear all day shouts of, "Where is Captain Burton? where is Mrs. Burton?" We were wanted to interpret. We were the connecting link between Austrian-Lloyd's and the discontented Britishers. But at last we all became exceedingly jolly. We slept on deck in rows, and read and talked. In the evening we sang glees and duets. We women abolished toilette for white tea-gowns.

After a very pleasant time, albeit very rough weather, Richard and I left the ship at Suez, and were soon surrounded by a little band of Richard's old friends of Mecca days. We put off, with them, afterwards to the Arabian shore, to rest after our journey at "Moses' Wells," about three miles in the Arabian desert—the scene of poor Palmer, Gill, and Charington's departure. It was a lovely scene, with its blue sea, yellow sands, azure sky, and pink and purple mountains. The sun was hot, but the pure desert air blew in our faces, as we went across the sand to the picturesque spot. The wells or springs are surrounded by tropical verdure, intermingled with Fellah huts. The most romantic spot of all is a single tiny spring, under an isolated palm tree, standing all alone on a little hillock of sand and desert, far from all else, as if that tree and that spring had been created for each other to live alone. It was delightful after India and the rough voyage. We took our *kayf* there with the Arabs, who gave us delicious coffee and *narghilehs*, and we rode camels. We were there at the time of Abdul Assiz's death.

After stopping some time at Cairo, Alexandria, and Ramleh, we embarked for Trieste on another Lloyd's, which carried Jamrach and his menagerie. During our stay in Cairo, we saw a great deal of poor Marquis de Compiègne (afterwards shot in a duel), Dr. Schweinfürth, and Marietta Bey and the Bulak Museum; poor John Wallis, legal Consul, once editor of the *Tablet*; Baron de Kremer, our old Austrian colleague at Damascus, afterwards Minister of Finance at Vienna

(now dead). We found the voyage very cold, even in July, after India. We first went to Candia, passing Gavdo, Cape Spaltra, the two islands Cerigotto and Cerigo.

We glide by Cape Matapan on the Greek coast. We passed Cabrera and Sapienza. We leave the lighthouse on Strophades to the left, and reach Zante, which is a lovely island, with a large picturesque town, and where mareschino is made. We run between Cephalonia and Ithaca (of Ulysses); then we change the Greek coast for Acarnania, and pass Santa Maura, or Leucadia, with "Sappho's Leap." We changed then to the Albanian coast, gloriously green to the water's edge, with cliff and cave, with the Cimariote hills, and its wild people and their lawless legends behind them. We passed two islands, Anti Paxo and Paxo, to Corfú. After we leave Corfú, we coast along Albania, passing Capo Linguetta and Isole Sasseno; then we changed to the Dalmatian coast, to Bocca di Cattaro and Ragusa, afterwards the islands of Lagosta and Cazza; then Lissa, where two great battles were fought, one 13th of March, 1811, and the other 20th of July, 1866. Then we passed the islands of Spalmadore, Lesina, Incoronati, and Grossa; then Punta Biancha, and the island of Sansego. Here we changed to Istria, and are upon our own ground, beginning with Punta di Promontore and Pola, our great Austrian naval station, with its Coliseum and interesting ruins. Then Rovigno and Parenzo, harbour towns on the coast. At Punto Salvore we enter our own "Gulf of Trieste," passing Pirano, which we can see from our own windows, and finally Trieste. The coming into Trieste is very sweet from the sea. The beautiful little City, nestled in its corner in the mountains at the very top of the Adriatic, seemed to us the greenest and most beautiful spot we had ever beheld, after hot India and barren Egypt and Arabia. The hills plumaged to the sea, dotted with white villages and villas; Miramar standing well out to sea in the warm haze; the splendid Carniola Mountains on the opposite side, still slightly tipped with snow, were most refreshing to our eyes, and we settled down in our little home with a feeling of rest, and enjoyed our ever-warm reception from our Trieste friends after our sea voyage.

in English, "it is only Rossi acting the damned souls in hell for me." Peals of laughter came from the bed. The master naturally asked what was the matter, and he was so shy after that, that it spoilt my lessons. I could never get him to act any more, as he had been doing it quite unconsciously.* Richard was also very fond of a good opera, and we often went if there was a new piece.

On the 15th of October, 1876, we had a delightful excursion to Salvore to see the new excavations and *castellieri*; Baron and Baroness Pino made a party in the Government yacht, and gave us a charming breakfast. Coming back, instead of getting in in early afternoon, we got lost in a fog, and did not get back till eleven o'clock, when we found ourselves grating against the lighthouse. I have a remembrance of that day in the shape of a marble paper-weight with its little history engraved on it, given to me by the excavator, Cav. Richetti, civil engineer.

We used to have a great many spiritualistic *séances* at Monsieur and Madame Jules Favre's, brother of Léon Favre. All the spiritualists used to collect here.

We went a trip to Fiume and Agram, and to Gorizia, two hours' express from Trieste in the Karso, as I wanted to make a "spiritual retreat" at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, but under a Dalmatian Jesuit. Gorizia is a pretty, striking, picturesque cathedral town. It covers a hill, some hillocks, and a part of a fertile plateau in the heart of the Carniola Mountains, surrounded by ranges of wooded Istrian mountains, which are also encircled by a higher snow-capped range (the Carniola range). It is small, cheerful, primitive, with salubrious air, especially good for nerves and chest complaints; it is composed entirely of Churches, Monasteries, and Convents, church dignitaries, and all sorts of ecclesiastics and nuns—a Prince Archbishop being the Chief—and a few pious old ladies—a resident local aristocracy. The river Isonzo, the boundary between Austria and Italy, glides through the valley, making the sea green with its outflow, sometimes as far as Duino. It is a magnificent scene in the sunset, when it lights up the snow, bathing it in purple, red, and gold, till the whole panorama seems on fire. There is a great pilgrimage place called Monte-Santo on a grizly top, with church and monastery, where Richard and I have often been together. This Deaf and Dumb Institution is a large Convent with a garden. It has a little chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart, seven sisters of Notre Dame, a padre who is Director, a second priest, and a professor

* Since going to press, Abbé Rossi has died the death of a penitent priest, received all the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church, and was escorted to the grave by six of his fellow-priests.—I. B.

who is an aspirant for the priesthood, a number of servants, and a hundred and fifty children, deaf and dumb boys and girls. Everything is done by signs; the prayers, the studies, the sermon; even plays are acted in signs. The education is reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, plain work, fancy work, drawing, illustrating, church work; the boys help in the garden, and the padre keeps fish, rabbits, and bees. They call him "papa." He is quite devoted to his bees, and being a highly educated man, Richard used to pass a great deal of time with him and the bees.

After my retreat was over, I had the honour and the pleasure of being sent for—unfortunately Richard had left—by the Comte and the Comtesse de Chambord (Henri Cinq of France). By far the most interesting figure was this now departed relic of ancient chivalry, who lived a great part of the year here, the focus of a small Court, with an *entourage* of Legitimates. They sent for me twice, and desired that I should dine with them. I had to explain to the Chamberlain that I had only the dress I was travelling in, but they said that that did not in the least matter; so I dined there, and the King honoured me by putting me on his right hand. He was most cordial and in good spirits, and talked incessantly, and was afterwards so gracious as to send me autographed portraits of himself and the Queen. He had known my mother before she was married, and had danced with her, I suppose, as a little boy; but he told me of it when I was at Venice with part of my family in 1858, when he made our six weeks' stay very happy.

From there we visited Bertoldstein,—the station Feldbach,—the post town Fehring. The castle, bought by Safvet Pasha (Count Kossichsky) some twenty-six years ago, is an interesting feudal and melancholy looking place, where he reunites the comfort of Europe with Egyptian romance.* It is at the top of a hill, and there is a very beautiful drive to Gleichenberg, where there are waters and baths, very much frequented by Austrians, and a small theatre that was exceedingly amusing, and here we saw daily some of the best Austrian society, and heard some of the native music beautifully sung by them. The Pasha kept plenty of thoroughbred horses, chiefly black stallions, which he used to have paraded round the court of the house for our inspection, a boy to each horse. We frequently had to move out of the way, and to stand where their heels could not touch us; it was as much as the boys could do to hold them. I never saw a more perfect whip; he always drove four-in-hand, and the roads are so narrow, the drop at each side so deep, that you could not help wondering what would happen

* This Pasha and castle are sometimes mentioned in novels.—I. B.

if we met anything, and I do not believe sometimes you could have put a sheet of paper between the vehicles. We enjoyed ourselves here very much for a few days, and then we returned to Graz. Then Richard went up to Karlsbad, paid a visit to Marienbad, and then to Teplitz as a *Nach-kur;* then he went to Prague and Linz, then to Stein, then to Klagenfurt, and back to Trieste, when we began to write more biography.

At this time Boïto's "Mefistofele" came to Trieste, and we both agreed that we had never heard anything like it, and never would again. You must be a musician to appreciate. The first time you feel almost confused, but new beauties develop with each hearing.

Midian.

In his old Arab days, wandering about with his Korán, forty years ago, Richard came upon a gold land in that part of Arabia belonging to Egypt. He was a romantic youth, with a chivalrous contempt for filthy lucre, and only thought of "winning his spurs;" so, setting a mark upon the place, he turned away and passed on. After twenty-five years, seeing Egypt distressed for gold, he asked for "leave," and he went back to Cairo, and imparted his secret to the Khedive. Uncle Gerard furnished him with the means of going. His Highness equipped an Expedition in a few days, and sent him there to rediscover the land (end of 1876). He has given an account of that trip in the "Gold Mines of Midian" and the "Ruined Midianite Cities," 1878.

The Khedive engaged him to come back the following winter, 1877, with a view to learning every item concerning this rich old country, and applied to the Foreign Office for the loan of him for the winter, which being granted, he set out in October, 1877, in command of a new Expedition, on a much larger scale, and was out seven months in the desert of Arabia, doing hard work. He discovered a region of gold and silver, zinc, antimony, sulphur, tin, copper, porphyry, turquoise, agate, lead, and six or seven commoner metals, extending some hundreds of miles either way, and pearls on the coast, a Roman temple, and thirty-two mining Cities. The Expedition mapped and planned and sketched the whole country, and brought back abundance of the various metals for assay or analysis. The ancients had only worked forty feet, whereas with our appliances we might have gone down twelve hundred.

The Khedive was charmed; he made splendid contracts with my husband, so that, with the commonest luck, not only Egypt would have become rich, but my husband would have been a

millionaire in a very few years, and he used to say jokingly that he would be *Duke of Midian*, the only title he had ever wished for. To our great misfortune Ismail Khedive abdicated just as the third Expedition was about to come off, in 1878–9. The new Khedive, Tewfik, did not consider himself bound by any act of his father's; the English Government (it is hardly worth while to remark) was not likely to give Richard a chance of anything good, and instead of being able to carry out the enterprise, he lost all the money which we had advanced and partly borrowed for paying expenses which we were sure would be refunded.* His second interesting work on this expedition was the "Land of Midian Revisited" (2 vols., 1879).

In all the expeditions that my husband has undertaken to different mines the minerals are *there*, but there has been too much dishonesty by those employed to carry it out, for my husband ever to have had

his proper share, as Explorer, Discoverer, and Reporter, or Leader of these Expeditions. Every man has been for feathering his own nest, even in a small way, regardless of the public good, and where any other nation has been mixed up, it has cheated in favour of its own country. All these mines will be worked some day, and men will profit largely, but the one who deserved to reap good, is dead, and his widow will be dead before the day comes round.

Between the first and second Expedition we had a large party from Egypt—Prince Battikoff, Safvet Pasha, Count and Countess della Sala, and others, and there were grand doings on board the *Ceylon*

* The Khedive did not advance any money; he only desired the bills to be sent in to him. He was deposed before the bills were sent in. My husband's losses were great. Mine were £728.

(a Peninsular and Oriental steamer) for the Queen's birthday. We also had the pleasure of giving a little dinner to Salvini, who came to act there for a week—a little party of eight, which included H.R.H. the Duke of Würtemburg and Mr. George Smart. Then we went to Verona for a while to see the two Akkas brought by Gessi from Africa; Richard's object was, that it was very difficult to get hold of this important little race. These were two males, and there was one at Trieste, a female, which had been brought to his notice by Mdlle. Luisa Serravallo, the daughter of our principal chemist, a very charming family, and she a delightful girl, profoundly educated and serious, who was studying this specimen together with the language, and Richard took a great interest in it. He wanted to see what the effect would be of bringing the Akka boys and girl into each other's presence, but through the jealousy of the people who owned the respective treasures it was not to be managed.

We had a little excursion in the *Pelagosa*, the Government yacht, to Zara, to Lissa, and Cazza—a little trip of ten days.

One evening we started for Adelsberg, where we paid the usual visit to the caves, and from where there are charming drives. We drove to Idria, a pretty village with its church, through a magnificent country, with splendid gorges, magnificently wooded (chiefly pines), exceedingly fertile, with trout rivers, and delicious air. We descended the quicksilver mine, and saw the whole of its workings. Idria is also famed for its beautiful lace, which is exceedingly cheap, and which you see sold in various parts of Europe with wonderful names attached to it. We then visited the castle of Windisgrätz. We had a very merry time, for we were a large party of English, and we had all sorts of fun.

There was a great joke against Richard, who wanted to inspect a place for scientific reasons which were above the comprehension of the rest of the party. It was one of those mysterious grounds in the Karso where rivers, and even small lakes, disappear and rise up in some other place, changing their ground as the swallows change air, at certain seasons; but he did not tell them this, and they thought they were going to see something wonderful. We drove and drove all day, in carts without springs, over hill and dale and stones, until we were half dead, and across a sort of jolting common, and then we came to a little building that might have been a protection for cattle in bad weather. We all got out and went anxiously into this building, and saw nothing but the objectionable signs of cattle having been there, and Richard (who was our guide) looked round in a profound meditation, and then he nodded his head, and muttered these few words, "I see, I

see; I am perfectly satisfied;" and then he turned round, and we all mounted our wretched carts again to the next possible roadside "tap," where our horses were fed and rested, and we got some eggs and rice and beer, and then we all laughed immensely and chaffed him about having brought us all that way to see—what? I joined the others for fun; but then I knew, because he had told me. The place had a very long Slav name, Zerknick-something, but they all christened it "Shirkins," and it has remained so ever since. From this we went on to Graz, a beautiful place halfway between Trieste and Vienna, which is the paradise of the younger and poorer branches of the aristocracy, and retired officers, military and naval. Some wag christened it Pensionville.

On Return.

One of the papers on May 16th, and I think it was the *Daily News*, wrote as follows:—

"We referred yesterday to the latest discovery of Captain Richard Burton, who is surely the most fortunate of modern voyagers, as he is certainly the most widely travelled. The Highlands of Brazil, the kingdom of Dahomey, the fever-stricken shores of Eastern Africa, the Equatorial Lakeland whence flow the waters of the Nile, Scinde and the Punjaub, the ruined cities of Etruria, Iceland, and Hecla, the City of the Mormons, the country of the Druzes, the unknown land of El Aláh, with as many Cities as there are days in the year—all these are places not only visited, but described by a writer whose wealth of information seems unparalleled. Almost alone among Christian travellers, he has penetrated into the most sacred places of the most fanatic people; has witnessed the secret rites of Hindoos; has worshipped as a Moslem among Moslems in the City which received the fugitive Prophet, and may wear the green turban of a pilgrim, because he has performed the ritual of Islam at the Kaaba of Mecca, and has also received the Brahminical thread. His books of travel, united, form almost as many volumes as may be found in Hakluyt's Collection, Purchas's 'Pilgrims,' or Pinkerton's 'Voyages.' The wanderings of this modern Ulysses cover an area of a good quarter of the habitable globe and a period of forty years. He is one of those who have kept alive the glorious tradition of English adventure. There are Geographical Societies in every European country, but none can show so long a list of achievements as our own. There are travellers of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia to be found in every far-off corner of the earth, but none who have done so much as our own men. And now, to add to his long catalogue of honourable and successful voyages, the gallant Captain reports that he has restored an ancient California to the World, and that is none other than the Land of Midian."

Midian means the district which in the Bible covers the peninsula of Sinai, and the country east of the Gulf of Akabah, east of the river Jordan, into which the Midianites fled before the Three Hundred, and comprises that great desert south and east of the Euphrates, through which the modern Midianites, who are the present Bedawi, with their cattle and black tents still wander. Their manners and customs are just the same, only guns have taken the place of the bow, coffee and tobacco have been brought in; a sort of veneer of Mohammedan doctrine is added to the ancient patriarchal faith, still keeping its own traditions.

Richard's Midian was an utterly unknown country along the east coast of the Gulf of Akabah, one of the two narrow inlets in which the Red Sea ends. When I say unknown, it has been practically unvisited and its shores unexplored until now. There is abundant evidence of a former population and a cultivated period; there are ruins of large towns, of solid masonry, roads cut in the rock, aqueducts five miles long; remains of massive fortresses with artificial reservoirs, all the signs of a busy and a prosperous period, when fleets with richly laden cargoes came to and fro. The rocks are full of mineral wealth—gold, silver, tin, antimony, and many other rich things, just as in the gold districts elsewhere. The sands of the streams yield gold, and the ancient mining works lie destroyed round every town, heaps of ashes close to the mineral furnaces. There are mines of turquoises. This hoard of possible wealth would have set up Ismail Khedive and Egypt for ever, if she could only have worked it. Richard began to be called in fun the "New Pharoah's New Joseph."

These seas were once bright with trade and craft and cargoes from every part of the Eastern World. The mines flourished with the trade, and doubtless perished through the same causes. First, the struggle between the Persians and Heraclius, and then the Moslem conquest.

Richard went first to Moilah, thence to Aynunah Bay. Every ruined town had its mining works, dams for washing of sand and crushed rock, and gold-washing vessels. Then they went to Makna, written "Mugua" in the maps, the Capital of the land, as far as Jebel Hassani, and he found it much like ancient California. These gold and precious stones producing parts of Arabia were closed up four thousand years ago, and present the appearance of having been suddenly left, in consequence of earthquake or some great volcanic evolution. They found a black sand containing a very clear oxide of tin, and a large stone engraved with antique inscriptions, which they copied.

At the first expedition there was not money enough for us both to go, so I had to make the sacrifice and stay behind.

On the 19th we went on board the *Espero*, the Khedive having summoned him to Egypt, where the work of organization went on, and they landed at Tur (where he had landed in 1853), and went to Arafat, and to El Muwáylah and Shermá, to Jebel el Abyaz, and innumerable other places.

I spent my time partly in Trieste, but mostly in the rural (Opçina) inn away up in the mountains, engaged in correcting the proofs of one of his books. One day a party of friends came up to look after me, as they said they wondered what on earth I was doing, it being the gay time in Trieste, and I absent from everything; and they found me occupied in rather a curious way, which gave rise to a great deal of chaff. I had assembled a large party of all the country priests of the Karso, some of them very curious, and I was giving them a dinner to amuse myself, and the contrast between them (mostly Slavs) and the "swell" party from Trieste was rather absurd. I never heard the end of that dinner. "So this is the way you pass your time out here?" they all said to me. "What a curious taste!" All my real days were taken up with protection of cruelty to animals in the Karso, which is very bad, and writing. I used to take tremendous long walks over the mountains. The landlady of the inn also gave me enough to do. She and her husband were a spoony, gawky boy and girl. They had just had their first baby (we had known their grandfather and their father and mother). She was only sixteen, and knew absolutely nothing; so when she was occupied in running after her boy-husband, this baby was flung in swaddling clothes down upon the stone floor, anywhere, and left to bawl its heart out for food or care of any sort, and I began to perceive that it was dying; so I took it from her, and kept it entirely under my own care. I passed three weeks with that child in my arms. I dressed it in English baby clothes with flannel, and I fed it and doctored it till it got quite well. By the time she had a second she had grown wiser, and adopted my nursery ways instead of her own.

While I was waiting I had one of my annual *fêtes*, giving prizes for humanity to animals. It took place in the great hall called del Ridotto, decorated with flags, and was well filled with the Authorities, my friends, and crowds of people. The military band played, the Governor was President, and he and the Committee and I sat at a big table on the platform covered with the usual green cloth. There were a great many speeches; I made mine in Italian, and spoke for nearly three-quarters of an hour. The prizes were thirty of twenty-five florins, six of twenty florins, two of fifteen florins, one

of ten florins, and we gave away many decorations and diplomas. I had the honour of receiving a medal and many kisses and congratulations from my friends.

I had the great pleasnre of receiving Miss Irby and Miss Johnstone, who were doing such admirable work in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and which was most interesting to hear about, and also again a visit from the Stillmans. I had one more sorrow to go through. Léon Favre and his wife, our French Consul-General, had always been most kind to us, and during my husband's absence I was always counted upon for their Sunday dinner. The Sunday before I had been up there, and we had been thirteen at table, which I, being a superstitious woman, strongly objected to, but I was laughed out of it. The following Sunday I went as usual to dinner, when the maid-servant who opened the door informed me, with tears, that her mistress had been dead just an hour. Léon Favre is now dead, so that my remarks cannot agitate him, but when I saw her I was of opinion that she was *not* dead. The eyes were closed and the mouth shut exactly as in sleep, and no one had either bound up the jaw or closed the eyes. I called her husband, who was devoted to her, and told him; but he declared that the doctors had been called in, and certified that she was dead. The next day I went again, and had the same feeling about it, and another great friend of hers, independently of me, went upstairs and made a great fuss. However the doctors said she was dead, and she was buried. She had died of heart disease.

I got very good news shortly about the Expedition, which put me in good spirits.

On the second Expedition it was arranged that as soon as I had corrected the last proof of his "Midian," I should make my way out to Cairo and Suez, and get the Khedive to send me on. I had been restless with impatience to start ever since he had been gone, and I was on board an Austrian-Lloyd's as soon as the last proof was out of my hand and I was free. About seventy of my friends came to see me off, and as it was heavy weather, the passengers were all very sick, and I had the ship pretty well to myself. At Corfú we had full moon and the water like oil, but on steaming out there was a rough sea, and deluges of rain and darkness all through the Ionian Islands, which did not better itself till we had passed Gozo. Landing at Alexandria, I immediately found my letters and instructions, which did not please me much, as "*I was not to attempt to join unless I could do so in proper order;*" it remained to be seen what "*proper order*" meant. I always wonder *when* people sleep in Alexandria, for the whole night long there is

a perfect pandemonium of dogs, carriages, cracking of whips, and pleasure-parties.

I went off at once to Cairo, and I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of our Consul-General, Mr. and Mrs. Vivian. I also had the worry of learning that the last *Sambúk* (or open boat) had gone the day before. Not that I could have gone in her, because that would decidedly not have been "going properly," but I should have sent loads of things by it. I did not want to stop for the gaieties of Cairo; I wanted to get as near as I could to the opposite side of the water, and watch my chance of going. So I made my way up to Zagazíg, and visited poor Mrs. Clarke, who was just as unhappy as myself because her husband was gone with mine as secretary. I do not know that we did each other very much good. At Suez lived the Levick family (he was the Postmaster-General, and did good service to the State for something like forty-seven years, though his widow and children are now left to starve), and they were awfully kind to me. At last I was informed that a ship was going to be sent out, and that I was to have the offer of going in her, though it was intimated to me privately that the Khedive and the Governor, Said Bey, were very much in hopes that I should refuse. It was an Egyptian man-of-war, the *Senaar*, that was to anchor off the coast till the expedition emerged from the desert, and to bring them back. The Captain received me with all honour. All hands were piped on deck, and a guard and everything provided for me. They were most courteous, said that they would like to take me, and would do everything in their power to make me comfortable, but I saw at once that the accommodation was of too public a nature; in short, that it would be impossible for any woman to embark without her husband on an Egyptian man-of-war. It would lower *her* in *their* eyes, and hurt *his* dignity. Besides turning *them* out of their only quarters, when my husband came to embark the men of his Staff, I should be excessively in the way; so, thanking them exceedingly for their courteousness, I returned to the town, to the immense relief of all concerned, took some small rooms at the Suez Hotel, and started my literary work. To have crossed the Red Sea in an open *Sambúk*, with head winds blowing, and then to fight my way across the desert alone upon a camel, would have been dangerous to *me* and *infra dig.* for my husband's position; and the Khedive was just in that critical state that I could not have asked him to organize a second Expedition, to send me out with no definite object, save my own pleasure, although I am sure that he would have done it in former prosperous years.

There was a nice little Franciscan Convent of Italian monks near

the inn, a mere hut with a room decorated as a chapel, where I used to pass an hour or so every day. Consul West and his wife were most hospitable to me, and they lent me a gigantic white donkey which nobody could break. He was more difficult to ride than any horse I ever mounted, as he ate his head off in the stable and never was ridden. I took long desert rides on him, but he nearly dislocated all my bones. Once I rode to see the Haj Caravan, and I went to see the *Da'aseh* (the mounted Shaykh riding over the backs of the people), and once came in for a tremendous sandstorm.

General Charles Gordon arrived, and stayed a week here, which I enjoyed very much, for of course I used to see him every day. He was certainly very eccentric, but very charming. I say eccentric, until you got to know and understand him. Also Mr. and Mrs. Ashley-Dodd came there for several days. I was obliged to go to Cairo for four days, including journeys. In those days it was a ten-hours' wearying affair. I arrived at six, and about half an hour afterwards got an invitation to the Khedive's theatricals, balls, and supper. It was a magnificent affair, a perfect garden upstairs, halls of blazing light and flowers, gorgeous dresses, magnificent supper and good wine, first-rate acting, and all the great people in Egypt present. The Khedive was exceedingly gracious to me. I had loads of people to see me, and many invitations. Amongst others, that admirable old man, Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps (in spite of his late *failure*, not his *fault*, a real Grand Old Man), and his pretty wife invited me to Ismailiyyeh; but of course I could not go. I just caught a glimpse of all my friends, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Baird, and on the fourth day worried back to Suez in the ten-hour train. During those four days and nights I think I had had only four hours' sleep.

I had one little thing to amuse me. A P. and O. arrived and touched there, and on these days, unless you had friends on board, the passengers seemed to turn you out of house and home, and there were generally a quantity of Indian military ladies. The ladies' toilette-room for these passengers was near my room, and coming out I saw them struggling on very uncomfortably, almost in the dark; so I good-naturedly fetched a candle from my room, and said, "I am afraid you are very uncomfortable in there—will you have a candle?" They stared me up and down for a minute, and then said, "Why, of course. Go and get us a comb and some hot water, will you?" I began to be amused. I was in hopes they would give me a shilling—but they did not. I called my maid and told her in German to go and tell the landlady that they wanted a comb and some hot water.

"Oh," they said, "do you *all* speak German in this hotel?" I said, "I don't know—but that girl is an Austrian." I then went back to my room.

The poor landlady had seen better days, and she used to feel quite crushed when they said, "Send the woman with the boots, will you? and look sharp," or some equivalent speech; and she used to take to her bed after every steamer, which, however, fortunately I think, was only once a fortnight; but as soon as she heard that they had done it to me, she got quite well, and did not mind it a bit; so it did some good. The fun was that in the evening they were so puzzled to see me sitting at the top of the table with all the best people round me, and amongst them two friends, a married couple, whom they had snubbed tremendously on board, and whom I held in high honour, and who were awfully amused at the way the ladies had treated me. Then in the evening I had a tea-fight, to which all Suez came. Subsequently, a year after, I met the very lady who had ordered me to get the comb at a dinner-party. She sat opposite to me. I recognized her, but she did not recognize me. I could not help telling the story to my next-door neighbour, who appreciated the joke immensely, and said, "*Do* say 'how-do-you-do' to her, and tell her where you last met her." But I would not have spoilt her pleasure for the world.

During my stay in Suez a remarkable event occurred, of dumb madness in dogs. It was an epidemic in the air, as dogs separately confined and well cared for died just the same. I lost two of Richard's. The pariahs had it very bad. I have seen them running into the sea to drown themselves, and out of three thousand, there were only about forty left. At last, on the 20th of April, 1878, whilst I was in the church during the "Office" for Holy Saturday, a messenger from the Governor put a slip of paper into my hand—"The *Senaar* is in sight, the *Emetic* will await you later on to meet the ship." I found Richard looking ill and tired. Before the ship had been anchored half an hour, every soul had deserted, and he was left in sole charge, and could not come off till the following morning. The Khedive sent a special train for him and the Expedition, which left at eight in the morning. Halfway, at Zagazig, a beautiful dinner had been prepared for us by Monsieur Camille Vetter, a French cotton-merchant from Ettlingen, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany. We dined in an arbour, and there was a profusion of champagne and delicacies galore. Our train caught fire four times, and we had to get out and pour buckets of sand over it, there being no water.

An Englishman who happened to be at Suez wrote to the *Home*

News, June 1st, 1878: "I had occasion to be at Suez on the return of Haji Abdullah (Dick Burton) from Midian last month, and I noted the sensation his arrival created. His name is as well known amongst the natives in Egypt as if he had passed all his days amongst them. Pashas and other great personages from Europe are continually passing to and fro almost unheeded. How different was the case when it became known that Haji Abdullah was leaving for Cairo! The platform was crowded with Europeans and natives. The rumour had got abroad that 'that wonderful man' was at Suez on his return from the exploring trip to Midian."

Richard was received with great distinction by the Khedive; it was a sort of triumphal entry. The Khedive wished for an exhibition of the minerals, which he opened in person, Richard and Mr. Frederick Smart attending him, and I attended a good deal upon the harem. We had three weeks of that sort of work, and writing reports in French and English, made excursions to the Pyramids, and received a great deal of hospitality from our friends, Mr. Frederick Smart, the Michells, General Purday, the Romaines, the Bairds, the Barings, Abate Bey, Artin Yakoob Pasha, the Tennants, the Vivians, the Lesseps, Barrot Bey, General and Mrs. Stone, the Kremers, and very pleasant were the dinners by moonlight on the Bairds' *dahabeeyah*, enhanced by the stillness, the view, the distant singing. The Khedive made a contract that Richard should have the concession of the discoveries, or to have five per cent. upon the whole gross profits.

We left on the 10th of May for Alexandria, dined out at Ramleh, and left on the 12th in the "*Austria*," Captain Rossol. We were eighty-five passengers in a small steamer, so we were not very comfortable; but we were very merry, and we had with us Mr. Frederick Smart, Safvet Pasha, Mohammed Bey, Baronne de Saurmà, *née* Comtesse de Hatzfeldt, Lord Talbot de Malahide and his daughter Frances, and General Stranz. At Corfú we saw Sir Charles Sebright, and dined all together at St. George's Hotel. We had one man ill with typhus, who was shut away for fear the passengers should know, and I got awfully scolded for going in to nurse him, and as two sharks followed under our bows, they made an unpleasant impression. When we arrived at nine o'clock at night, as we steamed in, our faithful friends, the Governor, Baron Pino, and his wife, rowed up to the side of the vessel, and sent a man to tell Captain and Mrs. Burton to come to their boat directly; and they took us away in less than two minutes, fearing the steamer would be sent in quarantine, and afterwards our belongings followed us. The man died two days after landing in his own home,

but no harm resulted to any one. An untoward and melancholy incident also occurred. A poor lady was coming to Austria to see which of the baths would make her a little more blood, as she was anæmic. The exertion of landing from the ship to the hotel caused her to faint; a young doctor was called in, who, mistaking her case, bled her, taking out the little drop she had, and she died that night.

We now went up to Opçina to rest. Richard was detained at his post on account of the then expected war, but was released in a few weeks and allowed to come to London to arrange matters for the further working of Midian. We embarked on the 6th of July in a Cunard steamer which occupies from twenty-one to twenty-six days from Trieste to Liverpool, going first to Venice. On the way we read Dellon's "Inquisition" in Portuguese. We touched at Brindisi; went through the Straits of Messina to Palermo, where we found it very, very hot. We landed, and went to see everything worth seeing, not forgetting the Capuchins, who have large underground crypts, where the dead monks are not buried, but tied up, as if drying. It is very curious, but rather gruesome. I went to visit a relation there, who had been one of the members. The Capuchins gave me a huge blue pottery jar, with a tap, which the priests used to wash their fingers after Mass, and for which I had taken an immense fancy; it bears the Franciscan arms. Richard had gout very badly a great part of the way, but not gout in the exaggerated sense of later years. We landed again at Gibraltar, and had bad weather across the Bay, and all the way home, reaching London on the 27th of July, 1878.

On the 12th of August we left by the night mail for Dublin, where we joined the British Association for Science, which opened on the 14th. We were asked to spend the time at Malahide with Lord Talbot and his family, and a delightful time we had, meeting old friends, and making many charming acquaintances—Lord and Lady Gough, and Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity, a charming, venerable, and distinguished man. The Duchess of Marlborough, who was then reigning, was very kind to us. We met again our old friend, the philanthropist Lentaigne, and Mr. Spottiswoode. The excursionists came over to see Malahide Castle, and Lord Talbot and Richard dined at the Lord Mayor's to meet the Lord Lieutenant. Richard's lecture (Section E, Geographical) came off on the 19th, and his first lecture at the Anthropological (on Midian) took place next day, the Vice-Regal party being present, and we then went back to make tea for the "Association." At his third lecture (on Midian, Anthropological), the Vice-Royalties were also present, and there was a great party that evening.

On the 23rd Richard lectured on the Ogham Runes* (El Mushajjar) at Sir Samuel Fergusson's, and we returned on the 26th to London. At the end of September I began to see about my "A.E.I." ("Arabia, Egypt, and India").

All during our present stay in London we were on a visit to my father. We saw a good deal of Society—luncheon-parties and dinner-parties several times a week. We had a great treat in visits to Mr. Frank Dillon's Damascus room (his studio) at 11, Durham Villas, Campden Hill, which we always left with regret. About this time Mr. Alfred Levick, son of the Postmaster-General of Suez, came home dreadfully ill, and went into the University Hospital, and in gratitude for past kindnesses from his father, we were very assiduous in attending on him all the time of his illness. We went up to Lancashire in October to stay with Uncle Gerard, and to Knowsley, where Lady Derby had a large house-party. At Garswood, amongst other visitors, came Sir Julius Benedict. From Garswood we went to some more cousins at Carlton Towers, Yorkshire, where Lord Beaumont gave a large house-warming, and thence to Lord Houghton's at Frystone—all these houses had big parties—and then back to London. We then went to Hatfield to Lady Salisbury's, where we had the pleasure of being again in the same house with Lord Beaconsfield, and the present Lord Rowton, his secretary. A very nice second cousin of mine (Everard Primrose) was staying there, and an amusing little event occurred. He was (to those who did not know him) a cold, serious, rather prim young man, and very punctilious. He suddenly one evening felt *en train*, went out of the room, and disordering his tie and pulling one arm out of his coat, and a hat on the back of his head, he came into the room with an assumed stagger, and sang "The Marseillaise" furiously, just like a tipsy Frenchman at the barricades. Lord Beaconsfield was delighted. I think it was the only time I ever saw him laugh downright heartily. When it was over, Colonel Primrose went out of the room and came back quite quiet, and looking as if he had done nothing. He often said afterwards to me at Vienna (and various places abroad), when there was a very stiff party at an Embassy or Foreign party, "I wish to gracious I could do the 'Marseillaise' now, but those things are obliged to come by inspiration." A pity such a man should have perished, in that useless fight in the Soudan, of fever. We had the pleasure of a very

* The Ogham being the "fair writing" of the ancient Irish literature, and the Mushajjar is the Arabic Tree Alphabet, which is an Arab mystery (how many yards of trees I have had to copy!). After having lectured on it, he wrote an account of it for the Royal Society of Literature in 1879, and then made it into a pamphlet.—I. B.

pleasant dinner at Lady Ashburton's, where we met several delightful people, notably Mr. Augustus Hare, Swinburne, and Miss Hatty Hosmar, the famous sculptress. It was remarkably interesting, and Mr. Hare told us delightful ghost stories. We then went to Ashridge to Lady Marian Alford, who was the best friend we have had in London, except Lord Houghton. Then I went to Brighton (where we saw a good deal of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon) for the purpose of helping at a bazaar in behalf of humanity to animals. Richard brought out his second Midian book, called "The Land of Midian Revisited" (2 vols., 1879).

On the 19th of November took place the wedding of Colonel Oliphant and my cousin Miss Gerard, which was a treat as a gathering of friends and relations. Richard was at this time under Dr. Garrod for gout.

About December 22nd, Richard had an upset that caused him to be rather poorly for three weeks, which disappeared one night in a quiet dinner with our friend, J. J. Aubertin, who gave us a bottle of very old white port, that seemed to cure him.

THE LITERARY B'S OF 1878.*

"One B. his honey found
On Sinai's hallowed ground,
And in Midian he sojourned for a season;
But enemies there were
Who stole the lion's share
Of the fame and of the honour without reason

"Then a second busy B.—
Mammon's votary is he—
Who the sods and soil of Midian unrolled;
He says the land is fair,
But, in truth, there's nothing there
So magnetic and attractive as its gold."

* I think from *Punch*.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRITUALISM.

"Prosaic after death, our spirits then
Invent machinery to talk with men;
* * * *
And Shakespeare's spirit visits earth to tell
How he and Washington are very well;
And Lindley Murray, from the body free,
Can't make his verbs and nominatives agree;
Ben Franklin raps an idiotic dream,
And Webster scrawls vile twaddle by the ream;
That splendid knave, Lord Bacon, has turned fool,
And Penn's great soul is busy keeping school.
Well may the living poet heave a sigh
To think his spirit, stooping from the sky
When he is dead, can rap at mortal call,
Bad rhymes and wretched metre on a wall!
Well may the hero shudder in despair,
Whose soul can choose to animate a chair;
And the great statesman, sinking in the tomb,
To rise, and wheel a table round a room!"

ONE night we had a most amusing spiritualistic meeting at the rooms where the Society usually met, somewhere near the British Museum. It was a night appointed for a very great gathering to hear Richard speak on Spiritualism. The Spiritualists in 1878 were as anxious to claim him as one of their Chiefs, as the Agnostics were in 1891–2, after his death. Richard was the honestest, most truthful man I ever knew; whatever he said he believed, but he believed a great deal more than he said. He was such a many-sided man, that one individual could not understand him; they could only see the one light presented to their eye, and could not imagine the others. He was so anxious to get to the highest of the high, that he studied everything, and amongst others every religion, and when he thought he knew it he took the good out of that religion, and practised it. Now, he thought that if several manifestations which we had witnessed could be pushed further, and especially one of which he was one of seven, that we should have a closer connection with the other

world, and for I cannot tell how many years we pursued this phantom, and the more we saw the more puzzled we got; for it never came up either to a Roman Catholic miracle, nor the Sufi's mysticism, which he had practised so long in the East. And in practical England, where there was generally so much money in the case, there was three-quarters of a pound of humbug or jugglery to one ounce of spiritual matter; and Richard at last became convinced that we were on the verge of a new science, which any one who had time and power to grasp this will-o'-the-wisp could turn to good practical account, just as in old days with steam, railways, telegraph, telephones, and electricity in all its branches. At times he and I together got very near something, he being the power, and I the medium (this he called the sixth sense), and then we lost all trace and gave it up. I was not sorry, because I was always in hot water with my Church every time we had a *séance*. I think, or rather, I should say, *he* thought, that people should not make a religion of it, and only use it for scientific experiments. He did not believe in the "communion with the dead" through *that* medium—if for no other reason, that, as a spirit is supposed to know all things, the spirits that came were always just as illiterate as their invokers. They dropped their *h*'s in exactly the same place where he or she did, and used exactly the same expression, and were just or rather more vulgar, especially the joking spirits. We had an excellent example of that, when a doctor, whom I will not name, provided us with a splendid specimen for clairvoyant treatment, and the soul of an Italian doctor presented himself and spoke through the medium, who was evidently unaware that Richard and I could speak anything else but English; and upon being asked certain questions, he spoke a little broken English, with two or three words of very bad Portuguese. We looked at each other, and we talked to him in Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish; but he knew none of the three, which an Italian spirit certainly would have done. His coming to was a splendid bit of acting, and we had to pay our guinea for the medical advice therein. This night, of which I write, Richard made the following speech :—

From *The Spiritualist*, December 13, 1878.

"The British National Association of Spiritualists.

"*The Debate on Captain Burton's Paper.*

"The usual fortnightly meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists was held at 38, Great Russell Street, on Monday evening, the 2nd instant. The chair was taken by Mr. Desmond

Fitz-Gerald, M.S.TeL.E., and the rooms were crowded to excess, the paper to be read being by the renowned traveller, Captain R. F. Burton.

"The Chairman—Ladies and gentleman, I have to go through a work of supererogation in introducing to you a gentleman with whose reputation at least you are already well acquainted. I have to introduce you to a gentleman who of old did great service to Spiritualism by defending the Davenport Brothers when they were unjustly attacked. I have to introduce you to a gentleman who, if he believed that Spiritualism or any part of it were a great truth, would, without any doubt, unhesitatingly and fearlessly stand up and support his convictions; I have to introduce you, in fact, to the modern Bayard, our English *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* After paying to him a *devoir* which sounds like a compliment, but which is not one, I have to say that I stand here rather anxiously awaiting what Captain Burton has to say in relation to Spiritualism. I know he is not quite one of ourselves; I know he is a very hard hitter, and if there are any flaws in our armour, I know he will make it ring again; but I feel certain we shall take every observation he may make in good part, being certain of the honesty and good intent of the speaker. (Applause.) I feel that I cannot sit down without mentioning the name of Mrs. Burton. (Applause.) Captain Burton is in my eyes, and I believe I represent the feeling of all those who know him, or even only know his reputation, one of the finest specimens of manhood I have ever had the honour to stand beside, and I must say of Mrs. Burton that I consider her the finest specimen of womanhood I have ever met. She is a lady of high birth, but she is something more, something higher than that. She is a true woman, who has over and over again stood beside her husband in times of trouble and imminent danger, and it is a great honour to me to be in the position of introducing you to our distinguished visitors this evening. With this little preamble, I will at once call upon Captain Burton to read his paper. (Applause.)

"Spiritualism in Eastern Lands.

"I felt highly honoured when your energetic secretary, Miss Kislingbury, proposed to me a lecture in these rooms. It is, indeed a privilege; for here we Students may speak out what we honestly believe to be the truth, without fear of those brother-foes, the Theologian and the Scientist—the Black Terror and the Red Terror.

"The subject allotted to me for this evening is 'Spiritualism' (or rather Magnetism, Occultism, and similar matters) 'in Eastern Lands,' and I would obtain your leave to enter into a personal matter which may interest Spiritualists. As regards standpoint, it can matter little to an audience what may be the opinions, spiritual or unspiritual, psychological or unpsychological, of one whose humble duty is to collect and narrate a few facts. But it would hardly be fair to enter upon such a subject without briefly laying

down the standpoint from which it is viewed. Of course the *point de vue* is that of the individual who pretends to be right individually, but who has no pretension to be right either absolutely or relatively to others.

"The standpoint is intelligent enough. Seen from it, life is nothing but the innate condition of man's material and sensuous organization; as the old Materialist said, 'it is the *swabhám* (nature of things) which thinketh in man.' Consciousness, concerning which battle still rages, is not a 'quality of the sentient principle, or, in other words, the soul;' but a condition of life inexplicable to us at present—a life itself. The supernatural is the natural misunderstood or improperly understood—we cannot say where nature either begins or ends. The superhuman is the superlative of human; we know what our senses and their 'interpenetration' teach us, but no man—positively, absolutely, no man—neither deity nor devil—angel nor spirit—ghost nor goblin—has ever wandered beyond the narrow limits of this world—has ever brought us a single idea or notion which belongs to another and a different world—has ever eluded the simple cognizance of man's five wits. 'I refuse,' says Verax, 'to doff my hat and go on my knees and strip myself of all that is deemed spiritual in my being, in deference to an arbitrary negation, which they who propound it profess their inability to maintain.' Let him keep his hat on, and point out one single spiritual entity which is not subject to our animal senses, or rather to the brain which directs them. With such belief, or absence of belief, I must be contented to remain, as a facetious friend said, 'a Spiritualist without the Spirits.'

"An Agnostic, who can have no knowledge save that which his senses bring to him, is necessarily a materialist. By 'matter,' or molecular structure, or concourse of atoms, or whatever you please to call it, the Common Sense of mankind, our supreme arbiter of physics and metaphysics, understands that which is perceptible to, or cognizable by, the senses. When Berkeley proves logically that spirit only exists, we admire the ingenuity with which he shows that white is black and black is white. Like the Hindú philosopher he inverts the normal mode of definition by calling the invisible prototypes the only reality. Similarly, when Schopenhauer, the Buddhist of modern Europe, assures us that 'in reality there is neither matter nor spirit,' we note that he has adopted the Hindú idea of *Máyá*, or universal illusion; and that he reduces all existence to will and manifestation—will in motion being force, and force producing matter. When it is proved to us that matter does not 'exist,' we recognize a quirk or conceit in the use of the verb 'to exist.' Meanwhile, this chair, this table, these walls, and all with them are of matter, material. And that suffices for everyday use.

"We avoid asserting that spirits do not exist; we fear being called upon to prove a negative; and we students are addicted to 'suspension of judgment'—a mental operation apparently distasteful to the multitude. But we affirm that if they do exist, they are material. As you see upon these walls they allow themselves to be photo-

graphed; therefore, they have substance, shape, and size; upstairs a simple instrument shows you their connection with weight. We, therefore, conclude that there are ample grounds for holding these spirits to be, like ourselves, of the world, mundane, of the earth, earthy. And when Spiritualists speak of a 'materialized spirit,' I can think only of a form of speech whose genus is *Taurus*, species *Hibernicus*. Similarly Lucretius makes Epicurus argue that the soul is material because all its belongings are of the material world. And Paracelsus, the mighty adept, declared 'the imagination of man is a seed which is material.'

"We, a goodly company, thus place ourselves in direct opposition with immaterial animisers. We regret the term 'psychic force' applied to zoo-electricity, because it asserts a soul-theory. We claim to know the genesis of the soul, the place and almost the date of its birth. The beautiful conception of a refined body-form, denoted by the golden heart of the mummy, was familiar to the ancient Egyptian who, as Mr. Bonwick lately told you, had a soul's soul, as well as a body's soul. And, note, that your modern belief in perispirits and spirit-forms is that of the heathenry on the banks of the Nile who disbelieved in Moses. The Hebrews, Moses included, agreed to banish from their system a Soul-land, a Spirit-land, a Ghost-land, a Kutome, or Dead-man's-land, as Dáhome calls it; in other words, a future world, a state of rewards and punishments. Contented with *Ruach* (Arabic Ruh), the 'breath,' that is, the sign and symbol of life, these sturdy materialists wanted no Gentile '*Atma*' (soul) in addition to '*Mátrá*' (matter). In Asia the fair vision may be traced to the Guebres, who taught it to the Jews during the captivity at Babylon: their subsequent teaching, Manicheism, or Dulism, the antagonism of light and darkness, good and bad, god and devil, positive and negative electricity is, still, and long will be, a power in the world of faith. In Europe it arose amongst the fair humanities of pagan Greece and Rome; as Cupid and Psyche prove, it did noble service to the poets; while prosaic Pliny declared that 'to seek for other beings external to him, is not only useless to man, but beyond his power.' St. Paul introduced into Christendom the threefold idea of a natural body, which could become a glorified body, of a soul, and of a spirit; while the moderns remark, 'Our ideas of the soul are not what they were a century ago; a century hence they will not be what they are now.' Personally, I ignore the existence of soul and spirit, feeling no want of a self within a self, an I within an I. If it be a question of words, and my *ego*, or subject, as opposed to the *non-ego*, or object; or my individuality, the concourse of conditions which differentiates me from others, be called a soul, then I have a soul, but not a soul proper. For some years, however, I have managed to live without what is popularly called a soul; and it would be hard to find one violently thrust into the recusant body.

"But why do the Spiritualists so violently rage against us? Why these wails concerning the 'awful spread of materialism'? The Church hates the admirable Epicurus above all other heathen

sceptic-sages, simply because he would abolish Churchmen. Is this the standpoint of the psychologist? Can there be anything less rational than the phrase which has of late grown popular, 'The dark and debasing doctrines of materialism'? Listen to the latest words of the learned Serjeant Cox: 'The pursuit of psychology ('*Psyche*,' my pretty maid) is certainly as elevating as that of materialism is degrading. The eyes of the materialists are fixed upon the earth. Psychology at least looks up to the heavens (blank sky and air). The regards of materialism are only for the present; psychology has a future'—let me add, a very unpleasant future, if Spiritualists say true. Hear, again, the words of one who was called in his day *l'austère intrigant*—'Belief in the supernatural is a fact, natural, primitive, universal, and consistent in the life and history of the human race. Unbelief in the supernatural begets materialism; materialism, sensuality; sensuality, social convulsions, amid whose storms men again learn to believe and pray' (Guizot). Granted to thee, O theologian! a personal Demiourgos, an anthropomorphic creator, by what right canst thou limit his power, his omnipotence? Surely the baser the material, the greater the feat which works it out into the noblest of forms. Far more wisely speaks an Eastern poet—

> 'Is not the highest honour His who from the worst can draw the best?'
> May not your Maker make the world from matter, at His own behest?
> Nay, more; the sordider the stuff, the cunninger the workman's hand—
> Cease, then, your own Almighty Power to bind, to bound, to understand!'

* * * * * * *

But man—made, we are told, in the image of God—has returned the good office by modelling his God after his own very human fashion. This is the anthropomorphism, the 'theanthropism' of Mr. Gladstone, concerning which the great master, Aristotle, wrote, 'Men create the gods after their own image, not only with regard to their form, but with regard to their mode of life.' Meanwhile, I hold it to be one of the brightest features of our times—this gospel derisively called 'of Doubt and Denial.' It shows the firm resolve of mankind no longer to be fooled with the fallacies of many faiths; his longing to supplant the fatuous fires of belief by the pure daylight of present reason, and his determination to shed the lively ray of science upon the dark deceits and delusions, the frauds, the follies, and the failures of the past.

"And yet another objection. The scientist, in his turn, is addicted to laying down terms and bounds to the immeasurable field of human knowledge in the ages to come. He assures us, for instance, that we shall never know the connection between the body and the soul—for there are scientists who still have souls. I would ask—By what manner of authority can man lay down such a *ne plus ultra*? We hold, under certain limitations, the law of development—of progress—to be the normal order of the world. What, then, will be the result when the coming races shall have surpassed the present as far as the present has surpassed the man of the Quaternary and,

possibly, the Tertiary ages? Meanwhile the antidevelopists, theological and scientific, who cling to the obsolete and immoral doctrine of degradation, are bound to find, sunk deep below earth's surface, vestiges and remains of ancient civilization in an ever-ascending scale; they must show us, in fact, water running up to its source. They are bound to produce, amongst the old stone folk, a cave-man who, by his noble and symmetrical skull, his delicate jaw, his short forearm, his straight shin, and, possibly, his 'hyacinthine locks,' shall receive the fading honours of Father Adam and Mother Eve. Lord Beaconsfield is 'all on the side of the Angels.' I cannot but hold to the apes. And if he be a fallen angel, I, at least, am a Simiad that has done something to develop itself.

"Before entering upon magnetism and occultism in Eastern lands, will you kindly allow me a few words of personal explanation? In 1876 I addressed to the *Times* the following note upon extra-sensuous perception in the mesmeric state, suggesting the universality of the so-called 'spirit' phenomena:—

"'Sir,—Seeing my name quoted in your columns (October 30, 1876) as one of those who have "certified to the genuineness of spirit phenomena," I venture to request the briefest of hearings. The experience of twenty years has convinced me that (1) perception is possible without the ordinary channels of the senses; and (2) that I have been in presence of a force or a power, call it what you will, evidently and palpably material if, at least, man be made of matter; but I know nothing of what is absurdly called Spiritualism, and I must be contented to be at best a Spiritualist without the Spirits.

"'Some such force or power the traveller is compelled to postulate, even in the absence of proof. He finds traces of it among all peoples, savage as well as civilized; and it is evidently *not* a "traditional supernaturalism." This all but absolute universality claims for it the right to rank in the "suprahuman category" of the late Lord Amberley, who did not hold, as I do, the superhuman and the supermundane to be the human and the mundane imperfectly understood. Even mere barbarians, as "the Earl" tells us in his last pleasant book, have learnt to juggle with it; and I fear that many a professional "medium" has, at times, when the legitimate agent failed him, learnt to supplement it by sleight-of-hand, pure and simple. In 1835 the late Mr. Lane startled the public with his account of the Cairo magician and the drop of ink in the boy's hand; and "Eothen" vainly attempted to explain the phenomenon as a "tentative miracle." Had the public read the "Qanoon-i-Islam" by Dr. Herklots, instead of passing over it as a cookery-book, they would have found the very same process everywhere utilized in India. Colonel Churchill's 'Mount Lebanon' (1853) again describes a notable feat performed by a Druze medium, which distinctly comes under the head of "Materialized Spiritualism," to use the "Irish bull" now in vogue.—I am, sir,' etc., etc.

"That 'perception is possible without the ordinary channels of sensation' is a hard saying. The Press took it up; and, I am told,

the small boys at Norwood amused themselves by shouting to one another, 'Take care where yer going! yer havn't got Captain Burton's six senses!' But I meant simply to state my conviction that the senses—which, little known to us as the 'Laws of Nature,' after the study of twenty-four centuries, still conceal so many secrets—sometimes are, and often may be made, independent of their organs. Who amongst you cannot quote cases of men being strangely affected by the presence of some animal? You have all heard of Henri III. and of the Duke of Schomberg, who could not sit in a room where there was a cat. A notable instance of this occurred in my own family—a brave soldier who had fought through many a campaign, and yet who turned pale and faint in the feline presence. He neither saw, smelt, heard, felt, nor tasted the cat; the fact of its being there was enough.

"Again, why should not the brain, or the nervous system, or whatever controls the sensuous processes of man, be able, when artificially excited, stimulated, exalted—as by mesmerism or somnambulism—to see, hear, and feel for itself; see, without eyes; hear, without ears; feel, without fingers? In other words—Why should it not be capable of clairvoyance and clairaudience? I assert that it does, and many in this room will support my assertion. A learned physician and devout Catholic—Dr. F. Lefebre, Professor of Pathology at highly orthodox Louvain—goes so far as to affirm 'it is possible that the somnambulists' power of foresight may be raised to a degree far above the ordinary level, and that they can sometimes penetrate into the future so far as to excite our utmost astonishment.' In fact, this honest and courageous scientist confesses his belief in 'second sight.' Thus the heterodoxies of yesterday become the orthodoxies of to-day. That sturdy incarnation of common sense, Dr. Johnson, the Philistine Colossus of English literature, would certainly, had Spiritualism been developed in his day, have become a thorough-paced Spiritualist. The theory of extra-sensuous perception of things sensuous is to be proved or disproved, not by hard words, not by mere logic, but by experiment and facts. Meanwhile I hold myself justified in believing it to be true, and others equally justified in believing it to be false. As the wise man said, 'Different people have different opinions.' And in our present transitional empirical state of knowledge unanimity appears hopeless. Half the world of Christendom believes that 'miracles' still take place; the other half denies their taking place: and who shall decide between them?

"When my note appeared in the *Times*, that picturesque paper, the *Daily Telegraph*—whose peculiar gifts are *not* what it claims, 'logic' and 'common sense'—took up arms. With a war-whoop *à la jingo*, and a flourish of the tomahawk, which on this occasion assumed the guise of that weapon so deadly in the hands of a certain Hebrew Hercules, he proceeded to demolish me (November 14, 1876). 'How,' he asks, 'can a man *perceive* a cat in the room without the sensation of sight?' I am not bound to answer his 'how;' I affirm that man can do it, that he has done it, and that he still does it. Again, 'How can he *perceive* a clap of thunder without the sense of

hearing?' Let me ask, in return, how many there are—some perhaps in this room—whose nervous systems infallibly tell them, without the intervention of the 'Five Deluders,' that 'thunder is in the air'? After fixing upon me the term 'Suprahuman,' which I quoted from the late Lord Amberley's last book, he lectures me upon Eastern jugglery, as if I had never been out of Fleet Street. He asks, with that mock-humility so well known of old, in what the medium's 'legitimate agent' may consist? I, on my side, would inquire what he understands by sanative mesmerism or somnambulism—is it lawful or unlawful? He would shed a Saurian tear over my lapse from grace: 'It is melancholy to find a man of strong common sense indulging in such nonsense as this.' Finally, because I hold to 'nervous perception,' which may be called a sixth sense, after the fashion of one proposed by John Stuart Mill, he threatens me with *hysteria*, which again is not sound physiology, and (horrible to say!) with 'confirmed insanity.'

"The 'Cairo magician,' whose ink-mirror in the boy's hand startled the public through Lane's 'Modern Egyptians' (chap. xii. vol. ii. p. 99, edit. 1846), is probably familiar to all in this room. Not so the account of the same phenomenon, given by Dr. Rossi (*Gazette Médicale de Paris*, February, 1860). This physician, established at Cairo, has supplied ample details concerning the methods employed by the Egyptian sorcerers to produce sleep accompanied by insensibility.

"'In this land of tradition,' writes Dr. Rossi, 'in this country where what was done forty centuries ago is still done at the present day, there exists a class of persons who gain their living by the profession of *Mandieh*.' [The latter is a mistake for Darb el Mandal,* as the Arabs call the process.]

"'The effects produced by them, hitherto spoken of with contempt as charlatanism, are the same as those lately published by Dr. John Braid (1843). Still further, as you had foreseen by scientific induction, hypnotism in their hands is merely the first link of the chain which ends by the phenomena of "magnetic somnambulism," discovered by the Marquis de Puységur in 1784. They proceed in the following manner. They generally make use of a perfectly white platter of earthenware. This is the luminous object of Braidism. In the centre of this plate they draw, with pen and ink, two triangles crossing each other,† and fill up the space occupied by this geometrical figure with cabalistic words, the probable object being to concentrate the sight upon a limited point. Finally, to increase the brightness of its surface, they pour a little oil upon it.

"'Generally speaking, they choose a young subject‡ for their

* "'Mandal' is, properly speaking, a Persian word, and means the magic circle in which the necromantist sits when summoning the demons and spirits of the dead."

† "The well-known cabalistic figure known to Moslems as Khátim-Sulaymán—Solomon's Seal."

‡ "A negro, a boy, or a woman with child, say the Arabs."

experiments, and make him fix his eyes on the centre of the double triangle. Four or five minutes after * the following effects are produced. The patient begins to see a black spot in the middle of the plate; some minutes later, this black spot grows larger, changes its shape, and transforms itself into different apparitions, which float (or rather pass in procession) before the subject. Having reached this point of hallucination, the patient often acquires a somnambulistic lucidity as extraordinary as that of those who are magnetized.

"'There are, however, some of these Shaykhs who, more simple in their preparations, without having recourse to geometrical figures or cabalistic words, cause the simple hypnotism and somnambulism of Dr. Braid, by making the subject fix his eyes upon one of those glass balls which contain oil, and serve for lamps.'

"Before these lines had been written, a Member of the Institute, Count Léon de Laborde, bought from an 'Arab magician' at Cairo, of the confraternity of Lane's Shaykh Abd-el-Kadir, the secret of apparitions in the hollow of the hand. Children taken at hazard see with as much ease as through a *lucarne* (skylight) men moving, appearing and disappearing (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, August, 1840).

"Had the learned public been a little better read, they would have known what Dr. Herklots wrote some three years before Lane's account caused so much excitement, 'fluttering the doves' that began at once to shriek 'Necromancy.'† In the 'Qanoon-i-Islam' (chap. xxxiii. pp. 376–378. London: Parbury and Allen, 1837), translated by Dr. G. A. Herklots, we find Section I. devoted to the 'viewing of *Unjun* (anjan), or the magic mirror.'‡ The author says, 'For the purpose of ascertaining where stolen goods are concealed, or the condition of the sick whenever possessed by the Devil, or where treasure has been buried, they apply *Unjun* to the palm of a child or an adult, and desire him to stare well at it.' This art is practised by Jogis,§ Sányasis, and other Hindú devotees, who use it to ascertain the exact position of buried treasure. The 'Daffnah,' in India, emits fire-sparks at night, and rolls about like a ball of flame. Our author continues: 'The person to the palm of whose hand *Unjun* is applied, occasionally mutters a great deal of ridiculous nonsense. For example, that "at such and such a place there is a *lota degchah*, or *kurrahee*, full of rupees, etc., buried."'‖

"*Unjun*, we are told, is of five kinds, viz.:—

"1. *Urth* (arth) *Unjun*, used to discover stolen goods. This is prepared by triturating various roots, for instance, that of the *Abrus precatorius*, or carat tree, in water. It is thus applied to the inside of a piece of earthen pot which must be new and pure, and placed

* "This is not time enough; in India half an hour would be the minimum."

† "It reminded them of the Island of Glubdubdrib, 'where the Governor, by his skill in necromancy, had the power of calling whom he pleased from the dead' (Gulliver, chap. vii.)."

‡ "Lamp-black prepared in a peculiar way."

§ "Of these men more hereafter."

‖ "Various kinds of brass pots and pipkins."

inverted over a lamp lighted with (fresh) castor oil. The lamp-black is collected, mixed with oil, and applied to the hand of a footing child, who, we are told, 'particularly details everything regarding what is wanted.'

"2. *Bhoot* (bhut) *Unjun* is similar, but used chiefly for ascertaining what regards devils, evil spirits, and spirits, and the condition of the sick.

"3. *D'hunna* (dhanná) *Unjun* is composed of a lot of white cloth dipped in the blood of a cat, an owl, or a 'king-crow;' the eyes, liver, and gall-bladder are rolled up in it, and it is used as a wick in a lamp of castor oil. The lamp procured is also mixed with oil and applied to the hand; hidden treasure is thereby discovered.

"4. *Alop Unjun*, which, if applied to a person's eyes or forehead, makes him, wherever he be, invisible to others, while they remain visible to him.

"5. *Saurwa Unjun* is prepared with the suds of the *Dolichos lablab*. After staring for two or three *ghurees* (each of twenty-four minutes) the subject will say something to this effect: 'First I saw the Farrásh (sweeper) coming; he swept the ground and departed. Then came the Bihishti (water-carrier), who sprinkled water on the flower and went away. The Farrásh reappeared and spread the carpet. Next came a whole army of fierce demons, fairies, etc., to whom succeeded their commander, who was seated on a throne.' This was, in fact, the king of the Jinns, into whose presence the culprit was borne and forced to make confession.

"The Hindi Moslem, from whose manuscript Dr. Herklots' translation was made, concludes the *Unjun* section as follows: 'I myself place no faith in such *unjuns* and *hazeeruts* (spirit-summonings). Although born in this very country (Hindostan), bred and educated among this race (Moslems); yet, through the blessing of God, and the friendship of the great, by the study of good books, and by the hearing of sane counsel, the credibility of the existence of such things has been entirely effaced from my breast.'

"This conclusion is evidently *ad captandum*. It must be remembered that the author wrote before 1832, when even European travellers who feared to be called 'credulous' were compelled to make an apology for recounting any phenomenon that savoured of the so-called 'preternatural.' Spiritualistic societies have, at least, taught them a little more boldness in dealing with facts, and courage in affronting the vulgus.

"I need hardly enlarge upon the antiquity and the almost universal use of the Magic Mirror: Cornelius Agrippa's crystal and Dr. Dee's bit of cannel coal are doubtless well known to you. But I would draw your attention to the curious fact that everywhere, and in all ages, the vision follows nearly the same ceremonial—the floor sweeping, the procession, the throne, the ruler, and the person summoned. This is the phenomenon which deserves investigation. Is it traditional—that is, taught by one 'magician' to another? Or is it spontaneous—the mesmerizer's thought reflected by the medium?

"The following description of treasure-raising by magic, given in the words of a Tunisian notary, shows the popular idea of the process in Western lands, as opposed to that mentioned by Herklots:—

"'On the evening appointed, the Moroccan and three others, besides myself, left the city as the gates were closed, and reached the appointed place when only two hours were wanting to midnight.

"'After a short rest our guide took us to a fragment of ruin on the southern slope of a hill, where he desired us to remain perfectly silent, and instructed us not to be intimidated by anything we might see or hear. He could not tell precisely what would happen; but "whatever may transpire," he said, "give no utterance to your feelings, whether of fear or of joy; for if you do, our labour will not only be in vain, but the treasure itself will have to continue in the bowels of the earth for another century."

"'He then lit a small lamp, and began his incantations. He stood in the centre, and we at the four cardinal points of the compass, only about four or five arms' length from him. Then he blew into a small flame the coals he had brought in an earthen cruse, and threw a variety of incense into it. No sooner did the smoke commence to ascend than he made a last imploring sign to us neither to move nor to utter a sound, and threw himself flat on the ground.

"'In a few seconds we felt the ground beneath us heave like the waves of the sea, so that we had the greatest difficulty to stand erect; tremendous noises, like the sound of thunder, at the same time assailed our ears. By the dim moon we could discern hosts of cavalry, in the plain below, galloping up to us, with their guns and lances aimed at us. They rushed upon us in the most furious and threatening attitudes; but no sound—not even that of hoofs—could we hear, and horses and riders seemed to vanish when only within a few yards of us. But this strange army thickened; the fierceness of their countenances and their threatening position increased, while at the same time we distinctly heard the clangour of chains and other extraordinary noises underground. Although trembling from fright, we stuck to our posts, and obeyed to the very letter the Moroccan's instructions. But now huge masses of rock above us began to stagger; and, as if hurled by some supernatural and invisible force, commenced rolling down with the utmost velocity in the direction of the spot where we stood, threatening us with instantaneous destruction. The fear of death overcame our love for treasure. We fled with the speed of lightning, and called for mercy at the top of our voice, never stopping nor looking back till we found ourselves in safety.

"'The Moroccan joined us soon afterwards, giving utterance to the greatest rage and fury as soon as he could make himself audible; and, had we not been four to one, he would, I believe, have committed murder that night. "The work," he said, "was on the eve of being completed, and the stones opened the gap for us to possess ourselves of vast treasures. Your cowardice has frustrated all. You

might have been wealthy by this time; but beggars you were when you came here, and, through your own folly, beggars you return."'

"Dr. N. Davis, who relates what was told to him (pp. 399, 400, 'Carthage.' London: Bentley, 1861), notices other events of this kind. As an eye-witness he describes (p. 425) the charming of a dangerous serpent by one Haji Ibrahim, and owns that the fat little Darwaysh 'had a certain influence over venomous reptiles—mesmeric, or of some other kind.' Elsewhere (p. 404) he tells of a dancing drinking-cup, that skipped merrily into the middle of the room; the same kind of manifestation as that produced by Colonel Churchill's Druze mediums. Tales of this nature may be found scattered through the pages of a host of travellers: they offer, in fact, no *embarras de richesses*.

"The following is the modern European form of the magic mirror. I find in a well-known Masonic journal (the *Rosicrucian*, No. 4, April 1, 1877) an article—'Evenings with the Indwellers of the World of Spirits'—by my friend, Mr. Frederick Hockley:—

"'The pendant of a crystal chandelier destroyed in the palace of the Tuileries during the Revolution under Charles the Tenth (29th July, 1830), had this evening arrived, and been laid upon the table, and had not been charged. My seeress, Miss Emma Leigh, taking it up, said—

"'"It is thick; there is a vision in it.

"'"There's a pair of compasses and a square. Now the compasses are opening; now there is a point on each end of the square, which has turned sideways. There's a book come underneath—a thick book, bound in rough calf, with thick bands up the back; now there's a man's face, very thin, dark, straight hair, quite black, come inside the compasses, and a thin, very thin hand placed upon the book.

"'"Now the face has come from the inside of the compasses to a small space outside. The hand has opened the book; the book is very beautiful inside, it looks like a picture. There are two figures with wings on each side of a little oval; in the middle of the oval there appear words or figures beautifully coloured."'

"'This remained some time, and as the hour for using the C. A. mirror was at hand, I tried to dismiss the vision, but it remained. I then placed the crystal in my cabinet.

"'At eight p.m. I invoked, as usual, the C. A. in his mirror, and the action lasted till a few minutes to ten, when the C. A. left.

"'Ten p.m.—Immediately Emma took up Mr. Dresser's crystal she observed: "It is still clouded. The book is there open, and the man's face and shoulders. He has held his hand up, and the book has opened just in the same place. It looks very richly illuminated in gold and colours; there is an arch at the top, and one angel is standing upon a crushed ball. Now there are clouds of different colours coming up under the other figure at the bottom—white, like smoke, then purple, blue, pink, and golden-coloured, which covers all up to their wings.

"'"In the oval the reading is not in English or like letters; it is

large enough to be read. Two or three of the letters look like ducks with their heads under water."

"'Emma then copied the contents of the oval, and when finished she said: "Now there's a little slip of paper come underneath the title-page with words on it."'

"[For the rest of the article the reader must consult the Masonic journal.]

"In Dr. Herklots we find the word 'Jogi' properly applied to a Hindú devotee. Some of our modern Spiritualistic writers ('Isis Unveiled') speak of a 'Hindú Fakir,' which sounds much like a 'Protestant Franciscan,' or 'Trappist.' These Jogis are familiar, by sight at least, to every Anglo-Indian, who includes them all under the comprehensive term, 'holy beggars.' They maintain the possibility of acquiring, even during life, entire command of our elementary matter, and all worldly substances. The means are certain ascetic practices, such as (1) long-continued suppressing of breath, and inhaling and exhaling in particular ways; some of them are said to retain respiration for an incredible time; (2) sitting in different attitudes, of which the Ayin Akbari (ii. 445) records eighty-four different *asans*, the eyes being generally fixed so as to produce hypnotism, or Braidism, upon the nose-tip. These austerities affect the *yoga* (union) between the particle of vital spirit residing in the body and that which, being the source and essence of creation, pervades all nature—in fact, the *Anima mundi*, or soul of the world. Thus the Jogi, being liberated from his too coarse flesh, can make himself lighter than the lightest substances, and heavier than the heaviest. He can become as big or as small as he pleases. He can practise attrobacy, or levitation, and traverse all space. He can render himself invisible, and animate a dead body, by transferring his 'spirit'* into it. He can attain all objects, and become equally familiar with the Past, the Present, and the Future. Finally, he can be united with the sources of life, the archæal soul of the world, the 'Universal Soul' of Plato, and the Astral Light of the cabbalists. He now consequently escapes the pains and penalties of metempsychosis.

"The Jogis are mostly strong in the Zoo-electric force, which Mr. Crooke's instrument has proved to be material as any other form of electricity. Its application evidently dates from the earliest ages, and is by no means confined to the nobly born and civilized races of man. My cousin, Edward Burton, when serving, about 1840, in the now abolished Royal African Corps at St. Mary's, Bathurst, Gambia River, found a self-taught negro magnetizer. 'Tom Tom Jack' wisely refused to meddle with 'whites' (Europeans), but boasted that he could hypnotize any black man. My cousin offered five dollars, a large inducement, to his orderly, 'Charley Ross,' if he could resist the force; but the magnetizer was successful. I may also state that in my own case the practice began naturally, long before I had the benefit of books and teachers.

* "Read 'Zoo-electric force.'"

"Amongst those who have recorded 'Spiritualism' in Eastern lands, we must include Colonel Churchill.* He resided long upon the Lebanon, and he gained much mediumistic experience, especially from one of his friends, Bashír Talhúk. The following lines deserve quotation concerning the Shaykh, who, we are told, 'has devoted his time, singular as it may appear, to the cultivation of magic; and the stories he relates of his interviews with immaterial beings are novel and startling.'

"'At times he will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other; when, after the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David,† it will move spontaneously round. A stick, at his bidding, will proceed unaided from one end of the room to the other. A New Testament suspended by a piece of string to a key will, in the same way, turn violently round of itself.‡ On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one being empty, the other filled with water, the empty jar will, on the recital of certain passages, move across the room; the jar full of water will rise of itself on the approach of its companion and empty its contents into it, the latter returning to its place in the same manner that it came. An egg boiling in the saucepan will be seen to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance.§ A double-locked door will unlock itself. *There cannot be a doubt that an unseen influence of some kind is called into operation, but of what nature those may conjecture who like to speculate upon such matters.*‖

"'But it is in the more serious cases of disease or lunacy that the supernaturally derived powers are called into play. Previous to undertaking a cure, he shuts himself up in a darkened room, and devotes his time to prayer and fasting. Fifteen and sometimes thirty days are passed in this state of abstinence and self-denial. At last one of the genii (Jinn), described by him to be much of the same appearance as human beings, will suddenly appear before him and demand his bidding. He then states his position, and requires assistance in the case he is about to undertake. The genii replies at once that his request is granted, and encourages him to proceed.

"'The wife of Shaykh Ahmed Talhúk had been for more than two years afflicted with a swelling, which had been mistaken for pregnancy. Shaykh Bushír, after the usual preparatory discipline, passed his hand over her person, and in five minutes she arose perfectly cured. Shaykh Yúsuf Talhúk was brought before him a

* "Churchill's 'Mount Lebanon' (London, 1853), vol. i. pp. 146–167."

† "This process, like the words of the vulgar 'spell,' was probably used to concentrate the will."

‡ "The *Korán-gardán*, or Korán-turning of the Persians. Usually the key is made fast to the book, and its handle rests upon the finger-tips of the patients, whose nervous agitation and muscular action, unknown to them, cause the movement. At Goa the Portuguese thus discover thieves, etc. The gypsies of Spain also practise the rite, the accuser and the accused singing the Song of Solomon."

§ "A favourite gypsy trick in Northern Africa."

‖ "The italics are not the author's."

confirmed lunatic; in two days he returned to his home perfectly restored in health and reason.' [You see how shrewd was the apostle of Allah when he disclaimed the gift of miracle-mongering.]

"'That the Shaykh stoutly maintained his intercourse with spiritual agents to be real and effective is unquestionable; and, indeed, the belief in magic, and in the interposition of an order of unseen creatures in worldly affairs, at the bidding of those who chose to devote themselves earnestly to such intercourse, is universal throughout the entire population of every religion and sect. . . . Instances could be multiplied in which the most extraordinary and unaccountable results have been brought about, by the introduction of individuals who made this communion the subject of their study and contemplation. *But as the ears of Europeans would only be shocked by assertions and statements which they would not fail of holding to be utterly fabulous and ridiculous, the subject is merely alluded to in these pages to indicate the existence of a very prominent and prevalent belief in the Lebanon.*' [Again I place in italics those words which supply a Spiritualistic Society with such an admirable *raison d'être*.]

"The notes on Spiritualism which you have this evening favoured with your hearing are, to use a Persian phrase, only a handful which proves what the heap is. My friend Dr. Charnock especially recommends 'Le Spiritualisme Oriental,' by another friend, A. de Kremer (*Journal Asiatique*, 6 série, tom. 13, p. 105). Also he refers to index tom. 20, in connection with 'Le Sougisme' (Reading-room, British Museum, 2098D). In my 'History of Sindh' (London: Allen, 1851) I have given a chapter (No. viii.) and its notes to the same subject, Sufi-ism. And, lastly, in 'Vikram and the Vampire' (London: Longmans, 1870), I have related, under a facetious form of narrative, many of the so-called supernaturalisms and preternaturalisms familiar to the Hindús. These studies will show the terrible 'training,' the ascetic tortures, whereby men either lose their senses, or attain the highest powers of magic (proper), that is, of commanding nature by mastering the force, whatever it be, here called Zoo-electric, which conquers and controls every modification of matter.

"Nothing remains but to thank you for the patience with which you have listened to a long ramble, and to hope that the debate will be more interesting than the discourse. According to the Arabs, 'The lesson is one; the talk (that follows the lesson) is one thousand.'"

After Richard's speech was over, and the President had duly thanked him, he asked if any lady or gentleman would like to make a remark. I had sat below my husband against the platform, and had been taking notes of his speech all the time. I then got up and said, very modestly and shyly, that if being the wife of the lecturer was no obstacle, I should also like to be allowed to make a remark. Then I made my little speech.

"The Chairman—I have now to call upon Mrs. Burton.

"Mrs. Burton—It appears to me that Spiritualism, as practised in England, is quite a different matter to that practised in the East, as spoken of by Captain Burton. Easterns are organized for such manifestations, especially the Arabs. It causes them no surprise; they take it as a natural thing, as a matter of course; in short, it is no religion to them. Easterns of this organization exhale the force; it seems to be an atmosphere surrounding the individual, and I have frequently in common conversation had so strong a perception of it, as to withdraw to a distance on any pretext, allowing a current of air to pass from door or window between them and myself. There is no doubt that some strange force or power is at work, trying to thrust itself up in the world, and is well worthy of attention. When I say 'new,' I mean in our hemisphere. I believe it to be as old as time in Eastern countries. I think we are receiving it wrongly. When handled by science, and when it shall become stronger and clearer, it will rank very high. Hailed in our matter-of-fact England as a new religion by people who are not organized for it, by people who are wildly, earnestly, seeking for the truth, when they have it at home—some on their domestic hearth, and others next-door waiting for them—it can only act as a decoy to a crowd of sensation-seekers who yearn to see a ghost as they would go to a pantomime, and this can only weaken and degrade it, and distract attention from its possibly true object, science. Used vulgarly, as we have all sometimes seen it used, after misleading and crazing a small portion of sensitive persons, it must fall to the ground. I think Captain Burton has selected an admirable title for it—I allude to Zoo-electricity—until a better name discloses itself, but I regret to say that I cannot to-night join in the general applause which greets his lecture. It appears to me to suit all parties. He gives the Spiritualists a *raison d'être*, whilst he knows that he does not believe in spirits from the other world being subject to our uses, calls, and caprices. On the other hand, he has not exactly offended the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to which it is my glory to belong. The greatest anti-Spiritualist cannot accuse him of violating his own common sense, because he has expressed no belief, but simply recounted what is practised in the East. I am sure that I am the only person in this room, perhaps in London, possibly in the world, to whom the construction that the public may put upon the lecture of to-night is a thing of vital importance. I am, therefore, unwilling to leave Captain Burton's real sentiments on the subject quite so much to your imagination as I think he has done. He is certainly not a Spiritualist. Like other scientific men and materialists, he believes in a natural force which has no name, which he calls Zoo-electricity, but he does not mean the ghosts that real believers are said to see. I feel he has not done justice to himself, and this is why I have ventured to add this postscript to his address, in the fewest and plainest words that I can find. I need not tell you that he little thought to-night to find his wife amongst his opponents. I now thank you all exceedingly for having listened to me.

"The Chairman—When Captain Burton sat down, he made an observation to me to the effect that now he was going to 'catch it.' I told him he would have to wait some time, but I think he has 'caught it' already. (Laughter.) Now I think it is high time that somebody should say a word for Spiritualism as *we* understand it. I believe there is no very vital point of difference between us after all. We understand each other thoroughly. If the Spiritualist would only say—and it is a question of terms—that the spirits are formed of some kind of invisible matter which is not composed of any of the elements known to the chemists, and which has various, very wonderful properties and qualities, I think a great many of the difficulties and differences between ourselves and Captain Burton and other honest materialists might be got over."

Then followed all sorts of fun. There were many speeches and interesting questions, but I annex the most amusing.

"Mrs. Hallock—As no one has touched upon one or two points, I wish to do so, though I shall not do it very well, I am afraid. I have been extremely interested in the paper, but do not at all agree with my friend Dr. Wyld, that because there are so many volumes containing accounts of these phenomena, we therefore do not need to hear about them from a person who has read, perhaps, more than we have. It is much more agreeable to listen to a person who has read and digested these things than to read them for ourselves; at least, it is in my case. I am very much afraid that this form of 'Spiritualism without spirits' is on the increase. I hope no one present will catch Captain Burton's disease, for I think it is almost a disease. I think that many of us are getting afraid that we shall believe in spirits. We think it is so much more fashionable to say there is a sixth or seventh sense. I do not accuse Captain Burton of not being courageous. Of course, that would be a very stupid thing for me to say, but everybody has a wee bit of cowardice—(laughter)—and perhaps Captain Burton was afraid to say it, and has had to let Mrs. Burton say it for him.* (Laughter.) I know it is getting very late, and I must not say much; but my quarrel is much more with Mrs. Burton than with her husband, because she complains of people who think it is a new religion. It is true there are such people, and I wish there were a great many more. I think it is not only a new religion, but a renewal of old things which were laid aside, perhaps, with too little consideration. I say it is as a religion that Spiritualism is going to stand. If it is not a religion, it will be remitted to the position that it held in the East; and if anybody here has any respect for the state of things in the East, that is more than I have. (Laughter.) I care nothing for all those phenomena. I consider that they are trash, although Mr. Massey, who is very much more learned than I am, thinks them worthy of consideration. I think we have heard quite as much about them from

* Mrs. Hallock amused him very much.

Captain Burton to-night as they are worth. (Laughter.) But it is this religion that I want to say one more word about. It is not only a religion, but it is a science, and it is because it is a religious science and a scientific religion that we are going to make it do what it has begun to do—that is, to leaven the whole world. The future of Spiritualism will be greater than anything else in the past history of mankind. We are told that history repeats itself. I think it has repeated itself quite enough in some respects; and now we are going to have a new future for the world, if Spiritualists are true to the great mission that is presented to them from the spirit-world—which is full of spirits, in my estimation.

"The Chairman—It is getting so late that I shall not take up much of your time. Electricity is a science with a very broad back, and anything that has been difficult to understand has often been ascribed to electrical agency. Therefore I am not at all surprised that Captain Burton has given a new name to what was formerly called the psychic force. I have never been able to find any evidence whatever that there is any electricity whatever produced by the human body. If there is, the quantity is so insignificant in comparison with the great chemical changes continually taking place, that we must presume that in psychic phenomena there is an additional agency at play. In regard to the *raison d'être* of Spiritualistic societies, I really think we must claim some other reasons for our existence than that which has been adduced. We claim, and Captain Burton supports our claim to a very great extent, I think, that there are very great new truths before us which are by no means perfectly understood, and that every facility that can be given for their study is a direct benefit, and one of the most important benefits that could be conferred upon humanity. Before asking Captain Burton to reply to what we have said in relation to his paper, I have only to say that I think if he and Mrs. Burton would discuss the matter thoroughly together, and arrive at a mean between their present conclusions, it would be very much the same conclusion as that which is so popular here. I gather from what Mrs. Burton said that she is a Spiritualist *par excellence*, only she believes in old Spiritualism, and does not exactly believe in the new. I feel that her Spiritualism would be carried a great deal further even than ours; and if she would neutralize her notions by those of her husband, and if on the other hand her husband would sink a little of his materialism in her spirituality, they would then strike out a very valuable average. (Laughter.) I have now to ask Captain Burton to reply. (Applause.)

"Captain Burton—If you will allow me, I will take the objectors in the order of their coming. Mrs. Burton has informed you that in this last paper I have been 'trimming.' I think you will own that it is the first time I have ever trimmed, and I can certainly promise you never to trim again. *A man's wife knows, perhaps, too much about him.* I think it scarcely fair to have his character drawn by his wife. I do not think gentlemen would go to their wives, or that wives would go to their husbands, in order to know

exactly what they are. (Laughter.) The chairman first remarked that there is very little difference between my notions and those of the generality of Spiritualists; but he also alluded to an 'invisible matter, a substance not known to chemists.' Now, how is the existence of this substance proven? By spectrum analysis, or by the human mind, or out of the depth of your self-consciousness?

"The Chairman—By the sight.

"Captain Burton—Then it is not invisible?

"The Chairman—It is always visible to certain persons.

"Captain Burton—Therefore it is not invisible. But I object to your phrase 'invisible matter, a substance not known to chemists.' Mr. Wallace has been extremely kind in setting the ball going, and he also found for the first time how very much I do believe. I believe that the great difference is that the Spiritualist proper—the complete Spiritualist—believes that he is conversing with the spirits of departed beings. That is one of those canons laid down by Mr. Crookes.

"Mr. Crookes—I believe that is one of them.

"Captain Burton—You called that Spiritualism proper; whereas the belief that it is the work of the Devil you called the voice of the Church, did you not? (Laughter.) Mr. Wallace was kind enough to suggest that I should give you some personal experiences, and I believe the same thing was also mentioned by other gentlemen; but the fact is, at this hour it would be almost impossible. Moreover, at the end of this paper I referred you to a number of things I have written, in which there are my own personal experiences. For instance, alluding to the practice of Sufi-ism, in my 'History of Sindh,' I gave an account of a very long training I went through. But I shall be happy to prepare, as one of the speakers suggested, another paper if you choose to hear it. (Applause.) Mr. Crookes, in his extremely kind notice of my lecture, alluded to 'psychic force,' for which I have chosen to use another word. Psychic force is, I believe, getting out of fashion, and, if I am not somewhat mistaken, my learned friend Serjeant Cox proposed to abolish the use of the term altogether, and to adopt another expression—pneuma. With respect to Dr. Wyld, he has come to the conclusion, chiefly, I am told, by the experiments with Dr. Slade, that it is possible for a man not knowing Greek to write Greek. He also mentions five other languages similarly written, without telling us, however, whether any one of those languages was absolutely unknown to every person present.

"Dr. Wyld—Yes, in my own case: not in all cases.

"Captain Burton—That is the most important point of all, because believing in this Zoo-electricity and the force of will, and believing also in thought-reading, it is to me perfectly evident that if a medium is able to read thoughts, it is simply the action of himself and of those around him. The grand point in question is to know whether those languages were entirely unknown to any one present, and also if the latter had never learned those languages, because if any of them had ever learned the language the knowledge might return.

I am sorry Dr. Wyld alluded to a book called the 'Isis Unveiled,' because that book is the production of a person who evidently knows nothing of the subject. (Messrs. Blake and Massey: 'No! No!') It is a collection of stories, put together without the slightest discrimination between Mussulman and Hindú, and, in fact, it is one of those repositories which may be useful to take up occasionally, but which is not to be quoted as an authority. Mr. Massey very correctly interpreted me, and I hope with him that the truth will prevail in this room and everywhere else. Dr. Blake regretted that he could not agree with me. Now, my friend of many years' standing says that I go too far, while Dr. Wyld says I do not go far enough. Dr. Blake quoted some great German names on the subject of idealism *versus* sensationalism, and very great English names too. In my remarks I was merely speaking of the matter individually. I warned you, I did not pretend to any form of truth except what is truth to myself—that it might be true individually, and at the same time not true either collectively or relatively. My old friend Mr. Spencer has told us a long story about a table, and he is right in what he says about the danger of adhering to Spiritualism. It was only the other day that I was treated with some disdain by a lady who heard that I was going to lecture upon Spiritualism. She thought it horrible that I should enter a room where Spiritualists were. (Laughter.) I understand perfectly that ii there be such a thing as electric force or Zoo-electricity, it might cause a table to rise without difficulty. We know nothing whatever of the power. Mrs. Hallock has been kind enough, with that peculiar frankness which characterizes the sex, to lecture me upon my 'wee bit of cowardice.' She also seems to have fearful ideas of 'Spiritualists without the spirits,' and she also finds that this abominable heresy is on the increase. It must be painful to her, as she evidently looks forward to converting the whole world—not in the East, because she disdains the East, and I presume that the West will appreciate her perhaps more than the East. Mr. Harrison has objected that Zoo-electric force does not exist; that, in fact, the human body does not contain any electricity. He qualified the assertion, however, by saying that there might be a little, but not enough to have much effect. That is a matter of dispute, and a number of French and American magnetists and mesmerists still assert that it does. Every one here present understands what 'mesmerism' and 'magnetism' mean. As a rule, men use the words without attaching any particular theory to them. I do not think we need to be afraid of going too far upon those points. I did not venture to include so well-known a scientist as Mr. Crookes among the red or black terrors. The chairman very properly remarked, 'electricity has a very broad back,' and wants it. We all know how electricity has been brought to explain every mysterious thing. He objects that I have no stronger *raison d'être* for a Spiritualistic society than that of giving greater boldness to men in expressing their belief, whether true or false, especially when their beliefs are unpopular. I consider such a *raison d'être* as this amply

sufficient. The chairman tells us that the true *raison d'être* are the 'new truths' that he finds in it. Without quoting the old saying about what is true not being new, and what is new not being true, I very much doubt whether the 'new truths' are so valuable as the new fact of encouraging men to tell the truth about all things. He also advises me to discuss the matter with Mrs. Burton, and to settle our little domestic quarrel at home; in fact, he wants to make me a kind of primal Adam—'male and female created He him.' Ladies and gentlemen, I am exceedingly obliged to you for the kindness with which you have received me.

"The Chairman—I think it is hardly necessary to ask for a show of hands. Captain Burton hits hard, but open-handed, and we should like to have some more hits from him. I am sure we should like to reply to what he says, and in endeavouring to meet him on his own ground, we shall assuredly strengthen ourselves. *Pro forma* I will ask for a show of hands, according him a cordial vote of thanks.

"The proposal was unanimously responded to."

There never was such a meeting as that. The room was crowded, and even the stairs and the street. We all enjoyed it enormously, and nobody more than Richard, who often referred to it after.

Then somebody wrote as follows:—

"That great and intelligent traveller, Captain Burton, a man who will not flinch from telling the truth because it is unpopular, wrote to the *Times* a letter which disturbed the equanimity of that susceptible organ greatly some time back. In his letter Captain Burton said: 'An experience of twenty years has convinced me that perception is possible without the ordinary channels of sensation.' In a leader of the *Times* of the date November 14th, 1876, Captain Burton was answered, and that Journal seemed to imagine it had flung its last shaft of scorn, when, in reply to the above assertion of Captain Burton, it cynically, but in all-unconscious sapience, remarked: 'Captain Burton deserves a reward of merit for discovering for us the sixth sense of perception, which is neither seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, nor tasting, but something superior to all five.' That is just what Captain Burton does deserve, but I am sure the *Times* will be the last to give it to him. And, really, the *Times* in its scornful exaltment also a second time spoke above its knowledge; for this is just what the sixth sense is—it *is* superior to all the five senses, because it is less gross; it is psychical and they are only corporeal; but both categories, I believe, are equally perceived and real. 'Tell us,' said the *Times*, apostrophizing Captain Burton, 'how investigators could, for themselves, "perceive" this mysterious entity without recourse to the ordinary channels of sensation.' I fear that even Captain Burton would have been forced to answer thus: You must first get the power of a perception before you can make use of it; and if you do not possess it, or understand about

it, you must, in order to obtain a conception of it, be treated as you would treat blind men when you try to explain to them the beautiful mystery, to them, of ocular demonstration. And you must take us on trust, just as you expect men to take you on trust when you explain to them honestly and to the best of your ability that which you see. And what would you think of the blind man who should answer you, as you, in that article, answered Captain Burton, and said, as you did to him, 'This, of course, is mere fancy, and if indulged in, develops itself into hysteria, and finally, as Dr. Forbes Winslow can tell you, into confirmed insanity'? Why, you would think the blind man very ungrateful and very impertinent. But I will, in pity, spare you that last impeachment, and will only call you ignorant, because this perception spoken of by Captain Burton is not a perception that can be said to be indulged in; it is like the wind, it cometh when and where it listeth; and, moreover, can no more appropriately be said to be a thing indulged in than our natural sight; both have to put the term indulgence aside and to see that which they come across. Both eyesight and physical perception are a gift of God, only one is more common than the other."

"Lowther Lodge, Barnes, S.W., December 3, 1878.

"DEAR CAPTAIN BURTON,

"Your interesting lecture on Spiritualism explains what no one has yet been able to explain, the verse in the 'Persæ' of Æschylus, on the conjuring up of the ghost of Darius, v. 683 (Dind.)—

στένει, κέκοπται, καὶ χαράσσεται πέδον.

The effects are *exactly* what your Tunisian describes, and the inference is that this Eastern magic is a very old and *real* power. One is utterly perplexed, and can only fall back on what seems the doubtfulness of almost all evidence.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"F. A. PALEY."

"SPIRIT GUARDIANSHIP.

"A *Spiritualist* was sent to me yesterday, bearing the date 19th of December, 1879, containing an article signed 'Scrutator.' It contained a description of two incidents in my Syrian life, in which I was moved by some power to do things against my will, which had a useful object in the end. 'Scrutator,' however, says that my husband's farewell note to me reached me at our house, a mile out of Damascus. If that had been so, there would have been nothing extraordinary, but quite natural that I should have joined my husband at Beyrout, as there was only a quarter of an hour's ride between the Consulate and the house. But I was thirty miles away, at the top of a mountain in the Anti-Lebanon, five thousand feet above sea-level, and quite out of reach of news or communi-

cation, save the three lines I received by a mounted messenger; and my difficulty was to descend the mountain in the dark, cross the country at dawn, to the probable spot where I could catch the diligence on the road. The power that moved me was therefore so much the stronger, and I think it very well accounted for by 'Scrutator.' However, as I am a Catholic, Catholicism is the *highest order* of Spiritualism; what to 'Scrutator' is a force of spirit, is to me simply my angel guardian, who is to me an *actual presence*, to whom I constantly refer during the day, and who directs everything I ask him to. When I sit with other Spiritualists they say they can see him. I can't; I only feel the power. However, I am quite sure of one thing, that nothing happens by luck or chance; but that we are moved by our good and bad angels, and that those who are in the habit of meditating or reflecting a good deal arrive at a proficiency in knowing and understanding their calls.

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Trieste, December 26th, 1879."

"An answer—not that you long for,
But diviner—will come one day:
Your eyes are too blind to see it,
But strive, and wait, and pray."

E. M. HEWITT.

CHAPTER VI.

ON LEAVE IN LONDON.

THEN Richard gave a lecture at the Architects', and we made up a party to go. We had a very curious visit one night from a gentleman who had occupied a position in one of the Government offices. He was very well known, and had had some malady of the brain, so I shall not name him for fear that I should hurt any of his relatives or friends. We had not met before, but he said he came on business, and appeared to be a Spiritualist of high degree. We were just going down to an eight o'clock dinner—rather a large family party—and as the butler showed him into the dining-room, I could not do otherwise than say, "We are just going to sit down to dinner; will you take some?" He accepted very readily. When my father, who was a very old man, came down, I introduced him, and said, "Father, Mr. So-and-so has kindly consented to stay and dine with us." "Oh, I am very happy," said my father. The family all flocked down and fell into their seats, and dinner went on very well till about the second course, and then, looking round the table and seeing nearly all of us had aquiline noses, he said, "What a treat it is to me to be with Rosicrucians once more!" My father nudged Richard, and whispered, "What does he mean?" "I don't know," said Richard, with an amused smile.

Presently Mr. —— pointed at me, and said, "You have been a Queen countless times, and an Empress seven times, and you will be again; and also your sister" (pointing to Blanche Pigott, who was exactly like me, and is now dead) "has been very often a Queen, and will be an Empress." There was a little pause after this. Father began to look rather frightened. Mr. —— went on to say that he hated people with snub noses, and described how he fell amongst a party of that common ilk, and how they had treated him—how they had put him under a pump till he was nearly dead, and had tied him down, and several other acts with which we are all familiar from

reading. After dinner he asked Richard for a map of Midian, and taking it, he marked all the spots where the best gold existed, and the different spots which contained anything valuable, and what they were, and said that was what he came for (I have it now).

He then said he would like to brew a bowl of Rosicrucian punch, and requested us to order a bottle of brandy, two bottles of rum, and several other things to be brought to him, and he did brew the punch; and when he gave us each some, we all put it down and said, "I cannot drink that, for I feel it to the very tips of my fingers." He said, "That is just what you *ought* to feel; it is how the Rosicrucians always felt." He prescribed for all of us, and I remember one gentleman, who had rather a red nose, was directed to rub the tip of it with cantharides. We could not ask him to go, but at eleven o'clock my father retired, and we stayed up with him till two o'clock; but in spite of having drunk all the punch himself, as we found it *impossible*, he was perfectly sober, agreeable, and gentlemanly, and took his leave and went away.

My father was very angry with me for asking a lunatic to dinner, which of course I had done quite unconsciously, but it was worse for me when, next morning, he arrived for half-past one lunch, quite naturally "delighted to find again his new Rosicrucian family." He told us that he lived at Primrose Hill, that the last night he had been borne there on air in a few minutes, and that his feet had never touched the ground the whole way. But what *did* touch us immensely was, that he said that "last night he had not known where to look for a dinner, and the spirits had directed him to our house, and had urged him to come back on the present occasion." We were all very nice and kind to him; but it had such effect on my father's nerves, he being very aged, that we had to tell the butler to say, when he called again, that Richard and I had gone into the country—as it was *us* he had come ostensibly to see. I have still about twenty very clever letters that he wrote us.

All this time—the end of 1878, early 1879—the minerals were being assayed. Richard had not packed his own minerals; there were cases for France, and cases for England. Frenchmen had the selection of them, and Richard's cases did not give such good results as were expected. We could not understand it, but *he* knew that the mineral was in the ground, and he determined on the following Expedition to choose and send his *own* specimens, and prove a very different tale. In early January Richard got an attack of pleurodynia, from which he very speedily recovered. Dr. George Bird attended him. Amongst other friends, we saw a good deal of Hepworth Dixon. We also went down to Hatfield; Lady Salisbury

had a house party. Richard gave lectures at 9, Conduit Street. On the 22nd of January he gave his lecture to the Anthropological.

On Sundays we used to visit the studios; oftenest to Mr. Val Prinsep's and Sir Frederick Leighton's.

We spent a delightful day with Richard's old friend, Mr. John Larking, "The Firs," Lee, Kent, and his family, who lived in half-Oriental style, so that it seemed like a day back at Damascus. We also saw a great deal of Dr. Percy Badger, who was always delighted (and his wife too) to get hold of Richard. Dr. Badger turned an old kitchen into a comfortable studio, and there we used to find him, working hard at his Dictionary. Mr. Henry Irving gave us a delightful supper at 15A, Grafton Street. We went to Bethnal Green to look at the Free Library, and saw the Museum. We frequently had many pleasant dinners and evenings at my father's, where people would come accidentally as a pleasant surprise. One night came Lord Houghton, Lord Arundell, Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, and Uncle Gerard; it is noted because it was a very amusing evening.

On the 21st of February my book, "A.E.I.," came out. My publisher, Mr. Mullan, was so pleased with it that he gave a large party in its honour. We were seventeen invited. Mr. Mullan, being an Irishman, ordered that everything on the table should be an Irish dish. A pyramid of my books was in the middle of the table, one to be given to each guest, which was a very pretty thought. The notables were my husband, Lord Houghton, Mr. Irving, and Arthur Sketchley. There were a great many short, friendly speeches made; the gaieties began at eleven and terminated at five. We had a very pleasant dinner at General and Mrs. Paget's, and a visit from Mr. Joyner, C.E., our old friend from Poonah, and from the Montalbas, whom we had known in Venice. We came in also for three of Lady Salisbury's Foreign Office parties, one at Lady Derby's, and several parties at Lady Margaret Beaumont's.

On the 23rd of March, 1879, we drove down to Mortlake, where I now live, to see the graves of my mother, and the uncle and brother who had died in 1877. We called on Canon Wenham, who afterwards buried Richard in 1891, and we went to look over the old house where my two aunts had lived so many years and died.

On the 27th I went to the Drawing-room. We resumed writing and reading part of Richard's memoirs. He also commenced writing letters to the papers as Mirza Ali of London to his brother, Mirza Hasan of Shiraz, describing what he saw in England; but, to his disappointment, they did not take. He also wrote and published "A Visit to Lissa and Pelagosa;" "Sosivizha, the Bandit of

Dalmatia," translated from the Slav; two papers on Midian, "Stones and Bones from Egypt and Midian;" "Flints from Egypt;" Reports on two Expeditions to Midian; "The Itineraries of the Second Khedivial Expedition;" "Report upon the Minerals of Midian."

One evening we had a masquerade dinner-party; everybody was to come in some fancy dress, which was to be a surprise, and it was a great amusement. Richard appeared as an Australian miner, I as Carmen; there were huntsmen and Highlanders, and all sorts of funny people. There seemed to be great astonishment in the street as the cabs in April kept discharging their visitors at half-past seven.

We went to see Lord Archibald Douglas's (the English Don Bosco) Home for Boys in Harrow Road.

In our early married life Richard had amongst his papers the following, which was written between whiles in Somali-land and the Crimea, but he never put them forward, nor should I do so, though perhaps it will serve as a good map to his thoughts. But this year, in 1879, he gave a copy of the Agnostic side only to a mutual woman-friend who is of that persuasion, and she *now* says, that to be *perfectly fair*, I ought to bring it out—and I am nothing if not fair—nor do I see any reason or object in being otherwise. She kindly lent me her copy, but after much search in his private papers I have found his original, which I used to chaff him unmercifully about, as his "Double Ten Commandments."

"EGO."

mapped out

1. The so-called bad	The Frontiers	1. The so-called good
2. The material part of me		2. The spiritualistic part of me
3. Body		3. Soul
4. Nature		4. Grace
5. Reason		5. Heart
6. The outside of me		6. Inside of me
7. Mind and Matter		7. Faith
8. The World I live on		8. Home

I.

Intellectual Truth is one; Moral or sentimental Truth varies with the individual.

A Supreme Being.

II.	II.
Revealed religions consist of three parts, all more or less untrue. (1) A Cosmogony more or less absurd. (2) An Historical sketch more or less falsified. (3) A System of morality more or less pure.	The Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
III.	III.
The Higher Law of Humanity bids us cast off the slough of old creeds, especially the obsolete and the debasing doctrine of degradation; the Fall of Man, Original Sin, Redemption, Salvation, and so forth.	Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin Mary.
IV.	IV.
Reason, while suggesting the idea of a First Cause, a God, forbids us, in the present stage of humanity, to inquire further into the subject.	Salvation and Hope.
V.	V.
The description of the Devil and his Angels, of Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory given by "Revealed Religions" are equally dishonouring to the Creator, and debasing to the Creature, if at least the latter be the work of the former.	Good and bad deeds and expiation.
VI.	VI.
Death, physically considered, is not annihilation, but change.	The Catholic Church and Sacraments.
VII.	VII.
Man's individuality, his Ego, survives the death of the body.	Resurrection of body and Soul.
VIII.	VIII.
To most races of men, the idea of annihilation is painful, whilst that of eternal parting is too heavy to be borne.	Communion with the Saints and the Dead.
IX.	IX.
A next world, a continuation of this world, is against our Reason, but it is supported by sentiment, and by the later traditions of both the Aryan and the Semitic races.	Passing over al-Sirat, the bridge as fine as a hair, to El Mathar, or Purgatory—to Heaven.
X.	X.
The only idea of continuation acceptable to man, is that the future world is a copy of this world, whilst the law of Progress suggests that it is somewhat less material and not subject to death or change.	Hell—Eternity."*

* Richard used always to say that, psychologically speaking, he was convinced that he was a spoiled twin, and that I was the broken or missing fragment.

Richard now, intending to make a little tour, and to meet me at Trieste in two or three weeks, went to Hamburg, to Berlin, and to Leipzig to see Tauchnitz, and to Dresden. I packed up and started on my journey Triestewards. As I was about to get into the cab at my father's door a beggar woman asked me for charity, and I gave her a shilling, and she said, "God bless you, and may you reach your home without an accident!" These words made an impression on me afterwards. I slept in Boulogne that night, and went on to Paris the following day. The day after, the 30th of April, I ordered a *voiture de place*, and was going out to do a variety of visits and commissions. They had been waxing the stairs till they were as slippery as ice. I had heels to my boots, and I took one long slide from the top of the stairs to the bottom, with my leg doubled under me, striking my head and my back on every stair. When I arrived at the bottom I was unconscious, picked up, and taken back to bed. When I came to I said, "I have no time to lose. Don't send the carriage away; I must get my work done and go on;" but, when I attempted to get out of bed, I fell on the floor and fainted again. A doctor was fetched, I was undressed, my boot and stocking had to be cut away; the whole of my leg was as black as ink, and so swollen that at first the doctor thought it was broken. However, it proved to be only a bad sprain and a twisted ankle.

Instead of stopping there six weeks, as the doctor said I must, I had myself bound up and conveyed to the Gare de Lyons on the fourth day, where, with a *wagon-lit*, I arrived at Turin in twenty-four hours. There I had to be conveyed to the hotel, being too bad to go on; but next day I insisted on being packed up again, and having another *coupé-lit* in the train to Mestre. I suffered immensely from the heat, for the first time since leaving England. At Mestre I had to wait four hours in the wretched station, sitting on a chair with my leg hanging down, which gave me intense pain, and then to embark in the *Post-Zug*, a slow train, where there were no *coupé-lits* to be had, arriving at half-past eight in the morning, where I found Richard waiting to receive me on the platform, and I was carried home and put into my own bed. In spite of pain I was as charmed as ever with the run down from Nabresina to dear old Trieste.

I cannot say how thankful I was to be safe and sound in my own home at Trieste with Richard, and how sweet were the welcomes, and the flowers, and the friends' visits. I was a very long time before I could leave my bed. It was found that I had injured my back and my ankle very badly, and I went through a long

course of shampooing and soap baths, but I never got permanently quite well. Strong health and nerves I had hitherto looked upon as a sort of right of nature, and supposed everybody had them, and had never felt grateful for them as a blessing; but I began to learn what suffering was from this date. Richard took me up to Opçina for a great part of the summer, and used to invite large parties of friends up to dinner. We used to dine out in the lit-up gardens in the evening, overlooking the sea, which was very pleasant; and often itinerant Hungarian gypsy bands would come in and play. This summer we had the usual annual *fête* for the cause of humanity, and speeches and giving of prizes.

"GOLD IN MIDIAN.

"To the Editor of the *Globe*.

"Sir,—The *Globe* of the 25th of May has printed from the *Sheffield Telegraph* a very serious misstatement on the subject of the twenty-five tons of mineral brought by Captain Burton from Midian, and I beg you to allow me a little space to refute it. The moment a lion leaves a place the jackals generally set up a bark; we left Egypt only on the 12th of May. There is a Spanish proverb which says, 'No one ever pelts a tree unless there is fruit upon it;' if this discovery were worth so little as its enemies assert, no one would take the trouble to attack it. We are only too glad to court discussion, but we want truth. Captain Burton will have to suffer for Midian what M. de Lesseps had to go through for his canal. There are plenty of drowning men in Cairo, who are only too happy to catch at any straw. Let me note the two principal blunders in the *Sheffield Telegraph*. Firstly, Captain Burton reported, to his Highness the Khedive, and to the public, only what the Egyptian Government's own geologist and engineer, appointed by them to the Expedition, reported (of course, officially) to Captain Burton, and to the Government in whose employ he (M. George Marie) is. Secondly, close examinations and analysis show none of the evil results mentioned in the *Sheffield Telegraph*. On arriving in Trieste, Captain Burton was careful to have his own little private collection analyzed by Dr. L. Karl Moser, an able professor of geology, who declares that the turquoises are not malachites, but pure crystals of turquoise. Moreover, he has found metals in three several rocks where, till now, they were not known to exist—dendritic gold in chalcedony; silver lead in a peculiar copper-bearing quartz, and possibly in the red veins traversing the gypsum; and, lastly, worked coppers in obsidian slag. In fact, the collection has only gained, and will gain, by being scientifically examined. The Khedive has sent a quantity of each sort of mineral to London for analysis, and as soon as Captain Burton receives a telegram from his secretary, in whose charge it

is, to say that it has arrived, he will, if permitted, hasten home to superintend the operation personally, and forward the official report to his Highness the Khedive. Meanwhile we only ask every one to suspend judgment till the results are known, instead of publishing and believing every gossiping bit of jealousy and intrigue that may issue from Cairo, thereby injuring the interest of future companies, of his Highness, and of Egypt, and lastly, but not least, casting a slight upon the noble and arduous work of my husband.

"I have the honour to be, sir, yours obediently,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate, Trieste, May 30."

From Opçina we went to Sessana, a village about half an hour's drive in the interior, which is very good for the nerves, and from there back to Adelsberg, and thence to Laibach. There was a scientific Congress (like our British Association) at the Redouten Sala, and lectures on the Pfalbauten, tumuli, etc., a public dinner, a country excursion, and then a concert and supper, which exhausted me considerably, and these things went on for two or three days.

We visited the Pfalbauten, the excavated villages built upon piles in a peat country, and all the treasures excavated therefrom. Richard was received with great honour, surrounded by all the Austrian scientists. The Pfalbauten, or Pine villages, yielded excavations, which illustrated the whole age of Horn that preceded the age of Stone, and weapons made of Uchatius metal, which is wrongly called *bronze-steel*. It is compressed bronze and easily cuts metal. This settles the old dispute of how the Egyptians did such work with copper and bronze.

Richard then took me on to Graz, where we saw a good deal of Brugsch Bey. Then we went to Baden, near Vienna, where I had twenty-one days' bathing and drinking, which we varied with excursions to Vienna, sometimes to breakfast with Colonel Everard Primrose, to see people, and to hunt up swords in the Museum for Richard's "Sword" book. We went to Professor Benedict, nerve specialist, where Richard had his back electrified for lumbago. Mr. Egerton and Everard Primrose accompanied us to a place we were very fond of making an excursion to, Vöslau, and then back to Baden with us.

On the 31st of May I find in Richard's journal, "Poor Tommy Short dead, ninety years old;" he was his master at Oxford. After Richard's death I found one of the Rev. Thomas Short's cards kept amongst his treasures.

One day we had a delightful journey over the Semmering to Fröhnleiten. The Badhaus was on a terrace, with the running

river under it in front, a plain and grand mountains all around. The night air was perfectly delightful, with a beautiful starlight. We had gone there to see the family of Mr. Brock, our dear old Vice-Consul. We then went to Römerbad. The Pension Sophien Schloss was beautifully situated, and we were well lodged. The baths there are like a gentle electric battery for nerves—the water turns a magnet a hundred and thirty-five degrees; the woods are lovely; the forest-full of squirrels come and play about you. We had delightful walks, and visits from several friends in the neighbourhood, Prince and Princess Wrede and others.

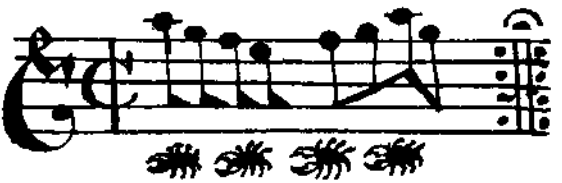
We had a most charming family of neighbours, who were some of our best friends in Trieste; they had a lovely property, an old castle called Weixelstein, near Steinbrück (Monsieur and Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti). He was a Trieste-Italian gentleman, and she was the daughter of a Russian, by an American wife, and is far away the most charming woman I know, and so clever. Their place is to be got at through a mountain gorge, and a river which you cross by ferry-boats. It is an old-fashioned-monastery-like-looking house in a gorge, with the river Save running through its park, and here we paid frequent visits. We had a pleasant excursion also to Mark Tüffer; a delightful moonlight drive back.

After we had been there about a fortnight, the *avant courier* of the Crown Princess of Germany, now Empress Frederick, came to engage rooms. Seeing that her Imperial Highness wished to be *incog.*, that I was the only Englishwoman there, and had been presented to her, that I had got the only rooms in the place that were very nice, that I had the only bath, we thought it would be good taste to vanish, which we did next morning, and we went to our friends at Weixelstein. They received so perfectly, making us at home, like part of the family, and they let us do exactly what we liked without any effort at entertaining. Here Madame Gutmansthal, who is a first-rate artist amongst many other talents, began to paint Richard's picture, which was a great success, and which is now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, in the little room to the left, with a pretty bronze medallion by Henry Page. Meantime he translated the Weixelstein ghost story from Old German to English, as he was very much taken with it. He writes—

"Veritable and Singular Account of an Apparition, and the Saving of a Soul, in Castle Weixelstein, in Krain."

"I send you one of the best ghost-stories, and one which your readers have certainly never seen. We were lately paying a visit to the Castle of Weixelstein, near Steinbrück, Krain (Carniola), the

country-house of our hospitable friends Monsieur and Madame Gutmansthal de Benvenuti. My attention was drawn to two old and portly folios, entitled 'Die Ehre des Herzogthum's Krain' ('The Honour of the Dutchy of Carniola'). An awful title-page of forty-six lines declares that it was written by Johann Weichard, Freiherr (Baron) Valvásor, or Walvásor, Lord of Wazemberg, and printed at Laibach in M.DC.LXXXIX.



"The author, a Fellow R. Soc. London, who was Governor of the Duchy and Captain of the Frontier, then an important post, is portrayed with long hair, *à la Milton*, shaven face, and laced cravat (Croatian) falling over his breastplate. The book is full of curious episodes, and above I give you the 'tune' it recommends for catching crabs. Amongst other things it gives a valuable disquisition on the bell (lib. xi.), which it dates from the days of Saint Jerome (A.D. 400). Volume I., which is historical, contains 836 pages (lib. i.–viii.); Volume II., 1007 (lib. ix.–xv.), besides the register (appendix, index, etc.). It is profusely illustrated by the author's hand with maps and plans, genealogies and coats of arms, scenery and castles, costumes and portraits; and, lastly, with representations of battles, sieges, hangings, roastings, and hurlings headlong from rocks. The tailpiece is a duello between a Christian man-at-arms and a 'turban'd Turk.' The plates are on metal, and remarkably good. A new edition of this notable old historic-topographical monograph is now being issued from Laibach (Labacus). 'Carniola antiqua et nova,' is happy in her 'Memoirs;' Valvásor has a rival in Johann Ludovicus Schönleben, whose folio appeared Labaci M.DC.LXXXI., Œmoniæ Labaci Conditæ, MM.DCCC.IV. Of the latter, however, only the Tomus Primus, ending about A.D. 1000, appeared: the Secundus was not printed, and the fate of the manuscript is unknown.

"Valvásor gives a view of Castle Weixelstein, 'Cherry-tree Rock,' which the Slavs call Novi Dvor (New Court). There is some change in the building since 1689. The square towers at the angles appear lower, from the body of the house having been raised. The *hof*, or hollow court to the south, has been surrounded by a second story; and the fine linden-tree in the centre is a stump, bearing a large flower-pot. The scene of the apparition is a low room with barred windows and single-arched ceiling, which is entered by the kitchen, the first door to the right of the main gate. The old families mentioned in the story have mostly disappeared. Enough of preliminary.

"The following is a literal translation of Válvasor's Old German:

"'*Veritable and Singular Account of an Apparition, and the Saving of a Soul, in Castle Weixelstein, in Krain.*

"'At the castle above-named, strange noises (*rumor*) were heard during the night for several years; but the origin of the same was a subject of (vain) research and speculation. After a time a new servant-wench (*mensch*), engaged in the house, whose name was Ankha (i.e. *Anna*) Wnikhlaukha, had the courage, on hearing these mysterious sounds, to address the ghost in the following manner:—

"'The 15th of January, A.D. 1684.—Firstly, at night a noise arose in the servant-wenches' room, as though some one were walking about clad in iron armour and clanking chains. The women being sorely frightened, some stable-hands were brought to sleep with them. They were struck upon the head, and one was like to die of terror.

"'The 16th January.—In the evening, as the lights still burnt, a rapping was heard at the room door, but when they went to see what caused it, nothing was found. Presently those inside put out the lamps, and lay down to rest. Thereupon began a loud clatter; the two servant-wenches, Marinkha (Marian) Samanoukha and Miza (Mitza, Mary) Sayeschankha, were seized by the head, but they could distinguish no one near them.'

"The whole account is strictly 'spiritualistic.' Ankha is the chosen medium, and nothing is done till she appears on the scene. The ghost will hardly answer the officious and garrulous steward; and has apparently scant respect for the reverend men who were called in. One of the latter somewhat justified the ghost's disdain by telling a decided 'fib.' The steps by which the apparition changes from hot to cold, from weariness to energy, from dark to white robes, and from loud noises to mild, are decidedly artistic.

"'*On the 17th of January nothing happened.*

"'On the 18th, the servant-wenches being in great fear, five others joined them. One, Hansche Juritschkno Suppan, put out the light when all lay down, locked the door, and endeavoured to sleep. Thereupon arose a dreadful noise. After it had ended, Ankha, by the advice of those present, thus bespake the ghost:

"'"All good spirits, praise the Lord."

"'(This is the recognized formula throughout Germany for addressing apparitions.)

"'The ghost answered, "I also; so help me God, and Our Blessed Lady, and the holy Saint Anthony of Padua!"

"'Anna resumed, "What wantest thou, O good spirit?"

"'The ghost replied, "I want thirty *Masses*." It added, "This castle was once mine," and it disappeared.

"'*On the 19th of January the ghost was present, but nothing unusual occurred.*

"'*On the evening of the 20th*, the servant-wenches being still

affrighted, the steward (Schreiber), one Antoni Glanitschinigg, and the man Hansche, before mentioned, with six other persons, were in the chamber. When all lay down to rest, the steward locked the door and put out the lamp. The ghost at once came and violently dragged a chair backwards. Whereupon quoth Antoni: "I confess that I am a great sinner; nevertheless, I dare address thee, and ask thee, in God's name, what more dost thou want?"

"'To this question no answer was vouchsafed by the ghost, although the steward repeated it a second time and a third time. He then rose up and advanced towards the apparition, which was seen standing near the window, thinking to discover whether it was a true ghost, or some person playing a trick. It vanished, however, before he could lay hand upon it. The steward went out with one of the servant-wenches to fetch a light; and, whilst so doing, he heard the ghost speaking in the room he had left. When the lamp came nothing was found. Then all those present knelt down and prayed. After their devotions the light was extinguished, and the ghost reappeared, crying out, with weeping and wailing, "Ankha! Ankha! Ankha! help me." The wench asked, "How can I help thee, O good spirit?" Whereupon the ghost rejoined, "With thirty Masses, which must be said at the altar of St. Anthony, in the church of Jagnenz," which church is in the parish of Schäffenberg.'

"Jagnenz is a church in the valley of the Sapotka, a small stream which falls into the Save river, about half a mile west of Weixelstein. Schäffenberg is the hereditary castle of the well-known county of that name. Wrunikh is another little church, remarkably pretty, near Weixelstein. Apparently the ghost served to 'run' Jagnenz against all its rivals.

"'Hearing these words from the ghost, the steward again inquired, "O thou good spirit, would it not be better to get the Masses said sooner by dividing them, part at Jagnenz, the other at the altar of Saint Anthony in Wrunikh?" Whereto the ghost made an answer, "No! Ankha! Ankha! only at Jagnenz, and not at Wrunikh!" The steward continued, "As this ghost refuseth to answer me, do thou, Ankha, ask it what and why it suffers, etc." Then Ankha addressed it: "My good spirit! tell me wherefore dost thou suffer?" It replied, "For that I unrighteously used sixty gulden (florins); so I, a poor widow body, must endure this penalty." Ankha further said, "Who shall pay for these thirty Masses?" The ghost rejoined, "The noble master" (of the castle), and continued, "Ankha! Ankha! I am so weary, and dead-beat, and martyred, that I can hardly speak."

"'Then cried the steward, "My good spirit! when the thirty Masses shall have been said, come back and give us a sign that they have helped thee." The ghost rejoined, "Ankha, to thee I will give a sign upon thy head." Ankha replied, "God have mercy upon me, that must endure such fright and pain!" But the ghost thus comforted her: "Fear not, Ankha. The sign which I will show to thee shall not be visible upon thy head, nor shall it be painful." It added, "Ankha! Ankha! I pray thee, when thou enterest into any house,

tell the inmates that one unjust kreutzer (farthing) eats up twenty just kreutzers." Then the ghost began to scratch the wench's cap, or coif; and she, in her terror, took to praying for help. The ghost comforted her, bade her feel no fear or anxiety, took leave (*sic*), and was seen no more that night.

"'*Late on the 21st of January* the ghost reappeared, and made a terrible noise with a chair in presence of the lord of the castle, Sigmund Wilhelm Freiherr, (Baron) von Zetschekher, and of two ecclesiastics, Georg André Schlebnikh and Lorenz Tsichitsch. Several others, men and women, were present, and nothing took place till the candles were put out. Whereupon the said Schlebnikh began to exorcise the apparition, beginning with the usual formula, "All good spirits, praise the Lord." The ghost replied, "I also." It would not, however, answer any questions put by the ghostly man, but began to speak with Ankha, saying, "Ankha, help me!" She rejoined, "My dear good spirit, all that lies in my power will I do for thee; only tell me, my spirit, if the two Masses already said have in any way lessened thy pain." The ghost answered, "Yea, verily" (*freilich*). Ankha continued, "How many more Masses must thou still have?" and the reply was, "Thirty, less two." Then Ankha resumed, "Oh, my good spirit, tell me thy family name." Quoth the ghost, "My name is Gallenbergerinn." The wench further asked for a sign of salvation when all the thirty Masses should have been said; the ghost promised to do so, and disappeared.

"'*On the night of the 22nd of January*, when the lights were put out, the ghost reappeared, passing through the shut and tied door. This was in presence of Wollf Engelbrecht, Baron Gallen, of the lord of the castle, and of three priests, namely, Georg Schiffrer, curate of Laagkh, Georg André Schlebnikh, and Lorenz. There were several others. This time the ghost did not make a frightful noise as before, the reason being that eight Masses had been said. So at least it appeared from its address, "Ankha, Ankha, I thank thee; I shall soon be released." The wench rejoined, "O my good spirit, dost thou feel any comfort after the eight Masses?" The apparition replied, "Yea, verily, my Ankha;" and, when asked how many were wanted, answered, "Twenty-two." As it had declared its family name, it was now prayed to disclose its Christian name, in order that the latter might be introduced into the Masses by the four reverends. It said, "My name is Mary Elizabeth Gallenbergerinn." Further it was asked whether, being a Gallenberg, the thirty Masses should be paid by the Lord of Gallenberg or by "Zetschkher" of Weixelstein. It ejaculated, "Zetschkher" (without giving the title); and added, "A thousand, thousand, and a thousand thanks to thee, dear Ankha." The latter said, "O my good spirit, tell me what wrong didst thou do with the sixty gulden, that we may make restoration to the rightful owner." The ghost replied, "Ankha, this must I tell thee in secret." The wench begged that the matter might be disclosed in public, so that men might believe it; but the ghost answered, "No, Ankha; in private." It then took leave and disappeared, promising to come back for three more evenings.

"'On the 23rd of January the lord of the castle, with three priests, prayed at the altar of Saint Anthony of Jagnenz, and five more Masses were said. They all lodged that night with Georg André, of Altenhoff, not far from the church. When the lamps were put out Ankha was placed sitting upon a chest, or box, between two ecclesiastics, Georg Schiffrer, of Laagkh, and André Navadnikh. Then after three raps, the ghost came in, and pulled the hair of one of these reverends. He stood up from the chest, whereupon it struck Ankha so violent a box on the ear (*ohrfeige*) that it sounded like a sharp clapping of hands, and could be heard over all the dwelling-place (*Läben*). Lights were brought, and showed the print of a left hand burnt in the coif on the right side of the wench's head; she was not hurt, but the cap remained heated for some time. Nothing else occurred that night.

"'On the evening of the 24th of January, after prayers by the priests, and the lamps being extinguished, the ghost rapped once and came in. As the wench again sat on the same chest between the priests, the curate of Laagkh felt his hair tugged, and he rose up. Ankha at the same time exclaimed, "Oh dear! oh dear! whose cold hand is that?" The priest, who was sitting near, said, "Don't be afraid, the hand is mine;" but this was not true. He wished to do away with her fright, and with the impression caused by the touch.

"'On the 25th of January, when all the required Masses had been said at the altar of Saint Anthony of Jagnenz, the Lord of Weixelstein and the priests engaged in the ceremony returned to pass the night at the castle, and to receive the thanksgiving of the Saved Soul. While they were supping the housemaid, carrying the children's food, was crossing the hall to the dining-room, when the ghost seized her arm. She started back, and saw behind her the form of a woman robed in white. As the family were retiring to rest, the lord of the castle ordered two of his dependents, Christop Wollf and Mathew Wreschek, to pass the night with the servant-wenches in the haunted room. As the lamps were put out the ghost entered and struck a loud rap upon the table, and said, "Ankha, now I am saved, and I am going to heaven." The wench rejoined, "O blessed soul, pray to Heaven for me, for the noble master, the noble mistress, and all the noble family, and for all those who helped thee to (attain) thine eternal salvation," whereto the ghost answered, "Amen, amen, amen." It then went towards Ankha, and privily told her the promised secret, strictly forbidding her to divulge it.

"'Finally, it should be noted that before all these events Ankha had confessed and communicated.'

"Trieste, September 8, 1879."

The walks in the woods were delightful, and when the picture was sufficiently advanced we went to Trieste to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Evans. We also went with a large party to meet the Prince of Montenegro, who arrived at Trieste, who was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, of the dark mountaineer type. This Sep-

tember we had a great blow. Our favourite Governor, Baron Pino, was transferred to Linz, and he and his wife were so very popular that the whole town was in mental mourning. We all went to see them off, and it was a very heart-breaking scene. We all cried. I have seen such departures three times. One was for the Spanish Consuless Madame Zamitt, a lovely and popular woman, who a year or two later died of cancer in the tongue, and the third was my own departure (though I say it who should not), on the 27th of January, 1891.

Richard went for a little trip on the 29th of September to Fiume, and afterwards we went to Albona.

I also induced the *podestá*, the Mayor, and several of the authorities of the town to go round with me to become eye-witnesses of the cruelties and the places where people kept their animals, and the Mayor told me that, though he had been born and lived all his life in Trieste, he was quite unaware that it contained such holes and slums as I was able to show him.

We had the pleasure of being asked by one of our great friends, Baronne Emilio de Morpurgo, to meet the great painter from Paris, Monsieur d'Hébert, and I note a pleasant dinner with Monsieur and Madame Dorn, editor of the *Triester Zeitung*, to meet Faccio the *maestro;* and Signor Serravallo introduced to us Professor Giglioli, of Florence. Then we went on again to Opçina, and from there we got a letter from Uncle Gerard, to say that he and my aunt and cousins were coming to Venice for ten days, and that we were to go and join them; which summons we obeyed joyfully, and had a most happy time. After they left, we went off to Chioggia, the fishing village near Venice, and we had the pleasure of unearthing Mr. Jemmy Whistler and Dr. George Bird. Mr. Whistler was a great find for us.

Dr. George Bird had appointed to meet me in Venice on his way to India, as I was not well and wanted to see an English doctor (I had never got over my fall); but I forgot to ask him what hotel he would stay at, he forgot to tell me, and Venice is a place you might be months in, and never meet a person you wanted to see. Consequently, when I got there, I did not know how to meet him; so I went to the police, told them my difficulty, gave them his photograph, and told them he did not know a word of anything but English. The consequence was that the moment he arrived the police brought him straight off to me; all the way he kept wondering what law he had transgressed, and what they were going to do with him. When he saw me, he gave what *we*, his intimate friends, call one of his "smiles." He has a habit of roaring with laughter, so

loud that the whole street stops and looks, and he then says gently, "Oh, excuse my smiling." He said, "Have you done this?" "Why," I said, "of course; how else could I get at you?" The police spoke a few words to me, and then, to his astonishment, I turned to him and said, "You travelled with a young lady; you parted with her at such a station; you came on alone, and you lost your luggage." "But how, in the name of goodness, do you know all this? "Ah," I said mysteriously, "secret police!" We went off and immediately looked after the luggage, and recovered it before he had to go on board his Indian steamer, and I had my consultation.

It was now November, and very cold weather, with frequent *Boras*, but we nevertheless managed a quantity of excursions in search for *castellieri* and inscriptions. One we took in a frightful *Bora*—I don't know how we did it. We had a little country cart about the size of a tea-cart, and two rattling good horses, and we drove for two hours, passing four villages and reaching San Daniell, a fortified village on a hill with an old castle under the big mountains. It was owned by a primitive learned old man of seventy-four, and active as a boy, a queer old housekeeper of a wife, sons who shoot, and daughters, and three old brothers, who played cards with him in the evening. It is a large landed property in the Karso, of no use because it is all stones; the castle is draughty, all the windows and doors are open and half unused; there is no idea of comfort. It has two heavy gateways for entrance, an old wall for defence, and a Roman inscription. We got a shelter with them, lunched in a primitive way in an old chimney in an inn with the villagers; then we got another country cart and had twenty minutes' more drive, and half an hour's rough climbing over stones to get at the object of our search, which was a Troglodyte cave fifty metres deep, the entrance in a side field, and said to have been inhabited by ancients. There we stood for forty minutes in a *Bora* that made us hold on, taking squeezes of the inscriptions. Once finished, we tumbled back over the stones till we reached our cart, had twenty minutes' drive back, were glad to get near the fire and the chimney, and have some hot coffee. There was a struggling quarter-moon, and we drove back at a rattling pace to Opçina, encountering two snowstorms on our way. When we arrived, after eight hours out, we were frozen and had to be assisted out of the cart; there was a large china stove in the dining-room, and we sat down, one on each side of it, on the floor with our backs to it, and the landlord gave us some hot brandy-and-water with spice in it. We were a great many hours before we got any feeling at all, far less warm.

I have known a weak horse and man die on such a night on that

road in the *Bora*. We had fearful weather that year, something like the present one (1892–3), but with our *Bora* added on to it. We dined out one night in Trieste, and forbid our coachman to go on to the Quai, for fear of being blown into the sea; but he disobeyed us, and, to our horror, we saw by degrees our cab got nearer and nearer the edge. When it was about a yard or two from the edge, we opened the door and jumped out on the other side, and the man had to jump down and lead his horse into the back streets.

Richard now wrote a letter on the subject of the Indo-Mediterranean railway, and he objected to the route of his friend Captain Cameron; the object was to give the Indian mails seven days instead of three weeks for letters to reach. Richard stood out stoutly for a line which should start from Tyre in Syria, tap the very richest lands in Syria, pass Ba'albak, and the once glorious valley plain of the Orontes, reaching Aleppo.

During some part of this year (I cannot exactly say what day, as the letter bears only the date Thursday) Richard was invited to come to some place to meet the King of the Belgians, who had asked repeatedly for him, calling him "the Pioneer of all these African travels," and saying, "Where did you disappear to? nobody could find you;" which was just like Richard's extreme modesty, going out of the way when any honour or notice was going on.

I was very unhappy at Richard's determination to go once more to Egypt to try his luck about the mines; still, as there were such great hopes depending on it, and there was not enough money for both of us, he had to go and I had to stay. There was nothing for it but to go and see him off.

He desired me to give our usual Christmas-parties, so the poor children had their feast at one o'clock on one day, the servants inviting all their friends—had a supper and a dance; then I gave my English party, which we all enjoyed very much, and passed my usual San Silvester night (in English, seeing the old year out and the new year in) at Madame Gutmansthal's, which was a settled thing whenever they and we were in Trieste.

Whenever I was alone, I tried to introduce giving supper-parties only to my intimate women-friends in tea-gowns; but it did not succeed very well, as the husbands did not like not being asked.

On the 11th of January I gave a party to eighty-seven of our intimate Triestine friends. The English and foreigners never assimilated; they separated into different rooms, and they both spoilt each other's pleasure.

A very amusing practice, which lasted some time in the good Society of Trieste, was meeting to recite plays, French, German, and

Italian, everybody taking a part, sitting round a table and each reading our part as if we were acting it. It was a very intellectual way of passing the evening, and it ended by supper. Each house took its turn. Then we used to have singing meetings on the same principle—sort of musical classes, where we went in for glees, choir music, and particular masters, such as Mendelssohn, Rubenstein, and so on.

I began to get ill again (I had never recovered my fall of nine months ago), and the doctors advised me to see a bone-setter. I wrote and told Richard, and he ordered me off by telegram; so I started on the 17th of February to meet a woman-friend who remained in Vienna, of whom more later. At last I went on to Linz to see our old friends Baron and Baroness Pino, where I had a delightful visit, and in a few days had been introduced to all the great Austrian Society there; went on to Paris, and reached London on the 1st of March. I was nearly three months under clever Dr. Maclagan, the father of salicin. I went as advised to Hutton, the bone-setter, who found something wrong with my ankle and my back and my arm, in consequence of the fall, and set me straight, and what he did to my back lasted me for a long time in the way of pain. I went through a long course of vapour-baths and shampooing. My chief pleasure was a spontaneous visit from dear old Martin Tupper, since dead, who gave me a copy of his "Proverbial Philosophy."

I also had several interesting visits from Gordon, who happened to be in London at this time. I remember on the 15th of April, 1880, he asked me if I knew the origin of the "Union Jack," and he sat down on my hearth-rug before the fire, cross-legged, with a bit of paper and a pair of scissors, and he made me three or four Union Jacks, of which I pasted one into my journal of that day; and I never saw him again—that is thirteen years ago. The flag foundation was azure; on the top of that comes St. George's cross *gules*, then St. Andrew's cross *saltire blanc*, St. Patrick's cross *saltire gules*.

Since Richard's last visit, great changes had taken place in Egypt, for Ismail Pasha had abdicated, who believed in and needed these mines; and Tewfik Pasha had succeeded, and Tewfik did not consider himself bound by anything his father had done; and if the English Government gave a man a chance, it certainly would not have been given to Richard Burton. Hence he got no further than Egypt, and ate his heart out in impotent rage and disgust at his bad luck. On the 2nd or 3rd of May, as he was returning home from dining rather late in Alexandria, he was attacked by nine men, and hit over the head from behind with some sharp instrument. He fell to the ground, and on coming to, staggered to the hotel,

and was all covered with blood. He turned round and struck out at them, as his knuckles were all raw. It was supposed to be foul play with a motive, as the only thing they stole was his "divining rod" for gold which he carried about his person, and the signet ring off his finger, but left his watch and chain and purse. He kept it a profound secret in order that it should be no hindrance to his going back to work the mines in Midian; but he came home in May, and never let me know that he was hurt until I came up to him. I was ill in London; the woman friend whom I had left at Vienna, now came over to London to bring me back, but stayed in London, and did not accompany me back at all. I quote this letter prematurely because it regards the subject of Midian.

"GOLD IN WESTERN ARABIA.

"Rohitsch-Sauerbrunn, August 5th, 1887.

"After an unconscionable delay, the following letter was received by me, dated Jeddah (Red Sea), from Mr. A. Levick, son of my old friend the ex-postmaster of Suez, whose name is known to a host of travellers. It will be shown that, even without action on the part of Europeans, the cause of discovery is thriving, and the public will presently ask why, in our present condition, when there is almost a famine of gold, England pays no attention to these new fields.

"'From inquiries I have made at Jeddah, I learn on good authority that gold quartz has been found in great quantities at Táif (the famous summering-place among the highlands to the east of Mecca), or rather on the mountain range between that place and Mecca. The person who gave me this information at the time of the discovery went to Constantinople and sundry other capitals, but the results obtained were not very encouraging. I was also told that Mr. Moel Betts (of the defunct company, Betts, Wylde, and Co.) has at Suez specimens of this quartz, which he took away with him from Jeddah when he went north. All this information is trustworthy, and you may thoroughly rely on its being correct, as I got it from a man in whom I can confide. An old Oriental traveller like yourself can understand how hard it always is to arrive at the truth in a place like this. However I am assured that the Government engineer of this district (Jeddah), a certain Sádik Bey, can also give me valuable details regarding the specimens found and the results obtained. Meanwhile you can confidently rely on the details which I have so far managed to obtain. I should also add that the person who so kindly gave me the news has further promised that he will do his utmost to provide me with specimens when he goes to Mecca. I have seen Mr. Consul Jago, and asked him if he could help me with anything. I shall be very glad to learn from you that the gold mines of Midian are likely to be coming on again, and I should think this a most

favourable time to bring forward your most wonderful discoveries near Al-Muwaylah.'

"So far Mr. Levick. I am not astonished to hear that the results of the gold quartz were 'unsatisfactory.' These opinions were probably picked up from the surface, or broken off from some outcrop. But the fact of their being found is all-important; and the outcome of the work would be very different were it carried out by a scientific engineer, or, better still, by a practical miner from the gold diggings. I have heard now of auriferous discoveries extending from between the mountains of Northern Midian, along the line of the West Arabian Ghâts, until they meet the volcanic region about Aden. They have been reported to me from behind Yambu, and Mecca, Mocha, and Hodaydah; and I have a thorough conviction that some day they will be found exceedingly valuable.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

When Richard was leaving Egypt for good, Mr. Cookson, the brother of our Consul at Alexandria, Sir Charles Cookson, between whom and Richard there existed a great friendship, wrote his "Good-bye" in the following terms, which pleased Richard beyond everything:—

"Farewell to thee, Richard; we bid thee adieu.
May Plutus and Crœsus their treasures lay bare;
May their storehouse on earth be revealed unto you,
So that wealth may be added to merits so rare!

"May nuggets as big as the hat on your head
Be strewn in your path as you journey at will;
And veins of rich gold 'neath the ground as you tread
Lie hidden perdu, to be won by your skill.

"And when thou hast made a fabulous haul,
And flooded the market with shares,
On thy virtuous life may a blessing befall,
To gild thy declining years."

Some time after this, some thoughtless youngsters played a practical joke on Mr. Cookson, and pretended to him that it came from Richard, who, on learning it a long time afterwards, felt sorely hurt and mortified that his old friend should have been left in error, and thought him capable of such a thing.

To my horror, I had found Richard with a secretly broken head, raw knuckles, and gout in his feet, but he soon got round under my care, and then I took him off to Opçina. He was afraid of meningitis, as they had wounded him just in the *nuque*. The doctor put him under a course of salicin, and at last he had an attack of healthy gout in the feet, which did him good. I got the best doctor,

but he knew less about it than we did. Nubar Pasha came over about this time, and came up and stayed with us, and that did him good. He was soon able to breakfast down in the garden. He now began to walk about freely, and to take long drives, even to climb hills.

The first excursion that he made was to a *foiba*. This means one of the great pot-holes in the Karso, some of which are a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, or two thousand feet deep. Some of the most brutal amongst the peasant Slavs have the habit of throwing their animals down, when they want to get rid of them, and it was said that a dog was thrown down there, and we thought we could hear its moans, so we started off with a large party with endless ropes and grappling irons. He sounded the depths, and at last we seemed to get hold of something, at which all the men pulled and hoisted up a tree. This frightened all the owls who had taken refuge in this hole, and they flew out, and then we found that what we thought was the moaning of the dog was the hooting of these owls. Then our fencing-master, Herr Reich, came up to us frequently, and we had numberless drives over the Karso.

"IT."

"If all the harm that women have done
Were put in a bundle and rolled into one,
The earth could not hold it, the sky not enfold it,
It could not be lighted nor warmed by the sun!
Such masses of evil would puzzle the devil
And keep him in fuel while Time's wheels run."

We had once to pass through a very uncanny trial, which may be said to have lasted from 1877 to the end of 1880, and somewhat (though in a less degree) to 1883. We suddenly began to be inundated with anonymous letters; then our private papers and writings would disappear; a great fuss of finding them was made, and when all fuss and hope of recovery was over, they would reappear. There was always some mystery hanging about, and once we found on the floor a copy-book with some very good imitations of my handwriting, or what my handwriting *would* be if I tried to disguise it a little backwards, and some very bad and easily recognizable attempts at my husband's very peculiar hand. The anonymous letters generally tried to set us against each other, if possible, and I was always finding love-letters thrust into his pockets, whenever I cleaned or brushed his clothes, which I generally did when he was ill, in order not to have the servants in the room. Fortunately we told each other everything, and he used to carry his letters to me, and I mine to him, but we could make nothing of it.

At last he said, in 1879 (when he was going away to Midian), "You must be *quite sure* not to make yourself uncomfortable about any of this sort of thing, and to tell me everything that occurs; because I am *sure* this is an intrigue, and a woman's intrigue, which has something to do with money. When we were poor everybody left us in peace, but ever since 1877 nothing has been talked about but the enormous riches that I am *going* to make in these mines, and you have been offering parures of turquoise to all your friends in my name. So somebody is working to try and separate us. You keep your 'weather eye' open, and believe nothing, nor shall I, and you will see that one day or another it is bound to ooze out." It did ooze out—after it did not matter.

Ever after these annoyances began, whenever we were going to make the smallest remark which might be unlucky, we always used to say, "Hush! '*IT*' will hear you;" and then we used to laugh. This became so habitual with us, that everybody else thought we were alluding to Providence, or evil spirits, or such like; but we were really alluding to our uncanny, fleshly evil genius, who, though we did not know it, was nestling close to us and heard it all. It was, therefore, with a doubly heavy heart that I saw him depart on his third and last journey for Midian, and was thankful when it was over.

Richard and I now went to Opçina a great deal alone, and we were working together at his Camoens, beginning at the two volumes of the "Lusiads."

In early 1880, he brought out a little bit of the first canto of the "Lusiads," and the episode of "Ignez de Castro," his favourite bit, as samples. I can never remember to have had a more peaceful and happy time with Richard than in Opçina, where we led a Darby and Joan life, and principally 1879, 1880, 1881, and part of 1882. We did all the six volumes of Camoens, he translating, I helping him and correcting. I wrote the little sonnet for him, my preface, and the Glossary, and his "Reviewers Reviewed."

"TO MY MASTER CAMOENS.

"(*Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' lo mio autore.*)

"Great Pilgrim-poet of the Sea and Land;
Thou life-long sport of Fortune's ficklest will;
Doomed to all human and inhuman ill,
Despite thy lover-heart, thy hero-hand;
Enrolled by the pen what marvellous band
Of god-like Forms thy golden pages fill;
Love, Honour, Justice, Valour, Glory thrill
The Soul, obedient to thy strong command:

Amid the Prophets highest sits the Bard,
At once Revealer of the Heaven and Earth,
To Heaven the guide, of Earth the noblest guard;
And, 'mid the Poets, thine the peerless worth,
Whose glorious song, thy Genius' sole reward,
Bids all the Ages, Camoens, bless thy birth!"

ISABEL BURTON.

He was quite upset about the Glossary. When he had used archaic words, which belonged to Chaucer and Spencer, he said, "Do you mean to say that they won't understand me?" When I produced my glossary of three hundred and fourteen words, he said, "You are never going to insult the English public with that?" I said, "But, indeed, I am; and I know very well that you have not fifteen readers that will know them without, but they will pretend they do, and be very much offended, whilst internally they will thank their God that they have got it, and are able to look grand on the strength of it." But he curtailed it, and in this he was encouraged by our old friend Bernard Quaritch.

Camoens is splendidly and literally translated. No one was so well fitted as Richard to bring out this epic and heroic life. He divided his work into six heads: Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical and Chronological, Geographical, and Annotative—it was the result of a daily act of devotion of more than twenty years, from a man of *this* age, who has taken the hero of a *former* age for his model, his master, as Dante did Virgil; and between whose two fates—master and disciple—exists a strange similarity. The two volumes of "Life and Commentary" show a profundity of learning and intelligence which would be quite enough to make the name of any other man, if he had never written anything else, but though Camoens has not taken hold of the public yet, he will. Richard lived to do six volumes; he would have done four more had he lived. His little letter of dedication to Swinburne, in vol. I of the "Lyrics," is a masterpiece.

"To

"The Prince of the Lyric Poets of his day,

"ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

"MY DEAR SWINBURNE,

"Accept the unequal exchange—my brass for your gold. Your 'Poems and Ballads' began to teach the Philister what might there is in the music of language, and what the marvel of lyric inspiration, far subtler and more ethereal than mere poetry, means to the mind of man.

"Without more ado, allow me to excuse this 'transaction' by a something which comes from the East—

"'A poor man, passing by one day when his King travelled, brought him a little water with both hands, saying, "Drink, my lord, for the heat is great." He accepted it gladly from him, not looking to the small quality of that service, but only to the good will with which it was offered.'

"Believe me ever,
"Your old friend and fellow-traveller,
"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"Desterro, Trieste,
"September 25th, 1884."

"The Pines, Putney Hill, S.W.,
"November 7th, 1884.

"MY DEAR BURTON,

"Your dedication makes me very proud, and the kindness of its terms gives me still a heartier pleasure than that of mere pride in your friendship. Thanks to you both, and notably to Frances H——" [me] "for her letter, or rather your joint one of the 10th, which has now been followed by the arrival of the two volumes. They are yet more interesting (naturally) to me than their precursors. . . .

"The learning and research of your work are in many points beyond all praise of mine, but not more notable than the strength and skill that wield them. I am hungrily anticipating the 'Arabian Nights.' You both know how we look forward to our next meeting with you, when you *shall* not run away so soon as you did last time.

"Both of yours always,
"A. C. SWINBURNE."

"The Pines, Putney Hill, S.W.,
"April 13th, 1881.

"MY DEAR MRS. BURTON,

"I am horribly ashamed to find that my letter of thanks to you on the arrival of the 'Lusiads,' which I quite thought had been at once written and despatched (this is the real honest truth, and not a lying after-thought to excuse myself), never went or existed at all, but remained in the limbo of good intentions. I cannot tell how, for I distinctly remember the very words I meant to send, and thought I had sent, of congratulations to Burton on having in that translation, as I think, matched Byron on his own chosen ground as a translator, and beaten him at his own weapon. The version of Pulci's 'Morgante,' on which Byron prided himself so greatly as being, in his own words, the best translation that ever was or will be made, is an infinitely less important, and I should think less difficult attempt on exactly the same lines of work, and certainly, to say the least, not more successful, as far as one can judge, without knowledge of Camoens in the original language.

"With best remembrances to both of you.

"Ever faithfully yours,
"A. C. SWINBURNE."

I prefer the "Lusiads," but the Portuguese think that if Camoens had never written the "Lusiads," his sonnets would have immortalized him, and prefer his to Petrarch's.

Besides this, we used to fence a great deal during those years. We set up a *tir au pistolet*, and used to practise every morning after breakfast. When snow was deep we drove in a sledge. We attended the school feast annually, and sometimes we had village serenades. At Opçina, on the Eve of St. John's, the peasants light fires all over the country, and the superstition is that you must see eleven fires burning at the same time in order to have a lucky year. When we went up there, we lived absolutely alone, without any servants, and we used to take long walks and drives.

"GERALD MASSEY TO RICHARD F. BURTON.

"'*Englished by Richard Burton.*' And well done,
As it was well worth doing; for this is one
Of those old Poets, who are always new,
That share eternity with all that's true,
And of their own abounding spirit do give
Substance to Earth's dead Shadows; and make men live
Who in action merely did but flit and pass;
Now fixed for ever in thought's reflecting-glass.
This is the Poet of weary wanderers
In perilous lands; and wide-sea Voyagers,
And climbers fall'n and broken on the stairs.
A man of men; a master of affairs,
Whose own life-story is, in touching truth,
Poem more potent than all feignèd truth.
His Epic trails a story in the wake
Of *Gama*, *Raleigh*, *Frobisher*, and *Drake*.
The poem of Discovery! sacred to
Discoverers, and their deeds of derring-do,
Is fitly rendered in The Traveller's land,
By one of the foremost of the fearless band."

GERALD MASSEY.

"BURTON'S CAMOENS.

(A cutting from the Press.)

"In his wanderings afar from the world's highway, he made Camoens his companion, and discovered a peculiar sympathy of mind between himself and the noble Portuguese—an affinity which Mrs. Burton seems inclined to trace even in the fortunes of the two men (*absit omen!*)."

The *Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1881.

"'Camoens,' he says, 'is the perfection of a traveller's study. A wayfarer and a voyager from his youth; a soldier, somewhat turbulent withal, wounded and blamed for his wounds; a doughty sword and yet doughtier pen; a type of the chivalrous age; a patriot of the

purest water, so jealous of his country's good fame, that nothing would satisfy him but to see the world bow before her perfections; a genius, the first and foremost of his day, who died in the direst poverty and distress.' These are good titles to admiration in any case, and we cannot wonder that a great English traveller, himself too a poet, should have been captivated all these long years by the charms of that beautiful Portuguese tongue, and those noble and stirring sentiments which stand enshrined in Camoens' deathless pages. If it be true that Chapman's 'Iliad' is a great work because of the intense love and admiration which its author had for the blind old bard of Greece, then certainly Captain Burton's labour, which has taken up twenty years of a much-occupied life, ought, for the same reason, to be able to stand the test of time, inasmuch as it is the fruit of genuine and heartfelt devotion on the part of the translator to the author and his poetic masterpiece."

The *Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1881.

"'My master, Camoens,' Captain Burton calls him, and goes on to pay his tribute of gratitude for the real solace which the much-loved volume has been to him in many wanderings. 'On board raft and canoe, sailing vessel and steamer, on the camel and the mule, under the tent and the jungle tree, on the fire-peak and the snow-peak,' writes the accomplished 'Hadji,' 'Camoens has been my companion, my consoler, my friend;' and we may remark that a study of Camoens, who is an ideal patriot, as well as a constant lover, whose fair one was snatched away by death at the age of twenty, would be useful in the present day as an antidote to schools of thought which banish both patriotism and romance, as far as they can, into the region of forbidden sentiments. Indeed, so intensely patriotic is the bard, that in the opening of his epic he bids Achilles, Alexander, and all other ancient warriors and travellers, cease to 'vaunt long voyages made in bygone day,' as if the 'better bravery' of the Lusitanian explorers fairly threw into the shade all attempts in the same line which had been made before. This may be going a little too far, but, at all events, it is a fault in the right direction, which deserved better treatment than King Ferdinand's annual dole of five golden sovereigns."

One day, as we sat at our twelve o'clock breakfast at Opçina, on a very hot day, a poor barefooted Capuchin came in, looking hot, jaded, dusty, and travel-stained. He sat down in another part of the restaurant at a table, and humbly asked for a glass of water. We were waiting for our breakfast, and I slipped out of the room and said to the landlord, "Every time you bring us up a dish, put a third portion, with bread and vegetables, and in due course sweets and cheese, before the poor Capuchin who has just come in, and a bottle of the same wine you give us, and tell him to pray for the donors." I slipped back into my place, and I saw Richard kept

staring at him, when he was not looking, with an amused smile, and finally he turned round to me and whispered, "There, just look! You say that those fellows starve, and I declare to you that he has eaten, mouthful for mouthful, everything *we* have eaten, and a good bottle of wine like ours." So I laughed and I said, "Yes; but with *your* money!" "Oh, you blackguard! am I paying for *his* dinner?" "Yes," I said, "you are; and he is going to pray for *us*." He was far from being vexed; he was too kind, and he enjoyed the joke very much. I said to him, "That man has been catering all over Istria for provisions for the convent, and the rule at table is that they eat whatever you put on their plates, but they must not ask. Seeing the state he is in, you would not like to have seen him go away with a glass of water." "No," he said, "that I should not; I am glad you did it."

We now determined, and fortunately, to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. I say fortunately, because we could scarcely have done it in 1890, just before his death; the fatigue would have been too great for him. We had a delightful trip from Venice to Padua, to Vicenza, and thence to Verona. There the country is simply lovely, and the train begins to mount to Ala, which is the frontier of Italy and the Austrian Tyrol. It seems like getting out of a picturesque desert—so far are the Italians behind Austrian civilization. You pass Trento, and reach Botzen, which is really only nine hours and fifty-eight minutes' actual train from Venice if you do not stop on the road. From Botzen to Munich is nine hours and twenty-three minutes' delightful journey, breakfasting at Franzensfeste. You are examined at Kufstein, the frontier between the Austrian Tyrol and Bavaria. The scenery of the Brenner is simply glorious, and Brenner-Bad is a delightful little place to stay at. Munich is certainly a lovely city; its buildings are magnificent, but its art is very, very new. We saw everything in the City inside and out, and enjoyed the society of General and Mrs. Staunton, our Consul, and certainly we must own that the Hôtel des Quatres Saisons is the most delightful and comfortable in the world.

The next station for Ober-Ammergau is two hours and a half to Mürnau, where you go to the Pantelbraü Hotel. There is beautiful mountain scenery, and the hurry-scurry to get to Ober-Ammergau is quite like the Derby Day, with every sort of vehicle and horses. The village is otherwise peaceful, a rural inn, with a nice family containing at least one pretty girl, and the wine is very good, especially Zeller I. and Schwarzer Herr-Gott; the beds and the food are excellent. Being Sunday we went to Mass, and noticed a very curious picture in the church. A head was peeping out of the

ground as if the body were buried in it; near it was a book with "Lehren" inscribed upon it; also near were dice, a money-bag, a serpent, and smoke. A new-comer advances towards the head; but his guardian angel is remonstrating with him, as if he were saying to him, "Let him be—it is none of *your* business," and a Madonna appears in the skies. After breakfast we started for Ober-Ammergau. The scenery was magnificent, the Ettalberg very steep, and two extra horses were obliged to be put on. Richard liked walking, and with only me in the carriage, they appeared to be almost crawling on their stomachs. Halfway was a rural inn, where the peasants were playing, dancing, and drinking beer. In four hours from leaving Mürnau we were deposited at a pretty cottage, where rooms were let by a Frau Haüser.

I understand that a great many improvements exist now; but at that time we had two whitewashed little rooms, no sheets, one spoon, one glass, no table, and a pint of water in a pie-dish; but our windows looked out on the church, which is surmounted by a spire and a plain iron cross, and the Kofel, a sugar-loaf peak, which seems to guard the mountain gorge.

We wandered about the village, and picked up some food as we could at a small eating-house called the "Stern," for Frau Haüser did not undertake to board us. We were up at dawn. At Ober-Ammergau the day begins with Mass and Communion. The play begins at eight in the morning, and lasts eight hours (eighteen acts), with an hour and a half interval for food and rest. The play over, Richard and I both sat down at once, and described minutely Ober-Ammergau, the Play, and our impressions. I think, perhaps, that there have been so many descriptions, that it would be a pity to load this book with them. We both sent them to the same man, and Richard was anxious that they should be produced together, under the heading, "Ober-Ammergau, as seen by Four Eyes." He wrote the cynical and I the religious side, but as the man who printed them was too poor to produce the two, he published Richard's; but I will now bring them out together in the "Uniform Library" of my husband's works, just as he wished it.

Suffice it to say, that the simplicity of a theatre in the open air was most realistic, and made one think of the old early Latin and Greek plays, and the miracle-plays of early Christianity. The men acted beautifully; the women were cold or shy, and therefore uninteresting. I can only say that I thanked God for having been allowed to see it, and as we sat together Richard watched me closely to see what affected me, and I did the same with him. What affected him immensely—and he owned it—was Christ on the Cross. He said,

"I never could have *imagined* Christ on the Cross without *seeing* it; it made me feel very queer." Now, as to *me*, what broke my heart was the repentances of the sinners, and I am not ashamed to say that I sobbed bitterly—not Magdalen's, for she was too cold, but Peter's, when Christ came forth with the Cross, after he had denied Him and Christ looked at him. The penitent thief on the Cross, and Judas's despair, I shall never forget all my life. With all Richard's cynicism, he was right glad to have seen it.

We went to visit the *Pfarrer*, or priest, the only really paramount influence in Ober-Ammergau. We saw Josef Maier, who acted the Christ, and with his permission went to inspect the scenes behind the theatre, where they were practising fastening to the Cross, and, under strict secrecy, we saw how it was done.

On the 25th was the *fête* of St. Louis, when they celebrate the foundation of Bavaria, *then* seven hundred years before. On return to Munich we dined at the Embassy. We met in Munich the Dowager Lady Stanley and Mrs. John Stanley (now Lady Jeune), and found to our great annoyance that we had just missed Lord Houghton, who had been staying in the same hotel with us and we had never known it. We then went to Innsbrück, where we saw everything in and about, and on to Toblach, from whence three hours' drive takes you into the Dolomites into lovely scenery, beginning at Cortina di Ampezzo. Here we found actual winter weather, though it was only the 30th of August. From this we went on to Villach, a delightful place, where it was very difficult to get rooms; but we got some beds at a *Braüerei*. Here we saw, as usual, everything in and about, and then we went by the glorious new road Tarvis and Pont' Ebba (not so very long open), with scenery unrivalled, and reached Udine, where we were on the main line for our own home. Here we stayed to visit the tomb of Fra Oderico, a Franciscan monk, who went to China and wrote a book three centuries ago—a very holy man—and then we went home to Trieste to receive our old friends Mr. Aubertin, Sir Charles Sebright, the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, with Mrs. John Stanley, who stayed a couple of days *en route* for Corfu. The Dowager Lady Stanley was one of Richard's oldest and best friends, and she has proved herself one to me since his death. I cannot say how much we enjoyed their visit.

On the 15th of September the *Pandora* came in with Mr. W. H. Smith and his family, and we took excursions together, showed them all the lions in a couple of days, and dined on board with them. We had visits also from Abbate Bey and Brugsch Bey from Egypt. Baron Marco Morpurgo, the director of Lloyd's, used

sometimes to give us a charming supper-party on board one of the Lloyd's vessels anchored in the harbour. A great friend and admirer of Richard's, and my now true friend, Miss E. H. Bishop, who resides, like myself, in a little cottage near Redbridge, Hants, came to stay with us.

On the 9th of November, 1880, we had an earthquake at 7.30 in the evening, which demolished half Agram, injured Graz, and shook us terribly. Richard and I were writing, and our table ran away, and it made us feel very uncomfortable. Graeffe saw three earthquake waves come in and out.

On the 11th we had a great pleasure in celebrating our dear old Vice-Consul Mr. Brock's fiftieth year at Trieste. He was so loved and respected, that everybody wished to contribute some little proof, and Mrs. Craig, the wife of Mr. George Craig, a merchant of Trieste, our principal English lady, and I, received the demonstrations of their good will, which were even more pronounced amongst the old Triestine families than amongst the English, who were less wealthy, though not less well disposed towards him; and on the 11th of September Mrs. Craig and I were able to put a purse of £170 into his hands. The dear old man was so much affected that I was afraid he would have a fit. He could not sign a Consular report for two hours after.

On the 10th of December my publisher, poor Mr. Mullan, died, and my boys' books were returned to me, to begin afresh with another publisher, which was, unhappily, Mr. Bogue. On the 15th, Richard lectured at the English Engineers' Club, which was very well attended, much applauded, and was noticed largely in the foreign Press, in most gratifying terms, speaking of him as dear and respected for his learning, merits, and philanthropy, and I had my third *fête* for humanity to animals.

We went to the baths of Monfalcone, supposed to be excellent for gout and rheumatism, heading round the gulf to the shore opposite Trieste, and I must say they did Richard a great deal of good, though it was slow.

"THE BATHS OF MONFALCONE.

"To the Editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette.*

"SIR,

"Will you allow me to make known to you a bathing-place which is never recommended in England by medical men, because it is so little known? Two hours' drive from Trieste, one by rail, two hours' drive from old classical Aquileja, close to the river Isonzo, and almost on the borders of Austria and Italy, a townlet of four

thousand inhabitants lies seething in the plain, under a burning July sun. You may perhaps see it on the map, half an hour's distance from the sea, at the very head of the Adriatic. In 1433 it existed, and the baths in those days were thirty feet long and twelve broad. They have been perpetually bettered and destroyed from that period until a year ago; and I am not going to enter into any interesting or tedious details, but take them up at 1879, when the property was bought by a personal friend of ours, a gentleman of Trieste, named Dr. Rabl, D.C.L. He has put the baths in perfect condition and working order, and he will go on improving and bettering according as a more numerous and a better class of visitors are attracted here. At present there are a hundred and fifty bathers, but of the most uninteresting description—just the people 'you don't want to meet,' as *Judy* says. There are rows of rooms for the mud-baths, and opposite corresponding rooms for the water-baths, and a large basin for those who like to swim or bathe in company. There are douches, and we are going to have vapour-baths. The same arrangements exist on the men's side of the establishment as on that for the women. The work of pumping up the water and collecting the mud by machinery is carried out with a sufficient staff of servants in attendance. The mud and the water in their natural state show 34° Réaumur. The water is beautifully clear, is mixed with sea-water, and contains lots of things, of which the principal are sulphate of soda. The baths are very powerful, and are resorted to for all bone pains—rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica. The treatment ranges from twelve to eighteen baths; and in three years 1315 cures have been effected. The doctor is beginning to hang up the crutches the people leave behind, as they do *ex votos* in a church. His name is Tamburlini; he is well informed and very efficient. We naturally take an interest in the works, as it is in our Consular district, and it might draw some nice English visitors here in summer-time. The baths are open from May to September. As I write now it is 83° F. in the rooms; going out is not possible (except to sit under the trees) from, say, 9 a.m. till 6 or 7 p.m.

"I am, etc.,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Monfalcone, July 10th.

("We have much pleasure in publishing the above letter from the enterprising wife of the still more adventurous 'Hadji.' It seems the fate of well-known travellers and men of science to be relegated to parts unknown, to wear out their days in what is supposed to be rest. If we remember aright, Charles Lever was banished to the dulness of Trieste. They sent Palgrave to Guiana, and James Hannay to Barcelona. We are glad to see that Mrs. Burton, at all events, continues to keep up those active spirits which so often and so well bestead her.—Ed. *Med. Times and Gaz.*")

Richard had quite a *grande passion* for silver. He declared that

everybody had some particular metal which influenced them, and also colour. His metal was silver, and silver applied to his pains cured him; he would put florins on his eyes if they ached from over reading or study; he would apply them to his pains where he had gout; and after he got the "Arabian Nights" earnings, everything he bought was silver. A heavy six-guinea knob of silver to a huge stick, his toilette box, his pencil-case, his snuff-box, his roll to put his pens and pencils in, everything was silver. His theory was that every man has some metal which affects his illness, and, after frequent trials, found his. So we used to bind silver florins round his feet and legs when he had gout, and though it did not cure him, it always relieved him. He had the same theory about colours, and his was the royal cramoisie, or blood-red, which soothed him. We continued our work, and we used to take drives, such as to Villa Vicentina, and to Aquileja, ancient Aquila, to the museum and church, and up the Campanile Tower.

CHAPTER VII.

ON SLAVERY.

You must now, dear Reader, bear with, or skip, a chapter on Slavery, upon which Richard was very strong.

CAPTAIN BURTON'S REPORTS TO LORD GRANVILLE ON ANTI-SLAVERY.

Letter No. 1.

"Cairo, April 27th, 1880.

"MY LORD,

"I have the honour to report that during a late excursion to the Natron Lakes, lying north-north-west of Cairo, I came upon the track of a small but vigorous branch of slave traffic which is, I understand, carried on with much suffering to the victims. My companion, Professor William Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, now returning to England, can give oral information on the subject; whilst Colonel Gordon, late Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces, was perfectly successful in closing to slave-traders the Main Trunk Line—*viâ* the Nile itself—he could not but throw the transit into two branches, the one east, the other west of the river. On April 11th we engaged a guide of the village of Abu-Rawásh, near the northernmost pyramid, which is the Nilotic terminus of the journey. This man, El Haji Musà, was reticent on the subject of *rakik* (slaves); not so his son, Abdullah. The traffic was the conversation of the village; and from the youth we learnt that our only risk in a desert march would be that of meeting Arabs driving slaves. The village *Ghafer* (a watchman), Mohammed el Zayyàt, is said to assist in smuggling the new arrivals, who are dressed like town slaves; and the Octroi authorities can hardly be ignorant of a traffic which gives such large gains. Whether the Pyramid Arabs are concerned in it or not, I have not as yet ascertained at the Coptic Convent of the Mar-Makarios. I could obtain no information except that the transit had been once active and was now closed. But a second guide, Abd el Alàh, of the Bedawi tribe Beni Salamah, gave a very different account, which confirmed that of the youth Abdullah. The slaves are driven from the land popularly.

called Wadar, and by the people Bargo, through the line of oases lying west of the Nile. The season is winter, when water-holes abound; the summer heats effectually stop it. At Siwah, the Oasis of Amaun, some eighteen marches from Cairo, the *rakik* are driven to the Natron Lakes. Men, women, children, and babies carried on the shoulder, if they refuse to walk are beaten, and lastly are tied on camels' backs. At the Birket el Birdi, the easternmost of the Natron Lakes, we were shown the sweet-water pools from which they drink, and the places where they are kept to rest and recruit for several days, before being driven into the capital. Finally, in the Syrian convent, I heard that the last convoy of 1880 had passed by their monastery in March. Nothing would be easier than to put a stop to this proceeding, and if your Lordship should wish to know what measures I should propose, I am at all times ready to submit them to your approval.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your obedient servant,

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

Letter No. 2.

"Cairo, May 3rd, 1880.

"MY LORD,

"In continuation of my letter, separate—Cairo, April 27, on the revival of slavery throughout Egypt, I have the honour to add the following details. Three villages are connected with the Wadái Sywal slave-trade, namely, Kardási, Abu Rawásh, and the so-called 'Pyramid Arabs.' Of the latter, I heard from the Chevalier de Kremer and H. E. Yacoub Artim Bey, who, two years ago, convicted them of complicity about Kardási. . . . I was informed by Dr. Grant, of Cairo, and Mr. Hayes, of Alexandria, who, some years ago, came upon the caves where the slaves had to be lodged. The slave importation in Egypt has now assumed an importance which threatens to become scandalous. I need not enter into the politics of this present Egyptian Government, but it is essentially retrograde and strongly opposed to all reforms, especially to the employment of European officials. It has established slave bureaux at Cairo, Alexandria, Santa, and Es Siegrét, but not at the principal place, Assouan (Syene). . . . These employés send in mere blinds by way of reports; they have no general head, and being under-paid, they cannot refuse the larger inducements offered by the slave-dealers. The scandal which happened at Es-Siyút on April 20, 23, has doubtless been reported to your Lordship, and has found its way into the papers. Of some thousand head, only sixty-seven (thirty-nine girls and twenty-eight boys) were captured; the hundred and fifty slave merchants, with their camels, had the audacity to march upon a point which is not only a slave bureau but a railway station, with telegraph, etc. . . . Comment on such a proceeding is useless. . . . When Colonel Gordon, R.E., was compelled to leave Egypt by the retrograde and anti-European party now in office, his employé,

Signor Gessi, hung, they say, eight slave-dealers. It was at once reported from Cairo to the Soudan, and throughout the slavery region, that Colonel Gordon had been dismissed for undue severity, and such a report was virtually an exhortation to reopen the slave-trade by destroying the leaders, who commanded bodies composed of from three to four thousand armed men. . . . All foresaw that his departure would be followed by its reorganization, and yet no steps were taken by the present Egyptian Ministry—they sent up a Governor-General, a certain Rauf Pasha, a Berberin, known only by his cruelties in Harar, where the ruler died under most suspicious circumstances. The Indian trade, though scotched, is by no means killed. Money will be easily raised at Khartum, Cairo, Alexandria, and men will be readily found. The best proof is the scandalous affair of Es-Siyút. I have also heard of a caravan of three hundred head being seen at Karaski on the Nile. Meanwhile the slave-traders, too weak to invade the country, pitch their camp upon the borders of Dar-Wardác and other slaving centres. They buy the captives offered to them, and march them through the oases, and along the Nile, at a part where there are no guards. From the terminus depôt Siwah, slaves are sent to Cairo and Alexandria, and, when these lines are dangerous, through the Oases of Augila to Tunis and Tripoli. There would be no difficulty in controlling this trade. In reducing hundreds to tens, and tens to units, the necessary procedure cannot be taken by a retrograde and a remiss Egyptian Ministry, or by a staff of under-paid employés.

"I have the honour to be

"Your Lordship's obedient servant,

"R. F. BURTON."

Letter No. 3.

"Consulate, Trieste, May 11th, 1880.

"MY LORD,

"In my two letters, separate—Cairo, April 27th, and Cairo, May 3rd, which forwarded details of the slave-trade revival in Egypt and of the Wadái-Siwah line, which has temporarily taken the place of the Soudan trade, I neglected to mention another branch—which would require control, chiefly through the Red Sea. This is the Abyssinian, which includes the Galla tribes. The market resembles the Caucasian, especially the Circassian now extinct, in so far as parents sell their children, and relatives their kin. It is a small but constant supply of a high-priced article equally prized in Arabia and in Egypt. It required no apparatus, no expenditure of men and money, and consequently, to suppress it, will be a work of time and well-directed energy. During my return voyage from Alexandria, I met an old acquaintance (Dr. Geo. Reinisch), Professor of Egyptology to the University of Vienna, who with his wife had been living for some months in Abyssinia and the Upper Nile; he gave me all manner of details, and declared that the slave traffic is assuming an importance which it never had

Richd F. Burton

IN 1880.

in the days of Ismail, the ex-Khedive. His account of it, indeed, is anything but creditable to the present administration of Egypt. Under Nubar Pasha or Sherif Pasha, instant measures would be taken to abate the scandal, but the actual Ministry is too Moslem and too retrograde to interfere with the so-called patriarchal institution.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. F. BURTON."

He wrote, besides, a private letter to Lord Granville as follows:—

"The Ministry under Riaz Pasha is doing all it can to abolish Colonel Gordon's fine anti-slavery work for the last six years. They have sent up a certain Rauf Pasha, almost a black, who will have no weight whatever; and the Red Sea will be in a worse state than ever unless some measures are soon taken; and slave-trade is speedily reviving in the Soudan and the Red Sea. The Ministry wishes to drive out all foreigners, and this makes times in Egypt harder than ever.

"I would like to have a temporary appointment in the Red Sea as Slave Commissioner. I want a salary of from £1600 to £2000 a year (£1600 would do if allowed to keep Trieste on half-pay, £350 per annum), the use of a gun-boat, and a roving commission, independent of the Consul-General of Egypt, but to act in concert with a Consul (such as young Wylde) appointed to the Soudan. It is a thing that has long been talked about as a great want in the Red Sea, *if slavery is really to be exterminated*, and Gordon's splendid work to be carried out on the coast. Gordon Pasha has long wished to recommend *me* for this work. As this last appointment would only be *temporary*—say for a couple of years—I would like to be allowed to keep Trieste to fall back upon when my work is done, and as a home for my wife when she cannot be with me. Other men are allowed to retain their Indian appointments, and still to take temporary service in Egypt: for this there are several precedents. Mr. Brock, the Vice-Consul at Trieste, who is thoroughly reliable, would act for me on half-pay, as he has done the last forty years. I guarantee that, placed in such a position, in *two years'* time the Red Sea *shall be as clear of slaves as if slavery had never existed.*

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

"HOW TO DEAL WITH THE SLAVE SCANDAL IN EGYPT.

"The systematic and official revival of the import slave-trade in Egypt was the necessary consequence of Colonel Gordon's compulsory retirement. The merest sketch of the measures adopted by that energetic English 'Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces' would occupy the whole of this paper. Suffice it to say that, when matters came to a crisis, he attacked the well-armed and well-organized forces of the slave-dealers, sometimes numbering three to four thousand musketeers; and during two years' fight-

ing he defeated them in more than one pitched battle. Thus he stopped the slave-hunting at its head-quarters, with its train of death and desolation. Had he remained in 'Black-land' the moral sense of England would not have been outraged by the horrors brought to light so soon after his departure. But he had routed the slaver without abolishing the slave, nor were his measures calculated to set the latter free.

"Colonel Gordon's work, however, was too 'thorough;' moreover, his strict and honourable rule allowed no plundering and embezzling of 'parasitical Pashas, foreigners in Egypt.' The Khedive (Ismail I.) by a stout-hearted *coup d'état* had appointed and had unhesitatingly supported his great lieutenant. The Prince's dethronement was a signal for the downfall of the English Governor-General. The former was succeeded (June 26, 1879) by his eldest son, Taufik Pasha, who, however upright and public spirited, was young and inexperienced; and he had nothing to do but to place the helm of State affairs in the hands of a ministry. The President of the Council was Riaz Pasha el-Wázán, whose cognomen shows that he was not of Moslem origin. Rising, as Pashas usually rise, from the very lowest class, he determined to conciliate and gratify his new co-religionists by a retrograde and destructive, an anti-European and pro-Mohammedan policy. He went as far in this matter as he safely could; he gagged the Press in Egypt, and he addressed to the Consulate-General of the United States a complaint that the missionaries were attempting to proselytize Moslems. This Ministry ended (mid-February, 1881) with causing a military *émeute* at Cairo, a thing absolutely unknown to the annals of the Capital. The movement is ominous, and it will injure the City in the estimation of the winter visitors, even more than did the Dengue-fever bred by its filth.

"Again we must rapidly pass over the nicely graduated slights and insults by which Riaz Pasha compelled Colonel Gordon to send in his resignation early in 1880. But the desired effect was attained. Popular rumour pointed out Colonel Mason, an American staff officer, as Colonel Gordon's successor. This, however, was not to be; *L'Egitto farà da se*, Egypt for the Egyptians, *i.e.* Turks. The Kafir and the Giaour must be prepared to depart when no longer required; and Riaz Pasha made no secret of his hopes to see them depart without delay.

"All men of experience in Egypt and elsewhere foresaw what would result from Colonel Gordon's compulsory retirement. Under Sherif Pasha or Nubar Pasha measures would have been taken to prevent the revival of the traffic. The old serpent had been scotched, not slain. Money was easily raised at Khartum, Cairo, and Alexandria. The Riaz Ministry contented itself with spreading a report throughout their unhappy hunting-grounds that Colonel Gordon had been dismissed for undue severity to the Jellabs (slave dealers); and such a rumour acting upon the reaction, the rebound was virtually an exhortation to reopen the trade. A successor was soon found in a man of colour, Rauf Bey (now Rauf Pasha), an

officer of Berberine or negro origin, known, but not favourably, for his conquest of Somali-land and for strangling the old Amir of Harar after surrender. He was mentioned by Sir Samuel Baker ('Ismailia,' i. 286, Appendix, 'Raouf Bey') as the bosom friend of the monster Abu Sa'úd. The new Governor-General of the Soudan acted as all knew he would; and his seal presently appeared upon the Government passage-tickets on board slave-transporting steamers (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, November, 1880). These papers were given only to be retaken when no longer wanted as 'blinds.'

"Colonel Gordon's orders were cancelled, and the import slave-trade was energetically revived by the Riaz Ministry. The scandalous scenes in the Desert, on the Nile, and even in the suburbs of Cairo, were known to Europeans as well as to natives. When every Consulate-General received the exactest details, these could hardly have escaped the knowledge of her Britannic Majesty's representative. But, as Colonel Gordon says, 'to the generality of our officials all is more or less rose-coloured.' Whether the cause was a commendable desire not to embarrass a struggling and indebted Government, or a laudable ambition to report what sounds pleasant to authoritative ears, the effect undoubtedly was that the English Government and the public were left in utter ignorance of the scandalous revival. It is time for the world to know how the crime was brought to light. 'Honour to whom honour is due' does not appear to be the rule of the Anti-Slavery Society.*

"On April 10, 1880, Professor W. Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, and I, set out together with the view of visiting the Coptic convents in the Desert about the Natron Lakes to the north-west of Cairo. We were detained three days at the village of Abu-Rawásh, near the northernmost pyramid of that name, by a robbery which called for the intervention of the police. The time was not wasted. The traffic of *rakik* (chattels) was the common topic of conversation amongst the peasants; and the settlement proved to be one of the Nilotic termini of the transport line. We subsequently ascertained that the so-called 'Pyramid Arabs' and the neighbouring hamlets, especially Kardási, were also connected with it. Kardási, indeed, had been convicted of complicity two years ago by Yacoub Artin Bey. Of course the Octroi employés were well acquainted with a traffic so lucrative.

"The guide El-Haji Musá, engaged at Abu-Rawásh, succeeded in missing the way, and in nearly losing himself, by his desire to prevent the two Englishmen meeting a slave Caravan which was then expected. At the Coptic convent of Már Makárius no information was forthcoming from the monks, except that the once active traffic had been closed. But a second guide, Abd el-Aláh, of the Benú Salamáh Bedouins, gave a very different account, which was confirmed by others. The slaves are driven from the large region,

* "Their publications have carefully mentioned every traveller who reported the 'steady increase of the trade in slaves,' and have carefully ignored Professor Smith and me."

popularly called Dar Wadái, and, by the inhabitants, Bargo. The season is the rainy winter, when the water-holes are full; the summer heats effectually end it. At Siwah (the Oasis of Ammon), some eighteen marches from Cairo, the chattels are driven to the Natron Lakes; men, women, children, and babes in arms forming regular caravans. If the adults refuse to walk, they are beaten; and, as a last resource in sickness, they are tied on camels' backs. At the Birket el Birdi, the easternmost of the Natron Lakes, we were shown the sweet-water pools from which the slave-gangs drink, and the places where they are halted to rest and recruit before being smuggled one by one into the capital. Finally, we heard at the Syrian convent that the last convoy of 1880 had passed in March.

"On returning to Cairo (April 21) I met Dr. Leo Reinisch, Professor of Egyptology to the University of Vienna, who, with his wife, had been living for some months in Abyssinia, and on the Upper Nile. He gave all manner of details, and detailed that the slave-trade was assuming an importance which it never had in the days of the ex-Khedive. His account of it, indeed, was disgraceful to the Riaz Ministry. The slave-traders, no longer organized to invade the country, pitch their zaribahs, or armed camps, upon the borders of the man-hunting lands, Dar-Fur, Kordofan, the Niam-Niam country; Monbuttoland, and the whole valley of the Bahr el Ghazál. In these lands, nominally Egyptian, they buy the kidnapped negroes offered to them, and march them through the oasis, and along the Nile at parts where there are no guards. From the terminus of the main depôt, Siwah, the victims are sent to Cairo and Alexandria, and when these lines are dangerous, they are passed through the Oases of Augila to Tunis and Tripoli. Besides the Soudan, there is another branch, the Habesh or Abyssinian, which includes the Galla tribes and the peoples of Shoa, Gouga, Gurágue, and Godjam, whose chief Ras Adal has made his name infamous. The Habesh market does not include the 'Abid' (negroes proper) from the South and West of Khartum. At Zayla the notorious Governor, Abu Beker,* and his fifty sons (the former now charged with the foul murder of M. Lucereau), work the Galla mine to great profit. This trade resembles the *almost* extinct Caucasian, especially the Circassian, so far that parents and relatives sell their children and kinsfolk. It is a small but constant supply of a high-priced article, equally in demand throughout Arabia and Egypt. It requires no apparatus, no outlay of men and money; and, consequently, to suppress it by closing the main artery, the Red Sea, may be pronounced practically impossible. It can only be destroyed by abolishing the demand.

"Before leaving Cairo, Professor Smith, in a private conversation, recounted to her Majesty's Consul-General, who had never heard of the revival, what he had seen and gathered during his excursion. I reported the new tactics, of which the Foreign Office could know nothing, in three official letters to her Majesty's Government (April

* "*Egyptian Gazette*, December 28, 1880."

27, May 3 and 11). I proposed what I then considered easy and efficacious means of suppressing this disgrace to humanity. The unmanageable duplicity shown in the after proceedings of the Riaz Ministry, and the adoption of plausible measures which serve only to mislead the public, have, since that time, compelled me to change my views, to expect nothing from compromise and to advocate whole measures.

"Meanwhile the revival throve. In March, 1880, a large slave Caravan had been marched down the Nile; this successful speculation emboldened the Jellábs (slave-dealers) and the local authorities to attempt a second, which became a national scandal. Despite the convention with Great Britain, a large slave Caravan was openly conducted into Assiout (Lycopolis), a town of thirty thousand souls, a railway and telegraph station, the seat of a Christian mission, and actually one of the four slave bureaus. The latter had also been established at Cairo, Alexandria, and Tanta, purposely neglecting Assouan (Syene, at the First Cataract), whence there was a regular slave-line to Cairo. But the whole purpose was to satisfy the Consulate-General, or, as Colonel Gordon has it, to 'act whitewash.' Some such object must always be expected in Egypt when there is no European supervision.

"This insult to the Powers was brought to light by Herr Gottfried Roth, a young Swiss teacher in the admirable mission schools of the United States. He had already heard of the March Caravan of three hundred head having been seen at Korosko on the Nile; and he had been informed that another from El-Fashr was expected at Assiout. He at once (April 20) visited the encampment of a thousand camels pitched in the Desert, near the town, and was assured that the traders had brought natron and ostrich feathers, but no slaves. He returned the same evening, and was offered fifty to sixty head for sale, at fifteen to twenty napoleons each. Next morning he went to Cairo, and laid the case before the English Consul-General (Mr. Malet), who, of course, knew nothing of the matter. The outrage was at once reported to Riaz Pasha and to the Ministry, who, doubtless, were well acquainted with all the details. They affected complete ignorance, and thus confessed to the pleasant position of being indebted for the first news to a foreigner. However, foreseeing trouble, they resolved to act at once, and, *alla Turchesca*, to counteract as much as possible their own action.

"Herr Roth, knowing that the slave camp contained about three hundred dealers, headed by a notorious Ali, applied for a force to arrest the offenders. Next morning he returned to Assiout with a company of 108 regulars and three pashas, including a certain Doromanli. A cordon was drawn round the camp, with sentinels to prevent its being broken; and sixty-seven starveling slave boys (twenty-eight) and girls (thirty-nine) in filthy rags were found lying on the sand. It was a dreadful sight, which drew tears even from the Egyptians.

"Next morning, at three a.m., Herr Roth led the wretches under

military escort to the American Mission, the only safe place. At the same time the town was watched, and the chief streets were occupied by guards, with orders not to pass negroes. The Caravan had brought twelve hundred slaves, and almost all were stowed away in the houses.

"The *Kazi* (judge) sent with Herr Roth by the Riaz Ministry, then opened proceedings. Had he arrested all the negroes in the camp he would have secured testimony to proceed against the local slave-dealers, of whom many slept in the tents. But that was not his object. By the law of Egypt these men were guilty of theft with manslaughter. He took down the names of thirty-five traders, who swore that the chattels were their wives, children, and servants; and he illegally let the rest go. Herr Roth, despite his protests, was utterly unable to prevent this gross miscarriage of justice. Doromanli Pasha, in the presence of Dr. Hogg, Principal of the American Mission, also examined some of the thirty-five prisoners before several of the most influential men of Assiout. Not a few of those arrested confessed that the negroes had been stolen, but when the witness was asked the name of the buyer, the good Pasha silenced the answerer. Herr Roth, after attending the tribunal for a day and a half, left it in disgust at this gross misconduct in a Government official who, however, was doubtless acting under orders of the Ministry.

"The slaves, when questioned in Arabic by the mission, related harrowing stories of their having been kidnapped. Some were stolen from their hearths and homes; others were forcibly dragged away while tending their cattle—*min wara el bahim* (from behind the cattle) is the phrase generally used. A young wife was thus torn from her husband, and a lad of eighteen showed upon his neck the marks of the chains in which all were bound.

"To abate so great a scandal as that exposed by Herr Roth, the Governor of Assiout was formally removed; but in Egypt that punishment has the less significance because it generally leads to a better appointment. Nor can underpaid officials, as are all Easterns below a certain grade, fairly be expected to refuse the large inducements, varying from $2 to £2 per head, offered by the slave-dealers. The Jellábs were at once set at liberty by Doromanli Pasha, with free permission to enter the town and to return home when they pleased. Of the slaves, forty-two were 'liberated,' that is, were handed over to the Pashas and Beys of the pro-slavery party: and, as Colonel Gordon remarked, a sale had been better for them. At the request of the British Consul-General some sixty were set free and carried for manumission to the *baptizoh* (police office). The only result was, that on May 29 a boatload of the wretches was sent down to Cairo, and there disappeared. On May 18, an old slave, who went to the Government for 'papers of liberation,' was put in irons, as the marks on his body proved; he refused to obey the *Mudir* and declare that he had emigrated of his own accord. In brief, out of the twelve hundred head only three hundred, almost all children, were recovered from the buyers.

"So open and notorious a breach of treaty as that of the Assiout caravan compelled the Ministry to do something. Riaz Pasha abolished in June, 1880, the worthless slave bureaux, whose only work had been to send in more blinds by way of reports, and published in the *Moniteur Egyptien* (June 9th) a circular letter addressed to eight *Mudirs* or local governors. It ran as follows, and enabled Mr. Malet to assure his Government that the Riaz Ministry was most earnest and energetic in its measures to put down slavery. His Majesty's Ministers acknowledged the Pasha's good works by sending him a decoration, and retrograde Turkey showed her sympathy by advancing him to the grade of *Mushir* (Field-Marshal)—

"'*Lettre-Circulaire.*

"'Adressée par S.E. le Ministre de l'Intérieur aux Moudirs de Isneh, Keneh, Djirdjeh, Syout, Beni-Souef, Minieh, Fayoum, Djizeh, et Béhéra, en date du 9 Juin, 1880.

"'Vous n'ignorez pas, Monsieur le Moudir, le degré de l'importance qui s'attache à la suppression de la traite des esclaves, ce commerce étant à la fois contraire aux principes mêmes de l'humanité et aux engagements qui lient le Gouvernement de S.A. le Khédive vis-à-vis du Gouvernement de S.M. Britannique, en vertu de la convention intervenue entre les deux Gouvernements.

"'Pour atteindre ce but, certaines mesures avaient déjà été prises, des instructions rigoureuses avaient même été données à tous les agents de l'Autorité, pour qu'ils eussent à se pénétrer de leur devoir et des mesures qu'ils auraient à prendre dans cette question. Les faits récents, dont l'instruction a démontré qu'il a été possible à quelques djellabs (marchands), arrivant avec des caravanes venues de l'intérieur de l'Afrique, d'amener nombre d'esclaves, et de les introduire dans le territoire du Gouvernement, d'une part, et la négligence des agents de l'Autorité dans cette partie du territoire qui a donné lieu à leur poursuite et condemnation, d'autre part, ont crée pour le Gouvernement l'obligation de prendre des mesures plus grandes et plus efficaces pour supprimer complètement ce honteux trafic, et de renouveler ses instructions, et avertissements à tous ses agents, afin de leur rappeler leurs devoirs et la responsabilité qui en est la conséquence.

"'A cet effet, le Gouvernement vient de créer un service spécial pour supprimer la traite, empêcher l'entrée en Egypte d'aucun esclave, et punir toute personne qui oserait entreprendre un commerce aussi révoltant, et tout agent de l'Autorité qui négligerait de remplir son devoir.

"'Le Gouvernement a confié la direction de ce service à M. le Comte della Sala, sous les ordres duquel l'Autorité a placé un nombre suffisant de soldats et d'agents, et lui a désigné pour siège principal de son service la ville de Syout. La mission du Comte della Sala comprend toutes les provinces et toutes les parties de la Haute-Egypte jusqu'à Djizeh, à l'est et à l'ouest, et depuis Djizeh

jusque et y compris la province de Béhéra, à l'ouest du Nil; elle comprend aussi la surveillance et la préservation de toutes les routes et de tous les chemins, de tous les déserts à l'ouest, les limites des oasis intérieurs et extérieurs jusqu'á Mariouette.

"'S.A. le Khédive a donné au Comte della Sala pleins pouvoirs pour l'exécution et l'accomplissement de la charge qui lui est confiée.

"'C'est pour le même effet que je vous adresse cette lettre, Monsieur le Moudir. Vous recevrez plusieurs exemplaires de la convention passée entre le Gouvernement Egyptien et le Gouvernement de Sa Majesté Britannique, ainsi que des règlements qui établissent les obligations des agents de l'Autorité, les mesures à prendre, et les peines bien graves à encourir par toute personne qui entreprendrait ce trafic ignominieux. Ces dispositions serviront de guide à votre conduite et action; vous aurez en outre à les faire publier parmi tous les agents et toutes les communes placés sous votre direction. Vous reconnaîtrez Monsieur le Comte della Sala comme étant le chef unique de ce service, et devant être l'intermédiare entre vous et l'Autorité Supérieure pour tout ce qui concerne ce service. Toutes les correspondances qui s'y rattachent doivent émaner de lui, ou lui être adressées. Vous devez suivre ses ordres et ses prescriptions avec la plus grande exactitude et la plus grande vigilance, et lui prêter immédiatement et sans le moindre retard toutes facilités et assistance quelconque qu'il pourra se trouver dans le cas de vous demander relativement à ce service.'

"Depite this show of indignation and threats of severity, the revival went on merrily. Colonel Gordon had calculated that fifty thousand head annually leave what may now be called Equatorial Egypt to supply the households and harems of Arabia, Egypt, Turkey, and other Moslem lands. Of these, some thirty thousand are run across direct to Jeddah, Hodaydeh, and other neighbouring ports with the full consent of the local authorities, who levy a capitation tax of ten piastres. During the April–May of 1880, about three thousand head, at the lowest figure, found a ready market in Egypt. Although open sale was forbidden, and the old slave market has been sold, there are still bagnios in the Moslem quarter of the capital.

"Herr Roth, well knowing that other Caravans were expected, applied for an escort of fifty men to scour the desert oases and borders of the desert, in which the 'captives' were stowed away; he might have set free one thousand or so, but he was refused. And he had an unpleasant correspondence with Baron de King, the French Consul-General, for reporting as one of the most energetic of the slave-dealers at Assiout, a Captain M. Magar Damian, the French Consular Agent. He was charged with *trop de zèle*, and was told officially, that is, unpleasantly, to mind his own business. However, he did good work by printing a map of the Libyan Desert, showing the five favourite stations for stowaways. These are chiefly the oases of Khargeh (El-Khárijeh, the 'outer') and Dakhleh (El-

Dákhilah, the 'inner'), and neither had even a sentinel to stop the traffic. From the latter (in N. lat. 25°) the Caravans pass on to the Faráfarah Oasis and to Assiout, or to El-Bahríyeh and the Siwah Oases.* These favourite depôts are now guarded by a fair number of men; and sections of companies with dromedaries are also stationed in the Fazyúm, a notorious slaving province; at Turá, near Cairo, where the fellahs hide their goods in the Mukattam Hills; at Abusír, near Lake Mareotis; at Wardán, to command the line of the Natron Lakes, and at a few other crucial points.

"Despite the Ministerial Circular, slaves poured in. Shortly after mid-May, eighty captives were taken at the Bolák Dakrúr station, on the west of the Nile and within sight of Cairo. They were found to be part of a batch of a hundred and twenty-six; the other forty-six had probably been sent forward and sold. In early June, some six weeks after the Assiout scandal, a third Caravan was reported to be making for that station from Dar-Fur, along the inland highway. When it arrived only thirty men and a hundred and sixty camels were counted: the slavers had heard of the capture and had left their chattels in the desert, some say with cut throats.† A fourth body was reported to be camping near one of the oases. About the same time a boat with ten slave-girls left Assiout for Cairo; on June 10, four Circassian girls were sold—one at Alexandria for £100, another at Assiout, and the two remaining at the capital, where they were secured for the highest harems. This branch of white slavery, though much reduced, still continues. In October, 1880, two white girls of eight and twelve years old were sold without opposition at Alexandria, and even on January 4, 1881, four more were landed at that port.

"In June also a Nubian or Abyssinian 'beauty' was bought at the Meydán, or Moslem quarter of Alexandria, for £40 to £50, while two other Nubian girls fetched £12 to £15. This cheapness of an expensive commodity tells its own tale. In fact, the prices have not varied between 1874 and 1880. Nubian boys in the former year fetched from $40 to $60; girls, $45 to $70; and adults, $40 to $100. The relative prices of Abyssinians were $50 to $80, $80 to $150, and $85 to $200. In 1875 the values rose about 15 per cent.; and in 1878 they fell 12 to 18 per cent. In 1879–80 the prices 'ruled firm.'‡

"To note a few more individual cases. A negro applied to the United States Mission at Assiout for aid in recovering his young wife, who had been cruelly beaten and put in irons by her master. This was the practice of the Bureaux when old slaves legally demanded their liberty. It was also reported to the mission that from forty to fifty slave-girls, driven by a Cairo dealer, were for sale in a yard at El-Farshút, a town three and a half days' march from

* "The reduced map is given in the Supplement to the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, September, 1880."

† "This detail is given in a private letter to the writer."

‡ "*Il Messaggiere Egiziano*, Alexandria, August 7, 1880."

Assiout. In August a hundred slaves were reported to be kept in the house of the Shaykh-el-Balad (Mayor) of the Khargeh Oasis, who demanded an honorarium of £1 to £2 per head. In October two Nubian girls, belonging to Mustafa Pasha el-Arab, a pensioned officer of Government, having been cruelly beaten, obtained a certificate of freedom from the Police Office, Alexandria; they were, notwithstanding, recovered by their inhuman master, who brought against them the usual unjust accusation of theft. The 'counter-charge' had become a system. Before 1873 an ill-treated slave could generally obtain legal manumission. This humane measure became obsolete under the present retrograde and anti-European Ministry. Slaves have even been punished for calumniating their owners.* No more need be said concerning individual sales: these pages could be filled with such cases; but their object is to take a broader view of the subject.

"To return to the Riaz Circular. In May, 1880, Mr. John Scott, the learned and upright judge of the Supreme Court, Alexandria, had proposed to Mr. Malet and Major Baring to appoint an English chief for the 'Service of the Suppression of the Slave-trade,' newly organized to take the place of the absurd 'Bureaux.' But the department was to be made inefficient. There are three great trunk roads for slave importation—the Nile, the Western Desert, and the Red Sea. The superintendent should have had charge of all three, with assistants at Maritime Masáwwah and Suakin; and at Assouan and Khartoum, on the Nile line, he should have been provided with steamers on both waters, with a roving commission to visit all the ports, and powers to establish slave approvers. In fact, he should have been enabled to organize suppression, or at least repression. There are sundry of our countrymen perfectly fitted for the post, notably Dr. Lowe, now Sanitary Inspector at Alexandria, who served under Colonel Gordon, and who is well acquainted with Upper Egypt and the Soudan. But Mr. Malet was too cosmopolitan, too 'Anglophobie,' to prefer a compatriot, and he chose for nominee Count della Sala, a 'man of independent position, with his heart in the business.' Possibly the hope was *quieta non movere*, and to see work done, but without publicity or severity. A certain Ali Riaz Pasha was made Governor-General of the Egyptian Coast of the Red Sea, where the Port of Suakin had become notorious for shipping slaves.† The Commissioner's appointment was worth having, thirty thousand francs a year and the rank of Pasha (Major-General), under ten months' service. Count della Sala was supplied with an aide-de-camp, Colonel Turneisen, and a secretary, Dr. Dutrieux. This Belgian physician, who had travelled with the Belgian exploring expedition to Central Africa, presently left the 'service,' apparently because its operations were too restricted.‡

* "*L'Echo d'Orient* of Alexandria, December 3, 1880."

† "An account of a Caravan and prices is given in the *Egyptian Gazette* of August 21, 1880."

‡ "*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, January, 1881."

An agency was also offered to Herr Roth; the pay was 200 francs a month; but it was to be a secret, and the agent was to bind himself not to correspond with the newspapers, nor to write upon subjects connected with the slave. The young Swiss's honesty refused the attempt to silence him. The new department, whose range was limited by Alexandria and Assouan, doubtless, was *intended* to show good; but it has done more than the intended good. Another mere sop as to foreign Powers, it has proved that no such half-measures are of the slightest use. When the highest native dignitaries support the abuse, which has the active sympathies of the public, and where foreign officials, with a few exceptions, know nothing of the people, and are almost indifferent to the existence of slavery, there can be but one way of abating the nuisance.

"Though appointed early in June, Count della Sala contented himself with preparations till August. He then left Cairo for Assiout; and, in early September, found himself at Assouan, the southernmost point of his beat. With his escort of four hundred infantry and sixty cavalry, and acting with energy and discretion, he had little difficulty in temporarily closing the line of the Nile. But all foresaw the effect of that proceeding, which merely diverted the traffic to the Red Sea. The Jellábs must have laughed consumedly at the naïve simplicity of Europeans, so strong in arms, so weak in wits. The result was, despite the new 'service,' an immense increase of activity in the slave-trade. Count della Sala complained (November 19th) to Riaz Pasha that his work had been misreported. The Berberine Governor-General of the Soudan declared that the 'slave-trade was to-day unknown on the coasts of Red Sea,' and the Ministerial newspapers (*Moniteur, Egyptien*, etc.) assumed a tone of offended dignity. 'What right have people to complain when Egypt was never so active in the suppression of slavery, when we are spending £14,000 a year!' True, but notwithstanding the import notably increased, and people will look at *results*. To the boast that six hundred slaves (a mere handful) had been liberated, it asked how many slavers had been arrested *en flagrant délit* and hanged. It had a right to show surprise when the answer was 'none.'

"Thus we can perfectly appreciate the value of the following supplementary circular of July, 1880:—

"'MINISTÈRE DE L'INTÉRIEUR.

"'Lettre-Circulaire adressée à tous les Moudirs.

"'Malgré les mesures rigoureuses, prises en vu d'empêcher la traité, et en dépit des peines prescrites à l'égard des Djellabes (marchands) qui osent encore se livrer à ce trafic, ces derniers ne reculent pas devant l'entreprise d'amener des personnes en qualité d'esclaves.

"'Il est incontestable que les Djellabes ne continuent ce commerce que par ce qu'ils trouvent des acquéreurs qui achètent leur marchandise et qui entretiennent ainsi à leur profit une ressource de

bénéfices considérables. Il est élémentaire, en effet, que faute d'acheteurs les Djellabes auraient depuis longtemps abandonné ce commerce, et comme conséquence le Gouvernement ne se serait plus trouvé dans la nécessité de surmonter bien des difficultés et de supporter tant de dépenses. On aurait évité aussi l'application des peines graves qui atteignent plusiers des Djellabes et autres dans le but de supprimer complètement la traite.

"'En conséquence, et considérant qu'aux termes de la convention intervenue entre le Gouvernement du Khédive et le Gouvernement de S.M. Britannique toute personne qui prendrait part à la traite des individus amenés dans les conditions précitées est considérée comme complice du Djellabe au double point de vue du crime et de la peine qu'il entraîne, il a été jugé nécessaire d'avertir que toute personne qui achèterait des esclaves amenés et vendus frauduleusement par les Djellabes, est soumise aux mêmes peines qui frappent ces derniers, en vertu du règlement relatif à la suppression de la traite.

"'Le présent avertissement est donné au public afin qu'il soit connu de tous, que toute personne qui s'exposerait à commettre le crime ci-dessus signalé s'attirerait elle-même l'application de le même peine prescrite à l'encontre des Djellabes.

"'Le Ministre de l'Intérieur,

"'(Signé) RIAZ.

"'Caire, 31 Juillet, 1880.'

"The moment the Chief of the 'service' returned to Cairo the slave import again distributed itself between the Red Sea and the Nile. The Riaz Ministry, however, did not fail to make the most of the temporary shift. A German employé, Giegler Pasha, Deputy-Governor of the Soudan, a lieutenant of Rauf the Berberine, and *ipsis Muslimis Muslimior*, was put forward to romance for the benefit of his adopted country. Accordingly, he wrote to the official journal of Cairo (October 11th) emphatically denying that the traffic of slaves had increased in the Soudan since the departure of Colonel Gordon. He denounced such attacks as 'unjust and ignoble, and offensive to truth;' and he ended by a personal attack on Dr. Lowe, an officer universally respected. At Khartum itself the trade, it is true, has been extinct; at least, slave Caravans are no longer marched there, and Herr Giegler had not visited the unhappy hunting-grounds since 1876.

"But this German official's assertions were utterly opposed to fact. Schweinfurth, of 'The Heart of Africa,' who had lately reported the murder of King Munga, of Monbutto, by Yusuf Pasha, Mudir of Senár, forwarded (November 11th) a report from Herr Richard Buchta, a young Austrian, who had lived three years (1878–80) in the valley of the Bahr el-Ghazal, and in Mtesa-land, working as a photographic artist. He named seven *Mudirs* engaged in shipping slaves, one of them receiving two dollars a head: he accused the Captains and crews of the Government steamers of the White Nile as implicated in the trade; he forwarded a list of prices paid for 'chattels' ($50 to $200); he reported meeting a Caravan of a hundred

head at Metemma, in June, 1880, and he declared that negroes were shipped for Jeddah with passage tickets granted at the Government office, Khartum (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, November, 1880). His statements were confirmed by a letter (September 21st) to *La Finanza*, an Italo-Egyptian paper, by Messrs. Wilson and Felkin, who had travelled from Uganda, and found the trade thriving in Kordofan, Dar-Fur, and other Egyptian provinces of Equatorial Africa.

"The utter failure of the 'Service for the Suppression of Slavery' bore fruit in Egypt. Conceding that the Government was disposed seriously to carry out the provisions of the Anglo-Egyptian Convention, sensible men found that this instrument, despite its apparent stringency, abounds in faults and omissions. There is no need to quote the text *in extenso*; it is given in that popular publication the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (November 1st, 1877), and in the official collections of such documents, dated August 4th, 1877. It was signed by Cherif Pasha, one of the most straightforward statesmen known to this part of the world; and it was followed by a decree of the ex-Khedive, Ismail, on the 17th of the same month.

"Briefly to note the defects of the seven Articles. No. 1 makes all public trading in slaves, negroes, and Abyssinians, illegal, vaguely punishable by law. Good; but also Article II., which condemns slavers guilty of *vol avec meutre*, and would punish the Jellábs as murderers, is so severe that it defeats its own object. Article III. promises well in favour of released slaves, who, it gratuitously assumes, cannot be returned to their homes; but does not specify the measures. Article IV. pursues as murderers all 'mutilators' of, and 'traffickers' in, children; the former would be justly punished; but the latter would escape. Article V. refers to a special ordinance concerning slave traffic in the Egyptian dominions. Article VI. concedes the right of search, but allows an open door of escape for slaving vessels; and, finally, Article VII. fixes the date when the Convention shall become operative. Annex A. establishes a special slave department at Alexandria and Cairo to carry out the Convention. Of this mere 'blind' sufficient has already been said. A supplement of four articles prohibits private sale and transfer of black slaves from family to family, after seven years (1884) in Egypt proper and twelve years (1889) in the Soudan. This measure should have been made immediate under pain of fine and imprisonment; the custom has long been the favourite excuse and subterfuge for the import trade; and now, while *wholesale* is forbidden, *retail* is permitted. Lastly, the supplementary article, No. III., abolishes the traffic in white slaves (*i.e.* Circassians), male and female, after the expiration of seven years (1884). Here again is another undoubted error of judgment; the white 'chattel,' a mere article of luxury and *luxure*, should have been made at once contraband.

"Nor was Colonel Gordon's scheme for the suppression of slavery less criticized. That energetic officer again proposed (*Anti-Slavery Reporter*, p. 120, November, 1880) a permanent Consul at Suakin, the great outlet of North-eastern Africa; a Vice-Consulate at Ma-

sáwwah, and a Consul-General for the Soudan, with a roving commission, and head-quarters at malarious Khartum. He would also —(1) register existing slaves; (2) proclaim that non-registered slaves are free; and (2) forbid Arabs passing into the Bahr el-Ghazal basin without passport or guarantee that the travellers will not buy slaves. The same precaution was to be taken for Dar-Fur, 'of whose population at least two-thirds has been carried away into slavery.' But Consuls are not dictators—they may be useful in reporting, but they cannot put down the scandal. In fact, all these measures are mere palliatives when humanity calls aloud for a cure. We must strike at the *fons et origo mali.*

"In this conviction I addressed my Government (February 7th, 1881) a letter upon the detestable traffic in eunuchs. All forms of slavery are as contrary to the spirit of El-Islam as to that of Christianity, but Mohammed especially forbade the employment of unsexed men, lest a demand be thereby created (Hidayah, vol. iv. p. 121). Article IV. of the Anglo-Egyptian Convention rightly punishes the offence with death; and no one would regret to see the murderer hanged when a boy dies under the mutilating razor. Yet it is calculated that not less than eight thousand of these unfortunates are annually imported into Arabia, Egypt, and Turkey. As a rule, the 'Tawashi' are now an obsolete article of luxury, used to sit at the doors of wealthy Beys and Pashas, and to escort 'Harems' when driving out.

"The foci of the supply are the Soudan, Nubia, Abyssinia, Kordofan, and Dar-Fur, especially the Messalmiyeh district. One of the frontier towns is called Towasheh (eunuchs), from the infamous traffic there conducted by Moslem 'Fakih,' or religious teachers.* Many are emasculated in the district between Majarah, or Majarash, and the port of Masáwwah. There are also shambles at Mbadr, near the harbour of Tajurrah, where Yusuf Bey, the Governor, last year unsexed some forty boys, including the brother of a hostile African Chief. All these places are now Egyptian.

"The nature of the subject forbids details in pages intended for the public eye; but, in communicating with my Government, I have been as explicit as decency permits, and my description makes the blood run cold. The subjects range between four and ten; if this operation be performed on older boys, they seldom survive. At the age of ten the loss may be seventy per cent., and even in the case of younger children about one-fourth, to state a low figure, die from the razor. By this murderous operation, boys who would fetch from £5 to £10 rise in value to £25 and £80. Here, then, the manumission might well begin. All eunuchs should be set free without compensation to the owners, who have broken the Commandments of their own Lawgiver by purchasing them; and the extreme penalty of the Convention should be carried out in

* "For this particular see Dr. Lowe's valuable communication in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (September, 1880, p. 87). He is personally acquainted with the ground."

the cases of notorious mutilators, who have slain literally their hundreds.*

"The foregoing pages prove, if they prove anything, that the Egyptian Government has done what it could, in fact what we may characterize as its best, and has failed; that when the course of slave importation is blocked upon the Nile, or the desert, it shifts to the Red Sea, or *vice versâ*; that the stowing away of 'chattels' in the various oases greatly increases their miseries; and that the numbers imported and the prices ruling in 1880 do not materially differ from those of 1873.

"The abolition of slavery is unpopular amongst the mass of Egyptians, whose prejudices in its favour are often charged upon their faith. *On the contrary*, Mohammed went as far as any innovator could go, in attacking a national custom of immemorial origin. He nowhere speaks of a legitimate source of slavery, except those taken captive in war, men who would otherwise be put to death; and, even in this case, he enjoins their being set free on payment of a fair ransom. 'You all come one from another and from Adam, the common father,' he exclaims. In one place he enjoins that alms-giving should buy the freedom of slaves; in another he expressly commands, 'Show kindness to your slaves;' and in another (Korán, chap. xxiv.) he says, 'If any one of your slaves asks from you his freedom, give it to him, if you judge him worthy of it; give them a little of the goods which Allah granted you.'* And it may be noted that amongst Moslems of all sects the name of Jelláb, the 'seller of men,' is synonymous with infamy.

"Egypt has now reached that grade of civilization when she can afford to dispense with the *corvée* (forced labour) and with every form of slavery. All Egyptians know that the slave mostly leads an idle and useless life; and that reduced cultivation reduces revenue. All right-thinking Egyptians will rejoice to see the pauper freeman employed, instead of the rich man's slave, to see honest labour relieved from the curse of servile competition. But there must be pressure from without. The present state of things is unfair to all. It is unfair to the Prince, whose humanity revolts against the institution, but who cannot abolish it single-handed. It is unfair to the Government, which is impotent, and will be impotent in presence of public prejudice. It is unfair to the Jelláb, who is legally doomed to death, and socially encouraged by large profits to persist in his organized murders. And I need scarcely say that it is unfair to the slave, whose hard lot is made harder by the impotent attempts to 'suppress' him. Briefly, there is no possibility of arresting the supply except by cutting off the demand. It was the same in Western Africa, where the whole British fleet, much less a 'Coffin Squadron,' could not have barred the Middle Passage, had not the Southern

* "'And he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.'—Exod. xxi. 16."

* "M. Jules Sakakini, corresponding member of the Anti-Slavery Society, has treated this matter in the *Echo d'Orient*, December 22nd, 1880."

United States, Brazil, and finally Cuba, refused to buy. Hence, for the last decade, not a slave has left the Western Coast, and we now keep a cruiser or two where, in 1865, we had sixteen.

"It is certain—and let the reader duly weigh the fact—that the blow must come from Head-quarters in the shape of an immediate and absolute manumission of slaves domestic and prædial in every part of Egypt. The 'international supervision,' an idea lately ventilated, could do no good. The proposed registration of slaves will prove a snare and a delusion. We must not salve the core that wants the knife. A decree abolishing the legal status of slavery would be a grand and generous policy, spontaneously anticipating the period when the public opinion of Europe will enforce the measure. Such a decree would meet with universal favour, not only in England, which has ever denounced this blasphemy against humanity, and in France, whose several Republican Governments have always been inspired with the noblest sentiments upon the subject of freeing the slave; it would be applauded throughout the Civilized World.

"Nor would this decree entail, as it appears at first sight, a formal interference with the rights of property, even conceding to man the right to hold property in man. The proclamation would not cause the good slave-master to lose his 'chattels.' The cruel and the niggardly would lose them, and would deserve their losses. At the same time, if judged advisable to follow the example of 1834, the owners might receive a certain indemnity for slaves purchased *before* 1877; and a small loan would easily be raised for the purpose. Grants of land, free of taxation for some years, might be given to the industrious *liberti* who wish to remain in Egypt; the others might be established in colonies at Bogos and the many healthy sites near the highlands of Abyssinia. But these are mere details. The essential point is a decree for *general and absolute manumission.*

"And when humanity is satisfied by setting men free, it is to be hoped that Egypt will do something towards the prevention of cruelty to animals. The Egyptian is not brutal; his is the thoughtless cruelty of the child, who cannot realize the fact that beasts suffer like himself. Such is the force of custom that a donkey boy rarely passes a donkey in the street without dealing a cut of the *jerid*, or palm stick. There have been various abortive attempts to organize protective measures; but without the active co-operation of the *native* authorities none can succeed, and the retrogade Ministry of Riaz Pasha has proved a stumbling-block in the way of all improvement.

"Financially speaking, Egypt is now on the path of Progress. Let her show herself worthy of the good fortune that awaits her, and of her high destinies as a civilizing Power in the barbarous regions of the 'Dark Continent.' Let her gratify the World, and secure for herself the blessings of all good men by a decree abolishing utterly and for ever the sale of human beings—the 'league with death and covenant with hell.'

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

CHAPTER VIII.

TRIESTE LIFE AGAIN.

1881.

EARLY this year two sad things happened, which interested Richard very much—the death of Carlyle, 5th of February, with all the different opinions expressed at the time; the disappearance of the Rev. Benjamin Speke; and a third was the annexation of Tunis through the medium of our former colleague at Damascus, Monsieur Roustan.

On the 3rd of February we had a very bad earthquake, and if I may quote it as a proof of animals having some knowledge of what is coming, the dog, a large setter, who slept in our rooms, sprang suddenly into our beds, and insisted on getting under the clothes. We were rather frightened, and thought he had gone mad. Richard opened the door, and ordered him to go into the passage; he obeyed, but whined his objections. Two minutes after, we were shaken by an earthquake; so we jumped up and ran to the door and let him in, because we knew what was the matter with him—he looked awfully scared.

We made a day or two's excursion to Monfalcone, and then H.M.S. *Iris*, Captain (now Admiral) Seymour, came in to meet the Ambassador, Mr. Goschen. We went down to join him in receiving Mr. Goschen, and the *Iris* started at once for Constantinople.

On the 10th H.I.H. Prince Rudolf came to Trieste to start for the East. Later I had the honour of receiving a telegram from Prince Rudolf to thank me for my "Inner Life of Syria," which he found very useful in his travels in the East.

We went to a village ball at Opçina, which was very amusing. Baron Morpurgo this month gave a grand ball in honour of H.I.H. the Archduke Carl Stefan, to which we were invited.

About this time we had the pleasure of a visit from one of the best women we had ever known, Mrs. Louisa Birt of Liverpool, who is a female Don Bosco, and spends the whole of her time in

rescuing poor children from the streets. I believe in one year five thousand had passed through her establishment. At parting she gave me her little bag, with her initials on it, which I have still.

We also had seen a good deal of Lieutenant Karl Weyprecht, of the Austrian Navy, who, with Lieutenant Payer, discovered Franz Josef's Land during the Austrian Arctic Expedition, 1872–74; but this year he died, at the age of forty-three.

We had a short excursion to Laibach, to see the Littai Mines, in Krain, in which Richard was employed as reporter. They are lead and cinnabar, which concession embraces 1⅞. Now there were great preparations for the return of Prince Rudolf. Of course the Austrian Squadron was in, and he was received with great honour. The City was illuminated, the streets were full; and in the evening there was a grand opera, and three thousand in the theatre. When the Prince entered there was great applause and "Vivas!" ladies clapping hands and waving handkerchiefs; the National Hymn was played, and all stood up for over ten minutes. The people showed immense loyalty, and the Prince left next day.

On the 19th of April Lord Beaconsfield died, and our journals were full of him for several pages. Richard wrote a "Sketch," which made twelve pages of print, which will appear in "Labours and Wisdom." My journal is four pages of lament. As a girl of fifteen, his "Tancred" formed all my ardent desires of an Eastern career, and was my first gate to Eastern knowledge and occult science. As a Statesman I put him on a pedestal as my political Chief and model. He had that peculiar prescience and foresight belonging to his Semitic blood. I think a certain period of things passed away with him. He was one of the last relics of England's greatness. Just as the Duke of Wellington died before the Crimean War, so Lord Beaconsfield foreshadowed England's temporary decline, or *fusion* into another state of things, and this feeling helped his decay. Anyway, one great man is gone.

We were very fond of going to the fairs, especially where the Hungarian Gypsies congregated. They used to sing, dance, tell fortunes, and Richard talked Romany with them.

We determined this year to take our gout baths from Duino, and not from Monfalcone; it is a forty minutes' drive from Duino to Monfalcone, and the baths are exactly halfway between.

Duino is a village picturesquely situated on an eminence overhanging the sea, two hours' drive from Trieste, and right in the Karso, the wild stony district before described. This village and castle remind one of old times. The village is completely towered

over and dominated by the feudal castle and fortress of the Hohenlöhes, which stand on the rocky cliff, once surrounded by a keep, a moat, and a drawbridge in which now grow flowers. The village and everything around them is theirs, and their flag flies from the tower. The Prince, who was a very handsome man, died in 1868, and is buried in the family vault in the chapel. The Princess (the *châtelaine*), who is a sad invalid, was in her youth a beautiful, gentle, aristocratic blonde, full of talent and *esprit*. She was a Countess Della Torre (de la Tour d'Auvergne), Thurn being the Austrian branch. Her early history was very romantic. She resides there, and has two sons and three daughters, of which one is married to Prince Thurn and Taxis, and one son to a young and pretty Countess Kaünitz. The rural inn of the village was within a stone's-throw of the castle, and we remained there for six weeks taking the baths, and living every day in their pleasant society. The castle is filled with antiquities, family relics, old china, and is one of the show places of the country. It has its ghost (a white lady), and amongst other curiosities is a small portrait of a family saint, the famous Cardinal Hohenlöhe. The old Salle d'Armes (all the ancient armoury was stolen by the French) is made to represent a cave under the sea, full of shells and stalactites against a white sand wall, which, lit up at night, look like diamonds.

The grounds and shrubberies descend to the sea, where there is a bath-house, and where we used to have great fun swimming. On the opposite side is an old ruined castle in which Dante took refuge, and it is said the scene suggested his "Inferno," but it is more likely that the Caves of Adelsberg did that. The park is not quite *our* idea of a park; it is a space enclosed in four walls, with four large gateways, bearing armorial carvings. The ground is stony, covered with holm oak, in which the deer and birds flourish. It is closed against smugglers; the only lock has a secret, and the key is kept by one old retainer. In the old days the smugglers put out the eyes of a celebrated stag reindeer which always followed them. The tiny village inn is not uncomfortable, if you do not mind roughing it; there is a post, a telegraph office, and a Catholic chapel, belonging to the castle, and the only drawbacks are bad food and forty minutes' drive to reach a train, the Princesses having very sensibly, for their own peace, refused to have a station. The Trieste Sunday-trippers and ill-treaters of animals cannot get so far, so it is beautifully still and rural. There is a pretty bay, and an old monastery some way off, which is a pleasant walk.

We went for a day or two to Trieste to meet Lord Bath, and we came in for a scientific excursion by ship, with two hundred people,

to Sipar, to Salona, and Pirano, where there was a band and dancing and lunch.

About this time, on April 30th, died Gessi Pasha, at Suez; he was Gordon's right-hand man.

We had charming walks to hunt for *castellieri.** We walked to Slivno, to Ronchi; drove to Atila's Palace, and got some curios from the ruins. We drove out also to see some new caves, and once we all drove together to see a *Sagra*, or village dance, at Monfalcone, and going in we sat in the carriage to hear the band. Here I must relate a little story showing the force of imagination:—

In the carriage were two of the Princesses, Richard, and me. Suddenly, at the top of a roof, I caught sight of a rat, which appeared to me to be fascinated and spellbound by the music. "Look!" I said. "Don't move; but watch that rat, fascinated by the music." So we all sat and watched it, and thought it a most interesting fact in nature, that rats should share this in common with lizards and snakes and other things. We all saw it move; we all saw its head turn and its tail move, and we kept still, not to frighten it away. It lasted so long, however, that we were compelled to drive on; and next day we sent to inquire, and we found it was made of painted tin, and fixed to the top of a house—an Italian *scherzo!*

We then went on to Gorizia—already described—where we dined with Mr. Frederick Smart and his mother, a most beautiful, sweet, and venerable Italian lady, his sister, Mrs. Fehr, and Mr. and Mrs. Baird. Richard afterwards went to study bees with Father Pauletic, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

We used to spend many hours on the rocks with the Princesses, fishing for crabs, swimming, boating, telling ghost stories, and playing cards. Here we read Sinnett's "Occult World," which I reviewed.

The Princess's married son lives at Sagrado—a comfortable gentleman's seat, with a park, stags, good stables, and an unrivalled view. It has a remarkable bath-house in the park. They were both charming people, and we enjoyed our visit to them very much.

On the 24th of June, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, of Somerleaze, and their two daughters (one since became Mrs. Arthur Evans) came over to Duino to see us. It was the day of the horse-fair with the Hungarian Gypsies, which afforded them some amusement. We were very sorry to leave Duino and our friends; but all pleasant

* Richard wrote "The Castellieri; or, Prehistoric Ruins of the Istrian Peninsula," and "More Castellieri—the Seaboard of Istria."

things come to an end, and we had to go down to Trieste to prepare to receive our own Squadron.

On the 11th of this month our friend, Mr. Andrew Wilson, aged fifty-one, the author of the "Abode of Snow," one of those who wrote the little sketch of Richard's career, died.

From *Truth*, July 7, 1881.

"Dear Mistress Truth,—I am truly flattered by the genial and un-Grundy-like 'Anecdotal Photograph' of my Husband.

"But, dear Madam, allow me one word. Don't let your readers confound a bruise on the brow with a spear-wound through the mouth, splitting the palate-bone, and received in a 'thrilling fight' when some three hundred and fifty savages made a night attack on four Englishmen. Captain Burton usually spares Society any allusion to his adventures, but at times 'lions' are expected to roar, and are held contumacious if they keep silence.

"Knowing you only by good report, I do myself the pleasure of enclosing my card, and of requesting you, dear Madam, to believe me

"Your admirer,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Trieste, June 29th."

On the 1st of July H.M.S. *Iris*, the *avant courier* of the Squadron, arrived. The Squadron itself arrived on the 7th. Richard and I went on board an hour later, to every ship—there were eleven all told—to invite the Captains and officers to a night *fête-champêtre* and ball at Opçina, as we wanted, as early as possible in the beginning of their visit, to put them on cordial terms with our friends in the City.

We issued eight hundred invitations to the Captains and officers of our Squadron, the Captains and officers of the Austrian Navy and other Men-of-war anchored there, the Colonels and officers of the Austrian regiments stationed there, the Governor and family and Staff, all the Austrian authorities, the Consular corps, the chief English and Americans, the private friends, who numbered about a hundred and fifty of the cream of Trieste, the Press, Austrian-Lloyd's, and the Police.

We created a kind of Vauxhall in the grounds surrounding the Inn at Opçina. In a large field at the back of the Inn we had eight tables fifty feet long; a hut for tea, coffee, and refreshments, one of barrels of wine and beer, to be drawn off and served at the tables, a large wooden ball-room, three tents for toilettes, or for resting, and seats and benches all round, raised like an amphitheatre, for those who wanted to watch. These were adorned with five hundred

and fifty large bouquets of flowers, several thousand coloured lamps, and two hundred flags of all nations. There were four entrances, each with transparencies exhibiting illuminated sentences, such as "Welcome!" "Ave!" "Austria and England" crossed. The English Admiral and the Austrian Commander-in-Chief each lent us their bands. We had no end of fireworks, and Catherine wheels, and Bengal lights. Austrian-Lloyd's lent us forty stewards; the Chief of Police lent us a cordon of police to keep the ground. Every omnibus and carriage in the place was engaged to bring up such guests as had not their own private carriages, and I chose twelve aide-de-camps to help me to make the affair go off; in short, we looked forward to having a regular good time.

Everything was in high gala, and the first waltz had begun, when the weather, which had been as dry as a bone all the summer till that moment, suddenly opened out; and it did not rain, but it poured in buckets, with tremendous thunder and lightning. It just lasted two hours, putting out all our lamps, damping our fireworks, reducing our transparencies to pulp; there was a regular *sauve qui peut* to the inn. The police went for the drinking-booth, and were soon incapable; the mob broke in; they seized all the best things to eat and drink, they jumped on the plates and dishes and broke them. Richard looked up to the sky and ejaculated, "So like Provy!" I cried with rage and mortification for a few minutes, and then, rallying round, Richard and I got a party of young men to the rescue, who went and cleared the grounds, already over ankle-deep in mud; they rescued all that was left of food and drink. I got another party to clear away the furniture of the lower part of the Inn, set the two bands to work in different parts, and my friends to dancing, whilst my aide-de-camps and I rigged up several supper-rooms. I had forty waiters from Lloyd's, but half of them had followed the example of the police. Our friends, quite unconscious of the havoc behind the scenes, danced right merrily the whole night, and supped, and were good-natured enough to enjoy themselves thoroughly with the greatest good humour; and the party did not break up until five.

I went out into the back scenes, where I found that my own things were being sold at the bar of the inn, to our own Squadron's bandsmen, at a big price. I soon put a stop to that, and obliged the vendors to restore them their money, and gave them their suppers and wine. It was a pandemonium. The natives were all too far gone to know me, so that I could hardly get any order obeyed; they were breaking bottles of wine, two together, like clashing cymbals. The tipsy coachmen were dancing with the

tipsy villagers, and every now and then they jumped on a dish, or destroyed property in other ways. It was not encouraging, but it was useless to struggle against the inevitable, so I only saw that the Squadron bandsmen got all they wanted without paying for it. (Such is the wild animal when it can do what it likes without restraint.)

Meanwhile we managed to do a lot of fireworks, and everything went off beautifully. After all our guests were departed, Everard Primrose and Mr. Welby, the well-known popular *attaché*, finding their coachman helplessly drunk, put him inside the carriage, and got on the box and drove themselves down; and the very last thing of all was seeing our staggering, hiccoughing policemen into omnibuses to go down to Trieste. Thus ended our first *fête* for the Squadron. The damage the natives did us was immense, as we borrowed all our plates and dishes from a Company, and any one can imagine what that would be, to give a sit-down supper to eight hundred people.

The Emperor, who always honours the English fleet—the only one he notices—ordered entertainments to be given, one at the castle at Miramar, and the other by the Austrian Admiral; so on the 11th came off the dinner at Miramar, and on the 13th the Austrian Admiral's dinner. Then the English Admiral gave us a dinner, and then a ball was given by H.M.S. *Alexandra*, where the officers kindly asked me to help them to receive the Trieste guests. On the 14th we had "teas" on board the *Invincible* and the *Alexandra*, and Admiral Beauchamp Seymour's (now Lord Alcester) dinner; the 15th, a tea-party on board the *Falcon*, and a ball on the *Superb*. On the 16th we organized a monster picnic to the Caves of Adelsberg, which were illuminated expressly. On the 17th Baron Morpurgo gave a banquet with music, and then followed our dinner to the Captains of the Men-of-war. The fleet departed on the 18th, and we went round to say good-bye. Baron Marco Morpurgo kindly gave us a steamer to see the fleet off; he provided refreshments and music, and we asked our best friends to join. The flagship *Alexandra* moved first, the ships forming two lines behind her. We steamed in our little vessel alongside the flagship, at a proper distance, till we escorted them out of our Gulf for about a couple of hours; then, shooting ahead, we stopped our engines, dipped our flag thrice, cheered, and turned back, cheering every ship as we passed. *They* all played "Auld Lang Syne" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye." It was the prettiest sight in the world on a summer evening in the Gulf of Trieste, to see that "going out," and we were awfully sorry to lose them. Captain Selby, of H.M.S. *Falcon*, was left

behind to pick up deserters. We dined with him after parting with the Squadron, and some of his men did a very pretty hornpipe in the moonlight to amuse us.

It is wonderful how popular our sailors became at Trieste; they did such fresh, innocent, playful sort of jokes, and withal so manly and so generous, that they cannot but fail to attract foreigners, whose soldiers and sailors are much more like a patent machine. Most respectable families of the middle classes made great friendships with them, and received them into their families in intimacy, and I am told that they say that the men save up all their money for coming to Trieste. When they fraternized with the Austrian soldiers and sailors, who had not much money in their pockets, they always treated them, which won all hearts.

One man, who evidently had not tasted beer for a long time, went to the Café Specchi, where he asked for a bottle of beer (they are very small); he drank it, paid for it, and called for another. I was not there, but rumour said that he did not get up till he had drank fifty of these little bottles, and had collected quite a crowd around him. One day they were larking about, and they ran away bodily with an old woman's fruit-stall, she following them shrieking. When they had had their fun out of her, they ran back with it, and put it down again, and then gave her two and sixpence. She was so delighted that she wanted them to do it again, and called after them every time they passed, asking them to run away with her stall, like a big child. Another day a lot of them played leap-frog in the Piazza. The Triestines had never seen leap-frog, consequently quite a crowd collected. Once a party of them went into the market, and they each bought one of those large feather kitchen blowers, which they used like fans, and then they came back joining arms and dancing a step all down the street, fanning themselves. All these things "fetched" the Triestines immensely.

One day I saw one of them standing by the Austrian Admiral's garden; an apple tree hung over into the road, so he plucked an apple and ate it. He was in the public road, and of course the apple had no business there. Immediately the sentry came out, and a crowd of soldiers and sailors around him were all jabbering at him. He looked at them quietly, and went on munching his apple till they touched him, and then he gave a sort of a quiet, sweeping backhander, which knocked one or two of them down. I foresaw a row, so I stepped up to him and said, "I am your Consul's wife, and I want to tell you that they are trying to make you understand that those are the Austrian Admiral's apples, and that you must not eat them." So he smiled and said, "I am sure I am exceedingly

obliged to you, ma'am. I did not know that there was any reason why I should not eat the apple, and I wondered what they were all jabbering at me for." And he saluted and went. Then I explained to the irritated men that he had not known; that he did not understand a word they said, and that if an apple was in the road, it seemed as if any one might take it, and that he was very sorry that he had not understood. When the Squadron left Trieste, eighteen of them hid, and did not join their ships; and when at last they were caught, and brought off, they said, "It was such a —— ideal place that they had not really the heart to leave it." I begged Captain Selby so hard not to punish them much. And he said, "Oh no, the darlings! Wait until I get them on board a ship; I'll have them tucked up comfortably in bed with a nice hot grog." We then had a visit from Captain Maude, who had got a little longer leave.

We never saw poor Captain Selby again, as he was afterwards murdered.

On the 8th of August we started for a new trip, and went *viâ* Laibach to Veldes, *viâ* Radmannsdorf. Veldes consists of a lake, with a few houses around, chiefly people's villas, and a very comfortable inn (Mallner's). It is a lovely spot, but rather shut in. This place has its little romance. We rowed about two hours in a boat to a small island in the middle of the lake. On the island is a little church, and the house of a peasant family who keep the church. In the church is a long rope, by which you ring a bell (a big church bell); it is called the "wishing bell." You kneel down and wish for something, and pray for it, and then you get up and ring the bell. If you have several wishes, they say you are sure to get the first. After I had finished, Richard rowed off to a spring, and I went and visited the people. There was an old man of ninety, his daughter, her daughter, and a baby—four generations. After talking to them for some time, I noticed a little carved wooden figure of Death with a scythe, and I said, "Oh, do you know, there is something in this little cottage that I rather envy you." "What is that?" said the old man. I said, "That death figure." "Why," he said, "ladies are generally frightened of that;" but he added, "I could not part with that. My grandfather carved it when he was a boy. I am over ninety; it must have been there for a hundred and fifty years. We have a superstition that it keeps us alive to a great old age." I said, "Pray excuse me; I had no idea that it had any importance attached to it, or I would not have noticed it." And I turned the conversation to other things; but when I got up to go, he said, "What did you mean to give me for that death's head?"

I said, "Why, hardly anything—perhaps a couple of florins; you must forget that I said such a thing." "Oh no," he said, "I could not afford to lose so much money as that." So the end of it was that I gave him five florins, and brought away the skeleton, and we were both delighted, and I mean to leave it when I die to the person whose life is most important to the country.

Now, Richard was absent without leave from F.O., but of course he never left without the Consulate being in the charge of the Vice-Consul, and all money affairs settled. We were dreadfully frightened of meeting any one we knew. Think of our horror when we saw coming into the restaurant the Chaplain of the Embassy at Vienna—our Chief's Chaplain! Fortunately, the Rev. G. L. Johnston was one of the most charming and gentlemanly men I ever saw. Richard bolted up to bed; but I thought it would be wiser to take the bull by the horns, so I went up to him, and confided our difficulty to him. He burst out laughing, and said, "My dear child, I am just doing exactly the same thing myself." I ran upstairs and fetched Richard down again.

We then went on to Tarvis and St. Michele, and from thence to Salzburg; it was a seventeen hours' journey with many changes of train. Salzburg is a beautiful place, and its Hôtel Europa one of the dearest and best I ever was in. We had come up to a Scientific Congress, and passed our time with Count Würmbrandt the Governor of Istria, Count Bombelles, in attendance on Prince Rudolf, Prince Windisgrätz, Professor Müllner, Abbate Glübich, the African travellers Holúb and Nachtigall, all scientific men. We had an expedition to the salt mines, and went to the bottom of the mines, and the museum, which is lovely and of great interest. Then we went to Lend, where we took a four-horse carriage, and had a magnificent three-hours' drive up the Salz Kammergut, reaching Gastein at five o'clock, one of the most beautiful places in Austria, and were enchanted with the scenery, the air, and the waterfall. Richard and I used to sit out and read and look at the view all day. Then we took train to Steinach-Irding, to visit Mr. Zech, the proprietor of Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo. He was a good and jolly old man, with a nice gentlemanly son, a Parisian wife, and some married daughters. Other members of the family also arrived, and presently came a little officer who had lost his way. We were heartily welcomed; it was a Liberty Hall, comfortable, hospitable, and you were expected to ask for everything you wanted. We then started for Ischl. The whole Court was here; it was a very pretty place, situated between two rivers, with beautiful air and a very fashionable promenade, and we were very gay. There were illuminations and

fireworks for Prince Rudolf's birthday, and a very amusing little German theatre.

Here, at Ischl, Richard and I parted company. I was ordered to go to Marienbad; Richard returned to Steinach-Irding, to Steyr, and back to Steinach, and from there to Vienna.

I had an eighteen-hours' journey, changing trains three times, baggage twice visited. I first had to get from Jehl to Wels, there to change for Passau, thence to Regensburg, where we again changed train; then began bad driving and bad manners, and I turned round to somebody and said, "My dear Austrians are not quite so nice or civil up here, as they are in other parts," and my fellow-traveller said, "Oh, don't you know, you are just crossing a corner of Prussia for a couple of hours;" after which we picked up the niceness of Austria once more. From Regensburg to Eger, and from thence to Marienbad, completed the journey. Hôtel Klinger is very comfortable, and Dr. Basch, to whom I was recommended, was out with the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. You hardly see any English at Marienbad, but Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians of course, and many Jews, chiefly Polish.

The cure is an unlimited quantity of Kreuzbrunner water at six o'clock a.m., with an hour's walk, an exquisite band—just as good as Godfrey's, if not better—playing the while. The Marienbad band is, I think, the best I have ever heard; the conductor is a very big "swell," and has lots of decorations. Later you have fifteen minutes' bath of *Marien Quelle*, which is wonderfully electric, and then you have a *Moor-fuss-bad*, which means mud up to the knees. To a novice this sort of thing is very amusing; to see the procession to the springs, almost like a religious procession, each with a glass in their hand. I think all this is a great mistake for some people, and only produces congestion—I think that Marienbad exhales congestion out of the very ground. I found a good German professor to read with, and I established a little branch for prevention of cruelty to animals, which was very much needed, especially by the dogs which draw the carts.

I here made acquaintance with Madame Olga di Novikoff, who certainly kept me from feeling dull, for she was capital company—most amusing, and was to me a new and interesting study of the sort of life that one reads so much of, but in England rarely meets.

On the 7th of September I was so ill that I did not know how to get to Vienna, but I had myself put into a *coupé* to myself, with room to lie down, and I never stirred off it during the eleven hours and forty minutes *viâ* Pilsen and Budweis to Vienna, when at the

station Richard awaited me with the information that he had got a dinner-party to meet me, and so I had to dress and receive. We had after this one delightful dinner and evening with Baron Pino and his wife at Hietzing, and next day we went down to Trieste. We just changed baggage and went to Venice for the great Geographical Congress, which was opened on the 15th. The illuminations at Venice were something to remember all one's life, every bit of tracery of the buildings, and especially that of St. Marco, being picked out with little lamps, and the artistic part of it was to throw the electric light only on the Basilica. I never in my life saw, and never shall again see, anything to equal it. Lady Layard gave a party to all the English and Americans, and the chief of the Venetian Society. Captain Vernon Lovett-Cameron, R.N., V.C., was staying with us, and we collected around us all the pleasantest people there at our breakfasts and dinners. The regatta was also a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The King and Queen were there. All the gondolas represented some country; there were the old Venetian gondoliers, there were Esquimaux, there were troubadours—you could not imagine a country or character that was *not* represented; and every gondola that assumed no character was dressed in gala array, and their men in gondolier uniform and sash. Ours was covered with pale blue velvet. Another day was the opening of the gardens of St. Giobbe by the Royalties. Here, amongst other friends, we met Mr. Labouchere, General de Horsey, who was a very dear friend of Richard's, General Fielding, and many others. There was a night serenade on the water with every boat illuminated, which was also a grand sight.

Captain Cameron was wild with spirits, and we had many amusing episodes and one especial sort of picnic day at the Lido, where, just as Lord Aberdare and some of the primmest people of the Congress were coming, Richard and he insisted on taking off their shoes and stockings and digging mud-pies, like two naughty little boys, and they kept calling out to me, "Look, nurse, we have made such a beautiful pie," and "Please tell Dick not to touch my spade." I could not speak to the people for laughing, especially as some of them looked so grave. However, Richard was exceedingly angry, as he had a good right to be. Here was a Geographical Congress just outside the City of which he was Consul, and, as if it had been done on purpose to let him down before foreigners, he was not only *not* asked to be the representative from Austria, but not even asked to meet his fellow-geographers, not even asked to take any part in it, not even asked to speak at it; so he held himself entirely aloof from them, as far as Congress was concerned,

and he left his card in the Congress-room with the following squib, as spoken by the British representatives from London to Venice:—

"We're Saville Row's selected few,
Let all the rest be damned;
The pit is good enough for you,
We won't have boxes crammed."

Would they have ventured so to treat Stanley or Livingstone or any other Traveller? No! they would not. Every nation had put forth its best men, but it must be acknowledged—whether it is jealousy or what, I cannot imagine—ours get crushed and ignored on every possible occasion, and the men of intellectual straw shoot up to make fools of themselves and their country. The following letter was sent afterwards to Richard by our old friend, H. W. Bates:—

"1, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, W., October 1st, 1881.

"DEAR BURTON,

"I read your very amusing and clever account of the Venice Congress in the *Academy* before receiving your letter of the 26th. There cannot be any doubt that your estimate of the meeting is correct, and that it was a vain show without any serious import for science. But then the question arises, 'Who expected it to be otherwise?' We in London did not. A proof of which, take the fact that the R.G.S. did not send anything for exhibition. Lord Aberdare to a certain extent represented us there, but there was no intention, as far as I know, of British geographical science being represented there for serious purposes, because nobody here believed anything serious would be done at the Congress. Notwithstanding all this, I cannot understand how it came to pass, that you and Cameron were not asked to take the active part that was your due in the meetings and discussions. Nobody of course wanted geographical information, but for the European *éclat* of the thing *you* ought to have been put forward.

"Yours sincerely,
"H. W. BATES.

"P.S.—You will not see a word about Venice in our October number. We shall perhaps give a page about it in November, if I can get authentic report of what little work was done. Can you supply it, *i.e.* a dry, serious *compte-rendu, professionally?*

"Mrs. Burton's communication has not yet arrived. Give my kind regards to her."

On the 24th we all broke up and went back to Trieste. Captain Cameron then came to us at Trieste, and Colonel Gould, and Abbate Glübich.

On the 18th of November Richard, who had all this while been

arranging the journey with Captain Cameron, had been employed by a private speculator to go out to the West Coast of Africa, especially to the Guinea Coast, and to report on certain mines there, which Richard had discovered in 1861–64 (when he was Consul for that coast, and was wandering about, discovering and publishing his discoveries), if he could conscientiously give a good one. He was to have all his expenses paid, a large sum for his report, and shares in the mines; so on the 18th of November we embarked at two o'clock in the day.

We left the quay at four, hung on to a buoy outside the breakwater till midnight, and then left by the *Demerara* steamship (Cunard), Captain Jones, from Trieste to Venice. At six a.m. we anchored in a rolling sea, with a heavy fog a couple of miles outside the Lido, but at twelve it lifted sufficiently to let us see the entrance to Malamocco, and we got in. It was so raw, damp, and thick, and cold to the bones, that everybody was ill, and we took rooms at the Britannia so long as the ship should stay. We then had a splendid passage to Fiume, where we had a very pleasant time with old friends for nearly a week. On the 25th we had just finished writing up the biography, when they came to tell me that the ship had to sail that day, which caused me a good deal of sorrow, as I was to be left at Fiume; my expenses were not paid, and we personally had not enough money for two, so Richard was to go on to the Guinea Coast alone. I watched the ship till it was out of sight, and felt very lonely. I had supper with Consul Faber, and we looked over his splendid book of "Fishes," which was going home to the "Fisheries." The next day we had an expedition to Tersate with Count and Countess Hoyos, and the following day I went back to Trieste. Meantime Richard went on to Petras and Zante, Messina, Sardinia, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and Madeira. Then arrived at Trieste Lady Mary Primrose, now Lady Mary Hope (Everard Primrose's sister).

1882.

Our usual parties took place, the children's, the servants', the English party, and the Foreign party; that was a *regular* Christmas thing.

About this time, at the end of January, arrived Mdlle. Sara Bernhardt, who gave us three or four performances. I had the pleasure of calling on her, and found her very charming, and she wrote something for me. Her performance enchanted every one; but the theatre, the only one disengaged, was quite unworthy of her.

This year I fretted dreadfully at Richard's absence, and not being allowed to join him, and made myself quite ill. I worked at my

usual occupations for the poor, and preventing cruelty to animals, studying and writing, and carrying out all the numerous directions contained in his letters.

On the 25th we got the intelligence of poor Captain Selby's (of H.M.S. *Falcon*) death, who was murdered by Albanian shepherds. Two hours after his skull had been broken by the axe of the assailants, he was able to climb on board the ship, and died on the 22nd of February, 1882. He was a brave and good man, and could ill be spared.

On the 1st of March I had a telegram from the present Lord Houghton to tell me that his father lay dangerously ill at Athens. He arrived himself at Trieste on the 4th, and I saw him off the same day to Athens.

I got a sort of feverish cold in April, and was confined to my bed, and I was very much surprised at getting a summons to the Tribunal. My doctor (Professor Liebman) arrived, and I said, "I wonder what I am wanted at the Tribunal for; I have not done anything wrong that I know of?" and he said, "I shall certainly write and say that you cannot come." Later in the day my door opened, and in marched a solemn procession of gentlemen in black, with pens and ink and papers. I was rather taken aback, and asked them "what they wanted." They then produced a letter in Italian, which purported to be, though it was very incorrect, a translation of a letter I had written to Mr. Arthur Evans in Herzegovina. They asked me what I knew about Mr. Evans. I said, "I know nothing but good of him; but why do you ask?" "Because," they said, "he is in prison for conspiring against the Austrian Empire." "Oh," I said, "what has he done?" They said, "You must know something about it, because you have written to warn him. What do you know?" I said, "I only know that I heard some of the officers here saying that he was meddling in what did not concern him, and that, if they could catch him off civilized ground, they would hang him up to the first tree, and as I know his wife and her family, and they are my own compatriots, I thought I would write and say to him, 'What are you doing? Whatever it is, leave it off, as you are incurring ill will in Austria by it.'" I *meant* to be very kind, but I ought not to have done it, as it not only vexed Mrs. Evans, whom I liked very much, but unluckily, as the post was slow between Trieste and Herzegovina, it did not reach until after he had been put into political confinement, and consequently the authorities had opened it, read it, and had it translated, and had summoned me to give an account of myself. However, on my assuring them that I knew nothing but what I

had heard from themselves, they were quite satisfied, and took their departure.

It was now discovered by Professor Liebman that I had the germs of an internal complaint of which I am suffering at present, possibly resulting from my fall downstairs in Paris in 1879. I had noticed all this year that I had been getting weaker and weaker in the fencing-school, and sometimes used to turn faint, and Reich (my fencing-master) used to say, "Why, what is the matter with you? Your arms are getting so limp in using the broadsword." I did not know, but I could not keep up for long at a time. I think I went no more after that.

Nigh six months had passed, and it was now time for me to go and meet Richard at Liverpool, so I left the 18th of April, spending a few happy days in Vienna, thence to Paris and Boulogne, where I found a howling tempest. Two houses had been destroyed, a steamer was signalling distress, and the Hôtel Impérial Pavilion had to open its back door to let me in, the gale being too strong in front. I had brought a Trieste girl with me as maid, whose class or race did not admit of the wearing of hat or bonnet. They wanted to turn me out of the church at Boulogne, because the girl was bareheaded, and I had to explain that nothing would induce her to wear one for fear of losing caste. I got off in a very bad sea two days later, and to London on the 3rd of May.

On the 15th I went up to Liverpool. Richard and Captain Cameron arrived in the African mail *Loanda* on the 20th, and there was a great dinner that night, given by the Liverpudlians to welcome them back. It was a great success, and they were all very merry. On the 22nd we came up to London, but no sooner did we arrive there, than Richard was taken quite ill and had to go to bed. He was to have lectured at the Society of Arts, but he could not, which was an awful disappointment to them and to us; but he soon got well under home care, and he lectured on the 31st at the Anthropological.

He notices in his journal the death of the poet and artist, Gabriel Rossetti, on the 10th of April, and Darwin's death on the 19th. We were immediately occupied in bringing out "To the Gold Coast for Gold" (2 vols.), where he gives an account of the different places to which he and Captain Cameron went, the chief place being Axim, on the Guinea coast. There were two obstacles which were deemed fatal to success. One was Ashantee obstruction, and the other was the expense of transporting machinery and working still labour in a wild country, a lack of hands, and the climate; but they were only bugbears. "He knew nothing to equal

it as to wealth, either in California or in Brazil. Gold dust was panned by native women from the sands of the seashore, gold spangles glittered after showers in the streets of Axim; their washings weighed from half an ounce to four ounces per ton. The gold is there, and it is our fault if it stays there. We have in our hands the best of workmen—the tireless machine, the steam navvy, and the quartz stamp; and those called 'Long Tom' and 'Broad Tom' would do more work in a day than a whole gang of negroes."

He says that in the last century the Gold Coast exported to Europe three and a half millions of sterling gold, but the abolition of slavery and manumissions brought it down to £126,000 value. A few years ago England's annual supply was £25,000,000, and was then (1882) £18,000,000. England wants gold, and he says that the Gold Coast can supply it to any amount that England may want. There was a threatened action a while ago about the way the moneys were supplied for the carrying out of these mines, called the Guinea Coast Trial. My husband was not employed to take charge, or to work there, and nearly all who were sent out (with one or two notable exceptions) thought more of feathering their own nests, even for a couple of years, than of the public good; hence the thing failed, *but will live again.*

My husband was passionately fond of mining for the sake of developing the resources of any country in which he travelled and made discoveries. I was always sorry when he got on the mine track, because he always ended in one way. Shady people, partially or wholly dishonest, would praise up his knowledge to the skies. They would sometimes go so far as to send him to the spot, to draw up a report of such or such a mine; with written (legal) agreements contracting to pay him perhaps £2000 or more for his report, his expenses paid, and shares in the mine. As soon as they got his report, they would ask him to come home, and send some one else to run the mine down. Nevertheless they made their own money out of it. I always trembled, but I always helped him all I could whenever any of these grand money plans were on hand, because it interested him; and I keep and leave to my heirs all the correspondence and agreements concerning them, as well as other matters of business.

He did his work in his simple, gentlemanly, scientific way, fully knowing the worth of the mine, but nothing about business. Then, as soon as they had got all his secrets and information from him, they would send their own agent, who in one case pretended that he could not find the spot, purposely avoiding to take the guide Richard had commissioned for the purpose. But the chief speculator

did find them, and sell them too, although Richard never got a penny for his trouble. He never knew how to get himself paid without going to law, which they knew was undesirable for a Consul, and, so far from getting anything, very often he was largely out of pocket. He was very much out of pocket about the Guinea Coast Mines, and, had the trial threatened by Mr. Johns come off, I should have asked to have been subpœnaed, as my husband was dead, and I should have produced all the papers and his depositions written before his death, and asked to be refunded his losses. In the Khedivial Mines of Midian he dropped much money in expenses, which Ismail Khedive was to have paid him back, but never did. However, this last only resulted from the accident of abdication, and not with intent to hurt him. The *others* were men that he ought never to have pitted himself against; that is, pitted the straightforward, unsuspecting ignorance of a gentleman against men who have been bred for generations to know how much percentage they can get out of the fraction of a farthing.

I purposely omit names, as I do not care to hurt anybody unless necessary. These very mines, which I believe Mr. Johns and his Board have been depreciating so much, have been bought by a man who knew the gold mine well, and because of its wealth has acquired it from the natives. He says (1893), "Ever since it was ruined by the weakness of the directors in London, and the utter incapacity or worse of the managers on the Guinea Coast, the natives themselves have been mining it and getting lots of gold out of it, and the writer has just bought it up again." The thing became a failure entirely through incapacity and dishonesty abroad, as will be proved by the success of the mine in proper hands. I had at one time several lumps of quartz with bits of gold sticking out of it, which Richard picked up himself on the property.

About eight weeks before Richard died, he dictated a paper to me, and left papers in my hands which thoroughly prove that he had lost instead of receiving, and that what he did receive was demanded back again; and though not obliged, he did pay it, even his own expenses going out and coming home to make the reports for their benefit, for which he was promised such good payment.*

He said West Africa has been called the "White Man's Grave." Bombay and Zanzibar both have had the same reputation, and to sleep ashore was considered certain death; but English officials now live ashore in both, and though no European is fever-proof in Africa, Englishmen who take precautions are pretty healthy. As for labour,

* This was deemed chivalrous and foolish by his own lawyer.—I. B.

if the natives won't undertake it they can get any amount of Indian coolies and Chinese. Richard said, "What Africa wants is an honest man at the head, and machinery;" and almost the last thing that he ever said to me upon business matters was, "Whatever interests I may have in the West Coast of Africa, or in Midian, I mean to stick to, and if you survive me, do you stick to them."

From the Press.

"West African Mines.

"When Sir Richard Burton was invited to go to the Gold Coast in search of the precious metal to which that region owes its name, he is reported to have said, 'Geography is good, but gold is better.' The result of his expedition, in which Commander Cameron took part, was to establish the fact that the Gold Coast still deserves its name, and many attempts have been made of late years to exploit the district. The Governor of the colony has recently sent a very careful report on the gold-mining industry to Lord Knutsford, based to a great extent upon personal observations. The conclusions he arrives at are that the country is rich in gold, and that earnest and well-considered attempts are being made to work the mines, the chief difficulty being the want of labourers, who would have to be imported, probably from China.

"Every two or three years Captain Burton appears like a meteor in London, and in that City of four millions he invariably succeeds in creating a stir. However hurried his visitations, his presence is keenly felt. He wakes up the learned Societies, startles the Geographers, is the hero of banquets, and drops a new book in his wake. As we all know, his early exploits have become a part of the history of our times, and in our annals of discovery or daring there is nothing to beat his work in Africa—tracking the secret sources of Old Nile, or his famous pilgrimage to Mecca. As time goes on, the grass does not grow beneath his feet. A man cannot set the Thames on fire every day, but he has lived to do many wonders. Cast away as he is to the east of Venice, and chained to his post at Trieste—doomed by perverse fate to an isolation that must be almost as irksome as the rock of St. Helena to Napoleon *—when he ought to be in some splendid position worthy of his powers, Captain Burton makes the most of leisure and leave of absence. If we do not hear of him and there is no sign, we may be sure he is not losing time. Either he is deep in some hard literary enterprise, such as his recent translation of the epic of Portugal, 'The Lusiads,' or he is off on some fresh quest interesting to science or to the multitude. He has just now returned from his old haunts, West Africa, and he comes this time in his familiar character of Gold-finder."

* A good simile. The British Government seemed quite as afraid of one as of the other—friend or foe, she must cage her eagles.—I. B.

"MINING ON THE GOLD COAST.

"To the Editor of the *Mining World and Engineering Record.*

"Sir,—Some months have passed since my last communication. I have had little to say, and was unwilling to intrude upon your valuable space. Now, however, the state of things has changed, and I am compelled once more to apply to you for hospitality.

"It is a pleasure to see the Gold Coast taking its proper place in your columns. The *Mining World* of November 10th contains three separate notices, highly encouraging to those who, like myself, thoroughly believe in the vast mineral wealth of our ill-fated colony, in the facility of 'getting' the metal, and in the manageability of the climate, which is certainly not worse than was that of Bombay at the beginning of the present century. I remark with satisfaction that the 'debauched, incapable' class, at first sent out, *faute de mieux*, has been gradually improved off, and that able men are taking its place. Lastly, I am delighted to observe that at least one of the new-comers has proposed to adopt the style of work especially adapted for the Gold Coast, and has determined to preface the good old 'shaft and tunnel' system by pouching the superficial deposits.

"A case in point. One of my correspondents kindly forwarded to me a copy of Mr. Lowman's last report to the directors of the African Gold Coast Syndicate, Limited. This manager, sent out to develop the huge and rich 'Ingotro Concession,' reached Axim only on August 16th. On reaching his destination he was at once informed by Chief Appo that the bottom of the Nánwá Valley, an old lagoon, abounds in gold, 'if we could but only get water out.' After puddling and washing, 'with extra good results,' sundry samples of the clay, he cut on the east bank of the rivulet a drain 350 feet long by 3 feet wide and 2½ feet deep, with a fall of 1 in 80. I may remind you that the stream in question, as shown by Captain Cameron's map, 'snakes' all down its valley, and that ditches from one loop to another would lay bare a great length of bed. Its width varies from 15 to 30 feet; the depth from 18 inches to 6 feet, and it runs all the year round. Mr. Lowman began another drain 400 feet long, to cross-cut the lagoon, which now infects the lower bed of the Nánwá, and which would easily empty into the Ancobra. He proposed to hydraulic with 350 feet of troughs or sluice-boxes, which were all ready for laying, and one Molyneux box (loose hopper, patent riffles, and slide tables), 'the first ever made or used on the Gold Coast.' A sketch of the 'flats' and of the machinery was attached to the report, and I can say nothing except in their praise.

"The lagoon clay to be puddled and 'Molyneux'd' is described as a still, yellow argile, resting upon a hard bottom of quartz pebbles. The cuttings opened up drifts of black sand, considered to be 'highly auriferous' (see the 'Gold Book'), and these were reserved for washing at convenience. The results of panning and cradling on the Nánwá flats, and on the whole line as far as Kitza, yielded

samples varying from 4 dwts. to 10 ozs. per cubic yard of stuff. What would California and Australia say to those figures? Mr. Lowman adds, and I believe him, 'There is no property between Axim and Tacquah so well adapted for hydraulicking and alluvial mining in all its branches as the Introgo Concession. There is plenty of water and a good fall for tailings by simply cutting channels from river bend to bend, and letting them run into one of the deep valleys or carrying them direct to the Ancoba river. Another great advantage is that the Ingotro mines can be worked at one-half the expense of any quartz mine on the coast. Water here will do the work of steam with half the number of hands. The whole of the Nánwá Valley is auriferous, good payable ground, which would take sixty to seventy years to work out, without touching the quartz.' Now we come to what will greatly benefit the climate, the only weak point noted at Ingotro by Cameron and myself. 'An absolute necessary piece of work will be to clear the river banks and to remove the trees which have fallen across the bed. We must also do away with (N.B.—I hope after panning) the large silted-up banks of sand and gravel which have accumulated in the river bends, causing the stream to overflow and to swamp the low lands, after each little freshet. Some of the banks, four to five feet high and fifteen across, are perfect natural dams. The work should not occupy more than three or four months.'

"The first thing which struck me on the Gold-Coast was a conviction that its 'nullah beds' will supply the greatest quantity of metal for the least possible expenditure. The late M. Bounat, a Frenchman, who taught Englishmen the value of their colony on the Guinea Gulf, began (as I related in the 'Gold Book,' ii. 360) with the intention of dredging the Ancobra river for dust and nuggets. And he was right. Every little rivulet bed in the land must be ransacked before the hills are washed down by hydraulicking; and the sooner the 'steam navvy' appears upon the scene the better.

Mr. Lowman evidently took good counsel, and, not being a consulting engineer,' was not above taking a lesson from 'Chief Appo.' You may imagine my vexation on hearing that he had been recalled for 'want of funds.' Want of funds! Why, three months' work and a few hundred pounds would have enabled him to wash gold enough for paying all the labour he requires. Surely the directors of 'Ingotro' must see this as clearly as I do. It is a sorry time to draw back when standing upon the very verge of a grand discovery. I would state, in your pages, my certainty that such is the case; and if the Nánwá project fail, I would subside into a 'mere traveller,' as a booby acquaintance kindly described me.

"Excuse the length of this letter—the importance of the subject amply justifies it.

"I am, etc.,

"RICHARD BURTON.

"Trieste, Austria, November 26th."

"To the Editor of the *Mining World and Engineering Record.*

"Sir,—You should have heard from me before had not *petite santé* stood in the way of good intentions. Life in a little Mediterranean harbour-town makes one almost look forward to leaving the world in view of some extensive explorations beyond the world.

"My letters from the Gold Coast are cheering. Captain Cameron and Mr. Walsten are doing prime work. The former is being supplied with funds, an essential point which I cannot urge too strongly upon the two companies for whom he is now labouring. The 'present and future' of the Gold Coast mainly depends upon his success.

"Many thanks to Mr. Louis F. Gowan for his 'pile of experience' about Chinese coolies. This is what we want—familiarity with the subject, not more dogmatism. And the question is whether Chinamen in Africa would be the 'pig-tailed cut-throats' described by Mr. Gowan. I did not find them so in Bombay, San Francisco, and Peru.

"On the other hand, I am in nowise edified by the dogmatism displayed at the annual meeting of the Guinea Gold Coast Mining Company. A chairman is hardly expected to be an expert, but he must not address his shareholders as if he were a high authority. I read: 'Now, gentlemen, hydraulic sluicing are very easy words to pronounce, but it is a deuced hard operation to perform.' After some exceedingly useless statements about hydraulicking in Australia, he continues: 'The directors took the best advice they could, namely, that of your consulting engineer, and he was opposed to it. He said, "It is quite true that if your country is impregnated with gold, and if you have got great results everywhere by assay, it is advisable, but you have not got any here (!), and therefore it would be very unwise expenditure."' The chairman concludes, "We were bound then to take the opinion of an expert against the opinion of Captain Burton on that point, because otherwise you would have real reason for blaming us."

"This is really too bad for the unfortunate shareholders, who have only £15,000 left wherewith to carry on the work. Their property is cut by two streamlets, and these have never even been tested for gold. I have still to learn what experience of mining is possessed by the consulting engineer; but that he has a complete ignorance of Africa, I well know. Every writer on the Gold Coast from Bosman to Swanzy tells him that the land is impregnated with gold. He says it is not. As regards his management, it is enough to wreck any company. He recommended a person who reported in his cups that he could find no gold. I am waiting to see how his second *protégé* turns out; present reports are the reverse of favourable, and if number two fail like number one, I shall offer you a suggestion of my own concerning management on the Gold Coast.

"Against these miserable theories let us see what is the language of actual experience. To begin with Mr. Edward Smith's report on the Kitzia Concession:—'When going up the creek from the native

village, I saw fourteen native women washing alluvial soil in the bed of the creek; and, on inquiring as to the result of their washing, Mr. Grant, the interpreter, told me they were making six shillings each per day. The stuff they were washing was from the surface of the side of the hill hard by. The creek could be turned, and a water-race brought alongside of the hill, so as to command the surface and to ground-sluice this portion of the property with good paying results.' Such is the hydraulicking recommended by me; but, apparently, where native women succeed, consulting engineers expect only failure. I must say with Abernethy, 'Read my book!' And that is not all. Captain Cameron writes to me from Axim, 'I shall get very good washing by the engine (*i.e.* without expensive leats or water-races), and think about ten or twelve shillings to the ton. I have over thirty feet fall for the sluices, which will give me three hundred and sixty feet (if necessary) of boxes.' I reported to you what my friend declared in a former letter, that he could wash down a whole hillside.

"In conclusion, I hope that the shareholders, after comparing the statements of fact and theory, will insist upon their engineers abandoning the old humdrum, beaten track; and will compel them, whether they like it or not, to send home gold washed from the surface.

"I am, etc.,
"R. F. BURTON.

"Trieste, Austria, April 20th, 1883."

From *Mining Journal*, February 5th, 1887.

"WEST AFRICAN GOLD MINES.

'To the Editor of the *Mining Journal*.

"Sir,—I have been surprised that these West African properties have not been brought to the front during the present excitement in gold-mining affairs, for that the gold is there is beyond all question. I do not forget that several of the companies which started a few years ago came to grief, but the cause of this was well known to be mismanagement and misfortune—forces which would ruin the best scheme in the world. But that these are going to prevent success in West Africa for ever I fail to believe. Let us look for a moment at what has really been going on quietly during the past twelve months there, and I think we shall see cause for much hopefulness in the near future. The Wassau Mining Company's monthly report is now before me. The crushing for twenty-two days in November gave 232 ozs., which netted the sum of £894 19*s.* in London, after deducting freight and expenses. This is at the rate of £1220 per month of thirty days. Their monthly expenses, I believe, are now somewhere about £500. This shows a profit at the rate of over £8000 a year, or 8 per cent. on the capital, and much more than this is a mere question of machinery. The manager reports on

December 1: 'If anything, the mine looks better than ever.' The French Company have reorganized their affairs, and a large and able staff left England on January 1st. Their property, at a depth of 40 feet, gives an average yield of 17½ dwts. per ton in a south-west direction, and in a north-east direction it gives 21 dwts. At 63 feet it gives 2 ozs. 15 dwts., and in Bonnat's shaft, at 83 feet, it yields 5 ozs. 13 dwts. per ton. With figures like these one may fairly ask, Where are the East Indian mines? Where, even, are the Queensland properties? The Swanzy Estates Company, a private enterprise, carefully and economically managed, have been working for upwards of two years, on a property which, though not so rich as the others, is none the less likely to pay handsomely, as the quantity of mineral in sight is enormous, and it can be worked at a mere nominal cost, in consequence of its position. They are receiving regular returns, and the owners are more than satisfied. Cinnamon Bippo, another private property, equally well and economically worked, has at least one lode a mile in length, the average assay from which, over its entire distance, gives 2½ ozs. to the ton, and by actual crushing of about 300 tons it has yielded 1 oz. 8 dwts. per ton, at an estimated profit of seventy shillings per ton. With improved machinery and appliances, the owners are satisfied that they will get about 2 ozs. per ton, and the quantity of ore is absolutely unlimited. I now turn to your issue of Saturday last, and draw attention to the report on Essaman. Mr. Harvey says, respecting the Prestea reef, 'I have discovered that this is only a portion of an auriferous belt over 200 ft. thick. The cross-cut has been driven through the belt to cut the reef, so there is proof undeniable of what I state, and, moreover, the whole is permeated with auriferous veins of quartz. Who knows but that some day or other this hill may be opened and worked as a quarry? Believe me, we know little of the wealth of Africa. Mr. Harvey reports the main reef to be 10 feet thick at the point where driving will be commenced, and the average samples taken right through confirm his previous estimate of about 2 ozs. per ton." Mr. Harvey is right; we know little of the wealth of Africa, but it will not be much longer concealed.

"PSEUDONYM.

"January 31st, 1887."

I quote this prematurely, because it finishes the subject:

"AN EXPLANATION.

"Mr. W. J. Johns has called our attention to a very important letter respecting the Guinea Coast Company, Limited, which has been received from Sir Richard F. Burton. This letter would have been read by Mr. Johns to the shareholders of that company who assembled at last week's meeting, but no opportunity presented itself for him to do so. Many misstatements were made at that gathering respecting Mr. Johns and other gentlemen connected with the company, which in a really deliberative assembly, anxious only

for the facts, might have been set aside. The letter of Sir Richard Burton (an old correspondent of the *Mining World*) tells its own tale. It is as follows :—

"'Hôtel Windsor, Cannes, January 25th, 1887.

"'I am greatly scandalized at seeing the papers crammed with the falsest statements about the property of the Guinea Coast Company.

"'Two great points require emphatic contradiction. The first is, that the place is a swamp; the second, that it contains no gold.

"'As regards both these statements I have only to bring in as evidence my own book, "To the Gold Coast for Gold," and I am ready to maintain every word therein printed.

"'The place, so far from being a swamp, struck me as peculiarly healthy, and the condition of the natives proved that such was the case.

"'As regards the gold, I noted in my book that Captain Cameron and I were unable to descend into the native shafts on account of their being full of water. But the number and extent of these diggings told their own tale, and I need hardly repeat that auriferous quartz reefs are only nibbed by the country people.

"'It would be impossible for me to be in England as early as the 24th of next month, but I have written to my friend and fellow-traveller, Commander Cameron, whose opinion of the mines and mine were identical, to print in some leading papers our distinct and emphatic denial of the two falsehoods above noticed, which have been unblushingly foisted upon the public.

"'(Signed) RICHARD F. BURTON.'"

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER SHORT LEAVE TO LONDON.

1882.

I NOTICE the pleasantest and most remarkable little events of this visit to London.

We made a pilgrimage to Hughenden to visit the grave of Lord Beaconsfield, and to put a wreath. We went to the Lyceum on the 10th of June, to see *Romeo and Juliet*, and had the pleasure of making Miss Ellen Terry's acquaintance; also to several great parties, and had a charming lunch at Putney with Swinburne and Mr. Watts. We had a very pleasant dinner at Lord and Lady Bath's. On Sunday afternoons we generally went to Sir Frederick Leighton's, or the Dowager Lady Howard of Glossop's, or Lady Holland's. We went down to visit Captain Cameron and his family at Sevenoaks.

On the 20th Miss Florence Monckton-Milnes was married to Major Henniker, of the Guards, and the wedding was exceedingly pretty at St. George's.

On the 23rd we dined with Lord Houghton, to meet H.R.H. Prince Leopold and the Duc d'Aumale; also Lord Stourton and Mowbray gave a great ball to all the Old Catholics (the cousinhood). It was a beautiful ball, and the Pope's picture was surrounded with garlands of flowers and lights, and I remember creating a stir by taking Richard there, who, I supposed, was *of course* included in the invitations. This month Richard lectured at the Geographical Society. Amongst clever people we met Mr. Leslie Ward, the *other* caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*, and a rising poet, Mr. St. Clair-Baddeley, who attracted us much. There was a meeting at St. James's Hall for protection for animals, Princess Beatrice giving the prizes, and quite at the end of the afternoon, after her Royal Highness had gone, I was asked to make a speech, which I did.

The members of the Royal Naval Club (founded 1765) gave a dinner at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, in Richard's honour.

The bombardment of Alexandria was on the 11th and 12th of July, 1882, and he was very much excited and interested about this, and he wrote a long history of what ought to be done for Egypt. Lady Fitzgerald (Lord Houghton's eldest daughter) arrived from Egypt about this time, and was the centre of attraction, both official and private, as she was able to tell us all about it. I left my Indian Christmas book with Mr. Bogue on the 7th of July, and never saw it after. We went to Sir Frederick Leighton's Academy party, to Mrs. Childers's, and Lady Wilson's ball.

Richard went to Paris on the 15th of July, 1882, and I followed him on the 22nd, taking my niece Blanche Pigott with me, and joined Richard and Captain Cameron. We saw a great deal of the traveller De Brazza and his brother, and on the 26th we bid good-bye to Cameron, and we three left for Turin, where our niece, who was for the first time in Italy, enjoyed the scene of the Piazza and Castle by moonlight, and a drive up to the Superga. The next day we arrived in Venice. There is always something amusing to people who have seen everything themselves, in taking a fresh young girl about, as long as she is fresh. She was just out of her convent, and Richard and I, having no children, thought it rather fun having a daughter. We arrived on the last day of July.

Next day, on the 1st of August, there was the opening of a Grand International Exhibition at Trieste. The City was illuminated at night almost as brilliantly as Venice had been for the Congress, and Trieste illuminated makes a grand effect with its rising mountain background. The Archduke Charles Louis was there to open it, and the Emperor and Empress, Prince Rudolf, and Princess Stephanie came later on. This had been a hobby of our (then) Governor's (Baron de Pretis) for a very long time, and for months and months endless workmen had been erecting magnificent buildings at the edge of the sea—I should say for a mile in length—all along the fashionable drive called St. Andrea. This great day was devoted to officialdom, and receptions, and bands, and at night Baron Morpurgo had one of his boats out, and supper on board, for his friends to see the illuminations. However, at night, there was an *émeute* in the town, begun by the Italianissimi.

Nothing was talked of but the *émeute*. Some Italians had thrown a bomb as an Austrian regiment was passing, but it did not go off till the wrong moment, so only a policeman's hand was crushed, and our poor friend Dr. Dorn, of the *Triester Zeitung*, had his leg shattered, was carried home in a pitiable state, and months after I saw the large pieces of bone that had come out of his leg. There were four men concerned in the throwing of the bombs, the chief of

which was one Oberdank, a deserter from the 22nd Regiment of Infantry; they were taken at Ronchi. This had the effect of driving everybody away from the Exhibition. The people who had come from foreign parts to exhibit, swore they would not stay, that they did not feel safe, and they wanted to pack up their things. The Exhibition was always empty, which, of course, was the object of the Italians. Blanche and I went down one morning, and we saw everything most beautifully, for there were not twenty people in it.

Then the Baron Morpurgo told us that every night the bands were playing, and the ices and refreshments always waiting, but that nobody ever came; and they went round and collected a few friends who would have the courage to go in the evening. Richard and I and Blanche willingly started off in their boat at night, to go and hear the band, to eat ices, and enjoy the illuminations; but as soon as we really began to enjoy ourselves, a telegram was handed to the Morpurgos that the town was in *émeute;* so they all jumped up, even the old Baron, who was very brave and active, and said, "That must be *our* people, and we will go down and have the gates of the old town (Ghetto) shut, and let them calm down; they shall not get into the town, and that will stop the mischief; and you," he said to us, "don't attempt to go back through the town, but go round in the boat and land just under your own windows, and get in that way," which we did. I was again sent off, early August, for my second summer to Marienbad—three are the usual course (and Richard went to Monfalcone for his gout baths)—where Blanche and I enjoyed ourselves very much in a quiet way. We walked, drove, read, studied German, made excursions, saw again Madame de Novikoff, and went to the little German plays, which were very amusing. There came Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Robert Bourke (Lord Connemara), Mrs. and Miss Baldock, and Captain Bury. The band was the same as last year and quite exquisite. We had a very nice collection of people, and formed a pleasant little table at feeding time. I was not sorry when it was over, on the 9th September, to start again for Vienna, and on the 11th to go down to Trieste, for it never agreed with me.

I could not resist writing the following during my cure:—

"CAPTAIN BURTON.

"To the Editor of *Vanity Fair*.

"Dear Vanity,—It was very kind and nice of you to have noticed us in your paper, but, if I may make an observation, I should like to have had the rose without the thorn. The article is likely to make

the public think that Captain Burton is living on the fat of the land at public expense, and doing nothing to earn it. I do not want any one to put the 'evil eye' upon the poor hard-earned little £600 a year—*well* earned by forty years' hard toil in the public service. It is true that Government has sometimes, but not often, spared him for a few months at a time to do larger works, which have been for more general public benefit and wider extended good; but all the journeys quoted in *Vanity* have been undertaken *between* his various posts, when he has been out of employment, or during the usually *allowed* leave that *other* men spend in Pall Mall. On all the occasions when he has had 'leave' as above, he has gone *voluntarily* on half-pay those few months. If any one grudges us our pittance, and will inquire in Africa, Brazil, Damascus, or Trieste, they will find that at no time, of those or any other months, has a single detail of Consular work been omitted, or neglected, or performed by incompetent or ordinary subordinates, whilst every penny of public money was nervously accounted for. They will learn that we have ever given double of what we have received; that every one of our four Consulates has been a credit to the Government; that the English of our district have always been proud of their Consul and Consulate; that foreigners are always on most friendly terms with them, and the authorities intimately so. If this be so, will not what you call an 'Amateur Consul' do quite as well as the other sort, whatever that may be? You are, however, my dear Vanity, mistaken on another point. The higher the post and the more important the duties, the greater is the ambition to discharge them nobly. How much more keenly would one feel as an Eastern diplomat, for instance, than settling a dispute between the cook and the mate of a merchant vessel, or signing passports? Your 'Series' writer must have dipped his pen in vinegar and gall when he wrote about the 'much-prized posts.'

"I am, my dear Vanity, yours obediently,

"ISABEL BURTON.

"Hôtel Klinger, Marienbad, Bohemia,
"September 1st, 1882."

The Dowager Lady Galway and Count and Countess della Sala, also General Francis, arrived at Trieste for the Exhibition, which was a very great pleasure to us. The Emperor and Empress and the Prince and Princess now announced their intention of doing good to the Exhibition by coming to visit it; there was a grand reception prepared, bands of music, the houses decorated, the ships dressed, flags and triumphal arches, salutes of artillery, and shouts of "Eviva!" girls in white, and flowers to strew, and at night illuminations. The first evening there was a grand theatre night with the ballet "Excelsior," and the applause when the Imperial party entered was deafening, and lasted fully a quarter of an hour. Next day was the Exhibition. The Baron Morpurgo had prepared a

splendid *fête* on board the *Berenice*. The City was illuminated, so was the ship, and all the cream of Trieste was present. Every moment the Emperor and Empress were expected, and we all fell into our places in lines, through which they were to pass; several times they were announced, and several times did we retire and sit down again.

At last the Imperial boat actually arrived, and went several times round the *Berenice* and steamed away again. The disappointment and mortification of the truly loyal givers of the *fête* may easily be imagined; but it was perhaps as well, if the stories current next day had only a shadow of truth in them. It was commonly talked about afterwards that, unknown to the givers of the *fête*, the vessel had been observed to be much lower in the water than she ought to be, through somebody having taken out some plug that ought to have been in it, which caused a very gradual sinking. It was *suspected* that amongst the workmen one had been bought, just as in Nihilist cases, and that the moment the Imperial party had set foot in the ship, that they, and of course all of us, were to be blown into the air by a dynamite clock, and the Chief of Police had begged—perhaps had had some intimation that there was something uncanny somewhere—the Imperial family not to sup on board. True or untrue, these were the stories on the morrow. Anyway, none of the authorities dared go to bed, or hardly breathe, as long as the Imperial family remained in the neighbourhood. It appeared there were bombs across the railway, bombs in the Exhibition, bombs in the boats, and bombs in the sausages; at least, that was the state of feeling in Trieste during those three days, and I should think the Imperial family must have been immensely glad when they saw the last of the town, and got out of the Irredentista country. The next day was the Arsenal inspection, a launch, and a boat serenade at night to Miramar. On the 20th they went, arrived in safety, and everybody breathed again.

On the 18th of September, Richard began his Great book on the Sword. It is a very large work, entitled the "Book of the Sword"—the first part of three by R. F. Burton, *maître d'armes*, which appeared in 1884. The first part brought the sword, the prehistoric weapon, up to the Middle Ages. The second would have been the mediæval sword, and the third would have brought all the modern schools up to date, with illustrations.

At this time Richard took it into his head to interfere with my department—the maid-servants—and he sent away my cook and got one of his own. He said to me (quite with a knowing nod of the head), "The *ne plus ultra* of Trieste;" so the first morning,

when cooking our twelve o'clock meal, she asked for a bottle of wine. I should have refused it to my own cook, but I had to give it her, and when she drank that, she had another. She then hit the kitchenmaid over the head with the saucepan, and, being a very powerful woman, she threw the housemaid into the *scaffa* (sink). Hearing screams, I ran into the kitchen, and then she went for me, but instead of throwing me out of the window, she threw her arms round my neck and said I was an angel. "All the same," I said, "I think you must go, and I should like to settle up with you at once." I went and asked Richard humbly if the "*ne plus ultra*" was to be kept; and he said, "Certainly not—the brute!" and he came and turned her out there and then, and sent her wages after her. So I said very quietly and seriously, "Now, Jemmy, I have got to cook the breakfast myself; won't you go out and find me another cook?" "No," said he, laughing; "I think I have had quite enough of that."

In October we had a great loss in our dear old friend and Vice-Consul, Mr. Brock, which Richard and I both felt very much. He had that mania which all old Englishmen serving abroad get, that they must go and die, and "leave their bones in dear old England," which they remember as it *was* thirty, forty, or fifty years ago; it is a madness they always repent when it is too late, as they are never rich enough to do what they invariably want, which is to put themselves back, and reinstate themselves in the climate, in the life, which suited them and the friends who *had* surrounded them. I know my own husband would have enjoyed enormously coming over here and settling down, being independent in private life, but he would not have been able to stand it more than a year without travels. I only can, because I am so near him, and so near death, it is not worth while to change.

Mr. Brock and his family left on the 8th of October, and his place was taken by Mr. P. P. Cautley. He and his wife have both been dead for some time, leaving many daughters; but during the whole of his remaining years he wrote constantly, "Give me news of Trieste. I only care for my friends of Trieste; I am a stranger in my own land. One has no business to return; one is an intrusion. One's place has long ago been filled up; one's relations have forgotten one; one is no longer a member of the family."

On the 24th arrived Lord Wolseley in the *Iris*, Admiral Seymour. We received him and saw him to the station, collected the English, had a little procession of bouquets and a few British cheers to see him off, and then we got our friends of the *Iris* to breakfast with us in the Hungarian part of the Exhibition.

On the 27th of October, I got a regular blow through a telegram ordering Richard off to look after Palmer, who was missing at Ghazzeh.

The telegram ran as follows :—

"October 27th, 1882, 4.40 p.m.

"H.M.'s Government wish to avail themselves of your knowledge of Bedouins and the Sinai country, to assist in search for Professor Palmer. There is a chance of his being still alive, though bodies of his companions, Charrington and Gill, have been found. Proceed at once to Ghazzeh; place yourself in communication with Consul Moore, who has gone from Jerusalem to institute inquiry."

Richard answered—

"Ready to start by first steamer. Will draw £100. Want gunboat from Alexandria to Ghazzeh or Sinai. Letter follows."

As all the world knows, Palmer, Charrington, and Gill went into the desert to buy camels for the English army and to bribe the Bedawi. Palmer had other secret service besides; that was, to cut the telegraph wire between Kántara and El Arish, and it was through the telegraph wire *not* being cut that foul play was suspected. Palmer was such a good Arabist, and was in such friendly relations with all the people, that there seemed not the slightest danger. He had brotherhood with all the Bedawi, like Richard, but they carried £3000 (some say £20,000) with them; the Bedawi surrounded them, and they were, the newspapers said, given a choice of being shot or jumping over a precipice. It is said Charrington and Gill elected to be shot, and Palmer, covering his eyes, jumped over the precipice. The men (with whom both Richard and Palmer had brotherhood) who did this, belonged to the Huwaytat and Dubur, Terábin and Hasábli. There was Salem el Sheikh ibn Salámeh and twenty-three other men implicated in it, besides the Shaykh. To Richard, who knew the Bedawi, it was a puzzle; certainly they were slain, but he felt there was always something we shall never know: it was not Bedawi ways.

Richard started by the first steamer, and proceeded according to orders. I remember the last thing I said to him was, "Mind, if they are really dead, don't be put like a ferret into a hole to bring out the dead bodies" (for I remembered how economical England is, and that, whatever other men have had, Richard had never been given either money or men for any exploit); "that won't be worth while." He said, "If they are dead, no; but if there is a chance of saving dear old Palmer, I will go anywhere and do anything." On the road he met Gordon. Meantime Sir Charles Warren was scour-

ing the country, well supported with money, and with two hundred picked men, and by the time Richard got there, he may be said to have nearly completed the task.

He describes Ghazzeh as a miserable, God-forgotten hole.

The trial of Arábi was going on, and Egypt was in great excitement in consequence. Richard was only absent six weeks and a half, returning in December. He wrote an account of all he had seen there, and the story of Palmer, and the state of Egypt, and he sent it to a magazine at once, which sent it back. He sent it round to many places, and I cannot remember now whether he ever got it printed, but certainly too late to have the fresh interest it ought to have had.*

It is curious to remember *now*, how frequently he used to send the most important articles, of vital use to the World, to the Press, and get them sent back with compliments and thanks, to say they would not suit such a paper or such a magazine, and how he frequently went from one publisher to another with his most invaluable books. It was one of the things that used to make us both boil with rage, and *now* there has been a storm throughout the whole Press Universe for twenty-two months because I burnt a book which was the least valuable, nay, the *only* book he ever wrote that was *not* valuable to the world. Such are the waves and whims of public opinion.

It was the last journey he ever took that might be called an Expedition, and even that was not what it was meant to be, since he found another man (Sir Charles Warren) in the field, who did not want to be much interfered with. I was awfully glad to get him back again so soon, I need not say.

After having prepared Richard for his journey to Egypt and seeing him off, I went up to Opçina with Blanche, drove over to Duino to see the Princesses Hohenlöhe, and on to Gorizia (German Görz), where we went into a Convent, I wishing to make what we Catholics call a "spiritual retreat." It was November weather; our rooms were very cold, and naturally poorly furnished, as becomes convent cells. There was a church attached to the house, and Padre Bankich, a Dalmatian Jesuit, was our director. My niece would give a very amusing, though sad account of this expedition, but I do not think it has anything to do with the story. When we came out of retreat we made a delightful picnic-pilgrimage to the Monte Santo before alluded to. It is a most charming expedition, and the view repays the climb. Before leaving Gorizia I attended to our branch Society for Protection of Cruelty to Animals, and had two little rooms built

* It is in the Appendices.

for the lassoed dogs. We then returned to Opçina. There was a splendid comet at this time. On return to Opçina we gave a dinner-party to our friends at Trieste, and we (women) dressed like *mandriere* (the peasants' costume on *fête*-days).

On the 6th of December we had an earthquake in the night and a tremulousness all day, and earthquakes all the month. We were walking on the Karso above; the sky was clear, and all of a sudden my niece said to me, "Oh, look up, there is a star walking into the moon!" "Glorious!" I answered. "We are looking at the Transit of Venus, which crowds of scientists have gone to the end of the world to see." We then went down to meet Richard, who returned at seven o'clock in the morning of the 10th, and all went happily up to Opçina. This day we had dreadful storms; the lightning fell in the town three times, and the telegraphs could not work.

Oberdank, the bomb-thrower, was hanged on the 19th. He said if he was pardoned he would kill the Emperor. He was more like a Nihilist than a disciple of Orsini.

On the 31st of December we went to the last happy St. Silvester we ever had, at Madame Gutmansthal's. We assembled at nine, and broke up at 3.30. Richard was a gold-digger rowdy; I was Hagar, a gypsy fortune-teller, and favourite of the Shah of Persia, exceedingly well acted by Monsieur Thomas, the chief superintendent of the railway; my niece Blanche was Miss Jex Blake; the Princess Wrede was a Neapolitan peasant, and Admiral Buchtá a Neapolitan fisherman. The two Neapolitans danced the tarantella most beautifully. We all had different characters. I told fortunes, and they sang, danced, and recited most perfectly. One lady (Madame Thomas) impersonated Sara Bernhardt, and took her off to the life. Our hostess was a marquise of the *ancienne régime*. We were thoroughly well amused. After this year, misfortunes began to come upon us *all*, and we never had another like it.

1883.

Early in the year Richard had a slight attack of gout, and a visit from Professor Leitner King's College, London. He worked now at his Sword book, and, as well as I can remember, his book on the Jews (not published). He makes a note of Gustave Doré's death on the 22nd of January. Schapira writes a report that Palmer is still alive, but this was a false report.

On the 28th he notices that Colonel Warren is made a K.C.M.G., and that poor Mr. Zech, whom we visited last year, died on the 29th.

Colonel Rathborne wrote in 1883:—

"21, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W.,
"December 4th, 1883.

"MY DEAR BURTON,

"Thanks for your kindly note, which came to hand this morning. Would that in reply I could give as good an account of my time as you give. What a constitution of brass—no, of iron—yours must be! I am so glad that you are writing your own biography.* What a tale of stirring adventure by sea and land you will have to narrate! I can quite fancy, however, that if you had the choice, you would add a little active work now and then to the *otium* of endless scribbling. For the life of me, I cannot divine why your services have not been called into requisition during the late Egyptian imbroglios. As far as I know, we have not had a man in that country, save Rogers, conversant with the Arabic, and hardly one who can be accused of anything like a knowledge of Eastern peoples. I do not quite make out whether you are serious or not in the programme which you have drawn out for settling the Egyptian difficulty. In one point, at least, and that the principal point, viz. definite annexation, it coincides with what I wrote to our Jupiter Tonans."

He was very gouty all this month, but not laid up. He was able to attend the school feast and *fête* at Opçina, and was able to go to a masquerade ball at Baroness Morpurgo's. He was "Cœur de Lion;" I was "Berengaria," his wife; and Blanche was the goose-girl, out of the Christmas number of the *Graphic*. There was a very witty *comédie* performed by amateurs.

I now wrote a book called "The Sixth Sense," and was vain enough to think it very clever; but I was afraid it would do harm, and I took the courage to burn it.

We gave our usual Christmas-parties in January. He was also able to take plenty of drives with me, but could not walk much. We passed our lives between Trieste and Opçina, carrying our literature up and down. One of his great amusements was a small donkey which used to run into the terrace-garden, which overlooked the sea, where we used to breakfast, and the donkey and the setter used to have games of romps like two kittens playing, the donkey racing round the place, biting and kicking, and the setter dodging him. They seemed to know exactly what they were to do, and they came every day at the same hour to play.

Richard now took an immense dislike to our house in Trieste, where we had been over ten years. The fact is, I had increased it in my ambition to twenty-seven rooms, and just as I had made it

* The biography alluded to, never made any further way than what I now make public.—I. B.

perfection, he wanted to leave it. Certainly Providence directed, for shortly after that, the drainage got so very bad there as to be incurable, and after he got really ill, and his heart weak, it would have been impossible for him to mount the hundred and twenty steps, four stories high, to go in and out. We ransacked the whole of Trieste, but there was only one house that suited us in any way, and there was not the least likelihood of our being able to get it, as it was occupied; but, curiously to say, six months later we *did* get it, and got housed in it the following July.

On the 24th of February we had a great shock in the death of poor Reich, our fencing-master. He went out well dressed, with a cigar in his mouth, very early, took a walk in the Via Riborgo, mounted some steps, put a pistol to his head, and blew his brains out. Some people ran, hearing the pistol; he was quite dead, but his cigar was still alight. Suicide is the commonest thing in the world in Trieste; nobody takes any account of it. The fact is that he had been getting into bad health. An Italian fencing-master had set up in the town, and got all his best Italian pupils away. I had not fenced at all the winter 1882–3, and Richard, of course, had been away so much and had had many twinges of gout, and therefore it was a matter of great reproach to us that we had not gone and paid him visits, and cheered him up, and looked after him—so often a little friendship prevents a man from going to this extremity. Richard felt it for a long time.

Reich was a Bohemian and an old trooper, and Richard said he was the best broadswordsman he had ever seen. He has frequently told me to stand steady, and he has made a *moulinet* at me; you could hear the sword swish in the air, and he has touched my face like a fly in the doing of it. He did it frequently to show what he *could* do, but he used to say that he would not do it to any of his men pupils, for fear they should flinch either one way or the other, which would of course have cut their faces open; but he knew I should stand steady. I liked that.

We then had a trip down the Dalmatian coast in an Austrian-Lloyd's, to Sebenico, Zara, and Spalato. On this day five of Palmer's murderers were hanged in the presence of thirty-five Bedawi chiefs. Richard could never understand why they only hanged five instead of twenty-four, the number of those concerned, and why the Governor of El Arish was not hanged too. We went on to Castelnuovo, and to Cattaro, and then back. It was only for a few days, but it did Richard a world of good. We then had a visit from Major Borrowes, and Richard went for a trip to San Daniele, to Wippach, to Heidenschaft, and Plani, and came back. We spent

our birthdays, 19th and 20th of March, in Opçina, and received a telegram with twelve friends' names attached to it.

We now had a visit from Mr. Oswald, from the Foreign Office, and the Mudies arrived—we showed them the lions of the place, and saw them on board *en route* to Corfu; also came Dr. Lewins, of the Army and Navy Club and Jermyn Street, a *savant* from Bombay, the same who is bringing out Miss Näden's works.

On the 30th of January we gave a masked ball to a hundred and fifty-eight people, which was a great success. It began at half-past nine, and lasted till six. In a room close to the door were two gentlemen of the party, who were appointed to "receive." Everybody who arrived had to go into that room and unmask, in order to be sure that we did not get any "riff-raff" in; they then masked again, and passed in before any one else was admitted. The unmasking began at supper, when the great surprise was to see who you got next to you. One big Viennese lieutenant, six feet high, and big in proportion, came dressed as a woman, and his airs and graces were lovely.

On the 19th of March Richard began to write on the Congo, and on this day one of his friends died (Major Wemyss).

The remains of Palmer and his two companions, discovered by Sir Charles Warren in the desert at Tih, were carefully collected and placed in three coffins, painted black, with a white cross upon each; they were received by the dockyard officials, March 30, and were removed to London for interment at St. Paul's Cathedral. This is in his journal of the 31st of March.

Colonel and Mrs. Montgomery were now appointed American Consul-General. Very nice people, but they could not stand Trieste more than ten days; left it, and settled in Switzerland.

Richard was very bad all April; but it was honest gout in the feet, and he was quite healthy.

In his journal he much mourns the death of Abd-el-Kadir in Damascus, on the 24th of April, at the age of seventy-six.

On the 1st of May he sent me to Bologna to be under the famous Count Mattei for my complaint; the journey occupied eleven hours. I took my niece Blanche. We found that he had gone to Riola, two hours' rail from Bologna, so we went on there to a *pension Suisse*, called Hôtel della Rosa. The train runs along the Reno river. The Hôtel Rosa holds about twenty patients, and was kept by Monsieur and Madame Schmidt; she was his right-hand agent, was initiated in all his business, and superintended all his patients. Now she works on her own account in London and other capitals. It is a lovely mountain place, this castle perched on a high crag

about half an hour's scramble above the pension. Count Mattei has restored the castle, I think, of Savignano. There was nothing left but a little tower on the raw rock, and he has constructed the most solid, handsome, fantastic, eccentric castle possible to conceive, of stone and marble, regardless of expense, for he is the Monte-Cristo of the country.

Having dropped my bag and secured a room at the pension, I climbed up there. First I had to conciliate a very doubtful-looking mastiff; then appeared a tall, robust, well-made, soldier-like looking form in English costume of blue serge, brigand felt hat, with a long pipe, who looked about fifty, and not at all like a doctor. He received me very kindly, and took me up flights of stairs, through courts, into a wainscoted oak room, with fruits and sweets on the table, with barred iron gates and drawbridges and chains in different parts of the room, that looked as if he could pull one up and pop one down into a hole. He talked French and Italian, but I soon perceived that he liked Italian best, and stuck to it; and I also noticed that, by his mouth and eyes, instead of fifty, he must be about seventy-five. A sumptuous dinner-table was laid out in an adjoining room, with fruit and flowers. I told him I could not be content, having come so far to see him, to have only a passing quarter of an hour. He listened to my long complaints about my health most patiently, asked me every question, but he did not ask to examine me, nor look at my tongue, nor feel my pulse, as other doctors do, but said that I did not look like a person with the complaint mentioned, but as if circulation and nerves were out of order. He prescribed four internal and four external remedies, and baths. I wrote down all his suggestions, and rehearsed it, that he might correct any mistakes; and then asked him of his remedies for gout.

After an hour I was dismissed and went down to the pension, where everything was clean; the air was beautiful, the supper delicious, though simple. They were going to build a larger pension. I never heard nightingales sing more beautifully. Mattei had a nephew and niece living with him, the governess, and six servants. His life passes in building and improving this château, and his medicinal studies. He is awfully good to the poor, and gives them advice, medicine gratis, and money. After dinner I had a long talk with Mrs. Schmidt, who carries out his directions with great knowledge and tact. She enlightened me a great deal about my health and his remedies, and gave me a hint not to mention fees, or he would never speak to me again; and so, of course, I was careful not to look at my hotel or medicine bill, except the total.

The next morning I got up at five, and, with a strong horse and little cart, Blanche and I went up an awful breakneck road to a crag as high again as Mattei's castle, where was a solitary little country chapel. We asked to have Mass and Communion, as it was the first Friday in the month. A priest like an old family picture came out and said Mass and gave us Communion, and we scrambled down again by half-past nine for coffee at the pension. I then set off to have a second consultation with Mattei. This time the dog sat at my feet. And then he called his governess to show me over the castle. (Doré with a bad nightmare would be nothing to it.) It was grand, bold, splendid, and reckless; but the beds were marble—æsthetic biers—with classic garlands of flowers in marble vases on marble tables; the furniture a marble bench. Think of it in winter. There were drawbridges with bolts everywhere—the bedroom doors drawn up at night, showing black bottomless pits in the rock, into which a would-be assassin would fall. The look-out was splendid, wild and eerie. When I saw the mad allegories on the wall in fresco, I said, "Is it right to take medicine from such a lunatic? And yet he has cured hundreds and thousands, so I suppose I may."

Then I found that I was not to wait here, because all their beds were full at the pension, but I was to buy a month's medicines, to go to some quiet mountain place and rest, and perform my cure, and correspond with him. I was to eat and drink well, and do everything I always did; so my bourne will be Krapina-Teplitz in the Carniola, where Richard would also go for his gout-baths; a cheap, wild, quiet, mountain retreat. I found, however, just before going away from Mrs. Schmidt, that whereas he had told me to put one hundred globules of one medicine into my bath, that I must only put fifty, as he was very fond of beginning at the highest and letting you down, instead of beginning at the lowest, and bringing you up to what you can stand. I also found out that loads of people were frequently in agonies of pain, and had to remain so till they telegraphed for Madame Schmidt, who came with the antidote; and I did not like that prospect. I believe she has done away with all these risks now by her new improvements in treatment; but she was not a free agent then as she is now, and I should think must have a very great success.

These scraps of information will interest many people. I then came back to Venice, where I found dear Lady Marian Alford, which made me stop three days, and then I went on to Trieste.

After I got back Richard and I were dining, and I began my cure, "six globules dry on the tongue with the first spoonful of soup."

Almost as soon as I had swallowed it, I began to feel very odd, as if I had a sort of private earthquake going on in me, and got frightened. Richard said, "Why, it can't be those miserable little globules. I would swallow the whole bottle." "Don't do that," I said, "but take what I have taken—six dry on the tongue with a spoonful of soup." In a few minutes he was deadly pale, and began to stagger about as I did. He said, "No more of that. These are things that ought to be done *under the eye of the Count himself, or Mrs. Schmidt*, and so neither you nor I will do that cure." I do not want to choke anybody off from doing the cure, because I think it would be a great success under Mrs. Schmidt's personal directions.

The Karso air was now charming, so that we went up there for awhile, and went over again to Duino and Monfalcone. But first we went during this month to see the whole of the Niebelungen, first the Rheingold, the Walküre, Siegfried, the Götterdämerung, beautifully performed at Trieste.

On the 23rd of May, Richard went off to Krapina-Teplitz alone, and would not take me, as we had a chance of getting the house we wanted, and, in point of fact, I made the contract almost immediately, and gave notice to quit the old one. There is a curious law in Trieste that you must give notice, if you wish to quit a house, on the 24th of May, and on the 24th of August you must leave; so any stranger coming into Trieste on the last day mentioned, would see nothing but processions of carts and waggons covered with furniture and boxes, and it looks exactly as if a town was being deserted for a bombardment, or the moving of an army. The people, of course, who remain in their houses do not do this; it is the ones who change. I was resolved, for convenience' sake, to come to an agreement with my outgoing people to change at least a month before the time, to avoid the general confusion.

Just as Richard went off, an Arundell nephew of mine arrived in bad health. He was doing what a great many people do—embark at Liverpool on a Cunard, and do the round with the ship. You pay £40, you have two months' cruise, seeing the whole of the Mediterranean out and back, Trieste being the furthest port. The ship remained there a week.

Krapina-Teplitz did Richard no good—the waters were too strong—and he came back on the 11th of June. Mr. Aubertin arrived on a visit at the same time, and they had a great deal to discuss, both being students and translators of Camoens. The Squadron was reported the same afternoon, saluted at four p.m., and we went on board an hour after. It was two years since their last visit. It was

very much a repetition of that of 1881; there were eleven or twelve ships, and they stayed thirteen days.

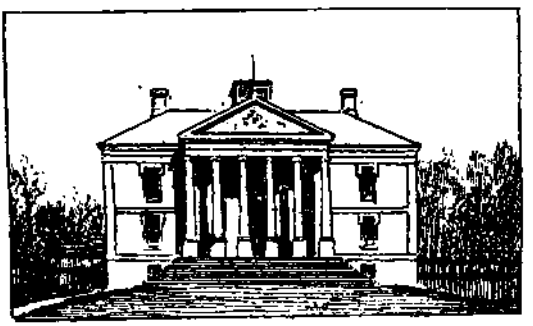
First came off the Austrian Admiral's ball—a magnificent affair in the illuminated garden, with singers from Vienna; then an equally fine ball on board the *Monarch*, my brother Jack Arundell's old ship. Our ball on the same plan as last year, but—once bit, twice shy—at the Jäger.

It is a palatial sort of residence, on the summit of a glorious wood, commanding a view of sea, town, mountains, and woods, and when illuminated with coloured lamps, Bengal lights, and electric light, was like the last scene of a pantomime. It contains a ball-room that would easily hold a thousand people, refreshment-room, large supper-rooms, a gallery for orchestra, and several cloak-rooms. There is a terrace all round it, and gardens. So we were not dependent on the weather, nor the police, nor the peasants, and the grounds were illuminated just the same for people to walk in, fireworks, etc. Our cordon of police this year behaved very well, and were under an Inspector. We all thoroughly enjoyed it, and the cotillon was a splendid fantasía, as it generally is in Austria. The next day, was my last *fête* for the animals, and at night the opera. The Captains of the ships gave a dinner to Richard and me at Opçina.

Then came the Emperor's dinner at Miramar, a dance on board the *Inflexible*. We had a splendid ball on board the *Téméraire* (Captain, now Admiral, Nicholson, who was an immense favourite with everybody), and on the 23rd they all left, to our great regret. Mr. Aubertin and Richard went to Zara, to Salona, and Spalato, and came back on the 4th of July, and then we went up to stay at the Jäger instead of Opçina, when, having deposited them there, I went back to change house.

For several days, long processions of carts were going up to the new house, and Blanche and I and the servants worked for a month, but on the 8th of July we were able to sleep in our new place, and it was fit for Richard to come into on the 16th of July, 1883. Our new residence was one of those old Palazzone which the Italians used to build in the good old time; but it so happens it was built by an English merchant, as in old days there were English merchant-princes here, but they have long since died out. It had a good entrance, so that you could drive your carriage into the hall; and a marble staircase took you into the interior, then a very mean staircase of stone took you up to the rooms; the large ones were magnificent in size, and there were twenty of all sorts. The air, the light, was delicious, and the views, had they been in England, would have had express trains to see them. One showed you the City

and Adriatic at your feet; one looked out on the open sea, this being a wooded promontory; one on an arm of the sea, a little gulf that looked like a lake surrounded by mountains, dotted with churches, spires, and little villages; and the other looked into gardens and orchards, dotted with villas. A peasant's house close to ours (about which there had been some litigation) bore a squib painted on the lintel by a wag of that time—"Carta, canta, villan dorme" ("Sing, paper; the peasant sleeps"). We also had a very large garden, and campagna (orchard) below it, wherein one could take a very tidy walk, and it overlooked the gulf in which the Austrian fleet always anchors. This was a far better home for Richard (ailing), for getting up and down stairs, for sitting in the garden, and for air, being in the hot summers eight degrees cooler than the City. He unfortunately, however, would have no bedroom, except the biggest room



HOUSE WHERE BURTON DIED.

in the house—so large that he could divide it into four parts, sleeping in one, dressing in another, writing in another, and breakfasting in another; but it looked direct to the north, it received the full force of the *Bora*, it never saw the sun, and though in winter it was thoroughly well warmed, everything got damp there, arms rusted, and so forth, and it was not until we had been there for four years that I was able to persuade him to change his abode to the best room in the house, the second largest on the other side of the house, which looked to the south and the west. I always feel that his malady would not have made such rapid progress if he would have listened to that arrangement at first.

We swam and bathed all the summer; but Richard and I found for the first time that it did not agree with us, and that our long swimming days were over. I was playing with a little puppy in early August which bit me in play, and drew blood, but in a couple of days I woke with headache and very sick, and shooting pains all

A CORNER OF THE BURTONS' DRAWING-ROOM AT TRIESTE.
From a Photograph by Dr. Baker.

up the arm, and we thought I had got hydrophobia. The arm was swelled, scarlet, very painful, and I felt light-headed. I sent for a doctor, who examined the bite, and found I had been bitten by a scorpion, of which our new house was full, just in the same place that the tooth of the dog had broken the skin. He rubbed in laudanum. I had several doses of bromide of potassium, and got all right. I was stung three times after that, which produced the same effect; but we soon exterminated the scorpions.

We used to read and write a great deal in the garden, and very often used to spend the greater part of the day there.

He notices Sir William Williams of Kars died on the 26th of July, aged eighty-three, and the great earthquake at Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, took place on the 28th. Poor Haji Wali died on the 3rd of August, at the age of eighty-four. He was Richard's companion in the days of Midian.

On the 12th of August arrived our new Consular Chaplain (the Rev. Mr. Thorndike), a charming, gentlemanly, and devout man, who had been in the army.

Richard's friend, Mr. George Paget, now arrived—he had bought a house at Scutari.

On the Emperor's birthday, 18th of August, there were two rows in the town between Austrians and Italians.

On Friday, the 24th, the Comte de Chambord (Henri V.) died. No need to comment upon such a misfortune.

Further on in August there was an Italian regatta, and we had a delightful dinner on the P. and O. *Lombardy*, the Lascar crew rowing us to San Bartolo to supper and back. We then had a visit from Mr. Lavino, correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, whom we had met so often in Vienna, and Mr. Oswald from the Foreign Office.

We went over to Monfalcone to get rid of Richard's flying gout, and Miss H. E. Bishop again came to stay with us, and we had a charming time at Dr. Gregorutti's villa and museum, and afterwards at Aquileja close by. Miss Bishop and I were delighted; but we had to hang back a little, because there was an old gentleman staying at Aquileja who did not know Richard, and he was teaching him very elementary science and ancient history in the museum, as if he were a little boy of five; and Richard was such an awfully kind man, and had such a respect for age, that he listened with as much gravity and respect as if he really were five; but he did not dare to turn round and look at us. We then had a visit from Mrs. Moore, the Consul's wife from Jerusalem. We went in to Trieste to receive Sir E. Malet; and then we made a little pilgrimage to Henri V.'s

tomb at Gorizia, and the monks gave me a bit of wood off the coffin of Charles V. Richard got much better, we returned home, and Lord Campbell arrived.

At this time poor "Zæo" was performing in the theatre, and taking her nightly leaps of seventy-five feet. One night she missed and fell. Miss Bishop and I used to visit her daily and try to do what we could for her.

To our great regret, our niece, Blanche Pigott, had to leave us on the 2nd of October, 1883, having been with us for about eighteen months; but she was required at home, and so we lost our whilom daughter. I was very glad at having Miss Bishop with me; not only a devoted friend, but so knowing about sickness. After seeing our niece off, Richard walked home, and when Miss Bishop and I had finished various commissions we arrived home, and found him with his first serious attack of gout.

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS TRAITS OF CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.

I AM afraid all this "gup," as Richard would call it, will be considered rather light and frivolous about places so well known, but I want to give every word my husband has said about his life, and where I think he has forgotten anything, I like to put it in afterwards. I am afraid of its reading in a jerky style, for a friend, who one day sat in a corner when we were collaborating on one of his big tables, wrote the following specimen of us as we were beginning our work :—

"BURTONS—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"*He.* Bless (*sic*) you, I say hold your tongue! Who wants *your* opinion?

"*She* (in a smaller voice). Oh, it is all very well, but you know you are like an iron machine, and I do all the wit and sparkle.*

"*He.* Oh, I dare say—the sparkle of a superannuated glow-worm. (Then both roared with laughter, and writing is suspended for several minutes.)

"*She.* Now then, go on, old iron-works, and have the first say."

(This is really the way most of our works, when collaborating, have been written.)

But I have a greater object than this. I want to prove to the world, that, though he was far from the sphere suited to his immense talent and services, which he had richly earned from the Governments that threw him away, his life was as happy as it could be made *under the circumstances*. It was not the being chained to a hard barren rock, as is generally represented. If the Governments had shown their appreciation of his services, had placed him where he ought to have

* This was a little bit of "chaff," because he was so afraid of saying too much about himself, that he often made it heavy with knowledge and science, and suppressed what was interesting as to his own share in the matter quoted.—I. B.

been placed, I believe I may say he would not have had a sorrow in the world. It is true that the climate was bad—all our climates were—but once gout had laid hold of him, it pursued him in *every* climate, good and bad, and he suffered much. Indeed, it was one of our pet jokes that we were so inured to bad climates that we were generally ill in good ones.

I do not forgive the Governments for this, and less the Conservative, for which he worked so hard; but they were merciful about "leave." He did not owe to them a penny of the money that enabled him to do what he liked, go where he would, have what he liked, and have the best of loving care, both wifely and medical, all his last years. He had to give half his pay to his Vice-Consul when absent, and so it suited all round, but it galled him to have to ask for leave, and if they could make no better use of him, they should at least have let him go on full pay in 1886, when he had served them forty-four years, and felt his breaking-up coming on. The only comfort I find in the blow dealt him, about not getting Marocco, is, that I fear shortly after he would have become unequal for the post, and I know that quite latterly he was not able for more than he did.

He only made four attempts to better his official life after his career was broken by recall from Damascus, and they were at the latter end of his life. One was to be made a K.C.B., in 1878; the second in 1880, to be appointed Commissioner for the Slave-trade in the Red Sea—that was ten years before his death; one to succeed Sir John Drummond-Hay in Marocco, 1885—when that was refused him, in his heart he threw up the Service, though necessity kept him on; and in 1886 his last appeal was to be allowed to retire on his full pension.

There seems to have been all along, during my husband's life, an impression that he was always craving for Government honours, and complaining of neglect. This is absolutely untrue. He was too proud, too manly, too philosophic. He was profoundly silent on the subject. It was I who did it, I who asked, I who made interest, and left no stone unturned to get him advanced to his proper deserts, not from a mean vanity, nor selfish ambition, but because I saw all these long years, with deep pain, what all the world knows and acknowledges *now*, his true merits and great work; the true hero, abandoned and forgotten, so surely as Gordon was, silently eating his heart out by a foreign fireside, with a craving for England and his fellow-men as strong as Byron's. I alone am to blame, if blame there is; and in those days the Press backed me. What harm would it have done the Service, or the Foreign Office, to have given him his last four crippled years, with his pension? This reproach has

been thrown in our teeth by successful people who ought to have had better taste.

As I said before, a man presents different characters to his wife, to *his* family, to *her* family, to his lover, to his men-friends, to his boon-companions, to the public. Now I have often, in the early days of my married life, watched with great interest and astonishment things that in after life I became quite used to. My husband, whose character naturally quite expanded with me in the privacy of our domestic life, became quite another man the moment anybody else entered the room. He was very natural with my immediate family, my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and one or two of my uncles, so that they would describe him very much in the same terms that I do. With his own family he was, again, quite a different man, so that they saw him in another light. With the few friends—and you could count them on the fingers of one hand—with whom he chose to be *really* intimate, he expanded to a certain amount; to all those he really liked he was a first-rate and staunch friend. With his boon-companions he was the centre of attraction. He would sit in the middle of them, and by his gaiety, brilliant conversation, and sound knowledge, fascinate the whole room, but to the world in general he seemed to wear a mask. He would throw out his quills like a porcupine, and somebody remarked they seemed to become harder every year.

When we were staying with my father, of whom he was particularly fond, he would always sit by him at meals. My father kept very open house, and intimates used to flock in at meal-times. Sometimes, when he would be in a full flow of spirits and gaiety, some outsider would walk in. He would stop suddenly, and his face become like a mask, and my father at first used to ask me, "What is the matter? Is Dick offended? Doesn't he like So-and-so?" and I said, "Oh no; that is his usual habit when a stranger comes in, and he will be like that until he knows him; and if he does not like him he will be always like that to him, and if he is nice he will thaw." He seemed to have a horror of any one seeing the inside of him, and if he was caught saying or doing anything good, he would actually blush, and hide it as if he had been caught committing a crime.

In married life we quite agreed about most things, and one was that complete liberty took off all the galling chain, popularly attributed by men to the monotony, dreary respectability, and conventionality of the usual British home circle, which frightens so many men from entering into matrimony, and which forms the antidote to the cosiness, companionship, and security of home, to two

people who understand each other; consequently, whenever he showed a tendency to wander, and to go without me, though I was overjoyed when I was told I might go, I never restricted him. I provided every imaginable comfort for him; I transacted all his business at home, so that he might feel that he had left his second self, that nothing would go amiss when he was away. When he returned, he got a warm and joyous welcome, and was asked no questions. He told me what he liked, at his own sweet will, and I knew that he always returned to me with pleasure. He smoked where he liked, he brought whoever he liked into the house, his friends were always welcome, and he knew he need never be ashamed or afraid to ask anybody in to lunch or dinner; in short, his home was his own, and it was comfortable. On my part, I never wanted to go away from him for an hour; but when he sent me, as he often did, on various business for him, I went. But I am glad to think, now that he has gone, that after my business was terminated, no amount of pleasure or engagements, or a need to rest, ever held me back one hour when I might have been with him. I was always on board, or in the train, two hours after the work, whatever it was, was done, but I am equally sure that if I had said to him, "Jemmy, I am hipped, or I am bored, or I want a change," he would have told me to pack up my things and to go off for a week or a fortnight to Paris or London, or anywhere else I liked.

Richard was a most moral and refined man at home in his domestic life. He was not only the best husband that ever lived, but the pleasantest man to live with, and the easiest. He was too large-minded for all the usual small worries and Grundified conventions that form the cab-shafts of domestic life in civilization. He was a man with whom it was possible to combine, to keep up all the little refinements of the honeymoon, which tends to preserve affection and respect, and a halo of romance, which we kept up for thirty years, which is to civilized European life, just what putting one's self on a lower rank than one's husband in Moslem life is in the East —it preserves respect to both man and woman; whilst anything immoral, or cruel, or dishonest called forth his anger and severity.

He was a man who, if he had not practised great self-control, *could* have had a very violent temper; but he had it so completely under him, that I have very seldom seen him in a rage, except, as I say, at anything cruel or unjust, ungentlemanly or immoral. With regard to domestic temper, it is a consolation to me to say that we never had a quarrel in our lives, nor even cross words, although occasionally women-friends worked hard to that effect. I always hold it as a rule that it is the most ungenerous thing a woman can be guilty of

to "nag" a man, because, if he is a gentleman, he is at an utter disadvantage—he can't strike her. I have often seen women nagging at their husbands till I have wondered why they did not knock them down and jump upon them. When we married, I made a promise to myself that I would never do this, and if I ever saw him a little put out about anything, and felt myself getting irritable, I used to go out of the room on some excuse till it had passed, and then come back, and by that time we would begin to chaff about it, and it was all gone. I remember once slamming the door when I went out, and I heard him roaring with laughter.

He never had any mean jealousy, as a little man would have had. If I got any praise he was glad, and when he knew that I had striven my heart out in somebody's service, or for some good, and that I got slighted, as I often did, or a still worse return, he used to be furious, and I always used to have to pretend that I liked it to keep him quiet. In some few cases, let us say in the service of the poor, or in the protection of animals, I was more frequently seen than he was, and some ignorant person would say, "Look, my dear, that is the kind lady's husband;" and he used to roar with laughing, and say, "What a capital joke for me to be known only as 'Lady B.'s husband'!" Then we used to laugh, and I used to pretend to be delighted with my importance.

I am glad to say there was only *one* will in the house, and that was *his*. He was master and mistress both, but, like all great men, he gave *carte blanche* for all little things; but if he once put his foot down, and had he chosen to say black was white, white I knew it had to be. I like that. I was only too lucky to have met my master; I hate a house where the woman is at the helm. Then, like all great men, he was open to reason, and if, after having agreed to his views, I said later on, "I am going to do what you wish, but, before it is too late, what would you think of such a plan?" he would reflect a moment, and if my idea was really good, he would at once say, "Why, of course, I never thought of it; do what you say." But if his way was best, he would say, "No, I have decided."

His kindness of heart, and consideration for other people's feelings, nobody will ever know. In public life, and with his dependents, he was severe, but very just. He was always touched by any show of confidence and trust, and I must say he met it everywhere. He was adored by servants, by children, by animals, and by all people under him—soldiers, sailors, and tribes. When any British subjects were put into prison, and he ascertained that it was unjust or harsh (for instance, as the old man of ninety imprisoned a whole winter at Damascus, deep snow on the

ground, in a narrow cell with scarce bread and water enough to keep him alive, for owing a Jew sixteen shillings which he could not pay, and these things are numerous), he used to go down once a week to the prisons, and let them out on his own responsibility, and let their accusers fight him instead of them. Hence, often complaints to the Home Government against him from the rich and powerful. Once a British sailor in Trieste was put in prison for some drunken lark; he had good-naturedly treated a native soldier to a drink, and when Jack had had enough, the native stole his watch. Jack, naturally, immediately knocked him down and took it from him, so he was locked up. The next day Richard got a very dirty-looking note, on which was written outside, "The Council." The seal was Jack's dirty thumb. Inside was—

"BURTIN,

"i ham hin trobel, kum and let me haout.

"TIM TROUNCER."

Richard was delighted, and immediately went off and got the sailor out, and got the authorities to put the native soldier in his place. I simply give this as an illustration of the manner in which he was trusted and loved.

His mode of study was as follows:—

In *early* life he studied everything till he had passed in it, whether it was medicine, law, theology, or any other branch. In after life he kept his knowledge on a steady platform, studying up all things together to a certain point at so much a day, "raising the platform" (as he called it) equally. He never passed a day without reading up something in one of his twenty-nine languages; hence he spoke them all without difficulty, never mixing them. He then read a good deal, and took notes, and cut any useful and interesting paragraphs from about ten English and four local papers. He used to examine into the meaning and the etymology of words as he went on, with all their bearings and different spellings; he never read hurriedly, passing anything over. He wrote for a certain time in the day at several different tables—a table to each work. He kept himself up in all the passing events of the day, wrote his journal, copied anything that struck him, and at night he always "cooled his head" with a novel. If he were sick he would go to bed for several days—went on the starvation system, banished all business from his mind, and had piles of novels on chairs by his bed. One day he would get up quite well and go to work again. The most remarkable thing about him was, that every man who spoke to him found, that his one specialty was Richard's specialty. It seemed as if there was

nothing that he did not know; and as for hidden things, he seemed to guess them by intuition as if he were a magician.

People will wonder if I tell them of a quality quite unsuspected on the exterior. The older he grew, the greater dislike he had for women who went wrong. He was always civil to them, especially in his own house, but there was a coldness in his manner to them, in contrast to people who were innocent, and he seemed to detect them by instinct. He used to tell me that he inherited this from his father, who in his old age was exactly the same, and if any lady known to have *affaires gallantes* was coming, that he used to turn round to his mother and say, "Mind, Martha! I won't have that adulteress put by me." He was also very indignant if any lady was insulted. He especially disliked a man who boasted of favours received, or let one know in any way about it—he always said such a one was no Englishman; and when he heard that any woman had lost her reputation through being simply kind to anybody, he took her part. He said, "Those are not even the men who 'kiss and tell,' but the men who 'tell and have not kissed.' A man when he really has any affair with a woman, if he is a man, is deadly silent about it." In his journals he has mapped and classified his men into three sorts as regarding their conduct with women:—

"1. The English gentleman who kisses and does not tell.

"2. The snob who kisses and tells, or if he does not actually tell, he insinuates with a smile and a gesture.

"3. Is the lying coward who tells and does not kiss, has never been allowed the chance of kissing, who has a snub to avenge, or who blackmails for money; who forge their own love-letters, and read them not only to their friends, but at cafés and clubs.

"The two last classes were more or less unknown in England till the introduction of so much foreign blood and foreign contact. It never would have occurred to the pure-blooded Englishman. Unfortunately, when men debase themselves by asking ladies for money (there is always something generous in a woman to a man—not to her own sex), they pity them, and are kind to them, and give it to them, instead of doing what they ought to do—ringing the bell and having the man turned out of the house. I have seen more innocent women lose a spotless reputation by those acts of kindness, than others by an illicit love with an English gentleman. When I see a man trying to prove that a woman drinks, or that she is out of her mind, or hysterical, or a liar, if he tells it to me once I may forget it, but if he tells it to me twice I know that that man has got something serious to hide, and that that woman knows his secret. If the man is effeminate, or deformed, or vain, morbid, or craving for notice and sympathy, be sure it is

his own state he describes, and not the woman he runs down, who has snubbed him and knows what he wants to hide."

Of critics and reviewers he wrote as follows:—

"They no longer review books; when they are incompetent they review the author, and if the author's politics and religion do not happen to agree with the office of that paper, it admits scurrilous and personal paragraphs on the authors themselves, bringing up a sort of *dossier* of the author, which would be considered even disgraceful in a trial in a criminal court. Thirty years ago this would never have been allowed. This may amuse the writer, it may excite the reader, but I protest against it. Nothing can be less profitable to an author or a reader than a long tirade of peevish, petulant, personal comment, and unanswerable sneer. This is only used by people who can shelter themselves under an anonymous signature, or a *Critique manqué*, and is quite the mark of a pretender in literature and critical art, and which seldom disfigures the style of a true or able critic."

Much as he disliked unjust or coarse criticism, he delighted in playful bits of chaff like the following from the writer of the *feuilleton* in the *Queen*, the lady's newspaper and Court chronicle. He had simply written to the *Morning Post* a little chaff, telling truly what he had seen at a private Davenport *séance*.

"Oh, R. F. B.! Oh, R. F. B.!
How can you such a ninny be?
Why peril a good name and fame
By playing into tricksters' game?
Why, when all other dodges fail,
Apply your aid to prop a tale
Not half so true as 'Gammer Gurton,'
With such a name as R. F. Burton?"

"Gaiety," in speaking of *Echo*, said—

"The *Echo* is just a bit wild,
Its par is indeed a hard hitter;
In fact, it is not drawn mild,
It is a matter of Burton and bitter."

Anent the "Arabian Nights," a young girl says—

"What did he say to you, dear aunt?
That's what I want to know.
What did he say to you, dear aunt?
That man at Waterloo!

"An Arabian old man, a Nights old man,
As Burton, as Burton can be;
Will you ask my papa to tell my mamma
The exact words and tell them to me?"

There was another capital chaff on his "Lusiads," but I cannot find it.

With regard to flowers, he would go out and bring one little wild flower and put it in a glass of water on his table—sometimes a single leaf. If anybody gave him a bouquet, or brought hothouse or garden flowers and put them under his nose, he would turn away with disgust; and people will no doubt laugh when I tell them that it was a peculiar form of asceticism which ran like a thread (one amongst many) through his life. He learnt singing, but he found his own voice so disagreeable in song he would not go on with it, whilst his speaking voice never had its equal—so soft and deep and attractive, that every one would stop to listen as if it were a sweet-toned bell.

In music he had the finest ear, so that a false note was an agony to him; and he could fully appreciate all Eastern music and gypsy music that would sound tuneless to an English ear, and only loved the minor key. He would go to an opera to hear a new *prima donna*, but he could not abide amateur music, and at evenings at home, if anybody proposed a little music, and a girl got up and nervously warbled a ballad about banks and butterflies, he used to put his hand to his stomach and walk out of the room. He did not allow me to cultivate much music, but if I sang melancholy music in a minor key, in a soft low voice, he would throw open the door even while he was at work.

He was intensely simple in his tastes. I used to busy myself greatly, Martha-like, about making his room extremely comfortable; but the moment I put anything pretty in it, it used to be put in the passage. He liked large plain deal tables, about six feet long and three or four feet broad, with no table-cloth. He would tie a red bandanna on the leg for a penwiper. He liked hard wooden writing-chairs, and to have a great many of these tables—one for each separate work; a small iron bedstead, with iron wove mattress, no sheets, but plenty of English white soft warm blankets. He would have no night-light; but would never have blinds nor shutters drawn, that he might see daylight as soon as possible, and the last of the twilight. His bookshelves were all of plain deal, and each category upon which he was working, was kept separate. He would not have his books and papers touched, and preferred dust and cobwebs to their being moved. His three private rooms contained only books, swords, pistols, and guns, scientific instruments, a few medicines, and plenty of clothes. He loved his old clothes. He would order rows of greatcoats and ulsters, and then go out in a little thin coat to keep himself hardy.

He had a great love for boots, and sometimes had as many as a hundred pairs in the house. I used to implore to be allowed to give his old hats away to the cabmen, and he only laughed immensely at my getting so ashamed of them; but he always had loads of new clothes, and wore the old ones for preference. There was one rather amusing story about a fencing-shoe. He lost one, and he went and asked his bootmaker if he would make him another. He said, "No; he would make him a pair." He took this shoe all over the world, and every bootmaker he saw he asked him to make the odd shoe; but nobody ever would. At last we found out that there is a superstition amongst bootmakers that if they make one boot they die. He tried it for eighteen years and never succeeded, and I have the odd shoe now in remembrance.

He never would keep two of anything. If he had two things of a sort he gave one away, and if he became attached to any particular thing he would give it away—another asceticism—nor would he indulge in any perfume except good eau de Cologne.

With regard to food, he was very fond of what some people would call common things; but no man understood better how to order a dinner, or what to order, and how to enjoy it, especially in Paris. He used to say that French cooking and English materials and a good cellar ought to keep any man alive for a hundred years; but when he could not get these luxuries he preferred, not the demi-semi sort of table with sham *entrées*, but whatever food of the country the natives ate. For instance, in West Africa on the coast, everything was turtle, which abounds. In Brazil it was *fejão* and *farinha*, which *fejoada* was brown beans, covered with a very savoury sauce, and coarse flour (the two mixed up together are delicious); and also a kind of hot-pot, which was kept continually going. In Damascus and all Eastern places it would be *kous-kous*, of which he never tired, and *kabábs;* and in Trieste, *risotto* (a savoury rice dish with lumps of meat thrown about in it), *polenta* (yellow meal made something like a pudding with little birds in it), *ravioli* (Genoese paste), and so on.

But, in fact, in each place that we went to, he used native dishes, native wine, and native smoke, cigars or otherwise, because, as he argued, they were adapted to the climate. So when we came to a pretentious hotel, and he asked for common things—let us say the little black olives—the proprietor would say, "Oh dear, no, Sir; we don't keep such common things as that;" and he used to say, "Then send out sharp and get them." He loved *bácalá* (dried codfish) and *sauerkraut*, but they have both such a horrid smell that I bargained to have them on Saturday, the day *after* my

reception day (Friday). One thing he could not bear, and that was honey. As some people know that there is a cat in a room, he also could not sit in the room with honey, and knew even if it was kept in the most secret drawer or cupboard. Sometimes after a dinner or lunch I have said to him, "What made you look so uncomfortable?" And he would say, "There was honey in the room, and I thought they would think I was mad if I asked to have it removed; but I felt quite faint."

His great treat of all was a sucking-pig, three weeks old, roasted well with the crackle, stuffing, and apple-sauce; and this was always ordered on our wedding-day and on his birthday.

With regard to what he drank, from the time of Richard's attacks of gout, he stuck steadily to three ounces a day of whisky-and-water during the twenty-four hours. His favourite wine was port—he used to call it the "prince of wines;" but he was not allowed it during the last three years and a half. Champagne he cared but little for. I was so sorry that he could not add, being no longer living, his testimony to Dr. Broadbent, when the discussion was on in the papers about drink in 1891; but I can do it for him now, and confirm it too. In all bad climates—West Africa, India, and elsewhere—when an epidemic such as cholera or yellow fever comes on, the first men to die are the water-drinkers, and when the first virulence has polished them off, it clears off the drunkards, and the only persons left living are the moderate drinkers. This is a positive fact, and anybody who gainsays it, has had no practical experience in very bad climates.

Our days used to be passed as follows:—

Of course, I am not speaking now of the last three and a half years that he was sick and I broken down. In his days of health and strength he suffered from insomnia, and he could not get more than two or three hours' sleep. For the first twenty-two years of my married life, I made our early tea at any time from three to half-past five, according to the seasons (and if I happened to go to a ball I did not find it worth while to go to bed); we had tea, bread and butter, and fruit. Now, if it was a home day, we would set to work first on our journals, then on the correspondence, and then to our literature. I did the greater part of his correspondence by dictation or directions, and then copied for him or wrote *with* him and *for* him. At eleven or twelve, according to the seasons, we had a regular *déjeuner* (lunch), answering to the continental fashion. He would then go to the Consulate or we went for a long walk, or I would do visits or shopping, or look after the Societies of which I was President—it might be for the poor or the animals. If it were summer, we would

take an hour's swim; if it were winter, an hour at the fencing school. In our declining days, in the summer time, we had an hour's *siesta* before beginning new work. At four o'clock a sit-down tea of bread and butter and fruit and jam, at which most of our intimates and our Staff would flock in; and then we would return to our literature till evening dinner, either in garden or house. After dinner we smoked and read, went to bed about ten, and read ourselves to sleep.

Sometimes we were invited out, or invited friends, and this was varied by long excursions, riding, driving, walking, or boating. We generally knew every stick and stone for fifty miles round the place we lived in, and, of course, larger travels or camp life varied again from this. Camp life for me would begin two hours before dawn, when I would see the horses watered, fed, groomed, and saddled, and somebody else the striking of the tents, the packing and loading of the baggage animals. At dawn we started, and we rode until the sun was impossibly hot. We then called a halt, got shade if we could, loosened the girths, watered our beasts and ourselves if possible, fed them and ourselves if we could, and in all cases rested. After about a couple of hours we went on again till sunset. We then bivouacked for the night. If we were amongst any tribes, his diwan was spread, *chibouks* and lemonade were prepared, and he sat in state and received chiefs or notables. I used to walk off with the horses, and went through the whole detail again of changing saddle and bridle for clothing and halter, cooling, watering, feeding, clothing, picketing, and then back to the tent to join the party in a humble and unostentatious manner as would become a young man, *if I were posing as such*—say a son or a dependant.

Once the visits were over we had supper, and to bed, and to-morrow *da capo*.

During our last three and a half years we were both broken down, though I am still alive to tell the tale, and we had to forget what we *used* to do, and train down to what we *could* do; but I look back with comfort and pride on the reflection that during our thirty years of married life we never lost a minute, and that it was all occupied in trying to "soar," and not to "drop." The word always in his mouth was "work, work, work," and his motto always, "Excelsior!"

He had another peculiarity on which he rather prided himself. In his latter years about most things he was excessively open—in fact, I used to be rather surprised and sometimes worried at the way in which he talked quite openly of his plans before utter strangers, and corresponded freely about literature with people he had never seen, and I often think that he came to a great deal of harm that

way, that untrue people were apt to trade upon it; and, on the other hand, on the things he really felt most, he prided himself on his secrecy, and was very fond of *hiding things*. I used to tell him he was a regular magpie, because in the end he hid them so well that he used to have to come and call me to try and find them.

He used to trust me with the whole of the money, and I rendered him a monthly account, and it amused him immensely to pretend to people that I never allowed him any money, but sent him out with half a crown. Sometimes, when he made a small literary profit, he would hide it away, and it used invariably to get stolen. Once he put away £18 after this fashion, and our cook in our absence let some boy-friend of hers come in to play with the weapons; the boy poked his nose into all the drawers and found it, and stole it, and after that he did not hide any more.

He never knew how much he had, if he had debts or anything. I managed all that, and used to show him once a month a total of what was spent and what there was to go on with. He liked money for what it would bring, but he was very generous; he never gave it a thought, and he spent it as fast as he got it. He gave freely. He was born to be rich, and he liked to be thought rich. His own motto which he composed for himself was, "HONOUR, NOT HONOURS;" and his chaff motto for young ladies' albums, and which he would never explain to them, was as follows:—

"Sháwir hunna wa Khálif hunna."

"Consult them (*fem.*) and (do contrary) to them."

It is very curious the ignorance with which he was occasionally met. An educated man from Vienna asked him one day if he had ever been to Africa, and an educated Englishwoman, after living nearly eighteen years with him in Trieste, asked him the same question, and was not aware that he had ever written a book. I think that gives people some idea of his modesty.

He had a great objection *personally* to cremation, although he thought it a clean and healthy thing; but he said with his usual joke at a serious thing, "I do not want to burn before I have got to;" and secondly, "When a fellow has been quartered for seven years or more close to a Hindú *smáshán*, or burning-ground, it reminds him so painfully of the unpleasant smell of roast Hindú" (which pervaded his quarters when he was a struggling ensign or lieutenant). He used to carry a stick, which it was a pain to lift, to exercise the muscles of his arms; his Damascus pipe held a quarter of a pound of tobacco; his elephant-guns, with which he used to trot about Africa, of twenty-four pounds, which carried a four-ounce ball, I can only just lift; and, on the other hand, and later on in life, he would

buy such diminutive things that they were almost more fit for a doll's house than for a man.

His handwriting, as everybody knows, was so small as to be almost invisible, and he used jokingly to say that the printers struck work when one of his manuscripts went in. *They* used to make hideous mistakes, and *he* used to abuse them in what he jokingly called "langwidge" all down the margins, and one day a firm sent up a foreman to say that the men declined to go on if they were abused in that manner. I was sent to interview the man, and we both laughed so much we could hardly speak, but he said he would go back and try to pacify them. Richard used always to say that a wee writing, as if done with a pin, betokened a big, strong man; a bold, dashing hand, as if written with the poker, was always a tiny, golden-haired, baby-faced woman.

Sometimes, when people annoyed Richard in little ways, I would say, "Never mind; why do you take notice of such little things?" and he invariably answered, "I am like an elephant's trunk; I can pick up a needle and root up a tree."

In his latter days, though his eyes were as soft and as brilliant and youthful as they could be, he only required spectacles just at the very end to read his own writing or small print, and the oculist found that he had two quite different eyes, which had been complained of in Madame Gutmansthal's picture, showing what a true artist she was. The right required No. 50 convex, and the left eye 14 convex. He turned to me and said, "I always told you that I was a dual man, and I believe that that particular mania when I am delirious is perfectly correct."

Description of Richard in Egypt.

Cutting from the *Argonaut.*

Edwin de Leon, for many years Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, thus writes of the late Sir Richard Burton:—

"Richard Burton was self-reliant, self-sustained, seeking no support from heaven or earth, substituting self-will for faith and strenuous effort for Divine assistance; endowed by nature with a frame of iron and muscles of steel, he was an athlete who might have figured in the arena in Greek or Roman times. Audacious in speech and act, and fond of shocking the prejudices of those with whom he talked, he was the expounder of the most outrageous paradoxes possible to conceive. He was eminently a social animal; loved the pleasures of the table, and would talk with a friend all night in preference to going to bed, and in the Chaucerian style. Yet, with women, I never knew him even hint an indelicacy; for

the charm of his conversation was to them very great, he had so much to tell. In his earlier days he was a strikingly handsome man, and even since his face had been scarred and furrowed by wounds and trials, there yet lingered on that expressive countenance the 'faded splendour wan' which had survived his youth. Among his personal habits was that of carrying in his hand an iron walking-stick, as heavy as a gun, to keep his muscles properly exercised, and a blow from his fist was like a kick from a horse. Mind and muscle with him were equally strong propellers, and the animal nature as vigorous as the intellectual. He had the faculty of making staunch friends and bitter enemies, and many of each. Burton had a curious characteristic which he shared with Lord Byron—that of loving to paint himself much blacker than he really was, and to affect vices, much as most men affect virtues, and with the same insincerity. In one of his shipwreck stories, after describing how they all suffered from the pangs of hunger, and the wolfish glances they began to cast on each other from time to time as the days wore on and no relief came, dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, almost under his breath he added, 'The cabin-boy was young and fat, and looked very tender, and on him, more than on any other, such looks were cast, until——' Here he paused, looked around at the strained and startled faces of his auditors, in which horror was depicted, and then abruptly concluded, as though dismissing a disagreeable memory, 'But these are not stories to be told at a cheerful dinner-party, in a Christian country, and I had best say no more. Let us turn to some more cheerful subject.' Of course he was pressed to continue and complete his story, but stubbornly refused; leaving his hearers in a most unsatisfactory state of mind as to the *dénouement* of the unfinished narrative."

Description of Richard in his Study at Trieste.

Cutting from *Life*.

"Though standing nearly six feet high, he did not look a tall man, his broad shoulders, deep chest, and splendidly developed limbs deceiving the eye as to his real height. His hands and feet were small. His hair was of the deepest black, and was always worn close-cropped. In the East he went with his head clean shaven, covered with a fez and a white cap underneath it. As a talker he was unrivalled. His voice was soft and musical, contrasting strangely with the commanding tones which one would fancy necessary for him whose life so often depended on the power of his tongue over uncivilized men. His laugh was like the rattle of a pebble thrown across a frozen pond. While the best of ordinary men never aspire to know more than something of everything, and everything of something, he might almost without exaggeration be said to know everything of everything. He was an especial favourite of young men, who would literally sit at his feet as he talked. To all he was the kindest and truest of friends, and the brightest and

most uncomplaining of companions in spite of his many disappointments.

"His literary work was always a labour of love with him, and those in the next room would often hear a hearty laugh burst from him as he lighted on the quaint conceit of some Oriental chronicler."

He was a man dearly loved by all Eastern races, by children and servants, and animals; he never made a mistake about character, and often when I have been quite delighted with people he has warned me against them, and forbidden me to have anything to do with them. I have never known him wrong in his estimate.

He had a wonderful prescience of things and events, even of those things of which he knew the least. I might quote a little common instance of so trite a thing as the "Argentines." I had some money in Argentines—not much, only a few hundreds—and one day without any rhyme or reason he ordered me to take them out. I thought to myself that if a first-rate lawyer and a first-rate broker put them in, that it must be right, and that Richard, being anything but a business man, could not possibly know anything about it, so I did not write the letter. Six months later he gave me a call; I went into his room. "Did you ever write that letter that I desired you to write, taking your money out of the Argentines?" "No, Jemmy," I said; "you know you know nothing about business, and it is a good percentage." He said very sternly, "Go and bring your pen and paper directly, and sit down here, and write it before me, and I will post it myself." He dictated to me a most imperative letter to my lawyer, desiring him to withdraw the money the moment he received the letter, without stopping to write back any questions. It was done, and my lawyer wrote me back a very aggrieved letter at my want of confidence in the judgment of his broker, and bitterly complained that I had lost £14. I gave it to Richard, who was delighted. A fortnight later the smash came. To show how kind-hearted he is, he called me and said laughingly, "I forbid you to write and taunt your lawyer; I know it is an awful temptation." He was so extremely punctiliously conscientious in his conduct to other people, so full of kindnesses and consideration for the feelings and peculiarities of other people.

I know that he is appreciated already, but not yet understood. His nobility of nature and chivalry belonged to the Knights of the Middle Ages. His science, erudition, and broad views belong to sixty years hence; his misfortune was not belonging to his Time, and hence the many failures during his life.

CHAPTER XI.

DECLINE IN OUR WELL-BEING.

END OF 1883.

A CHANGE now came over our circumstances for the worse, and here we begin the last seven years of his life, three and a half years of long gout sicknesses, on and off, without any suspicion of danger, though much suffering, and three and a half years after that, when every moment was a fear. He began now to notice in his journals when he heard the first nightingale, when the first cuckoo note in spring, and for some time past he had noticed the first swallow, and the first flight of swallows, and then their departure, with increasing sadness. For these twenty-two years of our married life I had made, as I said, our morning tea at any time from three o'clock in the morning up to half-past five, and if I came home late from any party, I found it was not worth while to go to bed; but now he began to have it at six and 6.30. On the 16th Miss Bishop had to go.

We went up very much to Opçina, where Richard got better and could walk. Mrs. Learmouth and family came to Trieste for a while, and then Mr. Steigand came to stay with us, and our old friend and Governor, Baron Pino.

He notices the death of Captain Mayne Reid on the 31st of October.

On the 31st of November Richard really got so bad he alarmed me, for he nearly fainted, and I got the master of the Opçina Inn (Daneu) to help me to bring him down to Trieste, and had rooms prepared on the *other* side of our house; and about four hours after, in his new warm room, he got perfectly well. It was a curious kind of gout, because he would seem to be in agonies of pain, and after trying no end of things, one would suddenly hit upon something quite simple that took it all away. He was well enough in a day or two to lunch on board the *Bokhara*, and also the P. and O. *Gwalior*. We got tired of consulting doctors, and we sent for the wife of the

Schinder (the dog-slaughterer), who lived up in the forest of Prevald, and was reported to be a wise woman. She said that Richard had *mandrone*, or flying pains. The worst was, that as soon as he was a little bit better he would forget what he had suffered, and commit some little imprudence, like going out in the *Bora;* it was so hard for him to believe he ever could be an invalid.

We went out a great many drives, which did him more good than anything. Sometimes he would pay visits. We used to go to Miramar and sit out in the gardens.

I found the best way was to take him about a great deal to different places. I always contrived that he saw plenty of people, asking amusing people to dine or breakfast. I got then an attack of peritonitis that kept me in bed for a week; fortunately Richard and I were never ill at the same time, and I was up and able to attend him when he got his gout back again.

In the night of the 19th, the Admiralty (situated below our house) took fire, and the roof was burnt out.

We were able also to keep our St. Silvester with the Gutmansthals, but so many people had gone away, that it was not the same as the year before.

On the 6th of December, 1883, he puts the following notice in his journal in red ink :—

"To-day, eleven years ago, I came here; what a shame!!!"

He notices the death of Richard Doyle the 11th of December.

1884.

At this time we were far from being well off, and we were obliged to incur many expenses for Richard's illness; besides which, I hoped he would get change of air. It may be imagined, therefore, that when the news of the death of an aunt by marriage who did not care very much for me, and whom I very seldom saw, reached me that I received the intelligence that she had left me a legacy of £500 with pleasure. All the early part of the year we had a bad time of it. Richard had insisted on going back to the big room, and once he had put on a damp coat. I always think that foreign doctors do not understand English constitutions, which can never stand starving, and they do always starve you. He went on alternately better and worse.

In all these attacks I never left his room, day or night, and I frequently used to disobey orders as to diet. When he was free from pain he was immensely cheerful, and used to laugh like a schoolboy at his doctor, who *would* speak English for the sake of

learning and practising it. "What him eat to-day?" "Pheasant, doctor!" He plunged his hands into his hair as if he were going to tear it all out. "What for you give him the wild?" (German, *das wild*, meaning game). One day after about six months he said, "You sall give him ten drops of rum in a tumbler of water for his dinner!" Peals of laughter came from the sick-bed. "Ach! das ist gut to hear him laugh like dat? Vat for he laugh?" I answered, "Because he gets a brandy-grog fit for a sailor every night, or he would have been a dead man long ago." More tearing of the hair and real displeasure. When he got over that illness he was a veritable skeleton; his legs were like two sticks of sealing-wax.

On the 4th of February Richard lost the use of his legs. After this he got better and better, and we were quite cheerful till the 14th of March. He had been moved on to a divan in the drawing-room, upon which we had made a bed, for change of air. He was so well that I thought I might take a walk in the garden, when a servant came flying after me to tell me that he was faint. I rushed up again, and found him very bad, and sent off for two doctors. They gave him twenty-five drops of digitalis three times at intervals of fifty minutes, and for two days and nights I never left his side. What the doctors had feared was a clot of blood arising to the heart, and I shall never forget the anguish of that time. What it *really* was, though we did not know it then, was flatulence round the heart, which would have been brought away by drinking boiling water; but after two days he was so well that we could wheel him about the house in a chair. The following day he had very bad attacks of the same, and then he seemed to get quite well. He again had one bad attack, and then all was well. From that he rallied wonderfully, and he began to walk.

On the 27th of March he was allowed to go out for a drive, but even that gave him a little fresh cold. He was allowed then to sit in the garden. I had a machine constructed to carry him up and down stairs, and a wheel-chair in the garden, so that he could drive about and get out and walk a few steps with the help of my arm and a stick, if he liked.

We had a present from home of good claret and good port. He was awfully fond of port, and when he got his first glass he said, "Ah! that puts life into a man." Mr. George Paget came, and Mr. and Mrs. Phipps from the Embassy in Vienna, and Mr. Fahie from Persia, and we took drives. Richard was able to tidy his books again. The doctor came for the last time (regularly) on the 8th of April. He then went through a course of sulphur baths in the house.

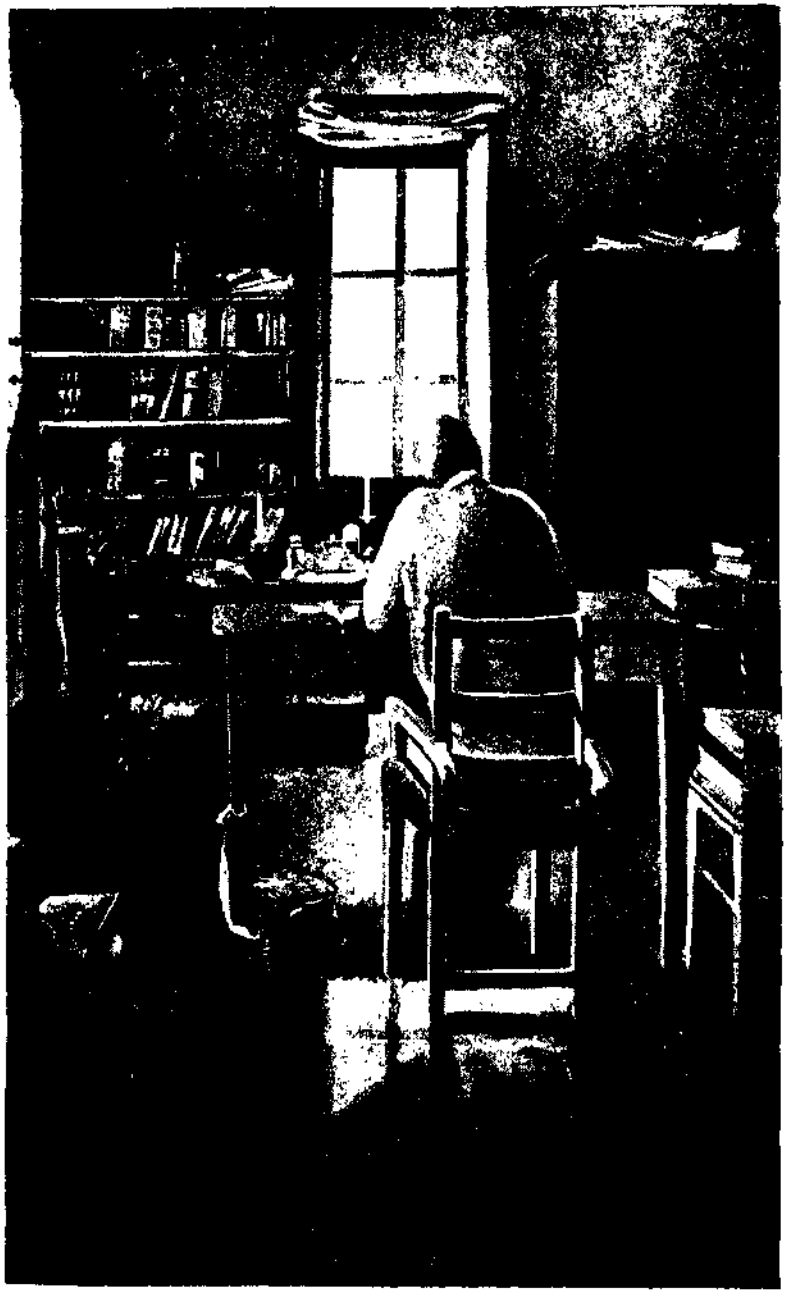
During this eight months' illness he had had a bad attack of pain, and I had a mattress by his bed, and if he slept, I slept; if he was awake, I was by him; but I had been thirty-six hours on duty, without taking my clothes off, trying to alleviate the pain by various things until he slept. I then threw myself on the mattress and slept a dead sleep, and, as he told me afterwards, he woke up with the pain and groaned, and heard a sleepy voice issuing from my mattress, saying, "Oh, offer it up, dear; offer it up." I was unconscious of all this, but when after some hours I really woke, I thought he was swearing very hard, but at last I distinguished him saying exactly in the same tones as if he were swearing, "Offer it up, dear; offer it up." I asked him what he meant, and then he told me, and he said that he had laughed so much that it had quite done him good, and he often afterwards used this expression instead of rapping out an oath when the pain came.

All this time until the 4th of June, Richard was able to be wheeled out, and to walk and sit in the garden, and to take drives with me. He was very patient, very gentle, and very cheerful too, except when he was actually suffering, and we observed rigidly all the doctor's daily orders, whether sulphur baths or medicines, only reserving the right of plenty of plain wholesome food, and some claret, a very occasional glass of port, a nightly glass of grog, and the very essence of beef by simmering the meat in a jar put into a saucepan of boiling water, or squeezing the meat in a lemon squeezer, and plenty of Brand's strengthening things for invalids. I began to perceive that the drainage left much to be desired, and I was very troublesome to my poor dear landlord, who was a personal friend; but he always stoutly maintained that the smells were in my nose, and that he could not pull down the house to please me, and it was three years before I got what I wanted.

Richard notes with sorrow the death of Admiral Glyn on February 16th.

On the 1st of April, 1884, he began his "Arabian Nights" (Calcutta edition), taking it up from the material already collected with Dr. Steinhaüser thirty years before, and I volunteered to work the financial part of it. His journal shows him to be very sorry for the death of Trübner, of the great publishing house in Ludgate Hill, and also for Charles Reade, the novelist and dramatist, who was a good friend of ours, and who died on April 10th.

On the 15th of April, 1884, we had to call in an amanuensis to begin to copy the "Arabian Nights," as, what with attending Richard night and day, and doing all his correspondence and business, I got no time to copy.



RICHARD BURTON IN HIS BEDROOM AT TRIESTE.

Here he began his "Arabian Nights," 1st April, 1884. In this room he died on 20th October, 1890.

By Albert Letchford.

In May he obtained leave of absence, but was too weak to leave for a little while after its arrival. An incident happened which it is perhaps silly to relate, but which is uncomfortable when you have sick and dying people in the house. One girl in the house had died of consumption, and my husband was lying ill. The day the girl died, all the bells in the house kept ringing without hands, and continued for about ten days, to our great discomfort, and there were blows on the doors, as if somebody was going round with a stick. We could see the bell-pulls moving, but no hands touching them. It caused the deceased girl's family great fear, and was very uncanny.

We were able to start on the 4th of June. We had a very trying journey to Graz, which is halfway to Vienna; the train was a regular buck-jumper. Richard was quite done up three or four hours before arriving. On getting out he could hardly stand, and his head was whirling. The Hôtel Daniele was only just across the road, and leaning on me he managed to get there; I left the baggage at the station till afterwards. We stayed the whole of the next day to rest him, but had a very miserable time of it, and then went on to Vienna, which he bore very well, for it was a quiet, agreeable journey, but he had had quite enough of it when we arrived at the Erzherzog Karl Hotel.

Colonel Primrose came, and we saw Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, and our friends the Pinos. Two days afterwards Richard began to feel quite different, and he enjoyed so much seeing Sir Augustus and Lady Paget. She is one of the most charming, the cleverest, and most sympathetic of women. We left Vienna on Tuesday, the 10th, by an early train, and he was able to bear a pleasant journey of nine hours to Marienbad, although I must say that the only two objects of interest between Vienna and Marienbad are Prince Schwarzenberg's castle and the storks sitting on their nests on the cottage roof-tops. We went to Klinger's Hotel, and here he rapidly progressed, and went through the cure. We found Miss Bishop here, which was a great pleasure. She took us in hand, and literally drove us out for long walks. Richard was delighted with the wild strawberries, myosotis, buttercups, and daisies, and enjoyed Marienbad very much. I found the Society for Protection of Animals, founded in 1882, very flourishing, and gave the dog-prizes. When we went for the first time on the promenade to hear the band, he looked round for a minute, and said, "My God, what a lot of Jews! Why, the whole of Noah's Ark is turned out here!" And they really did look just like the little figures out of Noah's Ark. Mr. J. J. Aubertin now arrived, so that we were four in party. From here we visited Königswort,

Prince Metternich's place. It was a very pleasant life, strolling about in the forests, reading together, and occasionally having a professor to read German to us, making occasional expeditions, such as to Podhorn and Tepl. There was a very pretty concert of eight Spanish students, paying their way with guitar and bandurria. They sang lovely little Spanish songs, and charmed everybody very much. We made one excursion to Eger to see the Schloss, and the small interesting collection, which details the whole tragedy of Wallenstein at the Rathhaus. In our absence two griefs happened at Trieste. One was the death, on the 8th of June, of a very peculiar little child, whom we had taken a great fancy to and a great interest in, but whose story would not come well into this book. She had foretold her own death on this day three months before, when in good health. The other was of a poor Irish lady, who had made an unfortunate marriage, and was bravely earning her living in Trieste by giving lessons. She got suddenly ill, and the doctor on visiting her, seeing that she had no means of comfortable nursing, advised she should accompany him to the hospital. She did, and she died almost immediately, and had to be buried within a few hours, and what hurt us more than all was that nobody knew it till it was over. Marienbad never agreed with me, and I had to let Richard and Mr. Aubertin go over to Carlsbad without me, but they were only absent a day.

A very interesting and peculiar person we used always to meet every year, was a second Cuthbert Bede from Oxford, whose real name was Mr. Robert Laing.

On return after the cure, we went back for a few days to Vienna, and then left as if we were returning to Trieste, but descending at Pöltschach, from which is a pleasant drive to Roitsch-Säuerbrunn in Steiermark, where we did a *nach-kur*. This place is not at all well known. There is no town, but there are rows of houses for patients, bathing and drinking places, a good Kur-saal, a Catholic chapel, a good restaurant, a large garden and shady walks running between the two rows of buildings, where the band plays twice a day. It is surrounded by lovely woods and mountains, and a large level country to drive upon. It is very pleasant in summer. You never see any English there, but plenty of Austrians, Italians, Hungarians, Slavs, and Jews. We there had the pleasure of constantly seeing Monsignor Strossmayer, who is an ultra-Slav and a sort of Prince Archbishop, almost a small Pope in his own country. We saw a great deal also of the Baroness von Vay Wurmbrandt, the great spiritualist. Here we stayed till the 3rd of September, leading the pleasant idle life usual at that kind of bath. We found a bath-

chair which accompanied us on all our walks; we drove out; made excursions, and read and wrote under the trees.

On the 3rd of September we left Sauerbrunn for Trieste, and went on the 4th to meet Lord Northbrook, with Sir Evelyn Baring, Lord Wolseley, Major Wardropp and Major Macdonald, Lord Airlie, Lord Charles Beresford, Colonel Swaine, and others. The *Iris* came in to fetch them. Mr. George Paget, Mr. Egerton, and Major Hoare also arrived, and lastly the Marchese and Marchesa di Guiccioli, best known to us through Byron, though that is not a source of pride to the family. Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Professor Sayce, and Mr. Myers, *en route* to Egypt, were the next visitors, and we enjoyed their week's stay very much. Arrived also Dr. MacDouall the author, Lady Baring, Artin Yakoob Pasha and his wife, Madame Nubar Pasha, and Mr. Rowett, a great merchant from Rangoon, married to a friend of ours, Miss Ritterbandt; then came Colonel Wynne, Lady Fitzgerald, Mr. Quirk, Mrs. Reginald Talbot, Miss Wortley, and the travellers, Mr. James and Mr. Lort-Philips, *en route* to Somali-land. So we had a lively time.

There were earthquakes all this month. The next sad thing was that Everard Primrose wrote to ask us to take his passage for Egypt, that he wanted to go to the Soudan; and he came down with Colonel Gerard, stayed a day and a night at Trieste, and we saw them off to join the Camel-corps in the Soudan on the 3rd of October. He promised on his return to stay a fortnight with us, as we had so often stayed with him. We never saw him again. He ought never to have gone; but his high spirit and breeding would not let him be a drawing-room soldier when there was service going on. A delicate man, and accustomed to luxury (especially such a life as that of military *attaché* at Vienna), left him no strength to throw off fever, under such hardships and disadvantages as were his lot, when it took hold of him. Again we went for a short visit to Monfalcone, Duino, and Aquilea.

Being the Consul's wife, I had a good many funny experiences, and met with all possible classes and characters. One of the annoyances of a Consul, and, if they are women, of his wife, is that everybody who is not strictly honest, and is fond of making delightful journeys abroad, of which he or she boast loudly when they go back, starts with just enough money to take them out of England. They then go to the first Consul, represent themselves in distress, and get him to pass them on to the next Consul; and they make quite a beautiful tour in this way. But the poor Consul hardly ever sees a penny of the money back, and after a little experience he begins to be harder, and small blame to him. My

particular grievance was, that every girl who was too vivacious to stay at home, would always come abroad to look for work, as a governess, secretary, or companion. Some were regular swindlers, some were anything but nice, and some were poor inoffensive creatures who would not have embarked on the enterprise if they had known what they would have to go through; but seven out of nine were generally very odd.

After having seen all our friends off, we went up to Opçina, where I sent out thirty-four thousand circulars for the "Arabian Nights."

Towards the end of December, Richard had a fresh breaking out of the gout; we found that rubbing him with cod-liver oil did him a lot of good. It was a sad Christmas, but he got better the day after Christmas Day; only, as he would walk about without much clothing, and would eat sucking pig, he went back to bed ill; so then we tried Mattei's remedies, and his electricity. On the 15th of December we lost a great friend in the Duchess of Somerset.

On St. Silvester night we were not able to keep our usual engagement. We had one glass of champagne together in his room, and the servants went through a very usual ceremony in Trieste of forming procession, and chevying the evil spirits with sticks and brooms out of the house down the stairs, and out of the street door, and inviting the good spirits and good luck to come and dwell with us.

Richard notices poor Sir Charles Sebright's death, aged seventy-seven, on the 10th of October.

One of Richard's great delights was the setter at Opçina (so often mentioned), named Fazán. He was so fond of us that on Saturday, as he was perfectly sure we should arrive about four, about two o'clock he would go to the wood stack, draw a great block of wood out with his teeth, and carry it to Daneu, the master of the inn, and, wagging his tail, would run and put it down before the stove, as much as to say, "Light the fire; they will be cold when they come up;" then he would fetch another bit, and come and sit before the gate at about half-past three to wait for our arrival, and he never left us, night or day, as long as he was there. During Richard's gout attacks it frequently occurs in his journals, "I feel too well to-day to be altogether right;" and next day, surely, he would have some attack of gout. It was so difficult for him to understand that he could not do what he did when he was twenty-five, and to get him to train down to what he could do, not what he *used* to do.

We now tried a new thing that seemed very good, and that is fusel oil, which is of the dregs of whisky; it is deadly poison to drink, but it acts splendidly on gouty limbs; and then we tried sulphur foot-baths.

1885.

All this January and part of February Richard was ill, and I began to implore him to throw up the Service, and to live where best suited him, even in a small way, as of course we should have been very, very poor, and at any rate, I said, "One winter *may* be an accident, but two winters is a caution; and you must never winter here again." He said, "No; I quite agree with you there; we will never winter here again; but I won't throw up the Service until I either get Marocco, or they let me retire on full pension." And I then said, "When we go home that is what we will try for, that you may retire *now* on full pension, which will only be six years before your time."

On the 17th of January he mourns Colonel Burnaby's death.

He was delighted in February with reading a German author, who began his book thus: "Der Geruch der rosen verpestet die Lüft und die verdammten Nachtigallen heulen die ganze Nacht."

We were now writing the index of the "Arabian Nights," I at dictation.

On Thursday, the 12th, I said to him, "Now mind, to-morrow is *Friday, the 13th*; it is our unlucky day, and we have got to be very careful."

But when Friday, the 13th, came, we heard of poor Gordon's death, which had taken place Monday, January the 26th, and they had been keeping it from us. We both collapsed altogether, were ill all day, and profoundly melancholy. I remembered, too, that at the time that Gordon had been sent out, it was a toss up whether Richard or Gordon should go. Richard had just begun to break up (he was fifty-five), and I knew that if he was sent he would get up out of his sick bed to go, and think himself perfectly capable of undertaking the expedition; and I remember writing privately to the Foreign Office, to let them know how ill he was. Richard at that time expressed a hope that they would not send Gordon without five hundred soldiers to back him, and the neglect of this, whether from economy, or whether Gordon refused it, was the sole cause of the failure. Richard could talk of nothing else, and he fretted a great deal about it. In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture of Gordon lying deserted in the desert, his Bible in one hand, his revolver in the other, and the vultures sitting around. When Richard saw it he said with great emotion, "Take it away! I can't bear to look at it. I have had to feel that myself; I know what it is." But the more the news came in, the less he believed in Gordon's death, and he died believing

that Gordon (disgusted at the cruel treatment of being abandoned to his fate) had escaped by the missing boat, and would come out Congo-wards, but that he would never let himself be rediscovered, nor reappear in England—and Gordon was quite the man to do it.

I quote this prematurely, because it concerns the present subject:—

"IS GORDON DEAD?

"Trieste, April 29, 1887.

"I have just received a note from the Rev. Mr. Robert W. Felkin, dated Edinburgh, April 2nd. Under the supposition that I am proceeding with an expedition to the Soudan in order to discover General Charles Gordon, he encloses me a note from a youth whom he educated in England for some years, and whom he has now placed at the American Mission School at Assiout. It dates from as far back as November 28, 1886.

"The following is the extract:—

"'There was a man came from Khartoum and said that he was one of General Gordon's soldiers; he came into class (school) and the master asked him many questions, and he said that General Gordon had a steamboat and went down to South, and there was a Turkish soldier whose face was like his, and they killed him and said it was General Gordon.

"'He said a great many things about Gordon's soldiers, that they were not able to use their guns because they were so weakened with hunger.

(Signed) "'SULAYMAN KABSUN.'

"I see with pleasure that Mr. Felkin never thought that the evidence proved Gordon's death, and conceives many ways to explain his escape.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

London *Figaro*, September 26th, 1887.

"I am not surprised," says a correspondent, "to hear that Sir Richard Burton has from the first maintained that Gordon is not dead. He was Gordon's intimate friend, and, being of the same stamp, having lived the same kind of glorious life, and had the same experience of his country's neglect, is more likely to know than others what Gordon, in disgust at the treatment he received from the Government, could and might do. Moreover, as Sir Richard Burton says, no two of the several accounts of Gordon's death are alike. He is sure to have had a picked lot of attached followers, who, as well as one steamer, are missing."

A correspondent wrote: "A friend called in the other day to see Sir Richard Burton, and remarked, 'Why, Burton, if Gordon turns up, the Government will begin to believe in your knowledge. You

will be a made man.' Burton replied with his usual quiet 'Ye—es,' stroking his chin thoughtfully; 'for God's sake, my dear fellow, don't say anything about it. The Foreign Office will only say what a damned beast I was to know it when *they* never even suspected it!'"

Spring comes very soon in Trieste, and we were able to sit and walk out a great deal in the garden. We now had a very nice telephone, which put *us* in comfortable communication with the whole of the City, and it was very useful, as we lived out of and above it.

On the 14th of April he notices the death of his enemy, Major-General Rigby of Zanzibar, and then poor Rogers Bey, regretted by us both, and then of Nachtigall the traveller.

One morning in April I had a letter, a very cheerful one, from Everard Primrose, to say that he expected to be back in April, as he was very seedy; and that he would come and stay with us for a fortnight *en route* home. I was just preparing his room, and looking round to see if I could do anything to make it prettier, when a telegram was put into my hand announcing his death. Richard and I were both terribly cut up, and we did not go for a very long time to Vienna, for we had lost our best friend there, and it would have made it too melancholy. On the 9th of May he rejoices that Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Director of Public Accounts in Egypt, is made a K.C.M.G., as "he married the elder daughter of our dear friend Lord Houghton," adding, "Dear old fellow, how pleased he will be!" On the 11th of May he mourns Douglas Jerrold, and was touched at the account of Mr. Fred Fargus's death, better known as Hugh Conway.

This summer the English opened a lawn-tennis club, which was very amusing. Our Consular chaplain played lawn tennis like a boy of twenty.

Richard having obtained "leave" (after a second attack of gout), and as I was the proud possessor of £500, we started gaily for London on the 19th of May, and went on board the *Tarifa* for Venice; it was a Cunarder. Here we saw a great number of friends, and met Lord Lytton at Lady Layard's. We were neither of us well, in different ways, and Richard was ordered to go by sea, and I by land; so, after a couple of days at Venice, I saw Richard off in the *Tarifa* for Liverpool, and I prepared to come over the Mont Cenis to London; but when I got back to the hotel, I found a telegram from a man I knew, one of what Richard used laughingly to call "my wife's pious pals," who said, "If you want to see a girl exorcised of the devil, come at once to Bologna." I went

down to the station, only instead of taking my ticket for London, I, naturally, wild with curiosity, and knowing I had plenty of time, took it at once for Bologna.

I stayed there three days. I do not think I am quite at liberty to give an account of what I saw, in these criticizing times, but it was wonderfully interesting, and I had a thorough insight into mediæval Italy, which I renew whenever I get the chance, as it is more than interesting. After three days I went on thence to Milan to see the Certosa of Pavia, one of the most glorious architectural relics in Europe, and from there I went to Pusiano, a now hidden "sanctuary" that will one day become famous to all the world. Pusiano is a village of one street, on the borders of a beautiful little lake, with villages and churches on the opposite bank; it is situated in the Lake Country, and there one lives with the peasantry in primitive style. I stayed there three whole days; it is beautiful in summer, but a terrible snow desolation in winter. It is quite off the railway line, and one gets to it in a little country cart. When I got back to Milan I embarked for home by the St. Gothard, Bâle, to Paris. Paris was black with people in mourning for Victor Hugo. It was his funeral next day; soldiers lined the streets, artillery commanded the two ends of the streets to fire on the people if the red flag was raised. I had much difficulty in getting to the station, for besides being in a hurry to get home, I did not want to be shut up in Paris alone, if anything occurred. Arrived at Boulogne, the passenger-boat was gone, so I took the cargo-boat at one in the night, and arrived at 4.30 a.m. at Folkestone, where the custom-house kept me till about six, searching for dynamite in my baggage, and I arrived in town on the 2nd of June. Somehow I put my arm out, and had to go back to Hutton the bone-setter. Richard did not arrive till twelve days after me.

He was delighted when he got on board the *Tarifa* on the 19th. He then notices the death of Victor Hugo in Paris on May 23rd. He seemed to enjoy the journey thoroughly, and to have got quite rid of the gout the moment he left. He was always thoroughly happy on board a ship, and so sorry when the voyage was over. He never knew what sea-sickness was. He could eat enough for three on board, and when the ship was rolling right round in the water, he would balance himself, holding the ink-bottle in one hand, and writing with the other.

He used to go away by himself and make pilgrimages; I know of about ten he made to various places. Once, in 1875, he left town to go into the country for a week, and to my surprise I received a private letter from him from Paray le Monial, the place once so

talked about in the papers as a pilgrimage-place of St. Mary Margaret Alacoque and the Sacred Heart.* He had gone there to make a pilgrimage all by himself, and brought me back some medals and rosaries. He used to go into every church. He made a pilgrimage on this voyage to St. Nicholas of Bari, and brought me a lot of curios. The ship's course went by way of Venice, Fiume, Bari, Naples, Palermo, and Malaga, where they found cholera, and then to Gib. and Lisbon. He arrived in high spirits on the 14th of June.

Here I may remark that he kept two sets of journals. The public set contained remarks on the weather, scraps out of newspapers, and "Varia" (notes of what he reads), the people he writes to, the people he receives letters from, and public news. In the private set, come notices on his and my health at one side, what he and I did, obituaries, his sentiments about things in concentrated notes, condemnations of things, and scraps of poetry on the circumstances here and there.

I must here notice making at this time acquaintance with three very interesting people. One was a gentleman who would not like to be named, the leader of a religious sect, who conceals his name under the *soubriquet* of the "Recorder," and who is the St. Paul of their belief in a second advent—he publishes a book called "The Mother, or the Woman clothed with the Sun;" and another was Dr. Anna Kingsford, who became my fast friend, and who used to let me work with her in regard to the protection of animals. She was tall, fair, delicate, soft, refined, exceedingly pretty, beautifully dressed, of the highest possible culture, combining the education and courage of both man and woman. I made her acquaintance at an Anti-vivisection meeting, with Lord Shaftesbury in the chair, and the Bishop of Oxford present, a very little while before Lord Shaftesbury's death. The third interesting person was Mr. George Lewis.

Now, we had come to London partly for Richard's health, and partly to bring out the "Arabian Nights." The translating, writing, and correcting devolved upon him; the copying fell to a lady amanuensis; the financial part devolved upon me. It was said that there was no room for a new edition, but every previous edition was imperfect, and mostly taken from Professor Galland's French version, made a hundred and eighty years ago, and adapted for civilization. This in itself was an abridgment, and turns a most valuable ethnographical work into a collection of fairy tales. Mr. Torrens was the nearest to the original, but he only got as far as fifty tales. Mr. Lane, whose works are so popular, has only given us half the tales, and he substituted

* It is a curious thing that he never missed the chance of a pilgrimage to any holy shrine.

popular fairy tales. Mr. John Payne was excessively good, but he was limited to five hundred copies, and his profession forbade his being quite so daring as Richard.

Richard's object was not only to produce an absolutely literal translation, but to reproduce it in an absolutely Arabian manner. He preserved the strict divisions of the Nights, he kept to the long unbroken sentences in which the composer indulged. Being perfect master of both languages, he could imitate the rhythmic prose which is a characteristic of the Arabic. He furnished it only to scholars, and at a prohibitive price. He gave a most literal rendering of the Oriental phrases and figures. Richard called it the "Walling of the Horizon," the orientation being strictly preserved, instead of being Anglicized. The choicest phrases, the sacred preservation of them, speaks for itself. He kept the swing, the wave of Arab poetry, which one can only liken in its melancholy to the sound of an Æolian harp balanced on a tree-branch. He loved his work, and he was sorry when it was finished.

In many of the stories of other translators, he used to say, "the very point which enables you to understand the action is left out, because the translator was afraid of Mrs. Grundy. Arab ideas of morality are different from European, and if we are to understand the Arabs, and if the 'Nights' are to be of any value from an anthropological point of view, it can only be written as I have written it. I think it is such a disgrace that our Rulers should rule so many million Easterns, and be as ignorant of them as if they lived in a far-away planet; and it is to give *them* a chance of knowing what they are about, that I leave this legacy to the Government. I have not only preserved the spirit of the original, but the *mechanique*. The metrical portion has been very difficult, because Arab poetry is quite different to English. An Arab will turn out sentence after sentence before he comes to his rhyme.

"I don't care a button about being prosecuted, and if the matter comes to a fight, I will walk into court with my Bible and my Shakespeare and my Rabelais under my arm, and prove to them that, before they condemn me, they must cut half of *them* out, and not allow them to be circulated to the public."

Richard then found that it was a popular idea that "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" belonged to the "Arabian Nights," whereas they do not, and he found a collection of similar tales sufficient to produce six Supplemental volumes. At first I rather objected to his risking the "Arabian Nights," from a passage written by himself in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," page 36—

"When Arabs are present, I usually recite or read a tale from 'The Thousand and One Nights,' that wonderful work so often translated, so much turned over, and so little understood at home. The most familiar book in England, next to the Bible, it is one of the least known, the reason being that about one-fifth is utterly unfit for translation; and the most sanguine Orientalist would not dare to render literally more than three-quarters of the remainder, consequently the reader loses the contrast—the very essence of the book—between its brilliancy and dulness, its moral putrefaction and such pearls as—

'Cast the seed of good works on the least fit soil;
Good is never wasted, however it may be laid out.'

And in a page or two after such divine sentiment, the ladies of Baghdad sit in the porter's lap, and indulge in a facetiousness which would have killed Pietro Aretino before his time." (This was written in 1855, thirty years before.)

But, on his explaining to me his new idea about its usefulness, its being so good for the Government, I was glad, and I helped him in every way I possibly could. It was also agreed, in order to secure him against piracy, and in order not to limit to a thousand people what the many should enjoy, that they should not lose this deep well of reading and knowledge, beside which the flood of modern fiction flows thin and shallow, that I should reproduce all my husband's original text, excluding only such words as were not possible to put on the drawing-room table. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, jun., helped me a little, so that out of the 3215 original pages, I was able to copyright three thousand pages of my husband's original text, and only exclude two hundred and fifteen. Richard forbade me to read them till he blotted out with ink the worst words, and desired me to substitute, not English, but Arab Society words, which I did to his complete satisfaction. The language is so wonderful, the expression so graceful, the rendering of thought as well as words so accurate, the poetry so fresh and charming. Orientalists tell me that they learnt more Orientalism by these volumes than by years of hard study, and that it greatly facilitated their study of Arabic. He translated from the Calcutta edition, the Boulak, the Hindostani, and the Breslau. The Wortley Montagu manuscript was refused him by the Bodleian Library, even under the charge of Dr. Rost, but he got one in Paris.

Richard said that "a student of Arabic, who reads the 'Nights' with his version, will not only be competent to join in any conversation in Arabic, but to read the popular books and newspapers, and to write letters to his friends; he will also possess a *répertoire* of Arab manners and customs, beliefs and practices, which are not

found in books. My endeavour was to give them the original text without detracting from its merits." This grand Arabian work I consider my husband's "Magnum Opus;" it is a masterpiece; it is the real thing, not the drawing-room tales which have been *called* the "Arabian Nights" for so long. The home student can realize what the Arab is, and understand those people, Egyptians, Syrians, and others, of whose "life behind the scenes" Britons know so very little.

I do not know whether to be amused or provoked because people are prejudiced against "Lady Burton's edition of the 'Arabian Nights,'" as a milk-and-water thing. I did not write nor translate it; it is *Richard Burton's* "Arabian Nights," with a coarse word or two cut out here and there, and a Society word introduced, but in nowise altering the text (when I say a Society word, I mean of course an Arab Society word, not an English one); and my name was only put upon it to copyright and protect my husband's from piracy.

We had no reason, in a financial point of view, to regret our venture. A publisher offered Richard £500 for it, but I said, "No, let me do it." It was seventeen months' hard work, but we found (no matter how) the means of printing and binding and circulating. We were our own printers and our own publishers, and we made between September, 1885, and November, 1888, sixteen thousand guineas, six thousand of which went towards publishing, and ten thousand into our own pockets; and it came just in time to give my husband the comforts and luxuries and freedom that gilded the five last years of his life. When he died there were four florins left, which I put in the poor-box.

WHAT ALL THE WORLD SAID.

Athenæum, February 6th, 1886.

"TO RICHARD F. BURTON.

"*On his Translation of the 'Arabian Nights.'*

"Westward the sun sinks, grave and glad; but far
Eastward, with laughter and tempestuous tears,
Cloud, rain, and splendour as of Orient spears,
Keen as the sea's thrill toward a kindling star
The sundawn breaks the barren twilight's bar
And fires the mist and slays it. Years on years
Vanish, but he that hearkens eastward hears
Bright music from the world where shadows are.

"Where shadows are not shadows. Hand-in-hand
A man's word bids them rise and smile and stand
And triumph. All that glorious Orient glows
Defiant of the dusk. Our twilight land
Trembles; but all the heaven is all one rose,
Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts and snows.

"ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE."

Morning Advertiser, September 15th, 1885.

"As the holiday season draws to a close, the publishers' announcements of 'new books' fill column after column of the organs chosen from these special *communiqués*. But there is one work which is not entered in these lists, though for years scholars, and many people who are not scholars, have been looking for it with an eagerness which has left far behind the ordinary curiosity which is bestowed on the greatest of contributions to current literature. And to-day the chosen few who are in possession of the volume in question are examining it with an interest proportionate to the long toil which has been bestowed on its preparation. We refer to Captain Burton's translation of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' now entitled 'The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night,' of which the first tome has just been issued. There will be ten in all, so that it must be well on for two years before the entire series can be in the hands of those who have subscribed for it. For the book is not published. It is even questionable whether a copy will be in the British Museum or the Bodleian, unless those institutions have entered their names in advance. It is printed 'by the Kamashastra Society of Benares for private subscribers only,' and Captain Burton, in a circular sent with the first volume, earnestly begs that it will not be permitted to fall into the hands of any save scholars and students of Moslem manners. For years and years the 'Arabian Nights' have been a sort of nursery companion. But it is, perhaps, unnecessary to tell any one acquainted in the slightest degree with Oriental romances that the 'Alf Laylah wa Laylah' in its unabridged form is, despite the popularity which it enjoys as a 'child's book,' emphatically not for the entertainment of boys and girls. Hitherto, however, all of the editions have been imperfect and more or less colourless versions of the original. They have been prepared for the drawing-room, and even Mr. Payne inserted a Latin word here and there rather than search Captain Grose's 'Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue' for its equivalent. Captain Burton scorns any such namby-pambyism. In the Arabic a spade is usually called a spade, and in the latest English translation it is never designated an agricultural implement. Moreover, the endless footnotes which the editor appends, speak with much freedom of many things usually avoided as themes for conversation in polite society, though they throw a flood of light on hundreds of features of Oriental life on which, since travellers have been compelled to write for 'refined' audiences, the student has failed to be informed.

"Yet, admitting that the 'Nights' are often coarse and indelicate, and sometimes even gross, it is a mistake to suppose that they are demoralizing in the same way that a French novel of the Zola type is, or might be. Indeed, what we would call its impropriety is only a reflection of the *naïve* freedom with which talk is to this day carried on in the family circles of the East. They see no harm in what we should regard as indecency. So that when Captain Burton

prefaces his unbowdlerized version with the Arab proverb, 'To the pure in heart all things are pure,' he presents perhaps the best defence he could against the attack which it is quite possible may be made on him for devoting many years of his life to what he terms 'a labour of love.' One hundred and eighty years have passed since Galland, the French Orientalist, published his version in twelve small volumes. But though even at that time it was not thought proper to issue a verbatim edition—so far as the accessible manuscripts permitted—the best scholars of the age did not hesitate to pronounce them forgeries. In brief, they were regarded in much the same light that Macpherson's 'translations' of 'Ossian's Poems' were at a later date. But the less critical world cared very little whether Antony Galland had invented them or merely translated them from some 'unknown Arab writer.' They eagerly read these wondrous stories. Europe was on fire with delight at anything so unconventional, so entirely undidactic, so completely without any religious, moral, or philosophical purpose, and which delineated the primitive manners and customs of the East. The fine gentlemen and gay ladies could talk about nothing else than 'jins' or genii, as they were called after the French fashion, viziers—or 'Wazirs,' as Captain Burton has it—caves of jewels, underground palaces, enchanters and kalendars, princes of black islands, and kings in disguise. The terrible justice of the Kazi, or Cadai, as he used to be called, and the equally fearful vengeance of the husband who is at last undeceived, were revelations to the easy-going, utterly corrupt Europe of the *ancien régime*. Edition after edition appeared, though in nearly every case these so-called fresh versions were little more than translations, more or less abridged, from Galland. Of late, however, several more or less complete editions have appeared. Among them may be mentioned those of Torrens, Lane, Payne. Torrens was, however, a poor Arabic scholar, and though Lane was a better one—if not quite so good as he afterwards became—he was, like his predecessors, in terror of offending propriety. 'Hence, though some simple folk supposed that his language was sufficiently plain, it only required the consultation of the Breslau, the Bulak, or the Calcutta edition of the original to be convinced to the contrary. Mr. Payne brought out a nine-volumed translation for the Villon Society. But it was printed solely for private subscribers, and though issued at seven guineas cannot now be procured under twenty-five or thirty when a copy accidentally comes into the market. Payne was, however, not much more than an amateur Arabist, and his practical acquaintance with Arabs and the East was simply *nil*. Captain Burton, it is unnecessary to remind any one, is in a very different case. Thirty-three years ago he went in the disguise of an Indian pilgrim to Mecca and Al-Medinah, and no one capable of giving the world the result of his experience has so minute, so exhaustive a knowledge of Arab and Oriental life generally. Hence the work now begun only a limited number of students can ever see, and it is simply priceless to any one who concerns himself as marking an era in the annals of Oriental translation.

"But what may possibly interest many almost as much as the stories and notes, is the almost sad preface in which the Editor tells the tale of his toils. In 1852 he began this translation at Aden. His friend Dr. Steinhäuser, to whose memory it is dedicated, was to undertake the prose, while Burton accepted the metrical portion of the book as his share of the task. But Steinhäuser died, 'and after the fashion of Anglo-Indians his valuable manuscripts left at Aden were dispersed,' and very little of his labour reached his colleague. But fitfully the work progressed amid a host of obstructions. In deadly Consulships in West Africa and Brazil, in livelier ones in Damascus and Trieste, the business went on, just as it had gone on less systematically in Somali-land and Central Africa. And, toilsome though the task unquestionably was, it was lightened by the pleasant memories it recalled. Many a time and oft, after the day's journey was over, he had gathered the Arabs around him, and read or recited these tales to them, until the tears trickled down their cheeks, and they rolled on the sand in uncontrollable delight. 'Nor was it only in Arabia that the immortal "Nights" did me such notable service. I found the wildlings of Somali-land equally amenable to their discipline; no one was deaf to the charm, and the two women cooks of my caravan on its way to Harar were incontinently dubbed by my men "Shehrazade" and "Deenarzade."' Yet as his labour approached the period when it ought to appear in print, prudent friends hinted at the danger he ran of injuring his professional advancement. 'Literary labours, unpopular with the vulgar and half-educated, are not likely to help a man up the ladder of promotion. But common sense suggested to me that, professionally speaking, I was not a success, and at the same time that I had no cause to be ashamed of my failure. Philister can pardon anything but superiority. The prizes of competitive service are monopolized by certain "pets" of the *médiocratie* and prime favourites of that jealous and potent majority, the mediocrities, who know "no nonsense about merit." It is hard for an outsider to realize how perfect is the monopoly of commonplace, and to comprehend how fatal a stumbling-stone that man sets in the way of his own advancement who dares to think for himself, or who knows more or does more than the mob of gentlemen-employés who know very little, and who do even less.' This is bitter, but not more severe than the way Captain Burton has been treated by his Country, if not by his Countrymen, deserves. It is simply disgraceful that a man of his great achievements and colossal learning should have been neglected by successive Governments when pretenders and 'mediocrities' were being honoured and rewarded for doing little or nothing. After the death of Major Morrice—such has been our encouragement of Arabic knowledge—there was not an English official in the Suakin camp capable of speaking Arabic. Not one understood native customs. 'Moslems,' writes Burton, 'are not to be ruled by raw youths who should be at school and college instead of holding positions of trust and emolument. He who would deal with them successfully must be, firstly, honest and truthful, and, secondly,

familiar with and favourably inclined to their manners and customs, if not to their law and religion.' In 'Alf Laylah wa Laylah' the means of obtaining this knowledge lies."

St. James's Gazette, September 12th.

"One of the most important translations to which a great English scholar has ever devoted himself is now in the press. For three decades Captain Burton has been more or less engaged on his translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' the latest of the many versions of that extraordinary story which has been made into English, the only one at all worthy of a great original."

Home News, September 18th.

"Captain Burton has begun to issue the volumes of his subscription translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' and its fortunate possessors will now be able to realize the full flavour of Oriental feeling. They will now have the great storehouse of Eastern folklore opened to them, and Captain Burton's minute acquaintance with Eastern life makes his comments invaluable. In this respect, as well as in the freeness of the translation, the version will be distinguished from its many predecessors. Captain Burton's preface, it may be observed, bears traces of soreness at official neglect. Indeed, it seems curious that his services could not have been utilized in the Soudan, when the want of competent Arabic scholars was so severely felt."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

I have never read, nor do I intend to read, at his own request, and to be true to my promise to him, my husband's "Arabian Nights." But I have read the reviews, some with pride and some with pain, while all the private letters of congratulation have been a great source of gratification to me; and I have gathered all together, *pro* and *con*, which form an interesting book.

Out of a thousand picked scholars it is something to be able to assert that all the men whose good opinion is worth having, are loud in its praise. I think a man who gives years of study to a great work, purely with the motive that the rulers of his country may thoroughly understand the peoples they are governing by millions, and who gives that knowledge freely and unselfishly, and who while so doing runs the gauntlet of abuse from the vulgar, silly Philistine, who sees what the *really* pure and modest never see, deserves great commendation. To throw mud at him because the mediæval Arab lacks the varnish of *our* world of to-day, is as foolish as it would be not to look up because there are a few spots on the sun.

TO RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON.

"*The Thousand Nights and a Night.*"

Adown the welkin slant the snows and pile
On sill and balcony; their feathery feet
Trip o'er the landscape, and pursuing sleet,
Earth's brow begrooming, robs the lift of smile:
Lies in her mourning-shroud our Northern Isle,
And bitter winds in battle o'er her meet;
Her world is death-like, when, behold! we greet
Light-gleams from morning-land cold grief to guile:

A light of golden mine and orient pearl,
Vistas of fairy-land, where Beauty reigns
And Valiance revels; cloudless moon, fierce sun,
The wold, the palm-tree; cities; hosts; a whirl
Of life in tents and palaces and fanes:
The light that streams from "Thousand Nights and One."

ISABEL BURTON.

Tangier, Morocco, February 19.

"CAPTAIN BURTON'S 'ARABIAN NIGHTS.'

"A friend lately asked Captain Burton why he was bringing out his translation so soon after another and a most scholarly one. He answered, 'Orientalists are anxious to have the real Eastern work. I had received sundry letters saying—Let us know what the mediæval Arab was. If he was exalted and good, let us see it. If he was witty, let us hear it. If he was uncultivated and coarse, still let us have him to the very letter. We want once for all the real thing. We want a mediæval Arab, telling the tales and legends of his own country, and showing the world what he has remained whilst the West has progressed in culture and delicacy.—Now, I will do this by notes and a running commentary, enabling the student to read between the lines, and perfectly to understand much of what he would otherwise pass over without understanding. I am determined subscribers shall learn from my work what they cannot find in any other, and to make it a repertory of Eastern knowledge, by no means intended for the many-headed, but for the few who are not too wise to learn, or too omniscient to acquire knowledge. I regret more than I can say the coarseness of the Arabic, but I consider it not less my duty to translate it word for word. My Oriental renderings will make it quite different from all the other translations, and I shall leave nothing for any other man in the future to do.'"

R. F. B.

"PANTAGRUELISM OR PORNOGRAPHY?

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Sir,—Your correspondent 'Sigma' has forgotten the considerable number of 'students' who will buy Captain Burton's translation as the only literal one, needing it to help them in what has become

necessary to many—a masterly knowledge of Egyptian Arabic. The so-called 'Arabian Nights' are about the only written halfway house between the literary Arabic and the colloquial Arabic, both of which they need, and need introductions too. I venture to say that its largest use will be as a grown-up school-book, and that it is not coarser than the classics in which we soak all our boys' minds at school. The Arabic classics are not in Egyptian-Arabic, which varies much from Syrian and other branches of the language, and a thorough knowledge of the daily customs and family life of Egypt is a knowledge, however repulsive, to be conscientiously sought by all who are either administrators or philanthropists in Egypt.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

"September 14th."

Glasgow Times, 24th November, 1888.

(Anent the Bodleian refusal and the biography of his book.)

The *Glasgow Times* says, "But the chapter is something more than that. It is a remarkable addition to the history of the 'Quarrels of Authors.' Sir Richard Burton, as we have before indicated, is a good hater, and he smites his enemies hip and thigh. The enemies are rather numerous, and some of them, it must be admitted, were scarcely worth powder and shot, but the way in which the old fighting man and traveller (he still seems to retain all the energy characteristic of both) 'goes for' them is refreshing in the extreme. But though Sir Richard has a good many enemies, he has also a large number of friends, and if he is liberal and forcible in retort, he is lavish in acknowledgment of kindly words and of help however slight."

Sir Richard Burton says, "All this is utterly unfair. It allows the unfortunate public no chance of learning the truth. The narrator may be honest and honourable, but he dare not state the facts, nor has he the courage of his own opinions. If he did, 'Society' would turn upon him with the usual 'Oh no, we never mention him,' and his name never would be heard unless accompanied by a snarl or a sneer. The fact is, England's chronic disease is Religiosity in the few, and Hypocrisy in the many.

"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"Hôtel Meurice, Paris, July 17th, 1888."

"REPRINTS OF THE 'ARABIAN NIGHTS.'

"The Granville, Ramsgate, August 13th, 1888.

"I have given to the public, under my wife's superintendence and name, the pure unadulterated article. But the tastes of civilization ever incline to the worked-up, which has the advantage of art applied to nature. At Trieste we often offer our English friends a *petit verre* of real gin distilled from the juniper berry, and now unprocurable at

home; and we enjoy the wry mouths made by those who are accustomed to Hollands and Old Tom.

"The main difficulty, however, is to erase the popular impression that the 'Nights' is a book for babies, a 'classic for children;' whereas its lofty morality, its fine character-painting, its artful development of the story, and its original snatches of rare poetry, fit it for the reading of men and women, and these, too, of no puerile or vulgar wit. In fact, its prime default is that it flies too high.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

A literary friend writes to Lady Burton: "The omissions are so deftly done, and the *pruning so slight*, that the book ought to be read in every English house, in every English-speaking land. The English alone is an education. If I wanted young folk to learn a good style, I would train them on the 'Nights.' I would give passages to the Board Schools."

As soon as Richard arrived, in June, 1885, he put himself under Dr. Foakes, in South Street, for gout. On the 29th of June there was a meeting at the University of London. Richard and Mr. James, the African traveller, spoke. On the 1st of July we went to the Hermetic Society, where Anna Kingsford lectured on "The Communion of Saints." We worked very hard at our "Arabian Nights," and all our time over and above we went into Society, were very gay, and enjoyed ourselves very much; we also went to see the *Mikado* several times, which we enjoyed extremely. We often went to the "Inventories," as we knew the Chief of the Electric light, Sir Francis Bolton, and we used to go up into his station, and see the lights turned off and on. Richard thought the trees and lights very pretty, and especially the electric lilies under the water, and the moon prettier still.

On the 21st of July we had a very merry family party for my father's eighty-sixth birthday. He made a speech, and after dinner sang a little song of which he was very fond. He had a lovely tenor voice even then—true and sweet. It was the last happy family meeting, for on the 25th, at nine o'clock in the morning, he had a paralytic stroke without any warning of ill health.

This year I made a long speech in St. James's Hall, concerning appealing to the Pope for a circular letter for the Protection of Animals (9th of July).

The following was not my speech, but my sentiments, which I mean to quote.

"I thought that his Holiness might be induced graciously to concede such an order for the benefit of mankind. The man who begins by so small a thing as kindness to the beast who is working

by his side the livelong day, acquires habits of mildness with his wife and children. Having patience, he loses the habit of oaths and blasphemies. It is fury that makes men drink. From drink follows spending money, cards, and low company. If a man is kind to his beast he lets it rest on Sunday. That means that he is keeping the Sunday holy and free from servile work. That day's rest saves his health and prolongs his life, besides benefiting his soul. If a man is kind to his beast it lasts longer, and enables him to do more work, and earn more wages. Not only is he able to feed it better (its only reward), but he can keep his wife and family respectably. They rise in the world's esteem, and to a higher position. Hence kindness to animals is a small beginning of great things, and is not unworthy even of a Pope's patronage."

On the 3rd of July we went to Lady Hooker's garden-party at Kew, and there met, amongst others, the Gordons, who were so kind to us in the Brazilian mines. She died soon after.

On the 19th of July we lunched with Lord Houghton, and little thought we should not see him again. On the 11th of August we had the misfortune to lose him. Richard paid several visits to Oxford, but returned in time for Lord Houghton's funeral service at St. Margaret's, Westminster Abbey, on the 18th of August, and his sorrow for this good friend occupies a whole page of his journal. We also had the pleasure of seeing an old friend, Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the most delightful of Eastern poets, who gave me his "Light of Asia." Carlo Pellegrini came several times to lunch with us, in reality wishing to caricature Richard in *Vanity Fair*, which he did—but it was one of his few great failures.

The first volume of the "Arabian Nights" came out on the 12th of September, 1885, and the sixteenth volume, the last of the supplementals, on the 13th of November, 1888; thus in a period of three years we had produced twenty-two volumes—the ten originals, the six supplementals, and my six volumes, *i.e.* so-called mine. We paid several visits to Richard's sister and niece, Lady and Miss Stisted, at Norwood, and we went to Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot at Upper House, Guildford, where we met some very pleasant people; then we went to Wardour, to Lord Arundell's. About this time Mr. H. H. Johnson, Artist, Consul, African traveller, and universal favourite with everybody, was occupying his beautiful little flat in Victoria Street, and gave us some pleasant teas. We brought out our little translation from the Brazilian of "Iraçema" and "Manoel de Moraes, the Convert," at our own expense. The *Punch* and *Vanity Fair* caricatures came out on the 22nd, Thursday.

On the 28th of October we went down to Hatfield, where there was a large party in the house. On this occasion Lord Salisbury

wanted privately to know what Richard's programme would be for Egypt, and he wrote out the following for him :—

"First and far away, annex Egypt and all its territory entirely; but if the Government does not decide on this bold stroke, at least have no half-measures.

"Secondly, if not annexation, recall Ismail, ex-Khedive, Arábi Pasha, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and, if *they take an oath of allegiance* to your Government, make Ismail your English Viceroy, with a guard of honour only. Send Arábi as the Governor of Sudan, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to Darfur.

"Oblige the Sudanese to give up their arms, and abolish the useless expense of the Egyptian Army and Navy.

"Garrison with English troops Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, Ismailíyyeh, Port Said, Suákin, Masáwwah, one fortress at Perim, one at Rossier (the point between Suez and Akabah), and one fortress on the Akabah side.

"Put the bulk of the army (say five thousand men) in Khartum. Make Valentine Baker Military Governor of Khartum (it should, of course, have been Gordon, if he had not unfortunately been killed last January).

"Station one Man-of-War at each of the following posts :—Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, Suákin, Masáwwah; a gunboat at Perim, Rossier, Ismailíyyeh, and one close to Akabah; say two gunboats in the Suez Canal, and two in the Red Sea to look after the Slave-trade.

"Banish Ismail's sons for ten years; the only one of his family worth anything is Hossein, not Hassan. Hossein is too clever, Hassan is a fool, but Tewfik is the worst. If anything happens to Ismail, replace him by Hossein. Do not do things bit by bit, or the Egyptians and Sudanese will destroy them bit by bit.

"Collect all your material, and put the whole *régime* in action the same day.

"Forbid Slave-trade, and hang at the next tree or nearest yard-arm all Slave-dealers caught red-handed after date of proclamation. All cases of treachery should be dealt with in the same summary way, whether Pasha or Fellah. Two hangings would suffice to stop the whole, and would be the true, short, and only merciful way to exterminate slavery.

"Teach Ismail and Arábi and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt what their conduct and that of every official in the country would have to be, and make them *take their oath* before appointing them.

"Exempt five years' taxes to the whole land, save a small nominal tax to keep up your right. Order your employés to make the natives understand that these five years are conceded that they may have time to recover and improve and prosper, but that after five years the taxes will again be put on.

"When you begin to take your taxes again, allow them to be collected by the natives, with only sufficient superintendence from your own men to avoid being cheated, but do not interfere as to the *manner* of it, as no European could ever extract a piastre from a Native.

"But spend the first five years' collection on the country. Help them to improve themselves; give them full religious liberty. Instil humanity to man and beast by preaching, example, and schools.

"Give them the freedom of Foreign Trade; foster National Industries; build yourselves harbours and docks and fortresses in the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and especially lighthouses in the Red Sea.

"You should make roads and railways, encourage irrigation, form wells every six hours' march throughout the country, employ native labour.

"Form Sudanese troops (as in India), officered by English.

"Give waste lands to settlers (our Emigrants) intermarrying with natives. Provide them with looms, and encourage all manufacture, native and foreign.

"After seven years, give them a free press; they are not fit to have *any* press just now.

"The first five years you would have to spend your own money largely.

"The second five years spend *their* own upon these improvements.

"The third five years it would not only be self-paying, but give you large returns.

"This programme should be the 'labour of love' of your Governors and employés, besides their appointed duty.

"If England has still backbone enough to do this, in ten years' time you will not only possess a flourishing country, and your road to India, but the money you will have spent, as well as that which has been lost through the past three years' blundering and weakness, will come back to you a hundred-fold, and the Souls of all our best, bravest, and noblest men, who have been uselessly murdered, and who lie buried in the sands, will be at rest, and bless God that *at last* they have died for a holy end.

"I wish I were exhorting in favour of Syria, instead of Egypt; but I feel convinced that such a grand and startling policy would be so appreciated in England that the Government who had courage to do it might defy anything."

In the course of the preparation of the "Arabian Nights," we became acquainted with Dr. Steingass, who afterwards brought out a Persian and Arabic dictionary, and who I strongly recommend to anybody wanting honest Eastern literary assistance. He assisted in correcting the proofs.

On the 20th of June Richard deplores the death of Mr. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S. We made acquaintance with Mr. C. Heron Allen, who was then very much engaged on Palmistry. Richard notices seeing Schapira several times. We also had a visit from Mr. C. Doughty, the African traveller.

On the 27th of July he dined with the Gentlemen-at-Arms. For

a while he took up Volapük, but that he did not stick to, as he did not believe it would be of any use.

On the 13th of September he notices the death of General Sir A. Horsford, an old friend.

On the 9th of October his friend Mr. Bernard Quaritch gave a large dinner in Richard's honour, with all the principal *literati* (masculine) to meet him, and it appears to have been very enjoyable. Richard made a speech, and read out the story of "Ali the Persian" from the "Nights." (We also had a very pleasant dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, where we met a great many charming people.)

On the 21st of October, 1885, he applied for Marocco, hearing that Sir John Drummond-Hay was about to retire, and it was the one thing he had stayed on in the service, in the hopes of getting. His letter was as follows:—

"My Lord,

"Having been informed that Sir John Drummond-Hay proposes retiring from Marocco, I venture to think that your Lordship will consider that my knowledge of Arabic, and of the East, perhaps would make me a suitable successor to him. I need hardly remind you that, during a term of twenty-five years in the Consular Service, I have never received a single step of promotion, nor, indeed, have I ever applied for it.

"I am, etc.,

"Richard F. Burton."

This was backed up by about fifty of the best names in England, and it seemed as if it was as good as promised to him.

He notices calling on Colonel Kitchener, and remarked that he was rather like Charley Drake.

On the 20th of November, 1885, he went round to pay his farewell visits, and lastly to my father. Now, although my father was paralyzed, and confined to his room, he was comparatively in no danger of death, and the doctors had assured me, that if we went away, and returned as we intended the following June, that they believed we should find my father alive, and no worse, if not better, than at present; but when Richard went to wish him good-bye, something seemed to come over them, and Richard knelt down and asked his blessing, and asked him to pray for him. My father put his hand upon his head with great emotion, and blessed him fervently, and Richard left the room with the tears running down his cheeks. My father died shortly after, and his last prayer was for Richard and for me—he never spoke after that.

On the 21st of November Richard started for Marocco in

Forwood's steamer *Mequinez*, from St. Katherine's Wharf. I accompanied him on board. He was advised to go, and to leave me to bring out some volumes of the "Arabian Nights." I brought out up to No. 7, which were corrected ready for press, and joined him in January. He had for fellow-passengers the Perdicaris family of Tangier, and Mrs. Leared, wife of a former friend, Dr. Leared, Fakhri Bey, and others. It seems to have been squally. They were eight days getting to Gibraltar. At Gibraltar he saw Mr. Melford Campbell, who was full of the lost treasure in Vigo Bay. He thought he alone knew the secret of where the lost treasure was, and he was too jealous to combine with Richard in raising the means of finding it. Seeing that, Richard drew back, and whatever secret there was on his side, perished with him, as he died some time after. On the 30th Richard arrived at Tangier.

It was now the election-time, and my father, who was paralyzed, and who was a strong Conservative, went nearly out of his mind, because he could not go down to the polling-place and vote. He ordered himself to be dressed, and a brougham to be sent for, though the doctor said it would kill him, and I was only able to quiet him by assuring him that a *statement* would be received in *his* case; and I drew it up, and he signed it. A pious fiction, which served to prolong his life for a little bit. Then I paid visits to Garswood (the Gerards') and to Knowsley. During this time I was getting the four volumes of the "Nights" out, which I was left for. I was dreadfully spied upon by those who wished to get Richard into trouble about it, and once an unaccountable person came and took some rooms in the same lodgings with me after Richard left, but I settled with the landlord that either I should leave, or that person should not have the rooms; and of course he did not hesitate between the two, so I took the whole of his rooms for the remainder of my stay.

What the World said about Marocco.

Pictorial World, March 13th.

"'We sincerely trust that the present Government will not fail, amidst other acts of justice and good works, to bestow some signal mark of her Majesty's favour upon Captain Richard Burton, one of the most remarkable men of the age, who has displayed an intellectual power and a bodily endurance through a series of adventures, explorations, and daring feats of travel, which have never been surpassed in variety and interest by any one man.' 'Twas thus that our contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser*, concluded a leader a few weeks ago on one whom it rightly called 'A Neglected Englishman.' The protest, however, has passed unnoticed by the powers that are.

The gallant Captain still remains in the comparatively humble position of her Majesty's Consul at Trieste, while men whose claims upon their country cannot be compared to his are constantly receiving far more important appointments. Others wear the honours which he should have worn. Captain Speke's services in the East were duly recognized—Captain Burton's were not; yet Speke was Burton's lieutenant, and it was to the latter's guidance that the former owed not a little of his success. Burton discovered Lake Tanganyika, which he declared contained the Sources of the Nile; Burton it was who exposed the horrible massacre at Jeddah; Burton explored the Pacific coast, crossed the Andes, navigated the river San Francisco, gathering most valuable information, political, geographical, and scientific, on the way. The same intrepid traveller made that extraordinary pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. Again, Burton originated the system of bayonet exercise which is now in use in the British army, and the same gentleman has given us some of the most interesting and instructive books of travel that were ever penned. And yet, forsooth, an obscure Consulate is considered a fitting reward for such services! Let Mr. Disraeli's administration look to it."

Manchester Courier, October 18th, 1889.

"The truth about Sir Richard Burton, whose versatility is only equalled by his thoroughness and solidity, is that he is far too able for the Foreign Office. That very superior department does not want able men; it wants persons of average—below rather than above—ability, who will prostrate themselves like a fire-worshipper to the rising orb of day, before 'the Office.' It hates like poison the clever Secretary or Consul who obtains praise or reputation in any other way than through Downing Street. Personally, I rather like Foreign Office clerks when they are off duty; but when they put on official 'side,' and array themselves in war-paint, especially when they commit themselves to foolscap paper with large margins, they always remind me of Thackeray's 'Ranville Ranville, Esq., of the Foreign Office, who was such an ass, and so respectable.'"

Society, October 28th, 1889.

"It has at least seemed good to those who are set in authority over us to do something for that accomplished, indefatigable, and patriotic Englishman, Sir Richard Burton. No man has in his way done more for the country than this intrepid traveller and humane man. Yet his reward hitherto has been simply that worthless title which is flung as a bone to a hungry dog, to those Court lackeys who assist in the establishment of Imperial institutes, or emerging from the digger and sheep-washing stage, amass a pile in Australia, and, returning to their native land, put a price on their loyalty or their party services. In honouring a man like Sir Richard Burton, the nation reflects honour upon itself."

Whitehall Review, July 15th.

"Sir Richard Burton, K.C.M.G., is at present in London, on one of those rare, brief visits which are the special delight of all who have the fortune to be acquainted with Al-Haji Abdullah. Friends and admirers of the famous pilgrim will hear with pleasure that Sir Richard is in excellent health, and that, with the indefatigable energy which is characteristic of this modern amalgamation of the wanderer and the scholar, of Odysseus and Aristotle, he is rapidly bringing to a conclusion his famous translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' and organizing the issue of a popular edition of the same, adapted for the lasses and lads of the Latin lyrist. Sir Richard is, however, we regret to say, one further victim of the administrative blunders of the existing—if it can now be called existing—Government. As every one knows, Sir Richard Burton is without a peer in his knowledge of the languages, manners, customs, habits, and thoughts of the great races of the East. He has been in places where but half a dozen Europeans have ever penetrated, he has perilled his life again and again in the pursuit of knowledge, he has amassed more stories of information on all things Oriental than probably a single scholar or any six scholars ever gained before, he has enriched literature with some of its most valued works on Eastern subjects. He is the very man to be employed in some of our great Eastern dependencies, but he has been kept in Trieste, where his special talents are of little avail, for long enough; and now, when he is especially desirous of obtaining the Marocco Legation, he is passed over, and the place given to an obscure official. It is simply a scandal.

"It is true that we are a stiff-necked, narrow-minded race. We require to have genius cried out from the house-tops before we would recognize it amongst us; and, as usual, such recognition comes too late, regretfully. 'You must teach us better things.'"

Evening Post, November 1st, 1888.

"Sir Richard Burton and Lady Burton were interviewed as they passed through Paris with regard to the news from Lille, announcing the death of Henry Stanley. Sir Richard said, 'I don't believe that Stanley is dead yet. It is just as I told you last August. When everybody thinks the time has come to pull out their handkerchiefs and weep over him, he will amaze us all by turning up safe and sound and smiling.'"

From the *Bat*.

"Burton the Bewildering.

"At long last, those who are high in office seem to have made up their minds that it was time to bestow some sign of official favour upon Captain Burton. None too soon, certainly. For more than

a generation Captain Burton has been one of the most remarkable of living Englishmen. In a life that has already run pretty close to the span of the Psalmist, he has laboured with a fiery energy at work which no other living Englishmen could or would have accomplished. Thirty years ago all Europe, ay, all the civilized, and much of the uncivilized, world, was holding its breath in amazement at the record of the adventurous Briton, who had made his way, guided only by his genius and his stout heart, into the very core of Mohammedanism, into that sacred and secret city into which through all time only half a dozen men who were not the devotees of Islam were ever able to penetrate. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the story of that daring enterprise, of the lonely, gallant English gentleman converting himself with a skill more marvellous than enchantment into the Caboolee pilgrim and medicine man, and invading Meccah, inspired by the passion for strange knowledge, and supported only by his own strong will and unfailing courage. In the Oriental legend two angels always attend upon the body of a man. It is only stretching the Eastern fancy a little further to declare that Azreel, the Oriental angel of death, was Burton's closest companion during that eventful pilgrimage. 'A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, and the wanderer's bones would have whitened the desert sand,' and the world would have been the poorer by one of the most brilliant books of travel ever written, by a whole library of other books, and by a whole history of deeds scarcely less daring. There is, indeed, a familiar, we may almost call it a famous story, to the effect that Burton, when within the walls of the sacred city, did perform a common action after the fashion of the Frank and not of the Moslem, that he saw a true believer watching him curiously, and that for fear of accidents he promptly 'went for' that true believer, and killed him on the spot, on the 'dead men tell no tales' principle. That anecdote has formed the text for scores of arguments. Men have wrangled fiercely over the question it suggests as to whether a traveller placed in such imminent and deadly peril was or was not justified in slaying the spectator of his mistake, on the chance that such spectator might betray him. The argument remains to afford food for contest, but the story on which it is founded has vanished into nothingness. For Captain Burton has assured the City and the world, in a note to one of the recent volumes of his 'Arabian Nights,' that the whole thing is fiction, a canard, a literary wild duck of the wildest.

"Meccah, and the record of the pilgrimage thereto, would have been venture enough and renown enough for an ordinary lifetime. It is merely an episode in the active and literary career of Captain Burton. Into the generation that has come and gone since the Sheikh Abdullah shook the dust of Meccah from off the soles of his sacrilegious feet, where has Burton not been and what has he not done? He has gone hither and thither 'like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless'—now to the Land of Midian, now to the Gold Coast for gold, now dwelling in Damascus, now in the dim and dangerous Cameroons, now in Trieste, and now in Marocco. With all

this, as if possessed by a very demon of work, he has found time to store his brain with a most marvellous multiplicity of learning, and to write a very Alexandrian library of books on all manner of strange and widely differing subjects. Every one of his travels has been made the theme for a long, but never too long, record. He has translated the lengthy 'Lusiads' of Camoens with the same lightness of heart with which most men would sit down to scratch off a leading article. He has given the world that monument of fascinating knowledge on a fascinating subject, 'The Book of the Sword,' to which the erudition and research of a long lifetime might well appear to have been devoted. He has imported grotesque devil tales from Hindostan. He has written under the thin disguise of a Persian bard—a disguise as thin as that of Bodensted's 'Mirza Shaffy'—a wonderful poem which speculates upon the life of man in something of the spirit of Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam.' He has translated, for the benefit of the curious and initiated few, a Hindoo work on 'Martial Relationships,' which is one of the eccentricities of literature. Now, in what would be called, were he any one else but Richard Burton, his old age, he is bringing out his great translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' one of the most valuable contributions that have ever been made to the literature of Oriental investigation.

"Was there ever a more bewildering man than this modern Admirable Crichton, who can speak more languages than Mezzofanti—it is a treat to hear him troll out some Persian love-ditty or Arabic desert-song in their guttural originals—who has been everywhere, who can fight with every weapon, who is something of a doctor, and something of a wizard, and something of a philosopher. The English Government, in whose service he has passed his life, has scarcely made the best use of him. He knows more about Eastern countries and Eastern peoples, and can speak more Eastern languages than probably any living man, and therefore a wise Administration planted him, during many recent years of Eastern complication, in which he might have rendered splendid service to the State, in an Italo-Austrian town, where the mouse-coloured cattle recall the Campagna, and neighbouring Miramar suggests the luckless lord of Mexico, and where Burton's special knowledge was well-nigh of no avail. He is happier now beneath the blue Marocco skies. There, with the white domes and the spreading palms of the East ever in his eyes, he can peacefully finish what is, perhaps, the greatest labour of his life—his version of those marvellous tales which have delighted the Orient for cycles, and which have profoundly influenced European thought and literature for nearly two centuries."

November 28th, in Marocco, Richard mourns the death of our good old friend, the Duke of Somerset. He settled down at the hotel close to the sea, called on every one, got out his work, and waited for me.

His journals do not show him to have been very taken with Marocco. Before he had been there two days, everybody ran to

him with all their little political intrigues and private spites. There did not seem to be two people in the place who really liked or trusted one another. The principal house to go to for grandeur was, of course, Sir John Drummond-Hay's; but the only really enjoyable house was Perdicaris', who had a semi-European, semi-Oriental establishment, and the Oriental part was a dream. He painted very beautifully, was very talented, and his devotion to his wife was ideal. In December Richard found the air simply splendid. However, he was not long in Tangier before he began to feel gouty again.

CHAPTER XII.

RICHARD ON HOME RULE AND THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

I THINK that these valuable letters written by Richard in 1886, a year before he became an invalid, are too precious not to be reproduced in this difficult crisis, regarding Home Rule, as they were written for the same crisis seven years ago. He had a most wonderful foresight, that seemed inspired, and could prophesy with almost a certainty for many years ahead. Although he was a Conservative in politics, he was fully convinced that this should be the programme, but carried out in a proper manner, with a rider.

"A 'DIET' FOR IRELAND.

"Tangier, Marocco, January 10th, 1886.

"Every province of Austro-Hungary (the Dual Empire which should and will be tripled to Austro-Hungaro-Slavonian) enjoys the greatest advisable amount of 'Home Rule' by means of its own Landstag or Diet. The little volumes, each in the local dialect, containing the rules and regulations for legislative procedure are broadcast over the country; and I would especially recommend those which concern the Diet of Istria and—a thing apart—the Diet of Trieste City to the many who are now waxing rabid with alarm at the idea of an Irish Parliament in the old house on College Green.

"In 1883 I undertook a detailed study of Diets in general, but first sickness and then a decidedly more interesting work intervened. Englishmen abroad will find such a task the reverse of unprofitable. A certain school of politicians, which aims mainly at destroying whatever is, and to whom an aristocrat Empire is a red rag to a rageous bull, have ignored the fact, still true as when the saying was first said, that if Austria did not exist she would have to be invented. Even they may be interested to learn that the tie by which she connects such a host of various nationalities—differing in speech, religion, manners, customs, and interests—is the local Diet, which satisfies the aspirations of every reasonable man to 'Home Rule.'

"The local Diet (Landstag) offers the immense advantage of submitting to the discussion of experts, provincial questions which, in the shape of Bills sent up to the much overworked Imperial Parliament (Reichstag), would be disposed of by a 'Massacre of the Innocents.' Otherwise the great assembly in Vienna, as in London, would be placed in a false position, which, 'like a wrong focus in photography, distorts every object.'

"The local Diet encourages decentralization; the growing evil of Europe being that of crowded Cities and over-populated Capitals, where wealth may prosper but where man decidedly decays; in fact, becomes non-viable. Hence Mandarin Tseng is reported to have said that the strength has gone out of England; and it surely will go when we have a greater majority of town population.

"The local Diet acts as a distributor to wealth; and we all know that questions of self-government rest mainly on the solid base of £ *s. d.* When absentee-landlords carry their money to, and never fail to spend the season in, the Metropolis, reserving their economy for home residence, local industries cannot but suffer. The provincial Diet meets, we will say, two months before the Imperial Parliament; and creates a kind of sub-season in the provincial Capital, which, like Dublin and Edinburgh, never forgets that she was once a real Capital. The deputies take their families with them, and part of the revenue and income drawn from the land is returned to the land.

"As with us, dire consequences were predicted for Magyar Home Rule in Pesth, and for Czech Home Rule in Prague, which would soon swamp the German element and eat up the landlords. Now there is a notable social resemblance between the Magyar and the Irish Kelt; nor will any one pretend that the animosity in the sister island against foreign rule is hotter in 1886 than was that of the Magyar against Austria in 1848–50. Yet the latter learned only moderation from Home Rule, and he is now a loyal subject. If, however, any especial defence for the landlord-class be temporarily necessary, this can be done by counting acres instead of noses, till increased national prosperity, and a sense of having had justice dealt to the people, shall allay the ill feeling.

"The local Diet has at times proved troublesome by intermeddling with Imperial questions; for instance in Croatia, which has produced a Slavonian Parnell—men both to be honoured for the energy and persistency with which they have claimed liberty for their fellow-countrymen. But these troubles are good in one point; far better an outburst in open air than in confinement, where the strength of the explosion is immensely increased. In normal times the limits of local authority are studiously kept, as they are exactly laid down, and every member knows his competency or incompetency to lay a measure before the House. A law officer of the Crown, appointed *ad hoc*, attends every meeting of the local Diet, and can veto debate upon questions beyond its legislative sphere.

"I believe that the study of these little volumes, treating upon the local Diets of Austria, will suggest to England not only a Parliament in Dublin, but a similar assembly in Edinburgh and in

Carnarvon; furthermore, that if they prove useful and important, as they promise to do, England will presently be distributed into circuits or districts, each provided with its own Diet.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

Pall Mall Gazette, January 18th, 1886.

"Sir Richard Burton, that extraordinary scholar, who touches no subject that he does not illuminate, has written a letter on Home Rule too interesting to be lost to sight. His object is to point out that a solution of the Irish question is possibly to be found in the way each province of Austro-Hungary enjoys the greatest advisable amount of Home Rule by means of its own Landstag or Diet. To those 'who are now waxing rabid with alarm at the idea of an Irish Parliament in the old house on College Green,' he especially prescribes a study of the Diet of Austria and the Diet of Trieste. Sir Richard Burton enumerates three great advantages of the Diet system as it is there seen. First, provincial questions are submitted to the discussion of experts in the Landstag, whereas if they were simply poured into the overworked Reichstag, they would be slaughtered almost without a hearing. Second, the local Diet encourages decentralization, and the most evil effects of it, the tendency of the population to concentrate itself in the towns, and there decay. Third, the local Diet acts as a distributor of wealth; a kind of sub-season is created in the provincial capital, the deputies take their families there, and a proper part of the revenue from the land returns to it again. Sir Richard Burton's scheme is well worthy of further study, and this, he believes, will suggest a Parliament, not only in Dublin, but also in Edinburgh and in Carnarvon."

"A DIET FOR IRELAND.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

"Sir,—Would you kindly allow me space for a few lines by way of postscript to my note 'A Diet for Ireland,' printed in the *Academy* of January 16? Since that time 'a Diet' with a witness has been proposed, and hapless Hibernia has been offered the proud position of 'our latest colony.' But, if the 'Speak-house' in College Green be refused, what then? Will England have the pluck to fight for the integrity of her Empire, as did our Yankee cousins a quarter of a century ago? Or is she so blind, as not to see that civil war is threatened, that even civil war is better than disruption, ignominy, ruin, and that her success would be easy, certain, and decisive? Though no longer in the *première jeunesse*, I would willingly shoulder a musket in such a cause, and so, doubtless, would many myriads of my fellow-countrymen.

"Yours, etc.,

"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"April 26, 1886."

"But," he afterwards wrote, "I should have put a rider on to the first letter, because it only touches the political, not the religious

state of the question. Austrians and Hungarians are both more or less Catholic, whilst England and Ireland are bitter Protestant and bitter Catholic. It becomes no longer a political, but a religious question. There are plenty of good, honest, loyal Irish Catholics in Ireland, as well as good, loyal Protestants in the North of it. The loyalty of the English Catholic is well known; the mischief lies with the Fenian Priest, who prefers stepping into the political arena to confining himself to the more humble and obscure calling to which he is vowed, that of saying Mass, and administering the Sacraments to his fold. Woe be to him! And if the Pope is properly informed, it would take a wiser head than mine to know, why he does not excommunicate them. No honestly minded Catholic wants to see temporal power put into the hands of these Fenians, which might possibly lead back to the Inquisition. When they clamour for Home Rule, it is not Home Rule that they want, it is the education of their children. They say, 'We want to bring up our children as good Christians and good loyalists, but we do not want them brought up *for* us as Materialists and Socialists." In this I think they are right, *but the education should be compulsory;* and if they had the spirit of a louse, or any *esprit de corps*, and a civil tongue with decent behaviour, they would get it. For my own part, I see no hope of a rightful sentiment until they get a *Man* at the helm of the British Government. When I say a man, I understand somebody who does not care one fig for his place, and when he does right, it is for the Nation to take him or leave him as they like, and if there *was* such a man, they would accept despotism from his hands. If it were *me*, I should have my agents in Ireland, quietly separating the goats from the sheep. I should have my Men-of-War lying off in different places. In one single night the goats would be seized, priest or layman, and they would be conveyed far, far away to my Monastic jail, my Siberia, where they would be well treated, well taken care of, and allowed their Mass and their Sacraments; but the only ships that touched there would be provision ships, and it would be a '*lifer*,' without any communication, by letter or otherwise, with the outer world; and any one aiding or abetting would be hung at the yardarm. Ireland would be quiet in a year; peace, happiness, and *union* restored.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

I heartily concur in every one of these sentiments. I think that although, in 1829, Catholics were emancipated, they have never been, during these sixty-four years, placed on an equality, even in England, with their Protestant fellow-creatures. This is not quite right. It shows itself more in *unnecessary* pin-pricks, than in any large circumstances. I will merely quote, as an example, one silly little thing that comes in my own radius. I have a little annuity from my father, and four times a year I am obliged to certify that I am alive. I was ill in bed and wanted the money.

So I sent for my Catholic Priest, and asked him if he would sign it; he said certainly. In a few days I got it back from a Government annuity office, with the following remark, in red ink:—'We cannot take the signature of a Roman Catholic Priest: Act 10 Geo. IV. cap. 24, special section 24." Now, is not this ridiculous? Canon Wenham is a gentleman and a man of the world, who has known me for forty years, but his word cannot be taken because he is a Catholic; so I had to wait until I was well enough to get up, and to go out (suffering inconvenience for the want of this money), to look for the Protestant clergyman, whom I did not *then* happen to know, and who, when he saw me, was obliged to say, 'Are you *really* Lady Burton?' 'Yes! I am *really* Lady Burton.' And *his* word is taken because he is a Protestant! Is it not nearly time that such utter rubbish, such absurd little insults should be repealed? They do not hurt educated, large-minded people—they make them laugh; but there are many classes that they *would* hurt, and thousands of such mosquito-stings make a big whole, and very likely *do* affect and *dis*affect a part of Her Majesty's subjects, who, if not baited, would be as loyal as the Sun. If Catholics like to take a back seat, they ought to be perfectly happy, and perhaps that is why they are so silent; but if that is not so, I am convinced that if they were all of one mind and one spirit, and if their grievances were represented in a dignified and reasonable manner, what they want with regard to the education of their children, would be conceded to them. And the Irish, who, with educated exceptions, probably do not realize what Home Rule and separation from England absolutely means—the uneducated, as likely as not, think it is something to eat—will never attain their project, by shooting English Agents and Landlords and hamstringing innocent animals, thereby proving how unfit they are to govern themselves, or to be invested with any power or authority.

I should like to be allowed to requote a thing I have printed before in my life. I think that it is excessively wicked of those who have chosen to confound religion with politics, and to make it appear unpatriotic and un-English to honour our Divine Master in our own way, and it is doubly malignant to fasten such a stigma upon the Old Catholic aristocracy of England. Show me loyalty like unto ours. Who fought and bled and died? Who sacrificed their lands and wealth freely as our ancestors did in all times, out of loyalty to their King? It is convenient now to pander to vulgar prejudice, to taunt us with a slight and a sneer on the smallest pretext, or without one, in the hopes of ousting us from the Court and from the World. But wait a little; the World's life is not yet over, and if the throne, through weak policy, should ever totter—which may God

avert from us!—we shall joyfully go, as one man, woman, and child, with our hearts and lives, and all we possess in our hands, as we did before, to offer it upon the altar of our loyalty. It is no use to discuss the matter now in times of peace; the hour, when it comes, will prove which is loyal and disloyal, which is patriotic and unpatriotic. We will show all these men, who to-day dare to talk of loyalty to *us*, whether "blue blood" and old faith, or Cotton and Cant, love the throne best. I ask nothing better than to prove it in the name of all the Old Catholics in England; and our Pope would be the first to bless us for our loyalty. No Pope has any temporal power in England, nor could wish or expect it. The Army would march to-morrow wherever the Queen ordered, and fight without asking a question, and two-thirds of it is Catholic.

The late Lord Gerard, who had the honour of being A.D.C. to the Queen, and who was the rigidest of all rigid Catholics, said, when the question was first raised, though he was an old man, "By ——! the man who tells me that I am not loyal, had better be a couple of stone heavier than I am!" We are still brought up with the old-fashioned loyalty, as if it were a part of our religion, and we are ready to do as we did before when our Sovereign needs us. We should almost as soon think of going into our church and tearing the cross down off the altar, as of showing any disrespect, presumption, disloyalty, or indifference to our Queen or her family, much less treachery. And in the name of all ancient Catholic England, I throw my glove down to those who accuse us of it, be they who they may. I do not pretend to know anything about our converts—I have been too long away—but my own people, we who have been Catholics from all time, "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's."

I once heard a story of a lieutenant in some regiment, who was honest, steady, and quiet, full of sterling qualities; but he was dull, reserved, religiously inclined, or less brilliant than his brother-officers. They laughed at him, and associated but little with him. He was well born, but poor, and without interest; so he remained without, in the cold shade, both as to promotion and the warmth and cheerfulness of friendship and society. But he never complained; he lived on and did his best.

Then at last came the Crimean War. A battery was to be taken; and the guns were so well pointed at this particular regiment, which was the storming party, that they were forced to give way. But, in hopes of rallying his own company, this young fellow passed all his brother-officers with a laugh. He flung his shako before him, and,

sword in hand, rushed through a breach into the battery, followed by his handful. They never came out again. At the mess that night there was not a man but who wished he had better understood his brother-officer. They now remembered a thousand good qualities and incidents that ought to have endeared him to them, and they vainly tried to recall any little kindness that they had shown him. All felt ashamed of the contempt with which they had treated one in every respect their superior. Of that stuff we are made, and when the occasion comes we will prove it.

1886.

I was to have started, by Richard's orders, soon, but I got a telegram from him saying there was cholera, and that I could get no quarantine at Gibraltar, and should not be allowed to land. But I at once telegraphed to Sir John Adye, who was then commanding at Gibraltar, and asked if he would allow a Government boat to take me off the P. and O. and put me straight on the Marocco boat; and received a favourable answer, to my great relief. I wanted to get to Richard for our silver wedding.

At last the business for which I was left behind permitted me to start, and I wished my dear father good-bye, as my husband had done; but, though I left with a great misgiving, I entertained a strong hope that I should see him again—as the doctors assured me I should. I went down to Gravesend, and embarked on one of the floating palaces, the P. and O. *Ballarat*. The Bay was bad, and I was delighted with the pluck of my Italian maid Lisa, who had never been at sea before. Her eyes got bigger and bigger as she looked through the closed porthole, and she kept saying, "There is such a big one (wave); we *must* go down this time." She would hardly believe my laughing and saying, "Oh no, you won't! You will float like a duck over it in a minute—we always do that here." The amusing part was her scorn of the Triestines when she got back, when she used to say, "Sea! do you call *that* a sea? Why, the waves are no bigger than the river in England."

About four days from England the weather was delightful. We steamed into "Gib." at seven a.m. Richard came off in a boat, wearing a fez, and Captain Baker kindly came for me also with a Government launch, into which Richard changed. We called on Sir John Adye to thank him, and on a great many other friends, and we went to S. Rocca. We had a delightful dinner at Sir John Adye's, and met everybody.

I was very glad to arrive at Gibraltar, and to be with Richard, for in my opinion he did not look at all well, being very puffy in the

face, and exceedingly low-spirited; but he got better and better, as he always did as soon as he was with me.*

On the 5th of February, 1886, a very extraordinary thing happened —it was a telegram addressed "Sir Richard Burton." He tossed it over to me and said, "Some fellow is playing me a practical joke, or else it is not for me. I shall not open it, so you may as well ring the bell and give it back again." "Oh no!" I said; "I *shall* open it if you don't." So it was opened. It was from Lord Salisbury, conveying in the kindest terms that the Queen, at his recommendation, had made him K.C.M.G. in reward for his services. He looked very serious and quite uncomfortable, and said, "Oh! I shall not accept it." I said, "You had better accept it, Jemmy, because it is a certain sign that they are going to give you the place" (Tangier, Marocco).

On the 28th of January, having been co-founder and President of the Anthropological Institute, he was now made Vice-president, in consequence of being always absent abroad.

This is the account he gives of Tangier in his journal:—

"It is by no means a satisfactory place for an Englishman. The harbour town was in the same condition as Suez was during the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and it was ruled by seven diplomatic kinglets, whose main, if not sole, work or duty was for each and every one to frustrate any scheme of improvement, or proposal made by any colleague or rival ruler. The capabilities of the place were enormous, the country around was a luxuriant waste awaiting cultivation, and all manner of metals, noble and ignoble, abounded in the adjacent mountains—the maritime Atlas. The first necessity was a railroad connecting the seaboard with Fez, the capital; but even a telegraph wire to Gibraltar, although a concession was known to have been issued, had not been laid, apparently because the rate of progress would have been too rapid. The French were intriguing for a prolongation of the Algerine railways; the Spanish sought possession of one or two more ports, as a basis of operations. The Italians kept their keen eyes ever open for every chance. Even Portugal remembered his Camoens, and his predictions about this part of the world. The Germans were setting all by the ears, and we English confined ourselves to making the place a market for supplying Tommy Atkins with beef. The climate in winter is atrocious for one seeking dry desert air. More than once it has rained three days without intermission; once it has snowed. Tangier is but the root of a land-tongue projecting north between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, hence both east wind and west wind are equally disagreeable. It is a Sommer-Frisch for Gibraltar; briefly, it is a Desert within cannon-shot of Civilization."

* It might be remarked, "Why did he ever leave me behind?" Sometimes it was a press of double business, requiring two people in different places, but mostly it was lack of money. If there was enough for one, he went; when there was enough for two, we both went.—I. B.

We crossed over to Marocco in the *Jebel Tarik*, and a very curious journey it was. It was a flat-bottomed cattle tug, only fit for a river. The sea was exceedingly heavy. The machinery stopped, they said, for want of oil; seas washed right over, and she rolled right round in the water, so that it was a passage of five hours instead of two. It actually snowed—a thing that the natives had never seen within the memory of man, and quite alarmed them. The Sharífah called on me; she was the Englishwoman who married the Sherif some years ago.

We made delightful excursions both in Marocco and about Gibraltar. We saw a great deal of Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay, who was a very sweet woman, and their charming daughter, Miss Alice Drummond-Hay. We thought the Embassy a miserable little house, after the Palazzone at Trieste. The streets were muddy and dirty, all uphill, all horribly stony, like Khaifa. I thought the people in Tangier itself, looked poor, miserable, dirty, diseased, and trodden down, and you must go out very far to find anything like a fine race. After Damascus, and all the other Eastern places I had seen, I thought it horrid, and was sorely disappointed—I had heard it so raved about; but I would willingly have lived there, and put out all my best capabilities, if my husband could have got the place that he wanted, and for which I had employed every bit of interest we had on his side or mine to obtain, but in vain. I sometimes now think that it was better so, and that he would not have lived so long, had he had it, for he was decidedly breaking up. The climate did not appear to be the one that suited him, and the anxiety and responsibilities of the post might have hurried on the catastrophe that happened in the following year, 1887. It was for the honour of the thing, and we saw for ourselves how uneasy a crown it would be.

He remarks in his journal—

"My wife and I left the foul harbour-town, the 'Home of Dulness,' and passed a pleasant week at the 'Rock,' enjoying the hospitable society of our fellow-countrymen. I failed in certain *pour-parlers* concerning the treasure-ship sunk in Vigo Bay. The officer who claimed to know the true position was unduly cautious, and the right was his, more than mine. I endeavoured, but again in vain, to excite some local interest in the ruins of Karteia, the Biblical Tarshish, famed for ships. A local antiquary had made a charming collection of statuettes, and other works of Greek art, by scraping the tumuli which line the two banks of the Guadarrangua, *alias* First River, and which now represent the magnificent docks described by Strabo. He could not but remark the utter inadequacy of the defences, so famed throughout the civilized world. Fifty years ago they might have been sufficient, but

now they have fallen long behind the age, and could not defend themselves against a single ironclad. The fact is now generally recognized.

"We embarked in ugly weather on board the Cunarder s.s. *Saragossa;* she was a staunch old craft, but heavily top-laden with timber and iron works for a dock at Puzzuoli: the beams lashed and clamped to the bulwarks, and the metal loosely stowed away below. A rapidly falling barometer, a wind changing to every quarter, and a fearfully stormy sky, warned us that a full gale was raging in the Gulf of Lyons; it should be called the 'Lion's Gulf.' The sailors explain this in their own way. As in the Suez sea-jinns have been jailed, so here evil spirits have been laid by the priests, who, however, cannot boast of success in preventing their doing terrible damage. Huge seas washed over the deck, the galley was swamped, and there was a whisper that the boats were being prepared. However, in thirty hours the squall blew itself out, and the *Saragossa,* with a nasty cant to starboard, steamed into the fine new port of Genoa, self-styled the Serpent. After two days' rest, the cargo being reorganized, the good ship resumed her way, and passing by Ischia, where the ruins of the earthquake were dreadful to look upon, landed us at Naples.

"The old saying, 'Vedi Napoli e poi morir,' has now assumed a new and fatal significance; bad drainage has bred typhus fever, which has made the Grand Hotels along the shore the homes of death. We had time to pay a visit to Pompeii, which since my time is utterly cockneyfied. In olden days you engaged a carriage and a guide, and passed in and out of the ruins just as you pleased. Now there are barriers and tolls, and taxes, licenced *ciceroni*, and Cockney inn crowded with ruffianly drivers. Inside the *enceinte*, prudishness reigned supreme, and wooden doors are closed in the face of all feminines, before certain frescoes. My wife found an object in a church in which she had for many years interested self, Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii, a rich basilica erected on the site of a pagan temple.

"At Naples, my wife, having had a bad fall through the washing away of the ladder between the upper and lower decks, had hurt herself terribly. She was already not well enough to risk any shaking, when, to my horror, I saw something which I took to be a large feather pillow roll lightly into the timbers below. I saw several people rush to pick it up, and, to my horror, found it was my wife. She seemed stunned for a minute, and then she was so frightened that I should be uneasy, that she just shook herself and said she was all right; but at Naples it was evident that she had damaged herself, so that when our time was up I made her continue her journey by land, whilst I, who thoroughly enjoyed the sea, rejoined the ship."

Whilst we were there, the Italian Minister came in in proper style in an Italian frigate, with eighteen guns salute from the ship, and

the fortress answering. We received a great deal of hospitality in Tangier, which we enjoyed very much. The *Grappler*, Captain Cochrane, came over, and Colonel (now General) Buckle, commanding the Royal Artillery at Gibraltar. All good things come to an end, and the day came round to recross to Gib., but this time in a Trans-atlantique, and Captain Baker again kindly sent a Government launch to meet us, as it was very rough. We immediately called on Sir John and Lady Adye, Lord and Lady Gifford, and Colonel Buckle. We made acquaintance with a quantity of nice people, found Sir Allen Young there, and enjoyed a very charming week. On departure, Captain Baker kindly took us in his launch to our ship, the Cunard (for Mediterranean) *Saragossa*, Captain Tutt.

We did not like the cabin, nor the ship, nor the food; it was regularly roughing it *for invalids*. There was no doctor, a disobliging stewardess, no baths, very little water to wash with, one towel. No resort for bad weather; you had either to lie in your berth, or sit bolt upright in the saloon. No room to walk because of the cargo, as we were laden with iron and wood for a pier at Puzzuoli, near Naples; and besides the hold being full, the deck was also full, and it was even lashed to the sides. There was no ventilation below, because it was bad weather.

We had a first-rate captain and nice officers, and they and the boy-stewards did all they could to make us comfortable. As our cabin was over the screw, three gentlemen good-naturedly changed with us. Now, there was a new moon and an eclipse, and bad weather sprung up in the night. There was a tremendous nor'-wester in the Gulf of Lyons; the galley was swamped, heavy seas swept over us every minute, the iron cargo got loose in the hold and was rolling about, and we had an ugly slant to starboard—in fact, one's cabin was all uphill.

Richard was knocked down twice, and had a very heavy fall on head and forehead and shins. The coal-bunks caught fire, we shipped seas into the saloon, and it seemed at one time as if the boat on the port side would come into the saloon skylight. I shall never forget his kindness and tenderness to me in that gale.

If the cargo of timber lashed to the sides had behaved ill, it would have torn away the bulwarks, and bumped a hole in the ship. The captain was thirty hours on the bridge, and I never saw a man look so used-up as he did next day; and how relieved he was—and we all were—when we came into Genoa, looking in an awful plight! We knew that they would stay there a bit, and we bolted at once for the hotel. One never forgets the good bath and bed and the clean

food that greets one on these occasions. Sailors always say that some priest, in exorcising a devil, has laid him in the Gulf of Lyons, and from that time forth I have believed it.

We had a delightful forty-eight hours at Genoa, excepting that I went to call on a very dear old friend, and found that she had died, and that I had never heard of it; and, to my great surprise, who should I see mooning about but Miss Alice Bird (Dr. Bird's sister, of 49, Welbeck Street, our great friends), and I carried her off at once to the hotel, and thence to the ship to see us depart, as we had to continue our journey. It was blowing very hard when we arrived at Leghorn. Richard had caught cold, so we did not go ashore, but amused ourselves with buying the pretty alabaster rubbish that peddlers bring on board. Half of the companion ladder between the upper and lower deck had been washed away, and I, being unaware of it, got a heavy fall amongst the timber and hurt myself.

It was fearfully cold, blowing off bleak snow mountains. We were delighted with Vesuvius, throwing up flames, and streams of red lava pouring down her sides. We went at once to a hotel, and went over to Pompeii, which we enjoyed immensely. We found Lady Otway there, made acquaintance with all the Society, and saw everything in and about Naples. My fall had hurt me so much that Richard would not let me go on in the ship from Naples to Trieste.

He writes: "It was rather fun in Genoa. Because I wore my fez, everybody took me for part of the Carnival, and followed me."

Before we left, it being the King's birthday, there was a march past our hotel of all the soldiers and sailors. The sailors were good, but the rest sadly defective and slipshod. We went to Puzzuoli, from where the steamer sailed. The ship went to Palermo, Messina, Catania, came along the Dalmatian coast, and, after a very peaceful journey of a week, reached Trieste. I went by rail to Rome, and I do not wish for a worse train than that between Naples and Rome, nor more disagreeable railway officials than those I found at Naples.

As I arrived late, and did not count my change, I lost eighteen francs, and three of my boxes were kept back from Jack-in-office reasons. At Rome I waited in the station for three hours to get another train, and was delighted to get into an Austrian train with a good bed and a civil conductor. I arrived in Florence next morning, where I did some more mediæval Italy that day and part of the next, and in the evening got on to Bologna for the same object. I then arrived at Trieste, on the 20th of March, with a very unpleasant journey, and, as there was a cholera scare, met with a great deal of visiting of baggage and fumigation. I arrived at ten

in the evening, and was accustomed to be met by a crowd of friends, and was surprised at finding that there was no one to meet me; but when I got into our house, three telegrams were handed to me that had not reached me. The first was, "Father very ill—can you come?" the second was, "Father died to-day;" the third, "Father buried to-day at Mortlake" (yesterday). I then understood that everybody knew it, and had kindly desisted on account of what would have been my grief had I known. It was a severe blow, and I felt it very much, for I had not expected it. I was thus in Trieste three days before Richard, and was able to go on board and receive him.

On the 25th, the English, headed by Mr. P. P. Cautley and Mr. Salvari, our first and second Vice-Consuls, presented us with a beautiful cup for our silver wedding.

Richard notes in his journal (as we at once paid a visit to Duino Opçina), "Andrino" (my little god-child, whom I saved in former and years as a babe) "is dead, the setter Fazan is given away, Brownie the donkey is sold. I shall not now care so much to go to Opçina; all my amusements are taken away."

On the 10th of April he began his "Terminal Essay," and vol. viii. was sent home. We went to a very nice Assault of Arms; that was a thing we never neglected.

He writes—

"In May, my wife and I had a pleasant change, being invited by our colleague, Mr. Faber, H.B.M.'s Consul for Fiume, to visit his castle Schloss Sternstein, near Cilli, in Steiermark. We found a modern building, which had superseded the ancient feudal château, whence the old legend of a Styrian Romeo and Juliet has not wholly faded. We enjoyed the society of Mr. and Mrs. Faber, who are hospitality itself, and amused ourselves with their numerous and beautiful children; and last, but not least, the simple German life and perfect rest and liberty were exceedingly refreshing. My wife and I went to look at an old mill, with cottage attached, to see if we could make that our future cottage."

We stopped at Cilli on the way back, and thence to Trieste. We had constantly at home many people who came in to lunch and dinner, as it was our one time off work, and people knew it was our great pleasure and chose that hour for coming to see us. The family from Duino, the Princesses Hohenlöhe, and the Princess Taxis, whenever they came into town to do commissions, used to take their breakfast with us *en route*. A great part of the summer we used to sit under one particular shady lime tree, whose branches almost form a tent, and there were benches and tables arranged under it. We used to call it "our tree." Frequently, when we were in all the bustle of London, perhaps driving in the City to

publishers, he would say, "Our tree is out beautifully now. Are you regretting it?" I would answer him, "No; *my* tree is wherever *you* are." And he would add, "That is awfully sweet of you." We were not always paying each other compliments. He used to pay them to some women, but I hardly ever got any, so that I treasured up the few; but what he did say, meant a great deal. When he used to go out to convivial parties of men, where the generality of ladies were not asked, and he would come back late in the small hours, he would tell me all about it, and then he would say, "But what a horrible desert it would be, if I had not got *you* to come back to!"

He here notices the death of Mr. White-Cooper, F.R.G.S., the eminent oculist, with whom and his wife (Lady Cooper) we were on the most friendly terms. He was now working at the ninth volume of the "Nights."

POLITICS.

A man's politics and a man's religion are supposed to be two very prominent features in his character. I therefore give you a *résumé* of Richard's politics in the Appendices. Now, being in an official position, he never was able to express his opinions very freely, and what I give you, though they were actually written by me, and published by me in various books and pamphlets, were what I *learnt* from my husband, as *I learnt everything that I know from him.* To him I owe all the education that I have received. I consider that he *made* me, so to speak, and whatever little publicity or fame have been accorded to me by those who know me, I owe it entirely to him. In one part of his politics you will see that he strongly advocated an alliance with China; and I am sure that Mr. G. H—— will have no objection to my publishing the letters he wrote me in 1886, praising me for what I wrote, that I may give the honour where it is due, to Richard. Richard has been consulted over and over again by different Governments; he has given his knowledge and suggestions freely, and they have often been carried out, but have never in one single instance been publicly acknowledged in any way, and scarcely thanked for privately.

"December 6th, 1886.

"DEAR LADY BURTON,

"Of course you will recollect sending me a presentation copy of your work, 'Arabia, Egypt, and India,' with

'To G. H.,
a grateful souvenir
from Isabel Burton,'

written on the title-page. . . . Well, I want you to send me another, as the other is out of my possession. Thus—

"In reading it I had been much struck with the chapter, 'A Peep into the Future of North-Western India,' and especially with the last forty-seven lines, as containing a proper solution of our difficulties with Russia.

"I took the liberty of marking pages 394 and 395, and sending the book to Lord Salisbury twelve to fifteen months ago, during his short administration before the present one, and I asked him, if *what Mrs. Burton said was true*, whether an arrangement with China would not free us in the future from all the bother with Russia —and, if he thought so, would he not do it at once? I received an answer. Now, in *three or four weeks* after I sent it, *I saw in the papers* that *we* had entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with China, in case of a war with Russia, and since then the collapse of Russia's pretensions, and *our* own power in future, to remain in the *van of civilization* as we list, without fear, are matters of history.

"It is surprising how *plainly* people see things *when they are once pointed out*. I believe you pointed it out at the right moment, and that I was a small instrument in the matter of getting it accomplished. And who shall say that a greater stroke of policy was ever accomplished? Its consequences are far-reaching indeed.

"My brother-in-law, Major —— of the —— Regiment, whose regiment is stationed in India, although he is home on furlough, considers it a masterpiece of strategy, looking at the position we were in. However, let that pass; it is not the only good you have done, and I'll be bound to say are doing, in the world now.

"Yours sincerely,

"G. H——.

"P.S.—How are the donkeys, horses, and the other animals you took under your protection in Trieste getting on? I often wonder. If you have time, please read pages 394 and 395 of your book, commencing, 'But our highest prospect,' etc."

"14th December, 1886.

"MY DEAR LADY BURTON,

"I am much pleased by receiving your note and hearing from you once again.

"I enclose a copy of the two pages to which I called Lord Salisbury's attention, and you will say yourself, looking at the words in the light of subsequent events—to say nothing of the present position—it is hard to say what influence these words have had on the present and future of the whole world.

"England's arm was paralyzed, and has *been for some time*, by the nightmare and bugbear of Russia. Bismarck, to clear himself and his own country, had been pointing *Russia to India;* but when *this* occurred, and it became clear that at last we had secured ourselves in India by this Chinese alliance, Russian bother at Afghanistan's frontier ceased. Germany hastened to offer thirty-five millions loan to China. France stopped her war and sent a deputation after the German with proposals for trade, and Russia at Merv, and France at Tonquin, were both paralyzed and powerless for harm. Burmah

was taken and our future secured, and, what is more, England was again free to declare, as Lord Salisbury did at the last Mansion House banquet, that if any of England's interests are imperilled, her own right arm is quite powerful enough to right them at once, without assistance from any European Power.

"Without this arrangement with China dared he to have said so? No! However, whatever the facts are, one thing is certain, that what has happened is for the best.

"I hope you will get the pension.* If you think I could do anything towards it I will gladly try, so long as *I am not doing any harm* by interfering. I ought to say I sent the book to Mr. Gladstone two months before I sent it to Lord Salisbury, when Gladstone was in. He returned it. I suppose the reference to Gordon was too much for him. Of course he may have initiated what Lord Salisbury carried out with China.

"With kind regards, believe me

"Yours sincerely,

"G. H——."

"31st January, 1887.

"My dear Lady Burton,

"I enclose you a little scrap from to-day's paper about Germany and China. The jealousy shown all round by the different Powers since our agreement with the latter one, is clear proof what a great thing *they think it is for us.* One thing is certain, that those two pages of yours have done more to '*make history*,' as it is called, than many wars could do, and without blood-shedding. The more I think of it, and the more I view the convulsion which must come very soon from all these armed men, the more I am satisfied that it is a grand thing for Lord Salisbury that, having India secure, he can now do as he feels he can best secure the future in accordance with the spirit of our old traditions.

"With kindest regards, believe me

"Yours sincerely,

"G. H——.

"P.S.—I conclude you received the *Asiatic Review* article *in Paris* by the Marquis Tseng. I sent it there to you."

"June 28th, 1887.

"My dear Lady Burton,

"I have not heard one word from you or any one else since the earthquake, and have often wondered what had become of you, and how you fared.

"What a time you had! much worse than any one would think who had not himself known and seen in others what *a serious matter nervous suffering is.*

"As to the Government, they might have given Sir Richard the pension. However, if it's not done when you return, I would stick to them for it. They can well afford it, for they are having a grand

* Richard's retiring pension—full pension for his four last years.

innings through this China business. Even the French papers say how cleverly Lord Salisbury has managed by playing off China against Russia.

"I am satisfied that will be the chief road in future to India, Japan, and China, *re* Liverpool to Halifax, Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, and steam over the Pacific.

"It will beat the Suez Canal; but Lord Salisbury has got quit of the *Russian periodical scares*, which was the great thing, and all through you.

"Give my kindest regards to your husband, and believe me always,

"Yours sincerely,
"G. H——."

The paragraph in my book above alluded to, was as follows:—

"But our highest prospect of happy deliverance from this terrible northern rival (Russia) is still to be noticed; and that so little attention has been paid to it by our writers, is not a little astonishing to the student. In Russia it must have caused a vast amount of anxious thought; and it readily explains the cautious system of her approaches, parallels, and encroachments in the East; her provisional system of indirect until ready for direct rule over her new conquests; her strategic lines of observation and demonstration; and her carefully disposed apparatus of supports, reserves, and bases of operations. *Nolens volens*, will-we nill-we, Russia must eventually absorb Kashgar; she must meet China face to face, and then her serious troubles begin.

"The dash of Tartar blood in Russian veins establishes a remote cousinhood with China. There is something of physical, and more of moral, likeness between the two peoples. Both are equally sturdy, hardy, frugal, energetic, persistent, aggressive, and brave in facing death. Both have a national speech, a peculiar alphabet, and, to go no further, a religion which distinguishes them from the rest of the world. Both are animated by the sturdy vigour of a newly awakened civilization. During the war of 1842 we facetiously said that it was rank murder to attack the Chinese troops with any missiles but oranges. Presently the Ever-Victorious Army led by Gordon, one of England's noblest and best neglected sons, showed the might that was slumbering in a nation of three hundred millions.

"And now China is preparing herself, with that slow but terrible steadfastness of purpose which distinguishes her, to exercise her influence upon the civilized world,—upon the other three-fourths which compose the sum of humanity. After a hundred checks and defeats she has utterly annihilated the intrusive Mohammedan schism which attempted to establish its independence in Yunnan. She will do the same in Kashgar, although the dilatoriness of her proceedings, unintelligible to the Western mind, tends to create a false feeling of security. She is building a fleet and rolling her own plates. Her army is being drilled by Europeans; the men are

armed with Remingtons, and she has six manufactories for breech-loading rifles. Securely cautious of her coming strength, she declines all little wars with England and France, till another dozen years or so shall enable her to meet her enemies on terms which, forecasted in 1842, would have appeared the very madness of prophecy.

"Such is the nation which is fated to contend with Russia for the glorious empire of Central Asia. This is the power which our Press and its teachers have agreed to ignore. In the coming struggle we shall see the direct result of the Crimean War, and then, perhaps, we may reap the reward of sacrifices and losses which hitherto have added little to our honour or to our power."

He writes—

"On the 5th of June we left again for England, as I was obliged to consult a particular manuscript, which would supply two volumes of my supplemental 'Arabian Nights.' The route lay through Krain or Carniola, with its queer little capital Laibach."

We made a ten days' delightful journey to England. At Krainberg began the beautiful scenery, hills and dales, grey stone, sheets of snow, pines, wheat-fields and cattle below, clouds and rain above, with a burst of sunlight through, the river rushing by us, the peaks of the Triglav in the clouds, the railway three thousand feet high. We were both delighted and glad we came. Loads of Sunday people in costume filled the stations till we got on to Villach. There is nothing like the Austrian Tyrol for lovely scenery, which begins at Krainberg, becomes perfect at Tarvis, and declines at Lienz. The Drau is a nice river before it marries the Danube; it is brisk and full of life.

At Villach the scenery and the gorges of the Drau were dressed in rainbow suit, mist and sunshine together. Lienz was very charming; we took a very great fancy to it, and from hence went on to Toblach, which opens into the magnificent gorge of the Cortina d'Ampezzo, which leads to the Dólomites. This time we were not so stupid as to go to the big Hôtel Toblach, because we were ill-treated last time; so we came to the Gasthof Ampezzo, rough but comfortable, with good native cooking, and a beautiful view up the valley of Ampezzo, where we had *Forellen* (the mountain trout), good black cock, and excellent wine (*Offner*). Then we went on to Innsbrück. We had one of those *Aussichtswagen* at the end of the train, all of glass, so that you can see the view, which was delightful, crossing the Brenner. The Brenner was full of snow amphitheatres, deep gorges, firs in spring suits, and tower-shaped rocks. The heat was very great; there are seventeen tunnels on this crossing, some as long as four or five

minutes. Dull old Innsbrück was reached at last, where one feels as if the clouds were resting on the top of one's head.

Innsbrück has a good hotel (Europa), but ridiculously dear. Here we found some old Trieste friends, Baron and Baroness von Puthon, *née* Comtesse de Bombelles; so we decided to pass a whole day at Innsbrück, and to go on to Bâle the following day. Here in the Cathedral are the bronze antique statues of the Imperialties of Austria from earliest times, which I have before mentioned. We left the next day, and went through the Arlberg tunnel, running through a most picturesque country. The carriages are high and good, the ventilation excellent. Landeck is the last station before entering the tunnel—it occupies eighteen minutes by the express—and Arlberg is the station at which you come out. The tunnel is lighted by a lamp at every mile. In going through the Arlberg Richard remarked that the ground was rotten, and later on this was more than confirmed. Feldkirch is the last Austrian, and Bocks is the first Swiss station. The road is pretty, but not equal to the other passes. The train then runs all along the lakes until Zurich, after which the country is very common till Bâle. The Euler is an old-fashioned but good hotel close to the Bâle station. We now went in for a nineteen hours' journey by express from Bâle to Boulogne and Folkestone—baggage is visited on the frontier at Delle. The train *had wagon-lits*, but it shook and lurched as if the carriages were very badly coupled. We stayed at Folkestone, as usual, to see Richard's sister and niece, and found the local Exhibition going on.

In London we simply resumed our work of a few months before. Richard attended the *levée* on the 25th. He notices some pleasant dinners that were given to us by Mr. Christie, and the poet Mr. St. Clair Baddeley at Albert Mansions, at Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's, where we met the Oscar Wyldes, and lots of other pleasant people.

My so-called edition of the "Arabian Nights" was now being brought out. It was a very melancholy time for me, my father being dead, and we were, as is usual, dividing the property, packing up, and breaking up the old home, which had been our refuge on all the holidays of our married life.

He wrote—

"Arrived in London, we had to realize the blow that had befallen us. The good old father, Henry Raymond Arundell, had quietly passed away, little short of eighty-seven, and we met to dine and drink a silent toast to his memory on his eighty-seventh birthday; the home, which had been the family *point de réunion* since 1861, was now to be given up. This house was the link that held the family together, and once separated, people hardly ever reunite upon

the same terms. All will understand how painful are such final breakings-up. On returning home, nothing so saddens the heart of the exile as the many empty chairs round the table. After a few visits to country houses, we found ourselves compelled to make sundry trips to Oxford. I had already memorialized the vice-chancellor and the curators of the Bodleian Library for the loan of the Wortley Montagu manuscripts of the 'Arabian Nights.' Not a private loan, but a temporary transference to the India Office under the charge of that excellent librarian, Dr. R. Rost. This led to the usual long delays, and finally, on November 1st, came a distinct refusal, which was the more offensive because a loan had been lately made to another applicant, an Anglo-Indian coloured subject. The visits were essentially unpleasant. The Bodleian is the model of what a reading library should *not* be, and the contrast of its treasures with their mean and miserable surroundings is a scandal. In autumn the University must be closed at three p.m., lights not being allowed; the student must transfer himself to its Succursale, the Ratcliffe, which as a *salle de lecture* is even worse. The 'Rotunda' is damp in the wet season, stuffy during the summer heats, and the cave of Eolus in windy weather. Few students except the youngest and strongest can endure its changeable nerve-depressing atmosphere. Nor did Oxford show well in point of climate; the air is malarious, and the resolute neglect of sanitation is a serious obstacle to students at this so-called Seat of Learning. Moreover, the ancient University had now become a mere collection of finishing schools, or rather a huge board for the examination of big boys and girls.

"The old Alma Mater had always been to me a *durissima noverca.* Although the late Mr. Chandler, of Pembroke College, had stoutly opposed all lending of Bodleian books and manuscripts, he thoroughly sympathized with me, and he said to my wife, 'Who could have foreseen, when opposing all loans and laying down laws to limit the facilities of students, that directly afterwards Richard Burton would turn up and want an Arabic manuscript, a manuscript, moreover, which no man in the University can read, although it boasts of two Arabic professors?'

"It was in vain to seek for a copyist at Oxford, and those who offered themselves in London I found by no means satisfactory. At last my wife hit upon the bright idea of photographing the pages required, and imparted her idea to Mr. Chandler, and Chandler thought it was a most valuable hint to the University. He not only carried it out, but he insisted on bearing all the expenses himself, despite my earnest wish to do so. The University should be grateful for this solution of the question. Books are now no longer lent, but photographs can always be obtained."

On the 1st of July we went to a party at Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wylde's, and there Richard met a man with whom he used to play chess thirty-five years ago. Richard arrived at playing three games blindfold; but

after he left the Army he gave it up, because he wanted his brain for other things. I have already said that Richard, after his recall from Damascus, never tried but for four things. He wanted to be made a K.C.B. in 1875, and I exerted myself very much, in writing to all the Ministers and getting it backed up by all our big friends (some fifty), and again in 1878; but it was refused. He wanted to be Commissioner for the Slave Trade in 1880. He then asked for Marocco in 1885, which we considered was as good as promised; and on the 2nd of July, 1886, we had the mortification of finding that Lord Rosebery had given it away to Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Kirby-Green. Richard said on hearing it, in his usual generous way, "Next to getting it one's self, the best thing is to know that a friend and a good man has got it;" but when he came home and told me, he said, "There is no rise for me *now*, and I don't *want* anything; but I have worked forty-four years for *nothing*. I am breaking up, and I want to go free." So this year (1886) we occupied ourselves in entreating the Ministry to allow him to retire on his pension four years before his time. It was backed up by the usual forty-seven or fifty big names, and it was not *pretence* in *any* of the *three cases; they did write*, but it was *refused*. One Minister, in friendly chaff, wrote and said, "We don't want to annex Marocco, and we know that you two would be Emperor and Empress in about six months."

THE LAST APPEAL.

"23, Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, W.,
"October, 1886.

"I have represented to Lord Salisbury and to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Iddesleigh, that after passing fourteen years and a half in an unwholesome post, I find that the climate of Trieste, as a constant residence, undermines my health, and incapacitates me from work; also that I have not had the promotion which would encourage me to hope, nor do I see a prospect of any post which I could accept with profit to the public and pleasure to myself. I have therefore come to the determination, after forty-four years and a half in the public service (nineteen years in the Indian Army, and in the Consular Service twenty-five years and a half, which counts as thirty years, on account of eight to nine years in officially dangerous climates), to request that I may retire, at the age of sixty-five, on full pension, but to retain my post until such arrangement be made. I represented that if there were a difficulty from the Treasury, to make up full Consular pension, perhaps their lordships might recommend my services to the Civil List, on the ground of literary and linguistic labours and services. I do not wish to be so tedious as to quote all my services, but I venture to note a few of the facts which would seem to suggest my claims to some unusual consideration on the part of her Majesty's Government, and which

I venture to say will obtain the approval of the public at large. I am about to ask you whether you will give me the great benefit of your support and good word on this occasion with Lord Salisbury, and my Chief, Lord Iddesleigh, who will have the decision of my case.

"I am,

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

Here is the modest list, which does not contain half of what he did during his life of seventy years—

"SERVICES.

"(1) Served nineteen years in the Bombay Army, nearly ten years on active service, chiefly on the staff of Sir Charles Napier, on the Sind Survey, at the close of the Afghan War, 1842–49. In 1861 was compelled to leave, without pay or pension, by Sir Charles Wood, for accepting the Consulship of Fernando Po.

"(2) Served in the Crimea as Chief of the Staff of Bashi-Bazouk (Irregular Cavalry), and was chiefly instrumental in organizing it.

"(3) Was the author of the Bayonet exercise now used at the Horseguards.

"(4) Have made several difficult and dangerous expeditions or explorations in unknown parts; notably, the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah, and afterwards to Harar, now opened up to Europeans, and the discovery and opening up of the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and the sources of the Nile, a country now well known to trade, to missionaries, and schoolmasters.

"(5) Have been twenty-five years and a half in the Consular Service, eight to nine years in official bad climates.

"(6) Was sent in 1864, as H.M.'s Commissioner, to the King of Dahomé, and resided with him for three months.

"(7) Was recalled at a moment's notice from Damascus, under a misrepresentation, and suffered heavy pecuniary losses thereby. My conduct was at last formally approved by the Government, but no compensation was given.

"(8) Was sent in 1882 in quest of the unfortunate Professor Palmer and his companions, who were murdered by the Bedawi.

"(9) Have learnt twenty-nine languages, passed official examinations in eight Eastern languages, notably Arabic, Persian, and Hindostani.

"(10) Have published over forty-six works, several of which, like 'Mecca,' and the 'Exploration of Harar,' are now standard."

"23, Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, W.,
"October, 1886.

"I have now written to Lord Salisbury, that since the Treasury declines to concede to me full pay before full time of service, and that the £300 a year to which I think I am entitled by regulation, were I to resign the service, is hardly an equivalent of forty-five years' hard work in anything but wholesome climates, to beg of him to

favour me by placing my name upon the Civil List for a pension of £300 a year.

"There are precedents for such a privilege, but I would not quote names unless called upon to do so. I have told his Lordship that I have had several kind letters from all quarters, expressing their conviction of the reasonable nature of my request, and professing themselves willing to strengthen his hands by their support, in the hopes that such a favour may be conceded, the general idea being that mine is an exceptional case. I have ventured to assure his Lordship that I have every reason to hope that (this being no political question) the Press on both sides will be in favour of this act of grace, should it meet with *his* approval.

"I suggested that *if* there be any difficulty about my drawing Consular pension and Literary pension, that the Literary pension might be put in my wife's name, she being also an authoress and my coadjutor.

"I now beg to thank you for your kind expressions on my behalf, and to ask you whether you will crown them by writing to Lord Salisbury in such terms as will win this petition for me.

"I am,

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

WHAT THE WORLD THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

(Press cuttings from many papers.)

"Richard Burton, four years before his death, wrote to the Government that the climate of Trieste was killing him, and begged that he might, after forty-five years of public service (nineteen in the Indian Army, and twenty-six in the Consular Service, always in bad climates), be allowed, at the age of sixty-six, to retire on full pension. He said if there were any difficulty from the Treasury to make up full Consular pension, that perhaps his services might be recommended to the Civil List, so as to make up £600 a year; and that if *that* could not be granted, that the latter might be put in his wife's name, she being an authoress, and his coadjutor in all his services.

"He said he would not be so tedious as to quote all his services, but would venture to lay a few facts before their lordships which might earn some consideration. That this being no political question, he was sure the public and the press would endorse it heartily as an exceptional case.

"Over forty-seven of the greatest names in the kingdom supported this petition, as well as the press on both sides, but it was refused."

PENSION.

Court and Society Review.

"The many friends of Sir Richard Burton are endeavouring to obtain for him permission to retire from the Consular Service with

his pension a few years before the usual time, and, considering the services rendered by the veteran explorer to his country and to the world at large, and the ludicrous inadequacy of the rewards meted out to him, there is nothing very extravagant in such a request. How great his claims to generous treatment really are is a matter of which most people are probably but ill informed. Thus, within the last few weeks it has been stated in a score of newspapers that Sir Richard Burton was 'the author of the system of bayonet exercise in use in the British army.' Quite true. But how is it that no one has added the trifling fact that Sir Richard Burton's reward for that work was a severe official 'wigging,' and, when the necessity for a system of bayonet exercise could no longer be concealed, permission to draw upon the Treasury for the munificent sum of *one shilling?*

"In 1861, again, Sir Richard Burton was treated with egregious injustice. He had dared to hint in the days of John Company that the Court of Directors had been guilty of neglect of duties, and the truth of his view was proved by the fact that, had his counsel been followed, the massacre of Christians at Jeddah in 1851 would never have occurred. This was quite enough. He had been in the right, and his official superiors in the wrong. A black mark was, therefore, put against his name; and when the Indian Army passed, three years afterwards, from the Company to the Crown, the grudge was paid off. He being then on half-pay, had been appointed by Lord Russell Consul at Fernando Po. There are scores of instances of officers being allowed to take civil appointments whilst still upon the cadre of the Staff Corps in India. But the opportunity was too tempting. Burton had offended the 'big-wigs,' and, without the chance of appeal, his nineteen years of service were wiped out, and he was left without pay or pension. Even the Whigs of a quarter of a century ago recognized the injustice with which he had been treated, and so, after his famous expedition to Dahomé, he was appointed Consul at Damascus. There, unfortunately, he was found to be in the way. He would not sit by and watch threatened massacres or injustice to the Christian population, and so, at the request of Rashid Pasha, was removed by Lord Granville, who, as Lady Burton says, with some bitterness, 'is always complaisant and polite to foreigners.' A few months later Lord Granville found out his mistake, and made such reparation as he could by appointing Sir Richard Burton Consul at Trieste, where he has since remained, in the enjoyment of the colossal income of £600 a year, less official outgoings.

"It is surely not too much to ask that a man who has been thus treated—who has served his country for forty-four years, and always under the most arduous conditions—should be allowed to pass the evening of his days in retirement in the enjoyment of the very modest pittance to which his latter official services entitle him. He has sown, and others have reaped; and there can surely be no impropriety in allowing the very small boon which his friends ask for him. If he had associated himself with the South Kensington

ring in 1851, he would have received his knighthood a dozen years ago, and there would have been no necessity for his friends to be troubling themselves now about his pension."

The *Bat*, December 7th.

"I do most sincerely trust that Sir Richard Burton's friends will be successful in obtaining for him an adequate retiring allowance from his post at Trieste. Wherever modern deeds of daring are known, there is the name of Burton held in honour; and even in these days of exploration and travel, I stand amazed opposite a shelf containing the record of Burton's travels. In literature and scholarship he is not less distinguished than in geography; and yet he has been left to languish, year after year, in a place like Trieste, which is precisely one of those places which would suit the intellect and capacity of the average Foreign Office hack. After forty-five years of most eminent public service Sir Richard wants to come home to live in peace, and the question is whether he is to have a proper pension to enable him to do so. He is within four years of completing the term which would entitle him to a retiring allowance, for he has been in the Consular Service only since 1861."

Cutting from *Truth*, October 7th, 1886.

"There is a rumour that Sir Richard Burton wants to retire and take his pension, but that after forty-five years' service (nineteen military and nearly twenty-six consular) the pension is so small that he is driven to choose between losing his health in the pestilential drainage of Trieste, or retiring on something less than the necessaries of life. He might receive a pension for soldierly services, one for consular and diplomatic, and one for literary and linguistic services. This is not a political question, and it is one of those exceptional cases in which the country would willingly see the rigour of departmental law suspended, and a fair pension granted."

In August we went up to the Exhibition at Edinburgh to see our dear old friend Mr. Mackay Smith, to whom we wished good-bye on the 26th of August, and we never saw him again; and Mr. David Herbert, also a friend of Richard's.

From thence we went to Glasgow to see Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. Clouston, who was contributing some notes to the "Arabian Nights," Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. David Main, publisher, bookseller, and poet.

From Glasgow we went to stay with Mr. Alexander Baird at Urie, Stonehaven, where we met a very pleasant party: amongst others Sir Samuel and Lady Baker. We returned to Edinburgh, thence to London.

In Edinburgh we looked after publishers and "Swords."

On the 18th of September Mr. H. Irving gave us a very agreeable supper at the Continental Hotel, and Mr. Arbuthnot a pleasant dinner at Richmond. Mr. George Paget was with us. We sauntered on the bridge and watched the boats.

Richard notices a lunch at "dear old Larking's, aged eighty-five," who sheltered him when going to Mecca; and that we had a very pleasant dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere at Twickenham, and Richard dined with the "Odd Volumes;" also a delightful lunch with G. A. Sala, and one pleasant party at the Dowager Lady Stanley's of Alderley.

We saw a good deal of Count Téleki, who was starting on his African travels, and we had a pleasant lunch with Mrs. (now Lady) Jeune.

On return we went to Wardour, where there had been a great storm; some big oaks had been torn up in the pheasant copse near the Castle, a shepherd's hut had been lifted up and dashed to pieces, and a ploughshare had been blown along. We came in for an amusing village dance. Thence we went to Bournemouth for two days, where we met a good number of friends, dining with Sir Richard and Lady Glyn; then to Eastbourne to see an old friend of my girlhood, the Comtesse de Noailles, where we met Captain Jephson, who afterwards went with Mr. Stanley to Africa.

Lord Iddesleigh was now our Chief at the Foreign Office, and both he and Lady Iddesleigh were extremely kind to us, and we had a delightful dinner at their house.

My father's dear old home was quite empty, and before the keys were given up, Richard and I went all over it on the 18th of September, and took a solemn leave of it. On the 27th of September Richard had his last (independent) jolly night with his men-friends. He dined at Boodle's to meet Prince Salms, and then he went to Mr. Deutsch's, and he came home at half-past one, having had a very agreeable evening, but it was for the last time in that kind of way. We had a dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee's to say good-bye to Count Téleki before going to Africa, and I gave him a talisman.

On the 6th of October we went to hear Mr. Heron Allen's lecture on palmistry at the Vestry Hall, Hampstead.

Richard had been having little attacks of gout off and on—bad one day, and better and well within two days—and had been plying up and down between Oxford and London. On the 19th of October I had a cab at the door to take me to Liverpool Street to go on a visit to my convent in Essex, but most fortunately, before I stepped

into it, a telegram was put into my hands, saying, "Gout in both feet; come directly;" so I started for Oxford there and then, arriving in one hour and a half after I received the telegram. I found him quite helpless, not being able to put either foot to the ground, and very feverish and restless. It was a misty, muggy day, and there was thunder and lightning, and buckets of rain all that day and night till twelve o'clock the following day. The morning after my arrival I ambulanced him up to town, everything being prearranged by telegraph, and Dr. Foakes, his gout doctor, to meet us at our lodgings.

This was his third *bad* attack of gout since 1883—eight months, three months—and this time he was in bed several weeks. All his friends used to come and sit with him; amongst others, I remember Lord Stanley of Alderley, Mr. James Cotton of the Academy, St. Clair Baddeley, Mr. Arbuthnot, Miss Bird, J. H. McCarthy, junior, Mr. Anderson the author, African traveller, and discoverer of the third movement of the Earth, used to come and amuse him.

On the 10th of November, 1886, the first volume of my "Nights" came out.

After nearly six weeks' confinement to the house, Richard thought that he should like to try Dr. Kellgren, of Eaton Square, who went in for shampooing, and gives a kind of athletic treatment for these complaints, and I went down to Eaton Square first to see what it was like. On the 29th of November he came, and it was a very curious experience. He arrived with a young lady called Miss Alice, who is his right hand. They first treated *me* for quite a different malady, and my yells amused Richard very much, because he did not know that it was not a joke. He was afraid to let anybody come into the room, for fear that they should shake his foot, and he was presently being driven round the room like a wild beast. This was kept up for several days, and there is no doubt that, awful as it seemed, he was able to go down to Dr. Kellgren's in Eaton Square in a brougham with me, with restoratives in the carriage, on that day week, and he got gradually better. We were able to drive to Putney and lunch with Swinburne and Mr. Watts.

This is his own account of it—

"Three short visits to Oxford and one long one in a single month were sufficient to bring on a disabling attack of gout—my third attack of gout, which threatened to last. It was made as pleasant to me as it could be, by the kindness and attention and sympathy of such men as Professors Chandler, Sayce, and many other kind friends; and, helpless in both feet, 20th of October, I was ambulanced up to London by my wife, men to carry me from bed to train at

each end, and bed in train. I went through my first treatment by Dr. Foakes, the rhubarb and magnesia man, but though the drugs formed a good prophylactic, they failed to subdue a sharp attack. After six weeks of bed, I determined upon a neck-or-nothing treatment, and sent my wife to fetch me Dr. Kellgren, the celebrated Swede, concerning whom there is such a variety of opinions in London. The treatment is simply horrible; the gouty limb, which can hardly bear the noise of a person passing over the carpet, is shampooed and twisted and pumped up and down till the patient is in absolute agony, and as soon as he is able to stand upon it he is driven round the room like a wild beast. There seems to be some danger in the practice; the lithic acid expelled from the joint is absorbed into the circulation, and in the protean malady no one can tell when or where the mischief may break out—in stomach, brain, or heart. However, the treatment was for *the moment* most successful, and after a week I was able to crawl downstairs, limp into a cab, and visit Mr. Kellgren's establishment, No. 1, Eaton Square.*

"The improvement continued, and we determined to pass our Christmas at Garswood with our uncle, the late Lord Gerard. He had always been both to me and to my wife a kind and generous friend, and a second father. It was her second home, and it was with heartfelt sorrow that we saw him fast declining, and felt sadly sure that we should not see him again; and so it proved, for after much difficulty he was persuaded to go up to town and take the best medical advice, but two days after was found dead in his bed. He belonged to that old school of good and gallant English gentlemen, which in its time made the name of Englishmen a word of honour throughout the civilized world. We took the opportunity of going over to Knowsley, which is a mere drive, where we found a large party, and we then returned to London, and were invited to Hatfield, where we also found a large Christmas party. On the 1st of November we said good-bye to Lady Marian Alford, who was declining in health, and we had a fear that we should not see her any more."

Richard notices on the 11th of November the death of our old friend the Dublin philanthropist, Sir John Lentaigne, and on the 8th of December he writes feelingly about the death of Lady Orford at Florence.

The day before we left London for good (January 4th, 1887), we saw and said good-bye to "Ouida" for the last time, and on the 5th he notices the death of Sir Francis Bolton.

* N.B.—I could often wish that that treatment had never taken place, cannot help connecting subsequent misfortunes with it.—I. B.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE LEAVE ENGLAND.

1887.

1887 opened with fearful weather, fog and snow. On the 5th of January we left London for good, and went to the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, where Richard could see his own relations, who had several large receptions for us, and were glad to leave the fog behind us about twelve miles away from London.

On the 12th we were very shocked and sad at getting a telegram announcing Lord Iddesleigh's death. The last thing this kind and noble-hearted man did, was to send down a basket of game, because Richard was not well. The following day, on a foggy, rainy, raw, and breezy day, we crossed for Paris, where we generally lodged at Meurice's. Here Richard enjoyed the society of our friend Professor Zotenberg, and was delighted with the library, the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he found the Arabic original of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp;" and we saw a great deal of Mr. Zotenberg. He is a friend I hope I shall keep all my life. Here I found dear Anna Kingsford exceedingly ill; she had been in bed ten weeks with inflammation of the lungs. She cheered up a little at seeing Richard and me, but we never saw her after, for she shortly died.

On the 20th of January Richard was not very well, and Dr. George Bird appeared opportunely. He was not at all pleased with the health of either of us, and especially of Richard, and he prescribed. We left the next day for Cannes, which we reached in eighteen and a half hours, greeting each other on the morning of our twenty-sixth wedding-day in the train. Here we had to drive about and look for rooms, and were at last glad to get into the Hôtel Windsor, as we were rather done up.

We thought Cannes very pretty, and so is most of the Riviera, and we could understand English people, who leave their truly abominable climate with never a bit of sun, rejoicing in it; but to people like us, who lived in every kind of climate, its faults were more apparent

than its virtues. You have sun and blue sea and sky, cactus, small palms, oranges and figs, magnolias and olives, spring flowers and balmy air, but this is on the agreeable days. English people, we remarked, go and sit with beaming faces on benches fronting the sea, with the warm sun right in their faces, and a bitter biting wind driving against their backs and injuring their lungs, just as much as if the sun was not there, while the smells of drains, especially in the principal street, were something atrocious.

His journal goes as follows:—

"We had now nothing more to do in England. The weather had been frightful for three weeks, so we took rail to Folkestone, and left fog and rain behind us twelve miles from London. After a short visit to my sister, we crossed the Channel and arrived in Paris, where I wanted to translate the tales 'Zayn al Asnàn,' and 'Aladdin,' lately discovered in the original Arabic by my kind and obliging friend, Hermann Zotenberg, Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts. The artificial heating of the fine reading-saloon was too much for my heavy cold, and I was obliged to satisfy myself with having the MSS. copied and sent after me. My condition became worse at Paris, and Dr. Bird said we should go south without further delay. Here we parted with my wife's friend and colleague in philanthropy, Dr. Anna Kingsford, M.D. She was in the last stage of consumption, suffering from mind and soul, distressed at the signs and sounds connected with vivisection. Her sensitive organization braved these horrors in order to serve and succour, but both she and my wife could not help feeling that their efforts were in vain. We took the so-called *train de luxe*, which proved terrible for shakiness. We arrived at Cannes on the morning of our twenty-sixth wedding-day, and after weary searching for lodgings, were glad to find comfortable rooms at the Hôtel Windsor. The Riviera was beautiful with the bluest skies and sea, sunshine, crisp breeze, and flowers; the greenest vegetation, always excepting the hideous eucalyptus, everywhere clad in rags and tatters like the savages in their native land. The settlement contains, in round numbers, six hundred and fifty villas, large and small. The Society was the gayest of the gay, ranging from Crown Princes of the oldest, to American millionaries of the newest. Cannes is a syren that lures to destruction, especially to the unseasoned patient from the north; the barpressure is enormous; the gneiss and schiste and porphyry rocks suggest subterranean heat, and nerves suffer accordingly. Behind the warm sunshine is a raw breeze, and many of the visitors show that look of *misère physiologique*, reminding one of Madeira. One meets with friends without number,* and what with breakfasts,

* I notice he was introduced to one lady whom he describes in his journal as "a charming kangaroo;" and it was so apt, so clever, as his comparisons always were.—I. B.

lunches, five-o'clock teas, dinners, balls, and suppers, not to speak of picnics and excursions, time is thoroughly taken up, but, as a place for invalids, it appeared to us one of the most dangerous. The Rue d'Antibes, or High Street, is at once a sewer and a bath of biting cold air; the strong sea-breeze setting in on the fair esplanade before noon chills to the bone, and a walk in the shade from the burning sun is too severe a change for most constitutions. A great drawback is the vile drainage, and also the want of a large pump-room or salon—not a café or a club—where the World can meet. There, during the few rainy weeks, when the south-eastern or the south-western winds blow, the absence of *promenoirs* in the hotels is a serious inconvenience."

We called immediately upon our old friend Dr. Frank, and he and Lady Agnes Frank introduced us to all the Society there, and we were very gay indeed. Richard had the honour of dining twice with the Prince of Wales. We went to Lady Murray's fancy dress ball given in honour of the Prince, where Richard appeared for the last time as a Bedawin Arab, and I as Marie Stuart; and Mr. and Mrs. Walker also invited us to a garden-party to meet their Royal Highnesses. We had the honour of being invited to breakfast by their Imperial Highnesses the Prince Leopold and Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. She was the Infanta of Portugal. We were presented to the Archduke Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Richard was invited to dine with him; and we were sent for by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden; and of literary people we met Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, and Miss Dempster, the author of "Blue Roses," and an immense quantity of charming people. We had a delightful breakfast with Monsieur and Madame Outrey, and with Mrs. Ince-Anderton, at the Californie, and met M. Lematte, a great painter from Algeria. On the 12th of February the Albany Memorial at Cannes was consecrated in the presence of the Prince of Wales. It seemed to be nothing but an incessant round of gaiety. I mention these things because it was our last little gleam of the gay world. We took an immense quantity of walks and drives, made excursions, but unfortunately Richard found one of Dr. Kellgren's men, Mr. Mohlin, and he *would* go on working at the savage treatment with him, which I am almost convinced he had not the strength to bear. My belief is, though we did not know it, that he had a bad cold, brought on by the awful weather in England, which had given him a chill on the liver, whereas he was being treated for suppressed gout.

He began now to think about translating literally the "Pentamerone of Basili." He spoke the Neapolitan dialect very fluently as a boy.

On the 23rd of February, 1887 (Ash Wednesday), he writes—

"Was a black-letter day for Europe in general, and for the Riviera in particular. A little before six a.m. on the finest of mornings, with the smoothest of seas, the still sleeping world was aroused by what seemed to be the rumbling and shaking of a thousand express trains hissing and rolling along, and in a few moments followed the shock, making the hotel reel and wave. The duration was about one minute. My wife said to me, 'Why, what sort of express train have they got on to-day?' It broke on us, upheaving, and making the floor undulate, and as it came I said, 'By Jove! that's a good earthquake.' She called out, 'All the people are rushing out in the garden undressed; shall we go too?' I said, 'No, my girl; you and I have been in too many earthquakes to show the white feather at our age.' 'All right,' she answered; and I turned round and went to sleep again. She did her toilette as she had intended, and went off to Mass and Communion for Ash Wednesday, as she was obliged to do. It did less harm at Cannes than at Nice or Mentone. It split a few walls, shook the soul out of one's body, and terrified strangers out of their wits. One side of Cannes felt very little, and the other side, upon which we were, caught the rebound from the mountains, and we felt it very much, but neighbouring towns, especially Nice, Mentone, and chief of all Diana Marino, suffered terribly. Mentone seemed as if freshly bombarded, and Diana, where the focus was supposed to be, showed a total wreck, with much loss of life. Savona was much shaken, and the quake frightened Genoa and Rome, Avignon and Marseilles. (Even in 1890 many ruins had not been repaired.) Seven minutes after the first shock came another and a heavier shake, which increased the panic, and a third explosion, between half-past eight and nine, cleared out all the hotels.

Scenes ludicrous and tragical were the rule. At first the hotel folks began a mob's rush for the gardens, habited no matter how, into the streets. An Italian count threw his clothes out of the window, flew downstairs, and dressed under a tree. Ancient fashionable dames forgot their wigs, and sat in night-gowns and shawls under the trees. An Englishman ran out of his tub with his two sponges in either hand, but all the rest of his belongings were forgotten. The pathetic side was the women and children shrieking for their families, and fainting and fits and arrested action of the heart caused some deaths. A host of terror-stricken visitors crowded the railway stations, and, to the great praise of the authorities, were sent away as fast as they could fill the trains—hotel-keepers and railway authorities trusting—and it is said they carried off thirty thousand visitors in one day. A well-known capitalist hired a railway carriage at five hundred francs a night to sleep in. Many of those departing in the trains were absolutely in their night-gowns, and abandoned their baggage. It was the beginning of several lasting illnesses. When my wife came in, she went to take her coffee, during which there was another great shock. She came in at once to me and begged me to get up, but I would not. About nine o'clock there was another bad

shock, and she again begged me to get up. I thought I would by this time, for it was getting too shaky, and if the house did come down I did not want to be buried in the ruins, and to cause her to be so too; so I slowly got up and dressed, during which operation she gave me the religious side of the question. The priests had flocked to one church, and there were seventeen hundred scared people, who had neglected their religion, fighting to get into the confessionals. There was one (French) woman who had flown into an Abbé's room, and flung herself upon his bed, shrieking, 'Get up! get up, Father! I have not confessed for twenty years.' The poor Abbé did get up, but a shock flung him against the wall, and he fainted; but when he came to, he heard the woman's confession. Now, if people know that it is necessary to go, what fools they are to put it off till they are utterly irresponsible!"

Here are some rather incoherent lines on the margin of his journal—

"Seven thousand years have fled, the primal day
Since, Lufifi, thou wast evangelized.
How didst thou fall? say, mooncalf, say.
Seven thousand years! and yet hast not had time
To think the thoughts that take an hour to rhyme?

2.

"Was it ambition lost thee Heaven? all
That makes an angel worse than human fool?
Or was it pride? But pride must have a fall,
Learns every schoolboy in each Sunday school.
Can such base passion rule abstract minds?"

"This influx continued for several days. My wife and I went about our usual business, writing, calling, driving, and the principal amusement was watching the trains fill up with terrified people, some of them very scantily dressed, wrapped in a bed-curtain tied up with a bell-rope. I enjoyed it as much as a schoolboy, for I took notes and caricatured them in their light costumes. Although there were only three severe shocks, the ground seemed to suffer from a chronic trembling, that kept people in a continuous state of nervous agitation, and a few sensitives declared they could perceive distinct exhalations which made them sea-sick. We perceived it till we got to Milan, which was off the line of earthquake—that was not till twenty-five days after; and it was noticeable there that on the 20th of March all the clocks stopped at 12.40 owing to excess of electricity.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales showed his accustomed coolness in time of danger; he dressed leisurely before leaving his apartment. As I said, my wife and I had had ample experience of earthquakes in various quarters of the globe, and remained quiet till the upheavals were over, and afterwards went to call upon our friends."

On the 24th I got very uneasy about Richard. I saw him dipping his pen anywhere except into the ink. When he tried to say something, he did not find his words; when he walked, he knocked up against furniture. He would not take any medicine, because we were to leave next day to go over to Nice to inspect the ruins, from thence to Mentone ditto, and then make our way straight back to Trieste; but I took him to Dr. Frank, who was a very old friend of ours, and whose wife, Lady Agnes, had made our visit to Cannes thoroughly happy. Dr. Frank examined him, found him as sound as a bell, prescribed rest, and thought I was nervous. On the 25th the same symptoms returned, and on the 26th, though we had packed up, I absolutely refused to move; and Richard said, "Do you know, I think that that earthquake must have shaken me more than I was aware of." Now, it was not only the shocks of earthquake, but that the earth for several weeks kept palpitating in a manner very nauseating to sensitive people, and he was intensely so. He forbade me to send for Dr. Frank, saying it would pass; but I disobeyed.

Dr. Frank, thinking I had got a "fad," did not hurry, but, passing by on his rounds, thought he would look in and say good-bye. He stayed with us half an hour, assured us that Richard was all right and as sound as a bell, and was just feeling his pulse once more preparatory to saying good-bye. While his pulse was being held, poor Richard had one of the most awful fits of epileptiform convulsions (the only one he ever had in all his life), an explosion of gout. It lasted about half an hour, and I never saw anything so dreadful, though Dr. Frank assured me he did not suffer, but seemed doubtful as to whether he would recover. When Dr. Frank told me that he thought it doubtful he might not recover, I was seized with a panic lest he might not have been properly baptized, and asking Dr. Frank if I might do so, he said, "You may do anything you like." I got some water, and knelt down and saying some prayers, I baptized him. Soon the blackness disappeared, the limbs relaxed, he opened his eyes, and said, "Hallo! there's the luncheon bell; I want my luncheon." Dr. Frank said, "No, Burton, not to-day; you have been a little faint." "Have I?" he said. "How funny! I never felt anything." To make a long story short, that was the beginning of his being a *real* invalid. As soon as he was well enough to be spoken to about his condition, I told him what I had done, and he looked up with an amused smile, and he said, "Now that was very superfluous, if you only knew;" and after a pause he said, "The world will be very much surprised when I come to die," but he did not explain his meaning. I did not know the full significance of it; I could only guess. There were attending upon him, Dr. Frank who managed his case; Dr. Legg came once, but Dr.

Brandt and Dr. Grenfell-Baker (who was there for his health) came every day and relieved guard, Dr. Brandt sleeping there at night. I had a trained nurse, Sister Aurélie of the Bon Secours, Lisa my maid, and myself always, so that he was well looked after.

Dr. Frank found that it was impossible for me to move without a travelling doctor. Richard strenuously resisted it for several days, saying "he should hate to have a stranger in the house; that we should never be by ourselves; that we should have an outsider always spying upon us, who would probably quarrel with us, or hate one or both of us, and make mischief, and confide all our little domestic affairs to the world in general; that a third was always in a nondescript position." Now, this was a risk we had to run; but I argued that if we put by £2000 of our "Arabian Nights" money and gave ourselves four years of doctor (till 1891, unless he *previously* got quite strong), that it would tide him over the worst crisis of his life into a strong old age, and that as soon as he was free from Government, and we settled down at home, we should be in the land of doctors, and free to live by ourselves again, and to do what he liked, which had already been arranged for 1891. He then consented. I telegraphed to England, and Dr. Ralph Leslie was sent to us. As soon as the case was handed over to him, we commenced our Via Crucis to Trieste.

It was astonishing, in spite of malady, what wonderful cool nerve Richard had in any accident or emergency.

This is his own account:—

"I was not fated to escape so easily. Just as we were packed up and on the point of starting for Nice to see the ruins, and we were in the act of saying good-bye to our old friend of twenty-four years, Dr. Frank, I was suddenly struck down by an acute attack of cerebral congestion, the result of suppressed gout. For a time I was ordered to be kept absolutely quiet, confined to bed and sofa with a diet of broth and bromide, milk and soda-water, and was carefully nursed. My wife felt that though she had successfully nursed me through seven long illnesses since our marriage, that this was a case beyond her ken. Dr. Frank also explained to me that circumstances might arise which would require an educated finger to feel the pulse, and to give instant remedies, where all the tenderness and care of my wife's nursing would be without avail. So, after strenuously opposing a course which I felt would be a grievous burthen to our lives, and be a most unpleasant change, I saw reason in it, and I allowed her to telegraph to London for a physician who was on the look-out for a travelling appointment, and was skilled in such matters, to take temporary charge of my case. In contending on this subject, she said, 'How many valuable lives are lost by

friends saying, "If you are not better by to-morrow, we must send for the doctor;" or in the night, "When it is light we will send for the doctor"! Remember poor H——.' She was obstinate in her determination not to risk these things, and resolved to lose no chance of passing me through my three or four years' crisis into a sound old age. A man living in London, surrounded by the ablest doctors in the world, may dispense with this disagreeable luxury; not so, however, an exile in a foreign port town. A foreign doctor, however clever, finds it difficult to treat an Englishman, only because he has never understood or never studied a Britisher. I think, if it had not been for my wife, I should have died of inanition in my first two long attacks of gout, eight months in the winter 1883 and 1884, and three months of 1885. From the two first in Trieste I rose a perfect skeleton, which made me determine never to spend another winter there, even if I had to leave the Service. However, the Foreign Office, which has ignored me in every way else, has been merciful about 'leave,' and I hope to be a free man in March, and a Londoner in September, 1891.

"The Trieste apothecary can seldom make up English recipes. Either he has not the needful drugs, or he needs four or five days to get them, and he sells the worst quality at the highest prices. English drugs are considered strong enough to kill.

"On the eleventh day from the attack, Dr. Ralph Leslie, of Toronto, arrived. He visited all the doctors, took over the case, and stocked his medicine chest. We were able to leave Cannes on the 9th of March. We went to the Hôtel Victoria, Monte Carlo, because it was quieter than those near the gaming-tables. Here we took drives, and I became much better. We drove to Mentone to see the ruins, but we both got seedy going along—a sort of stifling—and just as we drove into the town there was another earthquake. Poor people were rushing into the streets bringing out their mattresses, carriages flying in all directions. We drove over the town and inspected everything, but did not put up for fear of a repetition of Cannes, so we drove back to Monte Carlo. Clouds gathered over Mentone. At midnight there was another shock. We were both seedy about eighteen hours, and my wife could feel the gases, I only the palpitation of the earth.

"On the 14th of March we drove over to Nice, and I was able to stand an excursion of six hours, and felt almost perfectly well. I had loads of visitors—Mr. Wickham, Mr. Myers (Professor Sayce's friend), and Father Wolfe, S.J. We only went once to the gaming-tables, and thought it very slow. My better half lost eighty-five francs in ten minutes. We determined after several days to start from Monte Carlo to Genoa. It was a big business for me, and we started by a 5.20 p.m. train. The trains had to crawl past the towns for fear of shaking down the buildings that remained, so that I was nine hours out, and as I had to be carried from the train to my carriage, which had been telegraphed for, another English family did me, and had got into it, and thereby also got our rooms and our supper; and when we arrived, they had to get us other rooms, and a bouillon

for me, and we did not get to bed till two, but next day we got very good rooms.

"On the 18th of March we saw the death in the papers (as no one knew our whereabouts) of our poor uncle, Lord Gerard, and we were both very sad and agitated.

"Our next great move was to Milan, where everything was ready for us. At Milan there was still a great deal of electricity in the air, but thank God we were off the line of earthquakes.

"After staying some time at Milan, we moved on to Venice, and the air there, being of such a mild nature, immediately began to do me good. I could go out in gondolas, and took a little walk in the Piazzetta, and enjoyed it, and received visits from my friends, and on the 31st of March I passed a nice day without pain; on that day I bought a little Knight in armour. From Venice my wife telegraphed to our Vice-Consul, Mr. P. P. Cautley, to change the whole of the house, putting me in the rooms with the best climate, and reserving for ourselves a private apartment of six rooms, divided from the rest of the house and in the balmy corner.

"On the 5th of April I was able to write a little, and that day we went on to Trieste.

"The details of our melancholy journey will, I fear, scarcely interest any one but ourselves. It was a real Via Crucis, as I had to be ambulanced the whole way, and, being very weak, we were twenty-eight days accomplishing the twenty-eight hours of express train which lie between Cannes and Trieste, which was only varied by minor earthquakes till we reached Milan; at Genoa by the agitation of seeing Lord Gerard's death in the newspaper, and my wife having a large blood-cyst on her lip, which appeared soon after my fit, and which Dr. Leslie had to cut out at Milan. It was indeed a road of anguish and labour, and right thankful were we to find ourselves once more in our own home on the 5th of April, after being out ten months.

"Our climate is one *sui generis*; it is a perpetual alternative of the raw north-easter, called the *Bora*, and the muggy south-western, called *Scirocco*. The former often causes the quays to be roped, in order to prevent pedestrians being raised in the air and thrown into the sea, and within the last eighteen years it has upset two mail trains. Then there is the *Contraste*, when the two blow together, one against another, making a buffer of the human body. The *Scirocco* is a dry wind from the North African desert, and arrives at Trieste saturated with water, but still containing the muggy oppressing sensation so well known to travellers in Algiers, Tunis, and Marocco. Moreover, the old town is undrained, the quay is built over nine several sewers, some of large size, and it is said that the new town of Trieste is built upon ninety-two feet of old sewage, consequently the normal death-rate is at the lowest, thirty-five per thousand per annum, nearly double the amount of London, and in more than one winter it has ranged from seventy-five to eighty-five. Foreign residents here remark that a process of acclimatization must take place whenever they leave Trieste or return to it. However,

on this occasion it did not maltreat me; indeed, an improvement in my case began at Venice, and continued when I reached my post."

We had some visits, and amongst other literary celebrities, Dr. MacDowall, and Madame Emily de Laszouska, *née* Gerard, Dr. Bohndorf, and Dr. Oscar Lenz and wife, African travellers; General Buckle, Madame Nubar, and Madame Artin Pasha. We used to sit a great deal in our garden, or in the gardens of Miramar, where he wrote on the margin of his tablets—

"F. G. HACKE'S NEW IDEA IN WORDS.

"'And is the sea alone? Even now
I hear faint mutterings.'
'Tis the waves' mysterious distant whisper,
Response of words like voice of the sea,
Communing with its kind.'
'It seems a murmur sweeping low,
And hurrying through the distant caves;
I hear again that smothered tone,
As if the sea were not alone.'"

We went as usual to Opçina, the Slav village of the Karso, to the Jäger, to Duino to visit the Princesses Hohenlöhe, and received many visitors of all nations, many of them exceedingly interesting.

Almost the day after we arrived, Dr. Leslie inquired what smell it was that pervaded the house. We told him we did not know; we had often complained, but that we had never been able to have redress. So now he insisted on our having something done, or else our giving up the house, and that at once. The house suited us exactly, and we felt it would be dreadful to have to leave it, as we had an accumulation of fifteen years' household gods. But on our telling our resolution to our proprietors, they allowed a thorough investigation to be made, and we discovered two very serious drains, with old flues communicating with them directly to our apartment, and these were at once cleared out and built up, so that there were no more smells, and the house was comfortable after; but I often thought since, that we owed our escape from typhoid to our frequent travels.

On the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd of June we made grand gala for the Jubilee. An address was drawn up and sent to her Majesty. The first day was devoted to service in the Protestant Church, which we attended officially; on the second we had a banquet and ball at the Jäger. Richard took the chair at dinner. He was brought down to dinner by his doctor, where he made a most loyal and original speech, which I insert; immediately after dinner he was taken upstairs

again. It was the only occasion on which he would ever consent to wear his order of St. Michael and St. George.

"HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE AT TRIESTE.

"The British subjects residing at Trieste have sent an address to her Majesty, signed by the whole colony, bound in dark red velvet, surmounted by the word 'TRIESTE' in gold letters.

"They collected a considerable amount amongst themselves, part of the Women's fund to go to the Queen's General Fund, and the rest to a local charity for distressed English.

"On the morning of the 20th there was divine service in the Protestant Church, which commenced with 'God save the Queen.' There was scarcely a dry eye in the church. Many of those present had not been home for thirty years or more.

"In the evening a grand banquet of seventy-five covers was presided over by Captain Sir Richard and Lady Burton, the vice-president being the Rev. Mr. Thorndike, the Consular Chaplain. All the members of the Consulate, Mr. P. P. Cautley, British Vice-Consul (now acting because of Sir Richard's recent illness), and Mr. Nicolas Salvari, assisting.

"The magnificent hall of the Jäger was adorned with flags, flowers, and lights; the centre-piece being the Queen's portrait, peeping out of a forest of laurels. Maestro Piccoli's band played during the banquet.

"Sir Richard Burton (who wore for the first time his decoration of St. Michael and St. George), although in very feeble health, rose to give the toast of the evening, and made a speech which caused every heart to dilate with pride and loyalty. He said—

"'We are about to drink the health of the greatest Lady in the land! To-night is a great night for us, and a proud one! All the world is assembled to-night throughout the globe to do honour to one Woman, the only woman in history who for fifty years' glorious reign, as Wife, as Mother, as Sovereign, as Widow, as Mother of her people, has been a shining light in each of these capacities to the whole world!

"'This woman is our Queen! (Cheering.)

"'An English man or woman says with emotion, "MY Queen!" Why? Because she is enthroned in our hearts, she is enthroned on our domestic hearths, as if she belonged to each one of us separately and singly. When we say "OUR Queen!" we say it with pride, for we feel that we clasp hands all round the world, from England to our independent American cousins, to Canada, to India, to Australia, to New Zealand, more than half the globe being English-speaking peoples—ONE great Nation held together by ONE great Woman! (Cheers.)

"'An English man or woman may be individually mean and little; but they can never be so as a Nation. A man is mostly what his mother makes him. Show me a man noble, brave, loyal,

strong, and true, and I can form a pretty good idea of the mother who bred him! (Hear, hear.)

"'We are singularly fortunate in the women of our Royal Family. Look at our Nation's idol, the Princess of Wales! That lady has been the pivot of greatness and attraction for over twenty-four years, with every eye fixed upon her; yet none have ever heard her say one word, none have ever seen her do, aught but what befitted a Queen! And what perhaps *all* do not know is, that although she may have been in public all day, perhaps tired, perhaps suffering, perhaps obliged to be in Society a greater part of the night, she never once omitted (so long as her children were little) to go into her nursery every evening at a certain hour to hear them say their prayers at her knee, lest those little prayers should ever become a mockery—just as any homely mother amongst *us* would do, if she had good sound sense and a womanly heart. (Hear, hear.)

"'With such women as these, we may confidently look forward to a long line of great kings, and feel that England's future strength and greatness, despite wars, despite political troubles, will endure to all time! (Cheers.)

"'Let nothing mar our conviviality to-night. Many of us may not see for years such a reunion in Trieste, some of us—*never*; but we shall be able, in future time, to close our eyes, and see in fancy dreams, all these kindly, beaming faces around us.

"'Let us unite in affectionate loyalty and reverence, in thankfulness, for the peace, prosperity, and advancement in civilization and humanity, which our Queen's fifty years' unique reign has brought to us and to the whole world.

"'May God's choicest blessings crown her good works! May she be spared for many long, happy, peaceful, and prosperous years to her loyal, devoted people! May her mantle descend upon her children and her children's children! And may the loving confidence between her Majesty and all English-speaking peoples, throughout the world, ever strengthen and endure to all time!

"'Now let Trieste hear for once, with one heart and one voice, a true British cheer!

"'HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN!'

"This toast was drunk with an enthusiasm equal to the demand, so that the hall and woods rang again with 'Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!' and cries of 'The Queen!' 'The Queen!' which lasted several minutes.

"Sir Richard then rose once more, and gave 'The Emperor and the Empress of Austria, whose guests we are! the Lord of the Land we live in!'

"The Rev. Mr. Thorndike made two charming speeches, the first in proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, which was received with enthusiasm; the second in proposing the health of President Cleveland of the United

States (the American Consul-General, Mr. Gilbert, and his predecessor, Mr. Thayer, being the only strangers invited). The respective national anthems were played after each of these four toasts.

"The healths of Sir Richard and Lady Burton were then enthusiastically drank, and as by this time Sir Richard was very fatigued, Lady Burton rose and returned thanks. Mr. Thayer then recited some of his own poetry in England's praise, very prettily done, showing the difference between the time of Queen Elizabeth and that of Queen Victoria.

"The Rev. Mr. Thorndike's health was then drank, and that of Mr. Cautley, Acting-Consul.

"The banquet was followed by songs executed by Miss Agnes Thorndike, who has a magnificent voice. 'God save the Queen' was sung with true devotion by the seventy-five English; then followed the ball, which was kept up with great spirit, and which was concluded with 'Sir Roger de Coverley' just before dawn.

"On the night of the 21st the British Consulate, Sir Richard Burton's private house, and the dwellings of most of the British residents, were brilliantly illuminated. Telegrams, letters, and cards of congratulation continued to pour in from all quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Craig had an evening *fête* with illuminated garden for forty English children on the 22nd, and this terminated the three days' festivities at Trieste.

"June 23rd, 1887."

Richard loved our house, and was always lamenting that we could not put it on wheels, and take it about with us wherever we went, because for Richard there were really a great many drawbacks in Trieste.

One of our amusements was to buy a lot of caged birds in the market, and taking them up to our rooms and letting them fly. It was such a pleasure to see them darting into the air with a thrill of joy; and if they were in any ways maimed, there was an almond tree just outside our window, and touching it, on which they used to hop until they recovered themselves.

He used now to take long walks with the doctor, and when he was tired he used to get a lift in a passing cart. Once, when we were up at Opçina, Daneu's poor little boy, only six years of age, broke his leg, which upset us all the more because he was so brave. He never cried, even during the setting.

In early 1887 I received a diploma from *Ally Sloper* for *having translated the "Arabian Nights,"* and wrote him the following letter:—

"St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, W.
"January 2nd, 1887.

"DEAR FRIEND ALLY SLOPER,

"I was quite overcome to find that you had elected me a member of the Sloperies. I felt that I had really 'awoke and found myself famous,' and that my poor husband, who had spent thirty-two years in translating and perfecting the 'Arabian Nights,' wasn't in it at all. I did not feel *at all* like the bellows to the organ, or the fly on the wheel. Everybody says that since I have received the diploma I give myself such dreadful airs that nobody can live with me. When I have calmed down again, and grown used to my new honours, I will strive always to deserve the good opinion and confidence of the Sloperies, by emulating all that is best and noblest in the world, and doing the most useful work I can find for my remaining years.

"Yours always truly,
"ISABEL BURTON, F.O.S."

Then Richard received a diploma, and sent the following :—

"Cannes, February 23rd, 1887.

"DEAR OLD MAN,

"Excuse the familiarity of the address. You know that we have been friends for years, and I know that you have often done me a good turn. But really this last honour is overwhelming to a man who has some sense of shame remaining. 'F.O.S.!' I must try to 'live up' to that.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"R. F. BURTON, F.O.S."

Finding Richard of such a restless disposition since his gouty attack, and that he only seemed to be well when moving, I wanted to substitute a kind of wandering about, as if in tents; and I thought that I might manage this by having a caravan built like the gypsy caravans—a larger for us, and a smaller for our suite, which would have been Lisa, a cook, a general servant, and a man to look after the eight white bullocks that I proposed to buy in the Roman Campagna. I thought that all the fine weather we could be perpetually on the move through the lovely scenery of Istria and Steiermark. The life would have suited us. Dr. Leslie heartily entered into my plan, but somehow it fell through.

A little incident happened (summer, 1887), trifling of its kind, but it made us sorry, as we were both fond of animals. A swallow built its nest in my study, and I had a pane of glass cut out of the window to enable it to come in and out. The five eggs were already laid and in process of hatching, when one of the birds died. It fell down dead, and the other bird kept trying to lift

the dead body from the ground to the nest, but it was too heavy. We buried the dead swallow in our garden, and put up a little wooden epitaph; but the poor bereaved surviving swallow sat on the edge of the nest all the summer, looking at the eggs, until it flew away with the general departure of the swallows. When it had gone, we blew and strung the eggs, and hung them in the chapel. We preserved this nest sacredly, in the hopes others would come, and I hope it is there still. It made Richard a little superstitious, which superstition was verified.

We now prepared for our summer holiday. It began to be most dreadfully hot, and there were two cases of suspected cholera. One day arrived the two Princesses Hohenlöhe, Princess Taxis, and Prince Palavacini, and the Comte de Brazza to tea. These impromptu visits did Richard a great deal of good.

All this time we were treating him with electricity, and sponging in the morning and evening, and he seemed to get on wonderfully.

In June, Richard had two slight attacks—one a shaking of the legs, and one a staggering in the garden. These would have been, probably, fits if he had not been taken such immense care of. The chief thing he suffered from (it had been coming on for four years, had now declared itself in an aggravated form, and which there is no doubt finally killed him) was flatulent gases round the heart, which it was very difficult to get rid of, which assumed all the appearance of heart-complaint, and which caused the last struggle with life. I see so many people suffering from this nowadays, who do not know what it is, that it is good to mention it. He had one little room close to his bedroom, whose only light came from stained-glass doors. This was fitted up as an Oriental smoking-room, with divans, and well lit up with many Oriental lamps, was exceedingly pretty, and safe from draughts. Here every morning was put his full-length bath, which he could take, aided by the doctor and me, without fear of catching cold; and when he was dried and wrapped up, he would lie on the divan, and smoke and think out his day's manuscript, or receive a friend.

On the 26th of June we lost Madame Luisa Serravallo-Minelli, the nice girl who used to study the Akkas with him, and who had long since married Mr. Minelli.

During the whole of his illness, one of the kindest visitors to us was the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, who lived opposite us at the other side of Muggia Bay, constantly paid him a visit, and always sent his magnificent publications to him; for the Archduke is not only an author, but a first-rate artist, and illustrates his own books.

THE BURTONS' SMOKING-DIVAN, TRIESTE.
A Photograph by Dr. Baker.

Richard writes—

"As a rule, the climate of Trieste has no spring; winter modified continues till the summer suddenly sets in; and in this July, 1887, the heat was abnormal. So on the 15th we set off to find summer quarters. 'We' meant my wife and I, Dr. Leslie, and Lisa, my wife's maid, who occupied a very peculiar position. The father was an Italian of Verona, had seceded to Austria, and when Austria left that part of Italy he came to live near Trieste. He had house and servants, carriages and horses, but he sacrificed everything for the 'cause.' The Italians would have none of him, the Austrians did not want him, and between two stools he came to the ground. He was either a baron in Verona, or Austria made him a baron for services. This title, of course, extended to the whole family; but the pension was only £60 a year, and they lived an hour from Trieste like peasants, and in a peasant's cottage. The sons found employment, and the daughters remained at home, but Lisa, being a girl of spirit, wanted to see something of the world, and she attached herself to my wife, retaining her title as Baroness.

"We stayed a day or two at Adelsberg. It is a delightful place, but there is something so peculiarly electrical about it, it never agreed with either of us. We also found the world-famous caves were spoiled by the electric light, and we who had known the weird and subterranean state, deeply regretted the old wax candles. We again left for Laibach, the capital of Carniola, in whose lowlands once a large lake (already mentioned) was full of *pfahlbauten* (pile villages), and where the enormous number of prehistoric relics were lately found.

"The next stage was by the Great Southern Railway to Pöltschach, and thence a beautiful drive to Rohitsch-Sauerbrunn, an hour and a half in the interior; but the great heat thoroughly tired me out, and I had a fortnight of bad health. A little sketch of Sauerbrunn may not be unacceptable, as an Englishman rarely finds his way to the place.* A small *bad-ort*, or bathing-place, has been laid out in the valley of the little stream, surrounded on all sides by densely wooded hills. On one side is the long line of buildings containing the Kursaal, the restaurant, and the baths where red-hot masses of iron are cooled in water by way of forming a chalybeate. Opposite is a row of buildings to contain visitors, and between the two, headed by a little Catholic church, are flower-gardens, with a band-stand, where lawn-tennis is not yet known. Two little temples covered the sources. A long *promenoir* contains shops, prolonging the public buildings to the east, and a scatter of village finishes the sketch. The visitors who fill the place during June, July, and August are from all the provinces of Austria, principally Hungarians, Croats, and Bohemians, with a few Triestines, some from Fiume, a few Roumanians, Turks, Greeks, and many Jews. The life, as may be

* Sauerbrunn has been already mentioned, but I want to give his description of it.

imagined, is simple enough. They rise before the sun, walk about drinking the waters, and flock to the restaurant for rolls and *café au lait*. Then comes the bath, after which they sit under the trees, reading, writing, working, talking, smoking, and playing cards and dominoes until twelve. Then back to the restaurant for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which is really a dinner. The cooking was tolerable, the wines too, and the price half that of Marienbad. After dinner comes *siesta*, in the afternoon strolling, more water-drinking, and listening to the band, the more active taking a walk to the top of the hills, or a drive up the carriageable roads. Then more water-drinking, and, lastly, a light supper between six and eight; and, unless there was a dance or a concert or a conjurer in the Kursaal, all were in bed soon after nine. At ten the place was as silent as the grave. The morrow was *da capo*.

"If not gay, it was peaceful and exceedingly restful to the tired brains, especially to the Herr Professor, who could only afford one month of utter *dolce far niente* after eleven of hard drudgery. The visitors vary from six to twelve thousand. The nicest drives are Rohitsch, to Pöltschach, and Marein, Graf Atems Schloss, Kostránitz, and Marien Kirche. At Stoinschegg, a short walk, is a distiller of *sligovic*, which is the spirit-drink of the country, and he produces all sorts of liqueurs, of which prunes are the basis. Here we met our old friend Mr. Thayer, of Trieste. We hired a bath-chair and two men, so that we could walk, and when I was tired I could get in and rest and be drawn about, and so could my wife alternately.

"The peacefulness of this sort of life was broken by only four occurrences worth noticing. One was two violent thunderstorms, preceded by a sudden fall of hail as large as eggs. My wife and I, though four yards from shelter, were hard hit before reaching it. It broke all the tiled roofs like an earthquake or a bombardment. You could see into the interiors through the rags and tatters. It destroyed the crops, and the roads were strewed with large branches of trees. People came from all parts with broken heads; and the peasants brought in lumps of jagged ice that had fallen on the mountains, which, even after they had been melted by their hands and pockets for an hour, weighed ten deccas, or five ounces. The smooth ones were like goose's eggs, and the children played at ball with them for several hours. The first was on the 23rd of July, and after the people had rebuilt their roofs and premises it occurred again on the 14th of August, and did the same amount of damage. We had never seen anything like it, and when my wife, by my directions, wrote it to the English papers, the public disbelieved it, and said 'that the Burtons had been seeing wonderful things and telling wonderful tales.' It is a very curious, and not altogether unpleasant sensation, that of not being believed when you are speaking the truth. I have had great difficulty in training my wife to enjoy it, and frequently, for her instruction, have told a true story to a party of people and have been jeered at, or people have looked askance at me; and immediately after I have told them a most fan-

tastic lie to punish them, they have gaped, and said, 'How wonderful! how interesting!'

"The second event was meeting with Monseigneur Strossmayer, the great Slav Archbishop, whose head-quarters are at Diakovar, where he has erected a palace and a guest-house. He is a little king in his own country, but is sometimes looked coldly upon by Austria, on account of his leaning towards Russia and Panslavism. He is a man of simple, affectionate, and patriarchal manners, and out of his Cabinet shows nothing of the politician or diplomatist; there is no doubt that he is one of the leading men of that part of the world in the present century. He was very kind to us. He took an especial affection for me, and visited me every day, when I was unable to leave my room.

"The third event was the reading of Dr. Salusbury's treatment by drinking nearly boiling water, which seemed to act like magic. I had been suffering from frequent pain and faintness, and I feared that I had something the matter with my heart.

"On August 29th, I saw my wife drinking some hot water, and asked her to give me some of it. No sooner had I got the cup than I exclaimed almost involuntarily, 'Oh, what a comfort!' I continued that treatment, and from that day faintness and trouble of the heart changed their character, and were no longer a terror to me. My strength increased, so that I could soon comfortably take long walks. Would that we had thought of it and tried it in 1884, in my first attack of gout!

"The fourth event was the arrival of the English Squadron, on September 9th, at Trieste, with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Louis of Battenberg. We wanted to return to Trieste and do more than our usual duty on the occasion, and contribute to the festivities in honour of the Royalties bringing the town of Trieste and the fleet into harmonious relation. This had been our pleasant duty for many years past, and now, on this, the grandest occasion of all, we were condemned to be absent. The doctor sternly forbade anything of the kind; he would not guarantee my life for half a day if I had to put on uniform, go on board, and be present at official receptions. The authorities kept telegraphing for my wife, but she would not leave me for an hour, so we both wrote our explanations and excuses to the royal secretaries, and through them offered our house to her Imperial Highness, who graciously accepted it, if need arose. I ordered our home to be put in suitable order, a *major domo* to be sent for from Vienna, the flag to be hoisted, a cold buffet always to be laid, the house to be illuminated every night, and was only disappointed on return to find that no Royalty, not even any of the officers, had honoured us by using the house.

"The Governor of Steiermark, Graf Gundaker Würmbrandt and the Gräfin, came over to see us, and also the Fabers."

On the 5th of September occurred the first of a series of a stopping of our horses, which happened three times during these years. We

drove to look for the Chapel of Loretto. On the way back it was quite light in the afternoon; the horses, which were going a good pace, suddenly stopped still, backed, trembled, and sweated all over, and snorted and sobbed from their hearts. Nothing would induce them to go on, though the coachman flogged them. We all had to get out, and there was nothing to be seen to frighten them. I went to their heads, and patted and soothed them, while Dr. Leslie took care of Richard. They then bounded on for thirty yards or so, and we followed on foot and got in, and they went quite well. The coachman said he had driven for twenty years, and he had often read of these things, but he had never seen them.

We were now reading Mr. Stanley's book on Africa under the trees at Sauerbrunn.

On the 25th Richard bewails the death of Gozzadini, archæologist of Bologna.

"I strongly advise future visitors," he writes, "to leave Sauerbrunn the first week in September, as the rain and cold sets in, and the place becomes as deserted and melancholy as a ball-room after a ball. We did not want to return home, in spite of the Triestine proverb—

'Prima pioggia d'Agosto
Rinfresca mar e bosco.'

We left Sauerbrunn on September 18th, and we broke our journey by a three days' visit to Abbazia, near Fiume, called in the high-falutin style, the 'Austrian Riviera.' We went with the object of choosing our rooms for the winter, and we one and all fell ill in consequence of the horrible drains in the main courtyard of the Stephanie Hotel; but we decided, and decided wrongly, that the evil would be abated during the winter season.

"We had now a visit at Trieste from Mr. Gibbs, of Egypt and Vienna, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Krause from Vienna.

"On our return home Dr. Leslie had an offer of what seemed a very good post, a yachting tour to India and China with a great man, and he wanted very much to accept it, for our present way of life was necessarily rather tame to a strong young man, accustomed to expeditions, who would have been just the thing for us in our old travelling days, but he must have found it hard to subdue himself to our changed conditions."

Richard clamoured hard not to have any more doctors; he felt that we might do without, but I was now thoroughly broken down myself. I was unable to take anything that might be *called a walk.* Driving was sometimes very painful to me, and it would not have been safe to let him go alone. I could not be the same use that I had always hitherto been, though I could keep him company

in the house, and be his secretary and nurse him, but I frequently turned faint and required assistance. I could not stoop to give him his bath, or shampoo him, and we were too far from the town to get an immediate doctor in emergency, so I begged him to bear with it a little bit longer, as he had done for the past seven months. I heard that Dr. Grenfell-Baker, who had been so kind to us at Cannes, was in bad health, that his health had driven him from London practice, and that he was looking for a travelling appointment, and I begged to be allowed to write and ask him to accept ours. I obtained permission, and he relieved Dr. Leslie on October 15th, 1887.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANGES.

Dr. Baker had a most unpleasant journey. Not having done it before, he came with full confidence, without a greatcoat, without a brandy flask, without food, and as soon as he arrived on the Karso, he found a *Bora* that nearly upset his train. After fifteen hours of this, though the house was well built with immensely thick walls, the *Bora* sounded as if it too was just going to be carried away, and two earthquakes were not a pleasant greeting; but a warm welcome, a comfortable room, a good supper and hot grog, soon restored him. It was quite winter, and there was snow on the Risano. A number of friends and acquaintances, old and new, flocked through Trieste, which somewhat enlivened the dull season. Amongst others, Sir Cecil Domville, naval *attaché;* and an epoch was made by a visit likewise from Dr. and Mrs. Schlieman, of Troy. Princess Wrede also arrived at nine a.m. to take her coffee in a rush from Graz to Trieste.

We were very sorry to lose Dr. Leslie, he was so genial and good-humoured—one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. I may say a man who would go twenty miles out of his way to do you a service, and—great praise—he never said a word against anybody; above all, he had a true reverence for Richard.

Our days at Trieste, after Richard got ill, were passed in the following way:—Instead of getting up, as we used to do, at any time from three to half-past five, we rose at seven, had a breakfast of tea, bread and butter, and fruit on a little table near a window, where he used to feed the sparrows and other garden-birds on the window-sill, so that an almond tree which brushed up to the window was covered with them waiting, and, as he remarked, "they were quite imperious in their manners if he did not attend to them at once." He then wrote his journals—two sets, one private, which was kept in a drawer in my room, and one public ephemeris of notes, quotations, remarks, news, and weather memoranda; then

he would fall to to his literature. At nine o'clock the doctor would come in, and as I, being ill, could no longer stoop to help with his bath and toilette, Dr. Leslie, and afterwards Dr. Baker, superintended the bath and the electric foot-bath; but he shaved himself and dressed himself. During the bath he would frequently read out to them passages from what he was writing. The toilette finished, he resumed his literature till half-past ten, when, if the weather permitted, he would go out for a good walk with the doctor.

At twelve o'clock we had breakfast, which was really luncheon, after which he smoked (always the tobacco of the country—those long, thin, black cigars with a straw down the middle), and played with the kitten, and talked. He was very cheerful and enjoyed his meals. He would then lie on his bed with a book, and sleep perhaps for an hour, and then get up and do more literature. A little after three, if it was winter, he would go for another walk in the garden, or, if bad weather, into the hall, or in the summer-time, at about five o'clock, for a good long drive, or very often an excursion in the neighbourhood, and was always accompanied by the doctor or me, or both of us. Tea was at four, a sit-down tea, which was purposely made into a meal of all sorts of fruits, cake, sweets, and jam, because it was the hour for our intimates to pour in, and he enjoyed it. If any friends, English or other, were passing through Trieste, they lunched and dined with us. He liked company, and it did him a great deal of good; and he always used to say "that he liked to see his fellow-creatures, at hotels and public places, for instance, even if he did not want to mix with them;" but generally all the nice men in the hotel collected round him, smoking and listening to his conversation. After tea and talk and walk were over, he went to his room and worked steadily till seven, or half-past, when we had dinner.

He enjoyed his dinner, after which he sat in an armchair and smoked and talked. Glorious talk and sweet musical voice that we shall never hear again on earth—a perfect education to those who had the boon of hearing him! Sometimes, if the nights were fine, we used to sit on our verandah overlooking the sea and mountains, and watch the moon and stars through a telescope planted there for the purpose. At nine o'clock at night he retired; the doctor again helped him to undress, and then left for the night; and I said night prayers with him, and we talked awhile. He would ask me for a novel—he always said "he cooled his head with a novel when the day's work was done"—and we went to bed, he reading himself to sleep. Sometimes he did not sleep well and was restless, and sometimes very well; but in all cases far better

than he had ever done before he was an invalid. We had an electric bell between our beds, so that if he was restless it woke me.

On the 30th of October he mourns the death of Mr. Henry Levick, the first European to take up his abode at Suez, where he lived forty-one years. He pioneered the Mail Service through Egypt, assisted in arranging the Overland route, often accompanying the mails across the desert. He was the first English Consul at Suez, was packet-agent and postmaster to her Majesty, and agent for the late Government of India. The widow and numerous children have been left to starve for the last six years. She is now head of the English Hospital for Trained Nurses in Paris, 34, Rue de Prony Parc Monceau, and sadly in need of kindness and patronage.

On the 31st of October we were inundated with anonymous letters, which made us angry (I thought then that it was only a Triestine amusement, but I found out, twenty-three months ago, that it was equally common in England, and twice as coarse); the object then being to make us clear out our house of everybody in it that we wanted.

On November 17th he deplores the death of Colonel Valentine Baker.

The Empress now arrived at Miramar for a little rest and seclusion. His journal continues:—

"On the 1st of December my wife and I, accompanied by Dr. Grenfell Baker, returned to Abbazia to avoid the fearful *Boras* of Trieste, and to shelter in the supposed mild climate of the Austrian Riviera. It is only a few hours' rail distant, but you must rise at four a.m., though with a decent train it could be done in two hours. We were, however, doomed to disappointment. On December 7th the snow began and lasted two months; the earth was covered, and the pine and bay trees, the local boast of the place, were so broken and bent under its weight, that many of the undergrowths did not recover. There are two sorts of *cur-orts* (health resorts); the first is when everything is planned out for the comfort and cheeriness of the invalid, as in Switzerland and the Riviera, and the second one is when ambition upstarts barely out of its swaddling clothes, unformed and without a prospect of ever becoming better. Then they are expensive, uncomfortable, and are merely traps laid by money-grubbers for unhappy invalids, who ought never to go where they cannot rough it, but where healthy people may manage to live in dullness and discomfort, and of this category are Abbazia and Hammám R'irha in N. W. Africa.

"At Abbazia you rise early, drink coffee, walk, breakfast at twelve in the restaurant, siesta, walk or drive, dine at 7.30, and retire to your bedroom. There is no public room or meeting-place, no news-

papers, except in a tiny room. There is charming society, the Austrian and Hungarian cousinhood, some of which we enjoyed very much; but it is a clique. The Jews and Americans *doré* theirs. The harmless and inoffensive people who go there for imaginary baths and waters creep in to meals and out again and disappear. Hence a serious occupation or a study is a necessity. I got Father Josef Janc, the Catholic priest, to come and read German with me in the evenings, and I had my literature—my two last volumes of supplemental 'Arabian Nights;' my wife the same. We varied our time by driving to Castua, Moschenizza, Ika, Sovrana, and to Fiume to see the Count and Countess Hoyos and family and Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead (whose father gave us an occasional field-day with the torpedos), and our colleague, the English Consul Mr. Faber and his family. We walked, drove, lounged about smoking in the grounds. The views are beautiful. The winds are not boisterous, as at Trieste. Fiume is an hour away, and the boundary between my jurisdiction and Faber's lies halfway—Abbazia being in my jurisdiction. Fiume is as dull as ditchwater, with one fifth-class hotel. Your room in the hotel at Abbazia may be comfortable, but the food becomes worse and worse as the visitors increase, and the sanitary arrangements, the bread and water, are fearfully bad.

"To give some idea of its primitive state in 1887–88, although I had been Consul here for fifteen years, they refused to take my cheque, because 'they did not know who "Coutts" was.' There is no *promenoir*, no *wandelbahn*, no *kur-salon*, in fact no public rooms. There is a fine large dining-room, where, unless you are an archduke, you may not smoke for fear of spoiling the gilding; consequently you are driven into a kind of *estaminet*, where at 8.30 you can cut the reek of tobacco and food with a knife. A head director often visits Abbazia, but he is never at home to strangers, knowing that they only seek him to make complaints. The management is under an Austrian, not a Swiss. The appointment is always given to an employé of the *Südbahn*, which owns the place, and not to a *hôtelier*, therefore he naturally does not know his work. And Austria in such matters is fifty years behind Switzerland. The British grumbler (who has made Switzerland) is still more almost unknown in the dual kingdom. The dullness of life is almost incredible, and what gaieties there are—the Christmas tree, the New Year's Day ball, the concert of Tyrolians, and the gypsy band—as in all irregulated establishments, turned everything topsy-turvy, and converted stagnation into utter misery."

We had a visit at Abbazia from the Dowager Lady Galway, and Richard had an attack of gout when the snow came on, and on the 19th we had an earthquake.

On the 14th he got another slight attack of gout in both feet. Gout now became a trimestral attack, which the doctor considered to be a safety-valve for the head and general health, provided it was

a healthy gout in the feet. The thermometer was at zero, and we had almost perpetually such awful snow for two months, and the comforts were so primitive, that we disliked it, and we wrote together a little pamphlet on it.

On the 9th of January, 1888, we were made very unhappy by reading Lady Marian Alford's death in the papers, which we felt very badly. She was the kindest friend we had in London, and Richard said, "I believe by the time we get back to London nearly all our old friends will be dead."

It is a custom here on Shrove Tuesday night to ring all the church bells at eleven o'clock, to make the rich people leave off eating meat preparatory to Ash Wednesday (Lent), and to give the poor time to eat up the refuse before midnight.

Richard was gouty off and on all this snow-time. On the 18th the Crown Prince, poor Prince Rudolf, came to the hotel and stayed forty-eight hours; on the 21st we were further put in sorrow by the news of the death, at the early age of forty-one, of dear Anna Kingsford. She was a lady doctor, Anti-vivisectionist, advocate of vegetarianism, President of the Theosophical Society, and founder of the Hermetic Society for the study of religion and philosophy. Both Richard and I became very nervous as the 26th came round, the anniversary of his fit, but it passed off without any trouble.

On the 19th of February, 1888, he deplores the death of the Rev. George Percy Badger, D.C.L., the eminent Oriental scholar, at seventy-three.

On the 5th of March we bade adieu to all the charming friends we had made there, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we drove to Mattuglie to take the train for Trieste. The superintendent of the railway, our friend Mr. Thomas, made a charming arrangement for us. From Mattuglie to St. Peter's is only two or three hours, but St. Peter's, on an elevation, is an ice-bound place in winter; there you have to stand about for an hour or more in a miserable little station, waiting for the night-mail for Trieste. I coaxed him into giving us a large saloon with tables and beds most luxuriously fitted up, a carriage behind for the servants, and a compartment behind for the baggage, so that when we got into the train, Dr. Baker and I had nothing to do but to put Richard to bed, and we congratulated ourselves warmly on the arrangement, because, as we neared St. Peter's, the train passed through walls of snow much higher than itself, down which a howling wind came as through a funnel, whilst our saloon was perfectly warm. When we got to St. Peter's we were detached and shunted, a nice hot dinner was served to us in the carriage, and we got Richard into Trieste without the slightest hurt.

We were now reading "Mohammed Benoni," the work of Mr. Pedicaris, of Marocco.

On the 12th of March, 1888, he notices "the first swallows over the sea at sunset."

Mr. Thayer wrote to the *Tribune* from Trieste, under date of March 17—

"Lady Burton's expurgated edition of 'The Thousand Nights and One Night' is now complete in six handsome volumes. The last of the copy for Sir Richard's supplementary volumes of the 'Nights' will be sent to England next week. His motto has been for forty years, 'Without haste, without rest,' and as soon as the 'Nights' are ended, he will begin in earnest, what must prove to be a work of remarkable interest, his autobiography. His life, detailed by himself, if his conversation affords the means of judging, must be as fascinating as a romance. Its scenes range from the jungles of India to the tropical swamps of South America, from the snows of Iceland to the mephitic moraines of Central and Western Africa. Two years ago, his health was so broken that his friends feared he might not be able even to complete the 'Nights,' and we quite despaired of ever enjoying his autobiography; but now the case is happily altered, for, though still far from well, through the care and solicitude of his noble wife and his excellent physician, we have every reason to hope that his enormous power of continuous mental labour will carry him through the work."

On the 19th of March, 1888, his sixty-seventh birthday, Richard finished his last volume of the supplemental "Nights" (the sixteenth volume), but it did not come out till the 13th of November, 1888, and during the intervening months he corrected proofs, and began writing what he called "chow-chow"—odds and ends that he had been waiting to finish up. We were exceedingly relieved, because he had always had such a fear of not living to keep his engagements, and we had received money for it.

On the 2nd of April we began a second "reviewers reviewed" on the "Arabian Nights" critics (the first one was on the "Lusiads;" Richard having been roughly handled, had raised our ire).

On the 7th of April we had to deplore the loss of our good kind friend, R. Mackay Smith, of Edinburgh, and on the same date of Lady Margaret Beaumont, another of our kindest friends.

On the 9th of April he was rather agitated about some lost papers. I have spoken at length of a peculiarity he had of hiding things, and latterly especially he could not remember where he put them. Then he had to call me, and I was frequently several hours hunting for them. I have a particular prayer that I always say when I cannot find anything, and it has occasionally happened that the lost thing

was found immediately, so he used to call me in an agitated way, saying, "Come here, I want that prayer directly; I have lost such and such." On the 11th of May we had the pleasure of a visit from our old friend, Frederick Foster Arbuthnot, of 18, Park Lane, who stayed with us some days.

Richard's journal runs as follows:—

"After four months of snow, alternating with the Scirocco, the damp, depressing, and ozone-wanting gift of Northern Africa, we left Abbazia on the 5th of March, 1888, disappointed in the hope of staying there till the end of the month. The train which conveyed us passed through walls of snow ten or twelve feet high on either side. Passing friends made the stay in Trieste in spring very delightful, but unusual heat set in on the 9th of May, and gave the signal for departure. In consideration of the state of my health, the Foreign Office, though it would not release me, was kind enough to let me judge of when I could or could not stay at Trieste; in fact, an informal sick certificate. As the summer was premature and I could not stay, I thought I might as well go back to England and see my supplemental 'Nights' brought out, so on May 16th we went to Venice, Milan—where we called, on the 20th, on the Emperor and Empress of Brazil (who had been most truly kind to us during our four years' stay in their country; the Emperor was then thought to be dying, so we did not see them, nor did we ever see them again), and we arrived at Varese. Under Signor Marini and his English wife this was an exceptional place, the centre of a charming country, geographically a neutral ground between the uplands of Swiss Ticino, pretty, pleasant, and picturesque, and the lowlands of the Italian Milanese flats, which are flat and admirably fertile.

"Varese is a charming place; a beautiful hotel with lovely grounds, scenery, and splendid spring and autumn climate, and easily got at, where we met many friends. Hence during the spring and autumn it attracted a host of English, who all, save a very few, took flight in summer and winter; but the management soon changed, and what became of the Hôtel Excelsior under the Italian committee I could not say. I only know that the Marinis have opened an hotel, and are doing very well, in Via Tritone, Rome. The interests of the place were private theatricals in the evening, and the procession of Corpus Christi in the picturesque little town. There was also much interest in prehistoric villages and collections. The departure was not comfortable to Lucerne. Most travellers would have returned to Milan, and started direct by the St. Gothard Railway. We, wanting to see the country, determined to drive to Chiasso, a horrid little frontier town where we were to pick up the train, and where one wishes a glad adieu to Italy.

"The drive from Varese to Chiasso on the 1st of June was delightful. A beautiful country of deep-wooded hill and vale, abounding with acacia and yellow broom, and peopled with cuckoos and hoopoes. We dined at the buffet in the open. We were directed

not to the buffet at Chiasso, which is excellent in food and wine, and can supply bedrooms, but to a wretched *soi-disant* hotel, St. Michele, fit only for the roughest of peasants, with the prices of milords. The wonderful mountain scenery at St. Gothard, with its rich valley and snow peaks, its long tunnel under the venerable well-known hospice, Mont St. Bernard, and its marvellously engineered line, whose windings look on paper like sundry pairs of spectacles, with its green hills, glaciers, rockery, and waterfalls, and rushing river below in the depths, is too familiar to the general public to bear description, but the glorious mountain air, the kindly ways of the people, and the contrast of the Swiss frontier custom-house with the horrors of Italy, left a most grateful impression.

"On the evening of the 2nd of June we found rooms at the Schweizer-hof, Herren Haüser, who have made this the model establishment of Switzerland, and one may say of the world. I had not seen Lucerne since 1840—when I was a boy, and my tutor took me to drink the waters of Schinznach, *en route* to Oxford—so to me it was quite a new world. Herr Haüser could, however, show me the remains of the three humble inns, belonging to that proto-historic period since the Lake country has become the playground of Europe, and art has assisted nature in making it like the transformation scene of an opera—*un décor de théâtre*. Here everything is done for the comfort and delectation of the travelling idler. Under the crispy air and bluest of skies grand piles of hotel rise from the margin of the blue lake, looking upon semicircles of forest and mountain crowned by snow peaks, nestling villages and villas in groves of pink chestnut blossom, steamers flying gaudy flags, which are illuminated at night with coloured lamps. On the left a dwarf eminence is crowned by the Cathedral, which contains a remarkable life-size crucifix and an *alto relievo* of the death of the Blessed Virgin.

"On the right towers the naked and jagged cone of the cloud-capped mountain Piliatus, which has become Pilatus, has bred a host of grisly legends which the gaunt rock and its lakelet on the summit have suggested. Behind the town still runs the *enceinte* of mediæval wall, with its picturesque towers surmounted here and there by grotesque figures. Lucerne is essentially a three-days' place. Next day there was a procession of virgins in white and soldiers saluting, etc. The first things you visit are the two quaint wooden bridges and paintings of Holbein's 'Dance of Death.' Then you climb the Drei Linden hill for a panorama of the place; you must ascend in the funicular railway the Gat hill, and wander through the pine forests. You perhaps visit the public library, which contains not books but musty fusty documents, and you walk through the absurd museum, which does not even boast of a catalogue. On the second day you take the steamer to Vitznau, and ascend the Rigi by the far-famed railway. We always compare the engines of these lift-railways to a huge praying mantis. The panorama is worth seeing; the land lies below your feet in the shape of an embossed map. Rigi Staffel has the best climate. •

"On the third day you are in local honour bound to hire a two-horse carriage, and to drive about the environs to see the scenery; and then you must railway up to Pilatus. We all differed in our estimate of the lake. I could not admire it. As a piece of water, it is cut into various sections by projecting points, and reminded me of some large river of the upper Mississippi. My wife, on the contrary, was enchanted with the Lucerne end of it, and found a great delight in lazing up and down in the steamers. With Dr. Baker everything Swiss is sacred; it is his Eden, and must not be touched by hand profane. Lucerne must, however, be seen during the season; at other times it is like the inside of a theatre at early morning. We went back to it in March, 1889, and saw it at its worst, when deep snow covered the ground, and the roads were slushy and uncared for, when the streets were deserted, when the people showed homely faces, and their ugly German did not sound so unmusical. The local aristocracy of hotel-keepers and shop-keepers seemed hurt by the presence of strangers, and applying for entrance to a public building was looked upon almost as a grievance. The moral was, avoid Lucerne when not in gala dress.

"We left on the 9th of June, and remarked the meanness of the station; and at the first sight, which subsequent experience confirmed, the Swiss railways generally, for accommodation and convenience, have not kept pace with the hotels and all their other luxuries. The Anglo-Americans especially are full of gibes at the crawling trains. Arrived at Berne, we found the Berne station (Swiss capital) the worst of any metropolis in Europe, an Inferno in the hot, and a well in the cold season; a cave of the winds, at all times damp, draughty, and dangerous. It reminded us of York a quarter of a century ago. We returned from Berne to Ouchy through a charming country of vineyards, orchards, and smiling fields. Thirty years ago my wife was here as a girl with a married brother and sister, when it was the smallest of places, and a little inn, which then stood on the borders of the lake, was the best accommodation. Now the large Beau Rivage, with its fine grounds, ought to attract many travellers, but it is said not to pay its expenses, the reason probably being that it is managed by a company.

"Reserving Lausanne for future inspection, we went on to Aigle, passing through mountains, and skirting the south-east horn of the lake. This favourite summering-place showed itself at its worst, The rains were unceasing, and the muddiness of the roads made driving and walking equally unpleasant. Despite the weather, we managed, however, a few of the nearest trips. We drove up the valley of the Rhone, went to Bex, Trocadero, Villar, Bouvret, Diableret, and by rail to Montreux. We walked up to the Roman tower, at the St. Triphon-Ollon quarries, famed for its black marble, and inspected the Gorge de Trient, which twenty years ago was not a show place, and has now become a wonder, and yet no wonder; for it is a most impressive sight, with narrow-planked bridges, lining the steep sides of a perpendicular cliff six hundred feet high, with two hundred and forty feet of boiling, swirling torrent rushing

beneath you, and it is a fifteen minutes' walk through this more or less dark place to the roaring waterfalls. My wife thought it a grand sight, and was very much impressed, and said she felt so small, and that she would not go in there by herself for anything. I must say I thought but little of it, but it is a dreadful place for nervous people, and a dizzy one for the bilious. There were Americans photographing, and guides firing pistols to show the echo. The annual receipts from visitors is eight thousand francs.

"We visited the Augustinian monastery of St. Maurice, which will be alluded to later on. The weather, instead of behaving better, became worse, and as the house suddenly filled with people, it by no means improved the service or the *cuisine*. After a month's stay, we determined to take sudden leave, and on the 12th of July departed to Geneva. A delightful change of climate—for here summer had set in. We put up at the Continental, and I enjoyed breakfasting with Professor Karl Vogt. But I could not stand a fearful automatic grind-organ, the size of an average clothes-press, which raised its abominable voice immediately after dinner, and never ceased till it had run down. This was explained by the Continental being an American institution, and after all the grind-organ, like the street band, is kept up by the suffrages of the majority. We will speak again of Geneva on our return."

I must remark about Aigle that there is besides the village a large hotel situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, and where the Dent du Midi was so clear that it seems as if you could touch it. It was a very amusing place, and we met a number of very nice people; we stayed a month because Dr. Baker's mother and very charming sister came there to meet him. Here we were reading "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Richard was perfectly delighted with it, and afterwards we had a contrast in Rénan's "Apôtres."

I need not say that wherever we were, and Switzerland was no exception to the rule, that every excursion that was possible to make was made, and everything that could be seen was seen—it did not matter if it was mushroom-growing, cigarette-making, or Swiss milk condensed. We not only stayed at our head-quarters, but we knew the country pretty well all round.

One of the most delightful excursions was driving up the Valley of the Rhône to St. Maurice. We used to get a capital little breakfast and a good bottle of Dole du Valais at a hotel pension, kept by a Dalmatian at Aigle. We had a very nice *Curé* at Aigle, the Abbé Stercky, who became a friend of Richard's.

Richard enjoyed all these things very much. Part of the time, however, it rained, and then he used to get melancholy and ill. On the 12th of July we had had enough of it, and went to Geneva, where his delight was to go and take a huge middle-day dinner with

the old Professor Karl Vogt and his numerous family, without either the doctor or me. The Professor was a very jovial person, and his jolly fat laugh used to sound all over house and garden, and the dinner lasted from at least twelve till four. They were simple and kind-hearted people, and they thoroughly appreciated Richard.

On the 15th we left for Paris, and had a very shaky journey, but it did not hurt him. Our great friend Professor Zotenberg met him, and dined with us. On the 18th we left Paris for Folkestone, where we stopped one day to see his sister Lady Stisted and her daughter, and the following day, the 19th of July, 1888, we arrived at the St. James's Hotel in London. We had not been in London for two years, and we had naturally an immense quantity of people to see and business to transact. About ten days after, Richard got very ill, and kept us in a great fright; but it lasted a very short time, as he was at his club next day.

One could imagine what a delight it was to him to return to the club. He used to like to be dropped there at about half-past eleven or twelve. He would lunch there, take a siesta after, and read and write and see his men-friends, and then either Dr. Baker or I used to call for him at six. It was the only free time he had from our surveillance, the whole three years and a half of his illness, and it was an immense relief to him. I do not mean to say that he could not be alone in his room as much as ever he liked, but we never let him walk or drive out by himself, lest a return of the attack should occur, and he would have no assistance, and we always carried restoratives in our pockets.

Here we had the pleasure of seeing our friend H. H. Johnston, Consul in West Africa and artist, one of the most charming and sympathetic of men. St. James's was too noisy, although Richard thought the situation quite perfect. His central point of the world was Apsley House, and he despised everything between that and the desert. Dr. Baker now went for a holiday, and Dr. Leslie came back to us.

However, Richard took it into his head that as Ramsgate has such a reputation for air, we would go and try it; so on the 3rd of August we went to the Granville, where we stopped for a week, taking drives to Margate, to St. Peter's, and Westgate, to see Admiral Beamish, or to Deal, Sandgate, where we tried to see Mr. Clarke Russell, and Broadstairs, in each of which we found friends or cousins. We did not think much of the Granville Hotel, having been thoroughly spoiled by the best hotels abroad; but our great amusement was that, having lived so much away from home, we

knew nothing about Bank Holiday, and found ourselves landed in a hundred and fifty thousand of the people for four days, and Richard's delight was to go and sit on the sands and watch them—the Salvation Army, the niggers, the performers with ventriloquist-heads stuck on poles; but we were immensely edified, for although here and there there was a little rough play, there was not a single case of drunkenness. After a week the air proved too strong for Richard, and we went back, this time to the Langham Hotel.

Here we had a most pleasant time, for, in spite of its being August, old friends and relatives came and lunched and dined with us every day, which cheered Richard up immensely; and our friend F. F. Arbuthnot joined us, and passed a week in the hotel, and amongst others were Mr. John Payne, Du Chaillu, Mr. Henry Irving, Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and others. Dr. Baker came back eventually, and we went off to Oxford, where Richard delighted in driving round to all the Colleges, and where we met numbers of old friends—Mr. Arthur Evans and his wife, Mr. Chandler, Professor Sayce, etc. From there we went to the Queen's Hotel, Norwood, to be near Richard's sister and niece for a fortnight, and enjoy the Crystal Palace.

A Norwood treat was having a clairvoyante down from London, who pronounced on our health. She told Richard that he was bad in the head, eyes, down the back of neck, stomach, feet, and legs; that I had cancer; that I had healing powers, powerful light from heaven, a red cross above me, a large protection and light from above, with troops of friends and patrons. The cancer prophecy made Richard unhappy, till he saw how little I believed in it. The drives were to Dulwich and to Croydon, to see Commander Cameron and his wife. One particular treat we had was going to Colonel Goureaud's, who gave us a field-day with the Eddison phonograph, which we had seen in its infancy in 1878 in Dublin. Richard thought that it opened a wonderful future in science. He offered to do the *muezzin's* call to prayer, "Allahu Akbar," into a phonograph; somehow it was not done. What a treasure it would be now!

After a fortnight we went back to the Langham, which we liked thoroughly. We saw our last of Lawrence Oliphant about the 1st of September. In London Dr. Baker had several consultations for Richard with Dr. Mortimer Granville, who took infinite pains with him, and gave him a long and careful examination. Dr. Mortimer Granville said he was as sound as a bell, barring the gout. And that day, the 23rd of September, he insisted on going to the club by himself, and he did so several times whilst he remained in London.

It was a relief to him to feel that he could do something of former times.

It would seem as if we were always changing our abode; and so it was. His magnetism was so immense, his brain travelled so fast, absorbed so quickly, that he sucked dry all his surroundings, whether place, scenery, people, or facts, before the rest of us had settled down to realize whether we liked a place or not. When he arrived at this stage everything was flat to him, and he would anxiously say, "Do you think I shall live to get out of this, and to see another place?" And I used regularly to say, "Of course you will. Let us go to-day, if you feel like that;" and that would quiet him so far that he would say, "Oh no; say next Monday or Tuesday;" and then we went. During the latter days of his life, this restlessness became absolutely part of his complaint, and we used to seem to be moving on every week. One of his peculiarities was that he never would remain one moment in the hotel behind me. We used to plan to divide our work. I did all the courier's work, and the doctor took care of my husband. I used to go down to the stations or the steamers, with Lisa, a full hour before time, to take the tickets, weigh the baggage, procure a compartment for our party alone, telegraph forward for carriage, for rooms, and meals, so that his journey might go on oiled wheels, and Dr. Baker was to follow with him to save fatigue, getting him in five minutes before the start. We never could manage this; he would not let me go away one single instant before him, but used to jump into the same carriage.

The chief things Richard notes on this visit were as follows:—

"But on the 15th we left Geneva for Paris—when Zotenberg dined with us (at Folkestone I saw my sister)—and London, which we reached on the 20th of July, after nearly two years' absence, and lodged at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly. Literary work awaited us both, and I was again obliged to run the risk and dangers of the Bodleian at Oxford; but this time I had my wife and Dr. Baker with me, and I escaped all the evil results.

"During the time we were in London we had luncheons and dinners every day for our friends. It is no use giving a long list of names, but most of them were the most interesting people in London. We were also asked out immensely into Society, and in the daytime we accepted; but we made a rule now, on account of my health, never to accept a dinner or evening invitation, because I was obliged to dine at 7.30 and go to bed at 9.30, and my wife would not leave me. Amongst others, we had the pleasure at Lady Henry Gordon Lennox's of meeting Mr. Villiers, a brilliant relic of the old school, and my wife was fortunate enough to be taken in to lunch by him.

"On the 21st of August we went down to Bromley Holwood to see Lord and Lady Derby; they showed us Pitt's old house, the oak

under which Pitt organized the abolition of slavery, Pitt's writing-table, and a doll which the Queen gave to Lady Derby when she was Lady Mary West."

He writes on the 22nd of September:—

"To-day my wife was sent for to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy to receive from Count Lützow a very beautiful portrait of the Empress of Austria, in approval of her life and works. This has made me very proud and her very happy."

In October we went down to Newmarket, to see my cousins Lord and Lady Gerard, where we met some very pleasant people, and where Richard was very much interested going to the training ground, and saw hundreds of racehorses taking their gallops, and Captain Machell and Colonel Oliver Montagu explained everything to us.

On the 15th of October, 1888, Richard left London. Little did we think he would never return to it more alive. We stayed at Folkestone ten days to be near his sister and niece, and had some charming country drives. We crossed on the 26th of October—his last sight of Old England. Two years later he was gone.

We stayed at Boulogne. He was very fond of it; it agreed with him, and he liked to go over all the old haunts where we had met as young people, and his old fencing school too. He writes: "My old fencing-master Constantin is eighty, with a young bright eye." On the 29th of October, 1888, we went to Paris, also for the last time, and here at breakfast and dinner we generally had Professor Zotenberg (who gave us an always-remembered breakfast at the Lion d'Or), or Professor Houdas, or Mr. Barnard of the *New York Herald*—all who knew things that were interesting to him. We went on from there to Geneva by the *train de luxe* to the Hôtel Nationale, which was as nice as could be. On the 19th of November, after dinner, the chandelier fell on the dinner-table, the gas rushed out, and waiters went to fetch a lamp. This happened to us two winters running. Geneva is a charming place in winter, and agreed well with Richard, who was again enabled to enjoy his days with Karl Vogt. We got to know very pleasant society and had delightful drives—one to Ferney (château of Voltaire) and the Voirons. After he left England in 1888, his health got ever so much better, and I had confident hopes that he would last for many years. Here Richard made his last public lecture. The Geneva Geographical Society asked him to speak, and he had a regular ovation. At first he was very nervous and tired, but he wound up as he went on, and, like our Society, at the end he was asked to sit down, and everybody who felt inclined got up and asked him questions, which he answered. The meeting

was very cordial. There are some very distinguished men in Geneva, and all the best Society, when you have pierced the outer crust, tends to serious life, study, and acquiring information. On the 1st of December we went on to Vevey, where we found Madame Nubar Pasha. Monsieur Albert de Montêt, a member of one of the great families—a young man, but learned—came frequently to breakfast. We stopped at the Hôtel du Lac on the Lake, but it was too damp, so we went up to Mooser's, which was delightful. Here I was asked to lecture at the house of the great family of the place—the De Couvreurs, and it was just a repetition of the one at the Geographical Society in Geneva.

From here Richard wrote:

"The Position at Suákin.

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"Sir,—The decisive defeat of the dervish invader unsieges Suákin, but the chronic difficulties of our false position are by no means diminished. We cannot evacuate the unhealthy, wretched slave port, because it would immediately be occupied by rivals or enemies, and our unwritten compact with the Egyptian Government binds us to retain it. But occupation under the existing circumstances means simply a protracted state of petty warfare, and troubles will recur at regular intervals, until one party or the other will prefer to give way.

"The grievance of the Soudanese tribes is most reasonable. They have a racial and inherited hate and dread of the Egyptian and of the Turk, and they will never rest until they rid 'Blackland' of them. I found the same feeling prevalent throughout the Somali country, and at Harar, where my greatest danger was of being mistaken for an Osmanli.

"To make the game worth the candle, we must clear Suákin of its Egyptian clique, and re-embark the last Egyptian soldier *en route* for the Nile Valley. I would not expose British troops to the abominable climate of the Red Sea littoral; but I think that, after the fighting is fought, the Indian sepoy could resist the exile till such time as we can make peace with the tribes, raise, arm, and discipline a native Soudanese contingent, and settle the country on the firm basis of commerce and friendly intercourse. And note that the sepoy is more feared in Egypt than the British soldier; the latter has a scornful dislike to shed black blood, whereas the former shows no such weakness.

"I see that the 'basest of kingdoms'—for such Egypt has become once more—officially objects to the return of Mr. Wylde, and that our authorities have, as usual, admitted the preposterous demand. Mr. Wylde has committed the unpardonable sin of publishing two volumes of home-truths. He has shown up the wild Suákin clique; he has accounted for our military failures; he has unsparingly

denounced the jobbery and corruption which disgrace our petty district wars. He is loved neither by civil administrators nor by military incapables, and he is the *bête noir* of railroad contractors and others of the same genus. But he has shown us the way out of our difficulties—that is, if we choose to adopt the results of his long and extensive experience. But the Soudan question is becoming, like its Eastern kinsfolk, easy enough to be settled, whenever settlement shall become necessary; and, meanwhile, it is a permanent malady most profitable to the faculty. Without it what would become of the diplomatists and the host of little nationalities and individuals who delight to fish in troubled waters, and who would starve in the calm of peace and quiet?

"To my countrymen I would say, 'Englishmen, at least be humane. The Soudanese tribes never had any quarrel with you. They knew you only as the folk who came among them to shoot big game. They entertained you hospitably, and they freely lent themselves to all your fads. With indescribable levity you attacked these gallant and noble Negroids, who were doing battle for liberty, for their hearths and homes, and for freedom from the Egyptian tax-gatherer and from the Turkish despoiler. You threw yourselves, unlike your forefathers, who dearly loved fair play, on the strongest side, and you aided in oppressing the weak by a most unholy war. You have cast an indelible blot upon the fair fame of England. With your breech-loading rifles and Gatling guns you attacked these gallant races; but Allah sometimes defends the right, and you have had more than once to flee before men armed with a miserable spear and a bit of limp leather by way of a shield. Your errors were those of ignorance. Do not persist in them now that you have learnt the truth. After dispersing the dervishes, seize the earliest opportunity of showing your magnanimity, and come to terms with the gallant enemy, upon the express condition that no Egyptian official, civil or military, shall ever pollute the land with his presence. And if this step fail (but it will not fail) to restore peace, you will at least have offered the best atonement for the bloody misdeeds of the past.

"In advocating this treatment of the Suákin affairs, I presume that the public is no longer blinded about our occupation of Egypt. We entered the country for a purpose which, as all experts know, was perfectly Utopian. We shall not teach the Moslems of the Nile Valley our civilization, nor shall we Christianize even the Christian Copts. We shall remain among them upon sufferance. We shall even be welcome, after a fashion, to the Fellah so long as we half tax him, and abate the nuisance of the Pasha and the Bey and the Greek village usurer. But this means that we must continue there for an indefinite time. The embarkation of the last British soldier will be followed by horrors far surpassing the worst 'plagues of Egypt' in the olden days.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"(Vevey,) December 21st, 1888."

Extract from a cutting.

"We have had enough of these sickening massacres. Sir Richard Burton, who knows the Egyptian to the bone, and who is a second Gordon in his knowledge of the Soudan and its people, has declared that it is folly to expect Fellah troops, officered by Europeans, to fight against any Mahdi. He foresaw the present disaster when he wrote that nothing that Sir Evelyn Wood or Baker Pacha might do 'could prevail against Fellah superstition.'"

On Christmas Eve, 1888, we amused ourselves with putting our stockings outside the door, like the children, for Santa Claus, and we all filled each other's with little presents; but the two greatest amusements were that my contribution to my husband's stocking was only a birch-rod, *i.e.* a *bonbonnière* made exactly like a birch-rod, the goodies being in the handle. He was delighted with this, and I found it amongst his treasures after his death. The other was that (of course) we all filled Lisa's stocking to repletion, and she got some very pretty things. So she said, "Oh, I like this game! I never saw it before; I shall put my stocking out every night." She thought they would always come. On Christmas Day we had *egg-nogg* with the Montgomerys, our ex-American Consul of Trieste.

"Richard's Notes from Vevey.

"Montreux, January 10th, 1889.

"I noticed, like all tourists, two inscriptions, public and modern, and was informed by my hospitable Veveysan friends that both are based upon erroneous 'Factology.'

"No. 1, placed behind the Halle aux Blés, to the north of the Place du Marché, runs:—

'Ici
Jean Jacques Rousseau logea en 1732.'

"No. 2, which has more interest for Englishmen, runs thus:—

"'Ici habitait
Edmund Ludlow,
Lieut.-Général, Membre du Parlement Anglais,
Défenseur des Libertés de son Pays.
L'illustre Proscrit avait fait placer
cette Inscription sur la Porte de sa Demeure,
"omne solum forti patria quia patris."
Energiquement protégé par les Autorités
et accueilli avec sympathie par les habitants
de Vevey, Edmund Ludlow a vécu
dans cette ville de 1662 à 1693,
année de sa mort.'

"The place pointed out to me is No. 49, Rue du Lac, occupied by the Imprimérie Loertscher et Fils, which still prints the famous *Messager Noiteux*, an almanack dating from 1707. The alley setting off to the north, and called 'Ruelle des Anciens Fossés de la Ville,' shows that the exiles were then lodged outside the town, and consequently a strict guard was necessary for their safety. Lausanne failing in this matter, Mr. John Lisle, M.P., another of the gallant band, was there shot in the back by a hired assassin.

"Ludlow returned to England in 1689, before the accession of Charles II., risked his life for nearly two years, and finally hurried back to Vevey in 1690, or three years before his death (aged seventy-two). Possibly he may then have lodged at the place noted by the epigraph. There is a local legend known to all—even to the guide-books—that early in the present century an English couple introduced themselves as 'Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow' to M. Grenier, who had bought the house from M. Cottier, the successor of M. Dubois. While the lady remained pleasantly chatting with the ancient proprietor, the gentleman slipped out of the room and carried off the wooden tablet bearing the epigraph, 'Omne solum,' etc.

"Vevey behaved with characteristic hospitality and the true Switzer's love of liberty in protecting the 'regicides' against the bravos of Savoy, paid with English gold by the Merry (and most unchivalrous) Monarch. She should take more pride in this one heroic action than in having harboured a host of royalties and quasi-royalties—the Empress Maria Federowna, the Kings of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and the Netherlands, Princes Alexander and George of Prussia, Princess de Lignitz, the Grand-Duchess Anne of Russia, and many a minor star. She also, at the instance of Mistress Ludlow, gave to her guests their last homes under her most honoured roof—the church of St. Martin (built in A.D. 1498). The five rest side by side in the northern aisle—Andrew Boughton and John Phelps (clerks to the Court, who read out the death-sentence), Gawler, Love, and Ludlow. The latter has a memorial tablet on the northern wall over his grave, surmounted by a most un-Puritan crest—a lion rampant—and (therein) he 'winged his way to the eternal mansions.' Phelps has also a brand-new slab of black marble facing eastwards, set up by two Anglo-American kinsmen of the same name. Broughton, who 'slept in the Lord,' was placed under the aisle-pavement, and all the other gravestones are hidden by a boarding which we hope to see removed as soon as the fine old pile, whose massive masonry is splitting, and whose western portal and huge belfry with turreted angles are palpably sloping northwards, shall have found certain funds for repairs now necessary. The view from the church terrace is inimitable. Here no art can equal nature, and it is a sufficient illustration of Mendelssohn's dictum (Lady Wallace, p. 96), 'The Swiss can paint no beautiful scenery, precisely because they have it the whole day before their eyes.'

"R. F. BURTON.

"P.S.—In reading Ludlow's memoirs we must beware of his truly British cacography—*e.g. Baron de Chatteler* (for Chattelard, vol. iii.

p. 153), *Tunno* (for Thonon, in Chablais, p. 157), and *Ouches* (for Ouchy, port of Lausanne, p. 158).

"*Correction* (which he notes in journal).—Several correspondents have written to point out some manifest errors of date in Sir R. F. Burton's 'Notes from Vevey,' in the *Academy* of last week. In the Ludlow inscription, the date of his arrival at Vevey should clearly be '1662,' and not 1642; and the passage, 'Ludlow returned to England in 1689, before the accession of Charles II.,' should apparently run—'Ludlow returned to England in 1688, before the accession of William and Mary.'"

"NOTES FROM LAUSANNE.

"Lausanne, February 24th, 1889.

"The *Academy* of February 2 contains two corrections of my 'Notes from Vevey,' one error being typographical, and the other an *infelix culpa*, the result of inordinate carelessness. As your correspondent remarks, 1642 should be 1662; and I find, by inspection, the date so recorded upon Ludlow's tablet. The second passage should be read, 'Ludlow returned to England about mid 1689, shortly after the accession of William and Mary.' Your correspondent proposes, 'Ludlow returned to England in 1688;' but the following official letter, kindly furnished by M. Albert de Montêt, shows this also to be an error. The General's report of his intended journey, addressed to their Excellencies the Seigneurs de Berne, with its queer French, quaintly Anglicized and Roundheaded, may perhaps interest some of your readers.

"'Lettre de Ludlow au Conseil de Vevey, du 2 Juin, 1689, "Manuaux de la Ville, L.," p. 103.

"'Mes très honnorés Seigneurs! Le Seigneur qui m'a pourveu (*sic*), avec plusieurs autres de mes compagnons en mes souffrances et exil pour la parolle et le témoignage de Jésus, d'un asile très favorable: en nous conduisant par la colonne de feu sous votre bénin et equitable government, m'appelant aujourd'huy pour faire un tour dans mon pays d'Etat pour y faire mon possible pour fortifier les mains de notre Gédéon, qui est miraculeusement suscité pour nous retirer de la maison de servitude et démolir l'autel de Baal contre ceux qui prennent la querelle pour luy (soi?) et choisissent plustôt de se mettre soubs l'arbre de l'Espine que soubs l'équitable domination du roy de la justice et du prince de paix. Ayant par la grande bonté de Dieu depuis plusieurs années, entre autres providences signalées et speciales, amplement et pleinement expérimenté les effets de la très gracieuse réception à notre première arrivée en cette ville, qu'il vous a plu de nous signifier par feu M. le Banderent De Montet de votre part, comme membre du même corps avec vous auquel Christ et (est?) le chef, je me trouve obligé devant que je parte pour l'Angleterre, ignorant les choses qui m'y doivent arriver, de vous en témoigner ma très humble recognoissance vous suppliant de l'accepter

jusqu'à ce que l'occasion se présente pour le manifester plus réelement, vous asseurant que je ne manqueray pass de s'en (m'en?) préveloir pour vous faire voir à tous en général et à chacun en particulier que je seray tenu ma vie comme obligé d'estre, Très honnorés Seigneurs Votre très humble, très fidelle et très obéissant serviteur.

"'(Signed) EDM. LUDLOWE (*sic*).'

"To an Englishman at Lausanne, Gibbon is still the prime subject of local interest. I had also been assured that many unprinted autographs remain in private hands, despite the mass of correspondence published in the 'Life and Letters,' pp. 178–356, by Mr. W. J. Day, London, F. Warne (undated). But I repeat that the traveller must as often discover what there is not as determine what there is.

"An introduction to M. William de Charrière de Sévery (the grandson of M. Wilhelm de Sévery, Gibbon's familiar and legatee) convinced me that rumour had exaggerated. He has a few notes, a single bundle, mostly private, if not confidential; and the same is the case with Mdme. Grenier-Bourgeois. The 'relics' are most interesting. We were shown the favourite writing-paper, letter-sized, gilt-edged, and rough, fit only for the goose-quill, of which a few ink-stained specimens are preserved; the cards, playing and others, upon which notes to intimates were generally written in a schoolboy hand, stiff and tall; a long list of linen for bedding, etc., proving business habits; and the last will and testament (October 1, 1791), covering three pages foolscap-sized—of the latter Mr. Day (p. 176) prints an abstract. The cellar still contains a few bottles of the 'Malmsey-Madeira' which Gibbon sent for in 1789 (p. 123), and which he had probably to thank for a frightful attack of gout. We were favoured with a sight of the portraits: one the usual Kit-cat in pastels—Lausanne then containing sundry famous pastellistes—a cameo-bust on wedgwood (much idealized), and an *aquarelle* of 'The Historian' (hideous exceedingly), sitting before the façade of his house at Lausanne, afterwards removed to make way for the Hôtel Gibbon. This, by the way, is a fraud, boasting that its garden contains the identical chestnut tree under which the last lines of a twenty-years' work were written. Unfortunately, the oft-quoted passage describing that event (p. 103) assigns it to 'a summer-house in my garden,' near a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias; all of which have long disappeared to make way for the Rue du Midi. Upon the strength of this being 'Gibbon Castle,' we are somewhat overcharged and underfed; and we are convinced that Lausanne wants an establishment, like the admirable 'National' of Geneva, half-way between the City and Ouchy, her port, and not far from 'Christ Church' Square.

"Voltaire is so forgotten by the general world at Lausanne, that even an educational professor ignored his 'philosophical' exile in Switzerland. He left Vaud after a dispute with the ecclesiastical authorities. Yet there are still three places that belong to him: Monrepos, a villa to the north-east, where tradition says the *première*

of 'Zaire' was acted; Maison Gaulis, in the Grand Chêne Street; and Maison Mont-Riond (Round Hill) Dapples (Gibbon's 'D'Apples'). The latter rises east of the historic hillock, crowned with two trees, described in every guide-book. The house, whilom infamous for damp, was drained dry by the Funicular Railway, and is now let to Dr. Niven, whom we last met at Matharan (Bombay). The chief room in the two-storied block is traditionally the theatre. A few yards to the north-west there is also the half of a cottage under an inordinate tile roof, capping clay walls with wooden beams, three stories high at the Lake front. *La Casquette*, as the artists call their favourite, is, or rather was, a kind of snuggery, whereto Voltaire retired for study in solitude; and yet it is mistermed by sundry of the folk *Laboratoire de Rousseau*. It is now occupied by a gardener, whose family of twelve, despite overcrowding and bad air, shows signs of exceptional health and strength. I only hope that the Municipality will buy it and rail it round, and preserve it as a relic.

"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"N.B. to all who 'undigest.'—Avoid any but distilled water at Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, and throughout the limestone regions of Switzerland."

CHAPTER XV.

AT MONTREUX.

On the 2nd of January, 1889, we moved ourselves to the Hôtel des Alpes at Montreux. The journey is only an hour. It was bitterly cold, but the temperature rose fourteen degrees on the way. Here we had a delightful time, excursioning to the Château de Chillon, to Hôtel Biron, to Villeneuve, les Avants, three thousand feet high, Mont-Fleurie, Glion, etc. But our favourite place seemed to be St. Maurice, where we had several delightful days in the valley of the Rhone, but one particularly to be remembered. Abbé Stercky went with us. He is one of the monks, was Curé of Aigle, and Richard liked him. The little inn is cosy, with its good Dalmatian proprietor, who kept a cheerful room, a blazing wood fire, a capital good breakfast, and a good bottle of Dôle de Valais. We passed a good deal of time in the monastery.

It is the oldest Augustinian monastery in the world, and having Abbé Stercky with us, we saw all the treasures—gold, silver, gems, and onyx treasures from Charlemagne and St. Louis of France; they, and also manuscripts and old books, were shown to us by a gentlemanly and polished monk, Père Bourbord, otherwise they are generally shown by a surly monk, who does not let you see anything. There were a number of very charming people stopping at the hotel, which was crowded for the winter. We all fraternized, and we had extensive afternoon receptions and tea-fights, and in the evenings we all used to contribute something to the amusements—who could sing, sang; who could recite, recited; who could tell stories of foreign lands, did so, and also ghost-stories; and there was music and dancing and acting galore, also theatricals and a musical drill beautifully performed. It was a charming hotel, with every accommodation, plenty of places for smoking, and Richard used to enjoy it thoroughly, parties of men flocking around him.

On the 22nd, our wedding-day, everybody was so good to us;

there were presents, and flowers, and little speeches. I got quite choky, and Richard ran away and locked himself up. The next day we gave a big tea-fight, and enjoyed it very much. Richard had now a little return of the gout attack, but it passed off in a few days. The evenings were lovely. I can remember one, nay, many evenings, with a clear sky, the mountain of snow standing out like a vision, lit by a lovely crescent moon and large evening star.

At Chillon we saw the room where Miss Sterling, of the Salvation Army, was imprisoned for talking religion to the children. She had written on the walls, and we often revisited the chapel where so many have suffered.

On the 28th (January) Richard got a letter announcing the death of one of our friends, Mr. Paul Bird; and on the 29th, Carlo Pellegrini.

On the 5th of February came Mr. Lorie, painter, from Egypt.

We were very disappointed to find the Archbishop Mermillod had left for Cannes, being very ill, as I had known him since 1858.

Here we had the pleasure of a visit from the famous Elisée Réclus: *homme de lettres* and geographer is, perhaps, his right description, but as an Agnostic he stands out a little far; even the Sacrament of Matrimony is, they say, prohibited in his family. I was very anxious to give him a cordial reception, as he interested Richard and all of us immensely. His opinions coincided with the following, taken from Mrs. Bennett-Edwards' "Unwritten Law"—

"'Legalized marriage is tyranny—the tyranny of the Law and of the Church over the privacy of the individual. I will have no son and no daughter of mine a slave. If the result of a man's or a woman's life be moral—if it produce good, not evil, to the society—by what right does any Law or any Church interfere to regulate it? Wait,' he said to us; 'do nothing hastily that you may repent later. Wait until your characters and tastes be formed by your experience; and then, if you find them suitable one with the other, take up your lives together, that together you may reach the goal which I have set you—to the bettering, by example, of your fellow-men. Teach them that love, which means unity, is stronger to bind man to woman than any law; that a man's or a woman's honour is stronger to compel faith than any religious superstitions.'"

At the hour appointed the door was thrown open, and an announcement was made, which I did not hear, but I immediately left my armchair and my book, and walked over with both hands extended, saying, "Dear Monsieur Réclus, I am so delighted to make your acquaintance; such a pleasure to know such a distinguished man." He received my little speech with profuse bows and cordial thanks, and then pulling a key out of his pocket, he pro-

ceeded to wind the clocks. I felt a little surprised, but I thought it was perhaps another of the great man's peculiarities, so I went on talking to him the while, telling him how glad my husband would be to talk geography and science over with him, when the door opened, and a loud voice announced Monsieur Elisée Réclus. I picked myself up in a minute, and immediately performed the same ceremony as before. The clock-winder behaved so beautifully; he never moved a muscle of his face, and when he had finished his work, went out with a lovely bow. This episode delighted Richard and Dr. Baker.

On the 31st of January we had the report of poor Prince Rudolf's death; it threw a gloom over everything. On the 13th arrived Mr. Gustave Oppenheim, an old friend.

When Richard had had enough of Montreux, we moved on to Lausanne. All came to see us off, and we wondered how many of us would meet again. Here we found Colonel Abbadie, Dr. Baker's mother and sister, Marc Dufour, a celebrated oculist and philanthropist, and Abbé Deruaz. We drove about immensely, sometimes to Ouchy, and a very interesting excursion was going to see Voltaire's house, Mont Morion, occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Niven, whom we knew at Matharan, in India. We also had the pleasure of meeting there the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Father Damien's friend.

On the 25th we went off to Berne to see Mr. and Mrs. Scott, our Minister. It was looking very picturesque and beautiful; the Hôtel Belle Vue comfortable, with lovely views. It was very cold, covered with snow, and the air dry and crisp; in fact, everything was a "Snow Hell." The weather did not hurt Richard; he completely changed. Since Richard had been ill, he was quite a different man to what he had been previously in tastes and feelings. Whereas before he was always cold, and would have fires in the height of summer, now in the bitterest weather a fire in his room made him sick. He would now eat sweet things and drink milk, which in his stronger days he could not look at. He slept, instead of whole nights of insomnia, though often not as well as one could wish. He liked the world and company, whereas before he had shunned the general run of society, and in many other ways was quite different.

At Berne he saw a unique Swiss sword. Swords were looked for at every place, so we went straight to an antiquarian, who showed us some iron blades, metal scabbards, and arabesque spear-heads. Monsieur de Montêt's brother, Emanuel, a banker, called and showed us the lions. We were now reading the "Service of Man" by James Carter Morison.

It was now that we returned, 1st of March, 1889, to Lucerne,

which was another "Snow Hell." We went to the Hôtel Nationale, the only place open, had lovely rooms and good fires, but the rest of it deserved all Richard said of it a while ago.

On the 4th we rose early, quite well, and made all ready to go, and having an hour to wait, sat down to enjoy the fire, when all of a sudden I got an aching in every bone, a bad rash came out, and faint, cold down the spine, hot and cold, nausea; could do nothing but rock and groan, and groaned and rocked the whole eight hours to Milan. I did not know it then, but I know it now, by three subsequent experiences, that I had a sharp attack of influenza, but we did not talk so much about this epidemic in 1889. It was a great mortification that I had to be several days in bed, as one of my cousins and some others were waiting to do a very nice expedition, which I should have thoroughly enjoyed, and had to let them go without me. There was one fortunate thing, that when I was ill, Richard was well; and if he was down, I was always perfectly well and able.

On the 10th we went down to Venice, to the Hôtel Victoria, where we were put in big, damp, dark rooms like catacombs; and on the 12th arrived at Trieste, where I was very weak for a long time.

On the 30th we accompanied Prince and Princess Victor Von Hohenlöhe and daughter to the *Ungaria* for Corfú.

On the 22nd of March, he regrets the death of Lady Arnold, on March the 15th—"grieved for the poet's sake;" and also Miss Whately, of Egypt, whom we knew.

We now had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, who came to Miramar to consult the Archduchess Stephanie about Prince Rudolf's work, which was to come out in fifteen volumes for the people.

On the 13th of April I wrote a petition for the children of the Orphanage of St. Joseph (the one that Richard and I were interested in), and we put down our names for a hundred florins, and promised them a life-sized statue of their patron saint.

We had, as usual, our servants' party, which they keep very much as they would in England, only they are very witty when drinking toasts in improvising verses on names.

On the 10th of April he remarks the death of Father Damien.

Though I little contemplated the great catastrophe and break-up of my life in 1890, but with a view to leaving Trieste in July, 1891, I began to wish to collect all possible reminiscences of the home I loved so well. One of the visitors to our Trieste home wrote me: "I think of you so very often, and your lovely home on

THE VIEW FROM THE BURTONS' BEDROOM AND STUDY, OVER THE SEA, AT TRIESTE.

the shores of the Adriatic, with its rich treasures of mind and heart. It stands out before me like a lighthouse on the sea of life, pointing onwards, upwards, to a higher, nobler state of existence, to which I shall try to reach." These words, which have been differently expressed to me in many different languages, and in this particular case coming from one "who had almost," she says, "lost faith in God," inspire me with great gratitude to God, and make me wish to perpetuate it in oil-painting reminiscences, that it may become part of our lives in our future more prosaic London home.

I now selected from among other artists Mr. Albert Letchford, a young painter of great talent, who had studied in Paris and painted in Egypt, and who began to paint for me, on the 10th of May, the four views from our windows, nine of our favourite "interiors" of rooms, including Richard studying in his bedroom. After that he painted my husband for the Stanley Exhibition, and one life-size, fencing, which I now exhibit in the Grosvenor Gallery.

At this time there occurred the strikes in Austrian-Lloyd's which agitated the country very much, and we expected a revolution, which did not happen. We had also a visit from Count Téleki, who had made his splendid African journey, which was most interesting. On the 12th of May we had a delightful sea-trip to Parenzo with friends (Baron Marco Morpurgo, the then great banker and Director of Lloyd's, and his wife, the best friends Richard and I ever had in Trieste). The object was to visit the old Cathedral of Parenzo, a complicated mixture of most ancient Byzantine, Roman, Grecian, and Venetian. It has three depths of old floors quite distinct. We went over to Duino to stay with the Princess Hohenlöhe and Princess Taxis, a two hours' drive from Trieste, which was our favourite visit in the neighbourhood. We had the pleasure of receiving Count von Würmbrandt, the Governor of Styria, Baron Spaun, and Admiral Sterneck; this was followed by festivities for the Archduke Otto and the Archduchess, and Archduke Leopold. On that occasion Richard was allowed to go out in the evening to the Morpurgos' *fête*.

Sometimes our drives were varied by delightful little sea-trips.

On the 13th of June, going up to Opçina, our horses enacted the same scene as that which happened at Sauerbrunn in 1887. On the 29th of June we were very sorry to lose our nicest English neighbours and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Craig. In June also Richard felt sadly the death of Professor Chandler.

On the 1st of July, 1889, we went back to Adelsburg, where the air was cold, and it was delightful to have no mosquitoes. General Buckle accompanied us on this excursion. On the 2nd we had

frightful storms, the lightning striking seven or eight times just about the house. The Caves by this time were quite spoiled by the electric light. We were able to save a poor dog that had been shot into an abyss by some cruel people, and Richard moralizes in his journal, "What had that dog done to be saved? It was ten thousand chances to one, against any one caring for his cries, and getting him out of that abyss by lowering men with ropes, which seemed impossible." *

We had a delightful drive to Planina. As usual, in spite of all evidences of a most healthy place, we got very sick, and so we went on, on the 8th to Graz, a delightful central place in Austria, the paradise of poor aristocracy, and retired military and naval "swells." From here we went over to Tobelbad, where we found some very dear Austrian friends; but Tobelbad is in a hole, and we found it so unhealthy, that we were glad to get to the top of a hill to breathe, and drove back to Graz. A Baron von Ponte Reno, one of our young friends, just about to be married, died a few days later. Here we had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of Professor Schuhardt; it was so hot we could not breathe. After a great many excursions we went on to Mürzüschlag, which is the station at the bottom of the Semmering, on the Südbahn line in Austria. It was a curious season. The heat, or reports of cholera, had driven every soul out of the towns to the mountains, and one could not get a bed for love nor money, and so the Erzherzog Johann Hotel was what the Austrians, with their delicacy and kindness, called Sehr Primitif, which meant "devoid of all the necessaries of life;" but the air was delicious. We looked everywhere, at Spital two hours away, and up and down the Semmering, at all the hotels, first the station, then Stephanie Gast-Haus, then Johann, and Panhaus the highest, then the Südbahn's Semmering, and two dependencies, one of which we liked the best. We reposed on a turf full of ants, and got back to the station to Mürzüschlag.

I immediately took a carriage, and drove up to Lambach Hotel, on an eminence above the town. It was delightfully situated, only it was full. Splendid air, beautiful views, only all the rooms were occupied except one; so I put Richard and Dr. Baker into that, and Lisa and I went down to a sort of outhouse, where we had a little room leading out of the carriage stable, which was bounded on one side by

* In the same way, a house near us had a large monkey in a little room with bars just above ground, and the boys used to poke at him with sticks, and shy pebbles at him. I would go over to him with fruit and cake, and Richard used to say to him, "What crime did you commit in some other world, Jocko, that you are caged for now, and tormented, and going through your purgatory?" And he would walk off muttering, "I wonder what he did—I wonder what he did?"

the pigs, another side by the wash-house, and so on; but even these discomforts, and some of them were very ludicrous, had their compensations. Baron Kremer (and his wife), one time Finance Minister at Vienna and *homme de lettres*, and Sir Arthur and Lady Nicholson were in the hotel. From here we made an excursion to Reichenau. On the 31st we went to Neuberg, and visited the old Cistercian Monastery and Cathedral, and the Emperor's shooting-box. It is a romantic little wayside inn, with a running stream and a mill-wheel. On the 2nd we had a delightful journey from Neuberg, past Frein and Fohenwerk, to Maria-Zell, which is the Lourdes of Austria.

Maria-Zell is placed on a mountain-side—not in a valley, as Murray has it—and the Church and Monastery are on an elevated plateau in its midst. It is 2900 feet high by the aneroid. The air is delicious, the climate is dry; there is a feeling of elevation, of being able to breathe, and of looking on an equality with the mountain-tops on all sides—where the clouds, storms, and winds would meet in bad weather. It is an eight hours' drive—and even a difficult and dangerous drive—from any town. You must not want society; you must not fret your heart out after your letters, nor expect to find books or papers; your resources must be within yourself, and whatever you want you may bring with you. You may even bring your tub. There are no doctors; but there is an apothecary's shop, which I suspect must be a gift of the Emperor to the pilgrims, as it is a miniature copy of the Hof-Apotheke at Vienna. The town itself is not a town, and not a village; but, if I may say so, a religious market town. Here we found the sword of Ludwig the Great, first King of Hungary. This is the Lourdes of Austria, and the Cathedral and Monastery are *everything*. The shops and the houses and the forty-six inns of various degrees are to serve *it*.

We lodged in the best, close to the church, the Goldenen Löwen, kept by a very dear old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, of seventy and seventy-five years of age, who have known much better days, and are patronized by the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy, as they once owned the Erzherzog Karl Hotel in Vienna; but they lost £40,000 in the *krach* at the Vienna Exhibition, and came here. They are most attentive and kind, and treated us with the old chivalrous politeness of bygone days. Everything was the pink of cleanliness; she knew so well what one wanted, and how to make one comfortable. The holy shops run in a horseshoe circle round the Cathedral, where you buy all kinds of religious *bric-à-brac*, and get it blessed. The Church is very large, and would take too long to describe; there is a special inner sanctuary for the celebrated

Madonna and Child, whose history is long. Our great amusement was watching the processions of pilgrims, which interests you very much for a time; there were endless streams flowing from every part of Austria, and many of them would begin at the bottom step, and go all round the church on their knees—a most exhausting process.

It is a charming place, and we stayed here a fortnight. It seemed to be the only place where one could get beds. We had delightful drives to Erlach, Grimau, and Sigismund's Chapel. At first Richard was not very well, which made one anxious, but afterwards it passed off. There is a Calvary to ascend, and a spring for sore eyes. But I do not describe Maria-Zell at length, because the descriptions at Lourdes must fully explain it; only that, ours being in the wilds, the processions and the people were of a far more picturesque nature, and that of Lourdes is well regulated, everything being cut and dried for the pilgrims.

At last we heard there was room on the Semmering, so we left Maria-Zell at eight a.m. There are no trains; the roads are like footpaths over rugged mountains, with precipices here and there. In four hours we reached Frein, where we found food, and Richard slept for two hours; then we had two hours' more driving, and reached Neuberg. But our former picturesque little post-hotel was full, Lady Nicholson and her children occupying a great part of it, so we got primitive accommodation at a little public-house, where, however, we were consoled by Lady Nicholson's coming over to dine with us; and of the beds, the less I say the better. To get at the promised accommodation at the Semmering, we had to pass two pleasant hours at Mürzüschlag station, where we had a capital breakfast, and again met the Baron von Kremer, who accompanied us to the Semmering on his way to Vienna. We never saw him again. He died shortly after, and left a desolate wife.

We found this place delightful, a *dépendance* of the Südbahn Hotel, Semmering, with glorious views, delicious air, very fair food, and, above all, quiet; full of Austrians, Hungarians, and Jews. Here we got a startling letter from the Foreign Office to Richard, wanting to know why he had had so much leave, although they had told him to take it. It agitated him, and hurt him. Our delightful drives here were to Maria-Schütze, another smaller pilgrimage place, like Maria-Zell, but with only a small village, one shop and one inn. Snow fell upon the Schneeberg — this was always a signal for Richard not being very well; but these little attacks of gout came and passed quickly. He did not get on well here, so we made up our minds to leave on the twelfth day. The fact is, the Foreign

Office letter had worried him, and made him anxious to get back to Trieste; so we went up to Vienna.

Sir Augustus and Lady Paget were absent, but the secretaries, Mr. Phipps, Lord Royston, and Mr. Maude, dined with us, where we soon had a nice little society round us, and of literary people, Dr. and Madame de Griez, Mr. Brinsley Richards and his wife, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Lavino of the *Daily Telegraph*, and, last but not least, Major and Mrs. Keith Fraser. We drove to Karlenberg, and that evening Richard broke out with gout. Dr. Baker telegraphed to England for some particular medicines, and they arrived by immediate post; but we were not allowed by law to have them, for the protection of the native chemist, so we had them sent back to Trieste. Disheartened, we determined to leave; but first we visited the tomb of Prince Rudolf. Many were passing down into the vaulted chamber where the sarcophagus lies. It was very, very cold and dark, and it made us so melancholy to think what he had thrown away in one moment.

The next evening we left by the night express, and arrived at Trieste at ten next morning. How nice it is to arrive at home!

On the 8th of September he deplores the death of Wilkie Collins; and on Friday, the 13th, the death of George Elliott Ranken, and Lady Holland, at seventy-eight.

Here Richard got well very quick. Mr. Joyner, C.E., from Poonah, India, paid us a visit, whom we had not seen for thirteen years. He was not in the least changed. We had a fearful storm, of rain, hail, thunder, lightning, and wind, which smashed twelve of our windows. H.M.S. *Scout* came in, Captain Conybeare, Lieutenants Torlesse and Carr; and we had the pleasure of receiving some of the officers for a few days. It always did Richard so much good seeing his countrymen from home. He had to have a small operation performed on the 7th of October, after which we went up to the mountains for quiet and rest. The *Scout* steamed out on the 10th, and we waved a flag from the roof, which they could see with glasses. We all got rheumatism, and went down again shortly. On the 22nd of October Richard had to be worried with another second small operation. I told the operator to be as gentle as he could, as Richard was in a very nervous state, and he would hardly believe me, he looked so well and strong; but he told me afterwards that he found out that it was so. Dr. Baker found him a very clever man, and what he had to do, was done as painlessly and as quickly as possible; and Richard was well enough to entertain our dear friend Alexander Thayer, ex-Consul-General of the United States (who dined with us regularly once a week), on his

seventy-second birthday, which occurred the same evening, a few hours after the operation. We had several friends, who each had their day to either breakfast or dine with us. It was a custom always kept up.

On the 25th of October he got a second curious official letter from the Foreign Office about not giving his Vice-Consul sufficient money. (He was giving him £350 a year, and the Embassy would have sent down anybody for that.) He was very angry, and reduced it in consequence. A third time the Foreign Office worried Richard with writing that he had been in England, which he had not, and was again angry. In fact, there seemed to be a dead set against him during August and October, 1889.

On the 15th of November we embarked for Brindisi in the Austrian-Lloyd *Ettore*. Crowds of friends came to see us off, with flowers. She was a long, narrow ship, powerful screw, and very much lumbered up; but there was no Austrian-Lloyd's on which we should not have found ourselves at home. There was a heavy ground swell later on, and a good wind. A moorhen was blown on board, and I kept her till the ship was close to the marshes. We landed the next night at Brindisi, after thirty-one hours' passage, and heavy gales came on, and we had to stay there several days for our steamer on to Malta. However, Captain Osborne, mail-agent, and Mr. David Low, P. and O. agent, kept us alive. We saw everything there was to be seen all around. At Brindisi we visited Virgil's house, upon which they are building a new one.

We visited the Churches, the Column, and the Castle. The Cathedral has a silver altar behind the boards, and dates from earliest Christianity: the priests say that St. Peter was here, but not St. Paul. The town reminds us of Tangier—it has something Spanish, Moorish, and Venetian about it; but with all that it is common. There are two Calvaries, and there is a little old Basilica of San Giovanni, the oldest church here, which belonged to the Templars, and is now a little locked-up museum of antiquities. It contains antique stones and inscriptions. The marble column near the Cathedral was set up by one Lupus Propaspata, of the eleventh century; it is fifty feet high, and the capital decorated with sea-monsters. The broken one near it seems to have formed part of a Roman temple.

The Great East India Hotel is like a caravanserai; the harbour is full of steamers, of which the P. and O.'s are kings, and are always in-pouring and out-pouring their wonderful and amusing contents into the hotel, for a few hours. We got off on the 24th in the P. and O. *Rosetta*, had a beautiful passage, arriving at Malta next day,

after a twenty-nine hours' passage. I was glad to find that Richard was never the worse for the sea. We were afraid lest the shaking might affect his head, but providentially the whole of that winter, unlike the last sea voyage, we were only five hours in heavy weather.

MALTA.

Richard knew Malta well, but neither Dr. Baker nor I had ever seen it. We went to the Royal Hotel, "Cini's," where we remained twenty-three days. During this November, we were greatly interested in, and dreadfully shocked at the conduct of the Brazilians to their Emperor. We passed here a most enjoyable month, and found a very charming society, receiving the hospitality of Admiral Sir Anthony and Lady Hoskins (the Admiral of the station), and Admiral and Mrs. Buller (Port-Admiral), Lady Dingli, Mrs. Walter Strickland (whose husband was my cousin), father and mother of Count Strickland, also another cousin, Father Hornyold, S.J., the Provincial of the Jesuit College, and no end of friends in the Navy. We thought both Valetta and Sliema were very romantic. This is not the place certainly to describe Malta at great length, firstly, because it would take too much space away from Richard, and secondly, because most people know it. Mrs. Strickland gave a big lunch in our honour, to make us acquainted with all the great Maltese families. We had the honour of a visit from Prince Louis of Battenberg, and, I think, not the most uninteresting morning was one that we passed with Mr. Harry of "The Palms," an Englishman who has been settled there for a long time, and who is a wonderful collector of curios, and passionately attached to his flowers. Once, when I made a visit, there was a little hesitation, so I said to the servant, "Oh, don't go up; I am afraid —— may be taking a siesta." "Oh no, my lady!" he said, looking quite shocked, as if he thought it was something to drink.

Richard was writing his Catullus at this time.

During our twenty-three days we got quite a large acquaintance—General and Mrs. Wilkie, Acting-Governor (Sir Henry Torrens, the Governor, died in England at this time), Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, a very charming Miss Fanny Portelli Carbone, Lieutenant Carr of the *Scout*, Archdeacon Hardy and his family, Mr. Mandeville-Ellis, whom we had known before, and no end of officers of the army and navy, who were also kind and hospitable. Lieutenant Carr and Lieutenant Savory gave us a charming lunch on board the *Hibernia*. It is hardly necessary to say that we visited the Barracca and the Armoury, under Richard's guidance, who knew Malta so well. Richard went to the Armoury, and longed to

rearrange the whole hall. He inspected all the swords very rigidly, saw Dragut's blade, battle-axes—said all the swords were mixed, and were mostly Toledos with no dates to them. He said, "I am much disgusted by the quantity of 'rot,' and they have very probably thrown away their best specimens." Dr. Baker kodak'd one hilt for him. Then we passed a great deal of time in St. John's, the great Templars' Church.

The most interesting thing of all is Fort St. Elmo, with its chapel, its views, and its guns. It was in this chapel that the last little remnant of the starving, emaciated Templars, who knew they could hold out no longer against the besiegers, assembled to hear Mass and receive Communion before their last fight. The *ossuario* is at the Capucini; there are forty embalmed monks, and one chapel all of bones and skulls, which was very interesting. The Governor's palace is also worth seeing. At Citta Vecchia is a very interesting visit to St. Paul's, and the grotto of St. Paul's, where you see a statue life-size in the middle of the cave, carved of marble, and for a moment looking almost real: also a new Roman villa, quite Pompeian, but with coarser mosaics: the view, and the gateway, where is an old statue of Juno; last, and not least, a Maltese woman named Farujea, who makes gaudy mule-cloths, and, if you give her a large enough order, will make them at seven shillings a pair, three yards long, for which you give a much larger price in Malta. At a church called Santa Maria di Gesù, in Valetta, there is a crucifix, which has a legend that the poor man who made it did not know how to carve the face, and that an angel carved it for him; but I think the work was too bad to have been the angel's. There are any amount of churches. There is Vittoria, a very old Templar church, and the Canonesses of St. Ursula, which is evidently a sister house of our Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, New Hall, Chelmsford, Essex. There is the Jesuit College with about six hundred boys. Father Hornyold shows you what good little Englishmen they are training. There is the big 110-gun at Sliema.

On one drive Richard descended to Marsa; found women fishing and rowing, and men mending nets. There he found one Phœnician tank, and one Phœnician temple.

Though everything here, between the walls, looks like rock and ivory, on a slight coating of fertile soil grow fruit and flowers, and world-wide-famed potatoes. The streets are lively; the vehicles are very small, very high up, very uncomfortable, on four wheels, and are called *carrozzellas*. They are covered with an ornamented tarpaulin, and curtains for need. Their drivers look ruffians. The horses are small and strong, and though their lives appear to be of

the hardest, they look mostly fat and well-kept. Many come seven miles into town with a lot of peasants, work all day, and go back with their load at night. The streets are all the steepest possible, up and down hill; they have no break, and if you stop at a house, the horse has to keep the full carriage back with his body. They ought to wear out very soon. The horse gets dry clover in the morning, a midday meal of bread, which the driver pulls out from under the seat and cuts up for him, and at night beans. The only real cruelty I saw was, that as they dare not flog or maltreat, they have sharp-pointed things concealed in their hands, and when no one is looking they drive them into tender places, chiefly to the beasts of burden and under the harness, and the loads look large.

Our hotel, Michael Cini, Royal Hotel, had good clean rooms, baths, good food and wine, reasonable prices, very attentive, and the best situation. I thought all the other hotels horrid. The women of the higher class wear a black silk dress, and a black silk mantle called *faldetta*, stiffened round the head, caught up at one side in pleats like a fan or shell; they look very pretty in it, and like coquettish nuns. The lower orders go barefoot, with their shabby dress short in front, and a train sweeping the street behind, and a shabby *faldetta*. Valetta is the centre, but Malta is divided into several suburbs with other towns, or dependencies—Floriana, Vittoriosa, and Senglea across the harbour, Sliema and Citta Vecchia; four smaller ones are Crendi, Macluba, Hagiar-Khem, Mniadra; and Gozo, a separate but smaller island. The most impressive thing that I saw to my mind in Malta was a military funeral—the reversed arms; the "Dead March" by the band; the slow swaying march of the soldiers; the respectful salute of every soldier as it passed the ramparts crowded with red-coats; the body on a gun-carriage, covered with the Union Jack, so solemn, so respectful as it should be, so different to Continental funerals.

We had been intending to go on Thursday, the 12th of December, and I here got a slight return of the sickness that I had in Lucerne last year, but nothing like so heavy, and Richard also had a little gout. There was only a ship once a week to take us to Tunis, so Richard was anxious to go all weathers, the sailing-time eleven o'clock. That morning the gales were dreadful, the sea mountains high; he called out to me, "It is fine enough to go." "Very well," I said, with an eternal quake, feeling so ill. Presently a message was sent up from the office to say that the weather was as bad as could be. There was a little hesitation on his part; still preparations went on. About an hour later came a second message from the agents, "The steamer had broken her moorings and had gone aground; no

passengers were going, the hurricane was bad; should we mind transferring our tickets?" Richard looked out, and saw the sea was mountains high, wind howling, the rain like buckets. I shall never forget the joy with which I bolted into bed to nurse my sickness.

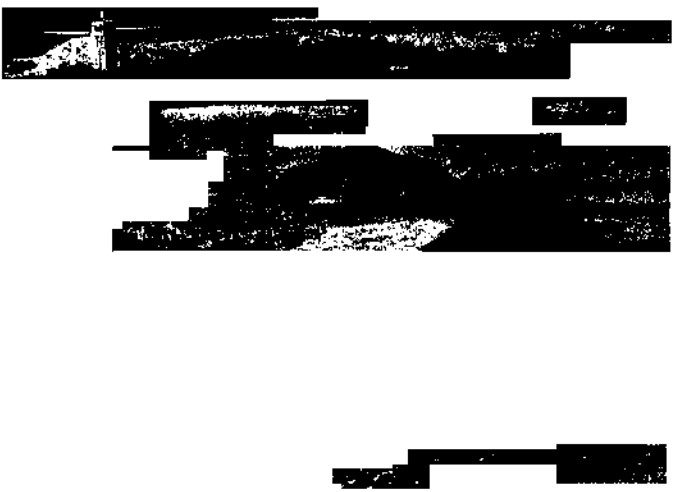
On Friday, the 13th of December, he deplores the death of Robert Browning.

Having taken leave of all our kind friends, we embarked on the 19th of December on the good ship *St. Augustine*, a French trans-atlantique. The going out was exceedingly interesting, and very rough. Malta seems to collect round it a regular swirl of bad weather, wind, rain, mist, steam, fog-clouds, and heavy swell round her like a mantle, but you have to stand out to sea to perceive it. Richard and I planted ourselves against a mast, to get the last view of Malta, but our feet were so frequently up in the air, and the stern of the boat hiding all view, that after a while we had to give it up. It gives you the impression of a huge sand-coloured rock rising out of the sea, and being covered with houses of the same colour. It might be a huge ivory toy carved for a museum. You are impressed by the immense ramparts, bastions, and guns everywhere; by the deep moats—one 950 yards long, 55 deep, and 30 wide—and its drawbridges. You feel its immense strength, its English solidity, the difficulty an enemy would have to take it. If you are an exile, your heart is cheered by the sight of the dozen men-of-war in harbour, and the five or six regiments, and the heights covered with the red-coats of our own nation. The natives have a superstition that Malta is like a large mushroom in the sea, and the waves perpetually beating against the stem will one day break it, and Malta will sink. We had a nineteen hours' run to Tunis, and the sea slowed down after five or six hours.

We had a merry dinner with the French officers, and a quiet night. The cabins were unendurable as to size—beds four feet nothing and very hard, no sitting or lounging places. If we had had very bad weather, I am afraid we should have suffered very much. The next day we were also fortunate, for, arriving at Tunis—landing at Tunis is not a delight—ships lie out half a mile distant, and in heavy weather I should think it would be very difficult; a steam-launch comes off and takes you and your little traps and puts you down in a shed, then goes off once or twice more for big baggage and goods; then you go to the custom-house to be examined. Here we hire two carriages and put all our baggage, great and small, in it, and tell them to drive it into Tunis. Then proceed ourselves to the little station, and wait one hour for a train, and

a half-hour does the eight miles into Tunis station; then you go in a 'bus to the Grand Hôtel. Never go to the Grand Hôtel, only fit for commercial travellers, but go to the Grand Hôtel de Paris—nice rooms, quiet, civil people, reasonable prices. Thus it took five hours from the time of casting anchor to getting housed. I think we enjoyed Tunis the most of all, as it was decidedly the most Oriental.

On December 27th Richard deplores the death of our friend Baron Von Kremer, one of Austria's best Oriental scholars, which reached him on the 1st of January.



ARAB TENTS (TUNIS).

Richard got another slight attack of gout, and was a little shaky about the legs, but it soon passed. As soon as Richard improved, we saw everything that was to be seen, made excursions, and passed much time in the bazars. We did not think, however, that Tunis was either as grand or as wild as Damascus, although the French having possessed it for so short a time, it is not quite spoiled as is Algiers.

There are some little Sisters of the Poor, who have a large house a mile out of town over dreadful roads. They are of all nations; there was one American and one English nun. There is the best view

of the town and surrounding country, which pleased Richard very much. They keep sixty-five old men and women, mostly incurables. We often went there.

One of our most favourite excursions was to Marsa, to our Consul-General and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond-Hay, son of old Sir John Hay of Marocco. You drive through Napoleonic endless straight roads, through brackish swamps for miles and miles, till you come to the aqueduct and ruins of old Carthage. Large masonry works are still standing; the stones and mortar are very poor. The villa where they live was Sir Richard Wood's; it is semi-Moorish, semi-European, and stands just beyond the ruins. They were just beginning it, and have now made it perfectly beautiful. They are charming people; he quiet and reserved, she affectionate, clever, and lively.

We found here some genial people—Commandant Coyne, a French Arabist; Mr. Seton-Karr, author and traveller; Mr. and Mrs. Pitner, the Austrian Consul-General; and Count Bathyani. We had delightful drives, and Dr. Baker photographed Bedawi in their tents. We often went to Dar el Bey; and the Kasbah, the former palace, has beautiful Moorish rooms, but they are dark and melancholy. The bazars are very nice, but, excepting one or two shops, are not a patch upon Damascus. Our favourite drives were generally round the Arab and the Jewish quarters. We had drives also to Belvedere, where is the military hospital, Ariana, Bardo, and Mamlíf.

Here we were reading "Salammbó," and Mr. Broadley's two excellent volumes on "Tunis and its Conquest."

The most interesting thing was to pass through the Jewish and Mohammedan quarters, so narrow, such types, such smells and sights. Lisa and I used to go to the harems and learn to make Arab dishes. We were also cheered by the arrival of Mr. Terence Bourke, brother of Lord Mayo, who has a delightful Moorish house in the Mohammedan quarter, where he gave us much hospitality. We had charming Arab breakfasts with him. Poor Lisa got the influenza. Influenza was not so much known then—it was only talked of at a distance.

Carthage.

Carthage must be divided into two parts—1. Commercial; 2. Military. The cisterns are Roman, not Punic. There are two roads from Marsa to Carthage. The upper, which we went, a mere track and dangerous, leads to Sidi bin Sa'id, an old church excavated, and the chapel of St. Louis; the lower road is the highway to Goletta. On a bit of ascent to the left, on the Goletta coast, is

the palace of Cardinal Lavigérie. Cardinal Lavigérie was trying to make a small Rome at old Carthage; his new Cathedral was of Maltese build—another al Melláhah, surrounded by gardens, with inscriptions on the walls: some five hundred are not yet published. Statues and fragments and everything were plastered on or about the walls, the columns below; a large building underground, temple of Ashman, has very fine masonry. The chapel of St. Louis is small and circular, stands alone, and has one high altar. It contains the tomb of Count de Lesseps, Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps' father, with a big inscription. In the great hall, where you are received, there are numbers of modern pictures; there is a splendid view of the sea, and Cape Bon and Tunis.

The flat below is a mine of antiquities. Old Carthage port, now the quarantine, is much like a natural dock, the entrance silted up. Indeed, it is a beautiful panorama. The museum begins with Italian art, with Bible subjects on one side. On the opposite wall—Pagan subjects—there is a fine collection. Three skeletons are disposed as if in the tomb, and six or seven pots at the head —*fatuæ* on the right side—and pots at feet sometimes. There are Pagan and Christian mosaics. All the land belongs to the Cardinal, who was the Pope of Carthage. No foreigner could excavate anywhere. There is a huge convent. The monks are all in white, with a big rosary and fez, and are called "Les Pères blancs de la Mission Africaine." There is a convent of Carmelite nuns close by. Carthage runs all along Tania, where mosaics are found. The old sea-walls of the port are behind the present Goletta.

The Fathers were delightful, and showed us everything. The Cardinal, who we were dying to see, was absent. The Cathedral will be very nice when it has toned down; it was at present too gaudy.

There is a big stone near Tunis, very long and slanting; ladies who wish to be pregnant slide down it, so it is worn quite smooth. We made as many excursions into the interior as it was possible, considering the state of Richard's health, but the most difficult thing was how to get from Tunis to Algiers, which, considering the accommodation, was a frightful dilemma. The little coast-steamers are wretched; the weather was very cold, the sea was exceedingly rough, and the possibility of landing, when you do arrive at a port, is always extremely uncertain, on account of the heavy rollers. Hence, should the heavy sea have affected Richard's head by the shaking, we should have had no redress. There was no possible stopping-place for any one by train, who from health motives ought

not to rough it. There is, indeed, Souk el Arba, after six hours' train, where there is a tramps' hut (but nothing to eat), at about half-past ten in the day—twenty-four hours to wait for next day's train. There is Ghardimau at 11.45 (the frontier where they visit baggage). There is Souk-Ahras at 2.13, where the country becomes wild and bold. People in health *may* stop here for the next day's train, but we determined that none of this would do, especially as the carriages are made for hardy Arabs, and not for luxury.

Now, through the immense kindness of the railway director, M. Kœly, I was fortunate enough to secure a saloon, with two benches mattressed and cushioned, where, with railway rugs, four could lie feet to feet, a small but clean toilette, and a curtained terrace, where we put all our little baggage, and Africano, our good dragoman. We left our hotel, and conveyed Richard to the train at 8.30 p.m. overnight, and established ourselves on board our train, because it started at 5.15 in the morning (and a cold January morning), and our hot coffee was brought to us inside by the kindness of the same director. We had all our meals in the train, as we were provided with an ample basket of food, drink, smoke, and books. Richard enjoyed the terrace and watching the country; the air was most exhilarating, and he felt quite well. We should not perhaps have thought so much of the scenery in Austria, but still it was very beautiful. Then it must be remembered that Tunis has only had the advantage, or disadvantage, of eight years of civilization. The difficulties of engineering must have been great, but the train was very well driven, prudently on bad places, and always true to time.

At Duvivier we were shunted from the Bona to the Kroubs train. It began to get dark. We dined on board, and had a bottle of champagne we had brought with us, and got fearfully tired about eight o'clock in the evening, and lay down. At 8.20 we were shifted from the Kroubs train to the Constantine train, where we arrived at 12.15 in the night, having been out twenty-eight hours and running nineteen; but Richard was the strongest of us all, and none the worse. We drove to the Hôtel du Louvre, and were glad to tumble into bed. We would willingly have stayed here a long time; the hotel was not so bad as its entrance makes you think. It was the healthiest and the most interesting town we had seen. We had to celebrate here our twenty-ninth, and, alas! our last, wedding-day. We passed it in inspecting our surroundings. It is of a peculiar gorgy character, and must have been impregnable in old days. The Devil's Bridge and hot springs are most picturesque. The Arab tents are made of straw, thatch, and dirty rags, and look as if all the rubbish of the world

were heaped upon them. The Arabs in this part of the world are big, magnificent-looking men, who make everybody else look small, with white burnous, and have beautiful white teeth. The French very sensibly swagger about, and the troops make a great fanfare of trumpets. The people here are cruel to their donkeys, who seem born to carry loads of stone upon their backs.

The difficulty now was how to get on from Constantine, which was only halfway to Algiers; for though I did all my best, there were races going on at Biskrah. There was but one saloon, and it was taking the directors down; so as we could only go by the common train, we knew that Richard could not bear anything but a short journey, which would be at first about an eight hours' run to Sétif. The country was a large continuous undulation, and although quite flat *in appearance*, we rose gradually from 2000 to 3500 feet above sea-level, with distant mountains. There were plenty of Bedawi tents and flocks, and two or three buildings shortly after leaving Constantine that looked like a palace in a plain, on a little eminence bare of trees or garden, and two square, large, ugly houses. The Spahis are very picturesque with their many-coloured garments and red cloaks, and have, as well as the Kabyles, beautiful teeth. At Sétif we found the Hôtel de la France comfortable, with fair food. The town is not much to look at, the usual undulating country with good soil, and we passed an agreeable day, chiefly in the market, which was full of picturesque Berbers, who had also some curious things to buy.

The next day (after forty-eight hours' rest) we did another six hours to Bouira, which is a very picturesque part of the country, especially going through the Gates or Gorges. The little Hôtel de la Poste is no better than a small public-house, but the food was fit for Paris; we always said that that cook must have committed some crime, to go and hide himself in such an awful hole as that. The next day we had a very pleasant journey of eight hours to Algiers. The entry at night reminded us so much of Trieste. From the station to the Hôtel St. George's, Mustafa Supérieure, was an immense long way, but delightful when one got there.

Algiers is an ideal place to look at; at first Richard was delighted with it, and thought he would end his days there, but in about three weeks he began to change his mind, and said nothing would induce him to have "our cottage" there. For myself, I thought it was the dampest, most neuralgic place I ever was in; but it is very beautiful, superior to Trieste in beauty, the town more elevated, and looking like ivory, as Eastern towns do, but yet like Trieste; and the country green, and picturesque with palms. Here we found delightful society—Sir Lambert and Lady Playfair, Count Bathyani, Mrs. Camp-

bell Praed, the Marquise de Beaufort, Lady Clementina and Mr. Mitford, Lord Carbery, Mrs. and Miss Newton, the Rev. Colin Campbell, Colonel Preston, and a very nice and clever Miss Florence Shakespeare Owens, and many other charming people. Here for the second time a huge glass chandelier fell, nearly cutting the table in two just as we had left our places.

Richard was now invited to the Stanley Exhibition.

Daily Chronicle, February 20th.

"SIR RICHARD BURTON AND MR. STANLEY.

"Sir Edward Lee, hon. secretary of the Stanley and African Exhibition to be opened at the Victoria Gallery, has received the following letter from Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, the African Explorer, and her Majesty's Consul at Trieste:—

"Hammam R'irha, February 17th, 1890.

"DEAR SIR EDWARD LEE,

"Your kind invitation to be present at the general meeting for the Stanley and African Exhibition has only just reached me, and the direction will explain the cause of delay. I cannot say how great is my regret at being absent on such an occasion. I should have wished at this and at every other opportunity to express my hearty admiration of all that Stanley has dared and done. He is to me, and always will be, the prince of African travellers.

"I am, dear Sir Edward Lee,

"Yours faithfully,

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

On the 16th of February we started for one of the greatest humbugs in the world, the baths at Hammam R'irha, passing Blidah, where there is a wonderful gorge, and archæological remains. There is a wretched little station called Bou Medfa, where a tumbledown little 'bus, only good enough for luggage, awaits passengers; but fortunately we got a *calèche*, two good horses, and a pleasant Jehu, and we had a long drive through cold, raw, snowy air (in February). At first we had a glorious day, splendid weather, and a beautiful view for distance. We stayed here a week, during which it did nothing afterwards but pour with rain, and a walk put you almost knee-deep in thick red clay. We visited the *gurbi* or hut of Suleiman, the Arab guardian of the hotel, and sat with his wife. We should not call him an Arab or a Bedawin at Damascus, but in all these kind of places they generally have these protectors, even at Alexandria, but not in Syria. It would have puzzled any one to live in that *gurbi*, except people used to living in very small tents.

Richard got gouty here, and we were glad to return to Algiers at the end of the week; but we did not go back to the same sort of life, of which there are two. One life is to live up at Mustafa Supérieure and take care of your health, and the other is to live in town and see something of native life. You cannot do both, because getting up and down from Mustafa to town occupies all day; so we now went to the Hôtel de la Régence, where we stayed a fortnight in order to see something of Algiers. Here we read "Mosállam," by Laurence Oliphant, which explains so much of his life.

We went all over the City, seeing the most interesting things —the Cardinal's Moorish Palace, the Cardinal's Cathedral, the Museum, where is shown poor Geronimo's body. He lived in 1540, was taken prisoner and baptized, but his relations caught him again, and kept him as a Mohammedan till he was twenty-five; then he returned to Oran, where he renewed his Christianity, but he was caught again by a Moorish corsair and brought to Algiers, where he was ordered again to become a Mohammedan; and as he would not, he was sentenced to be thrown alive into a mould, with his feet and hands tied with cords, and the block of concrete containing his body was built into an angle of the fort. In 1853 it was destroyed, and on the 27th of December the skeleton was found enclosed in the block. The bones were carefully removed, and interred with great pomp in the Cathedral, built on the site of the Mosque of Hassan. Liquid plaster of Paris was run into the mould left by his body; they thus obtained a perfect model, even of his features, the cords which bound him, and the texture of his clothing, and this you see in the museum. We wandered about the Mosques and about the bazars to buy curios, and although Algiers is now only a French town on Arab foundations, the Arab part of the town, that remains untouched, was as interesting as anything we had ever seen. Take, for instance, the Mosque or Zaouia of Sidi Abd er Rahman Eth-Thalebi, which contains his tomb and its surroundings; there are numbers of tombs around him, and the usual drapery, lamps, banners, and ostrich eggs. Take the Arab town with its close, dark, steep streets, and its dark holes and shops, the ways of which are like climbing a wall of steps. One is ascended by 497 steps; they are mostly alleys just wide enough to pass through, and is a labyrinth in which you might easily lose yourself. The *Kasbah*, or Citadel, is also well worth a visit. We made as many excursions as was possible in the interior, considering the state of Richard's health, and when he was not well enough for a walk or a drive, he received African Professors. Some of our party went to see one of the fanatical religious meetings of the Assaouwiyeh, the religious confraternity of

Sidi Mohammed bin Aissa, which take place sometimes in the native quarter. I have seen many of these sort of things, but never carried to the extent that I am told they are carried here, where they mutilate themselves, and sometimes a sheep is thrown amongst them which they devour alive. I could not sleep that night for knowing it was going on, but our party comforted me by telling me next day that nothing of the sort had taken place.

We now took our departure from Algiers.

Richard said that one of his great pleasures in leaving North Africa, and especially Algiers, was the intense cruelty to animals. It was no pleasure to walk or drive, and some people felt it so much, that they walked by back ways, and only looked forward to giving up their villas altogether, since there was no one to stop it. The Rev. Colin Campbell and I did what we could all the time we were there.

At last the day came for leaving. The day before the sea had been frightful, and, though it was fine this day, we had the heavy swell of yesterday's storm. It was a capital boat, the only good steamer on this coast, all new appliances, electric light, corky in the water like our Irish boats (the *Duc de Braganza*). Mrs. Campbell Praed, who had been with us all along, accompanied us to Marseilles, and it was delightful to have her society.

We enjoyed our passage exceedingly on the 7th of March, the only fine day amongst a series of gales. In the evening Richard and Dr. Baker went into the smoking-cabin, and there a young man, a travelled passenger, was holding forth to the others with regard to African travellers, and Richard Burton in particular, having no idea that the said Richard Burton was part of his audience. It became exceedingly amusing when he began to relate the tale of "how Richard Burton had murdered two men on his Meccan journey, because they had suspected him of being a Frank and a Christian." Richard then said quietly to him, "What traveller did you say did this deed?" "Oh, Burton, the famous Mecca-man!" "Have you seen him?" "Oh yes, of course I have." "Well, then," said Richard, "I am that man, and I assure you that I never did this deed; that I had no cause to, for I never was suspected. I have been told that such a tale was rife about me, but I thought it was a joke, and it has never come face to face with me as a serious thing till to-night. There *were* two Englishmen travelling about the desert at this time; they were put into a great difficulty, and I believe they had to do it in self-defence, and in consequence of this misfortune, their travels never appeared before the public; but it did not happen to me." This reminds me

of dining out one night long before; it was a very large dinner-party, in London, and the gentleman opposite to me bent forward and said, "I heard you talking a great deal about the East; did you ever chance to meet Burton the traveller?" I saw his agitated neighbour nudging him, so I laughed, and said, "Rather! I have the honour of being his wife." On another occasion—it was at the British Association for Science in 1878—we were stopping with Lord Talbot of Malahide; it was a show place, and the Association came over in the afternoon, and were being lionized about. Richard had given a lecture the day before in Dublin, and a little crowd were collected around us. Suddenly a middle-aged lady, not knowing who I was, walked up to me, by way of saying something pleasant, and said, "I did not think much of the lecture of Burton the traveller, did you?" Richard and I were ready to split, but I was so sorry for her, that I said cheerfully, "Oh yes! I liked it very much indeed; but, you know, it was a very abstruse subject, and one which people in general are not likely to understand." (It was on the Ogham-Runes, the tree-language of ancient Ireland, as compared with El Mushajjar, the tree-language of ancient Arabs.) Meantime her friends, who had been tugging at her mantle in agonies, had got her off, and then we had a good laugh.

The following day it darkened, and looked rainy and cloudy, and the sea inkier as we approached the Gulf of Lyons. The approach by sea to Château d'If and the Isle d'Hyères, with their little rocky islands, the solitary lighthouse, and Notre Dame de la Garde towering the town on a white rocky eminence, was exceedingly pretty and effective. You cannot have a prettier drive than going by La Plage, and the lovely Corniche road to Notre Dame de la Garde, and returning by the Prado. The City is magnificent; it lies in a basin surrounded by hills, and fringed with pine-woods of every family of the race, stunted and tall, blown into weird shapes by the wind, dotted with country villas and fine buildings, and all this is ring-fenced by immense bare limestone rock.

The *digue*, or breakwater, is built in a triangular shape so as to throw off the canalization. You enter a series of new docks, the old port running to the bottom of the finest street, perhaps the finest in the world—Rue Cannebière and Noailles.

After staying here one day, we went on to Toulon, and on to the Hôtel Continental at Hyères, which we thought delightful. We had a delicious drive to Carquerain, and down to the sea. Between this and Nice we met Admiral Seymour of the *Iris*, and travelled in the same train, and went on to the Isles Britanniques at Nice. The French Squadron was in; their manœuvres were very pretty, and

they looked "fit." The *Bataille des Fleurs* was going on. Sir Richard Wood and Mrs. Campbell Praed came to breakfast, and he took us to see all the fun. He was looking very well and fresh. We were exceedingly pleased to meet him, as he was the one Consul held in honour before Richard Burton at Damascus. After one whole day there, we took the train for Genoa, and we had rather an unpleasant journey, as Richard was a little ailing, and could not enjoy the motions of the Italian train curving round the coast. One must admit that the district of the Riviera is beautiful, the English type (after you pass Monte Carlo, Mentone, Bordighera, and San Remo) changing to poor picturesque Italy, when it becomes defiled by its vulgar, petty officialdom. We hated Genoa from our sad remembrance in 1887, so, instead of going to our old hotel, we went to the Hôtel de la Ville on the Port, and disliked it very much, and felt that we had left civilization. We wandered about, and went to the beautiful Campo Santo and bought things; and next day went on to Milan, where we also changed our hotel, and went to the Cavour, which we liked exceedingly. Next day we got on to Venice, to the Grand Hôtel, but we only stayed one day, as Richard was suffering from hotel food, and so we reached home on his birthday, the 19th of March (his last birthday, sixty-ninth), having been out rather more than four months.

Home again, 19th March, 1890.

On the 20th he notices with regret the death of General Sir Thomas Steele.

From this time I got very ill with peritonitis, and was laid up for some little time, and Richard and Dr. Baker took care of me.

We had two earthquakes, which shook the walls.

On the 7th of April he notices the death of Miss Mary Boyle.

I went out for the first time on the 9th of April, and the day before that we recommenced our evening writing together, which continued during the remaining seven months of his life; and we made rough notes of most of the things which are in this biography, though perhaps in different words. We had a visit from an old friend, Miss Maria Gordon-Duff, and a friend of hers, Miss Jean Grieve, which we enjoyed very much.

On the 19th of April the Bishop consecrated the little Church which we had helped to start less than a year ago. He said Mass, with the Chief Authorities and many of the Benefactors present, and the life-size statue that Richard and I had promised them, which

was quite a work of art, from Messrs. Mayer of Munich, was the centre-piece of the altar. Colonel and Mrs. Adams arrived, who were interested about the animals like myself, and I took her all over my public stables and other arrangements, with which she was much pleased.

On the 21st of April our friend Mr. Frank James, African traveller, was killed by a wounded elephant in the Gaboon country.

On the 9th of May, Mr. Letchford's picture of Richard was finished and sent to the Stanley Exhibition. Our old friend Mr. Arbuthnot arrived on the 11th, and stayed several days with us, which cheered Richard up immensely.

Captain Melfort Campbell, of Gibraltar, died on May 12th, and with him the Vigo Bay scheme.

On the 17th I had another attack of peritonitis, and Lisa was ill in bed with erysipelas; and Richard expressed a wish to leave Trieste for good, which I heartily coincided in, thinking it would save him much illness, but he afterwards changed his mind.

On the 11th of June we had storms of thunder and lightning like a bombardment for twelve hours. It was very fatiguing to the nerves.

On the 13th we had a large tea-party from Duino—Princess Taxis, Prince Hohenlöhe, Prince Eric, and the Duchess della Grazia.

We now had a great annoyance in receiving the following paragraph:—

"Illness of Sir Richard Burton.

"While all England, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*, is continuing to *fête* Mr. Stanley, it is not pleasant to reflect that his great predecessor in African exploration, Sir Richard Burton, is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in London lodgings. Yet in his time and in his own way the elder traveller accomplished even more remarkable feats than the hero of the hour. His romantic pilgrimage to Mecca and El-Medinah in the disguise of a Moslem devotee, his journey through Berbera to the Sacred City of Harar, where no other infidel foot has ever trodden, were but preliminaries to the great achievement of his life, the discovery of Lake Tanganyika—the credit for which had been claimed for Captain Speke. This discovery paved the way for all that has since been done in Central Africa."

This hurt me very much, and it annoyed my husband as much as it did me, and I returned the following answer:—

"Sir Richard Burton.

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post.*

"Sir,—My relations have startled me with a cutting from a 'London Correspondent' saying that 'Sir Richard Burton is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in a London lodging, whilst Stanley is being fêted.' If the love and devotion of a wife may count for anything, Sir Richard will never be neglected nor alone whilst I am alive. I have been married to him for nearly thirty years, besides a five years' engagement, and during all those thirty-five years I have never been absent from him one day that I was allowed to be with him—in other words, I have never been absent except to execute his orders. For the last seven years we have hardly been a day apart, and for the last three and a half years that he has been ailing, never one hour away out of the twenty-four. During these three and a half years we have, in consequence of the weakness of his health, sacrificed everything to have a resident English doctor (who was looking for such a berth) living and travelling with us. And instead of a London lodging, we have a beautiful and romantic home (with every comfort for him that our means allow) at the very head of the Adriatic. Next year his term of service expires (forty-nine years' actual service), and then we shall both be, if alive, 'in a London lodging, neglected and alone.' But to state that now is what the Americans would call 'a little previous.' On the other hand, I am very grateful to the correspondent for the truth of his statement about my husband's career, showing that in the midst of this fêting and rejoicings for the great traveller Stanley, the pioneer who opened up the way without money or help or applause, enduring the severest hardships and perils, and cold receptions on his return, is not forgotten at home, and that they know that it is to him first that they owe the fact that many of these desolate regions have now trade and schools and missions, and the beginning of civilization. I feel confident that God will make up to him more than he has missed of this world's honours.

"Yours, etc.,

"Isabel Burton.

"Trieste, June 15."

We had at this time six days of continuous violent storms, which made his health less good. We had one more charming outing to Duino, to attend the Gypsy fair, where, as usual, we were after Romany and Gypsy lore. I tried to buy up some of their skeleton horses, but they wanted £5 a piece. We had a very delightful and memorable evening there on the 24th of June (all the family of Duino dining with us at the inn).

On the 30th we were honoured by a visit from Archduke Ludwig Salvator.

Our Last Trip.

On the 1st of July we went for our summer trip, as July and August in Trieste are almost insupportable. We went first to Gorizia before described. The next day we made the usual interesting pilgrimage of Monte-Santo on a peak, which is a small Maria-Zell, the *local* Lourdes, which occupies about six hours to go and see everything and return. We dined out of doors in the evening at Gorizia, and next morning went on to Tarvis. It was a long day, and Richard was very tired. Tarvis is very beautiful, but we could not enjoy it, because we were none of us well; so we only stopped for a day or two, and then we went on to Villach and to Lienz, where we had always been longing to stay.

The Post Hotel is a charming, comfortable, old-fashioned inn. There we used to sit out under the eaves, feed the pigeons, make the boys scramble for pennies, and buy things from passing pedlars, and Richard decided, that though it is an old village, it is *not* "dry rot," and that the mountain air was beautiful. We had an uncomfortable train to Franzensfeste, but there we got a delightful *aussichts-wagen* to run over the Brenner, which, though it was our fourth time, we enjoyed immensely. The Tyrol Hof in Innsbruck where we stopped was good, but very dear. There we met Mrs. Crawford, the widow of the M.P. who had been kind to us years ago. We were just in time to catch our old friends the Von Puthons, who were transferred to Linz. There was a delightful zither-player in the evening. No one knows what sounds, what soft passionate music, can be got out of those instruments till one hears them in their native land. Here people should buy rough but picturesque parures of black garnets, which is a specialty.

From Innsbrück we made a four hours' run to Feldkirch over the Arlberg, which was really dangerous, as Richard had before foretold. There had been landslips, and some places were planked over so that you could see the precipices under the carriage, the train going very slow. There were several bad places, and one unpleasant bridge. The next train to ours could not come over. I heard a gentleman, who I was told was one of the engineers of the line, say in German to some other gentlemen, "We thought it would last for ever when we put it up, but now I would not let my own family cross in spring after the rains." We stopped to see my nephew Bertie Pigott, who was in college here. The Jesuits have a large college, which is the principal thing in the town, very much on the same principle as that of Sliema Malta, and have their playground, athletic exercises, museum, library,

good church, etc. In the Cathedral there is an Holbein's altar to see.

We left after two days, and arrived at Zurich in time for the great Schiefs-Stätte *fête*, or Federal Rifle Association, which takes place every other year. It dates from the sixteenth century, assumed its present rifle form in 1830, and consequently was the first known to Europe. It used to be the great political event that drew all the Cantons together. It is the focus which cements that simplicity, equality, and independence which go to make up the sturdy Swiss character, and is the secret of the union which makes their strength. It always takes place in a different town, and numbers 220,000 members out of two millions and a quarter—more than the regular army. This year it was at Frauenfeld, and the great people assembled at the Hôtel Baur au Lac where we were staying. One hundred and fifty Minnesingers were singing their national songs on the lawn, some hidden in boats on the canal by the side. There was a sort of illumination, and fireworks, not only on shore, but on the lake, which you might have mistaken for Venice.

The next day we were all away to Frauenfeld. Seven thousand pounds are given in prizes. The number of people on the ground, besides shooters, was 40,000. There was a huge wooden marquee for dining 6000 people, and 3000 sat down at a time. Every Swiss is ambitious to be a good marksman, and it is thought to be a disgrace to be a bad shot. The Roman Catholic priest gave us hospitality. He had passed the last sixteen years of his life in making an exquisite collection of enamels on copper, silver, and gold—religious subjects, selected with great care and judgment. Two-thirds are early seventeenth century, and he wanted to sell them.

Mr. Angst, the English Consul, is a very great man, and it was a fine thing to be a friend of his in Switzerland. He and his wife showed us a great deal of hospitality, and we passed many pleasant days enjoying his collection of curios, swords, and china, which are all Swiss, for he is a patriot. A delightful excursion is by boat to Rapperswyl, calling at fifteen or sixteen stations down the lake on the left. There is a little hotel Der See, one of eight fronting the little quay. We had a delightful breakfast, after which we re-embarked and came up on the other bank. Next day there was a great Consular dinner, which lasted from twelve to six, at which Richard and Dr. Baker attended. Here we met a very nice Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale. We had a charming excursion to Uetliberg, and another to Einsiedeln up in the mountains; it is the Swiss Lourdes. The scenery was lovely, the air beautiful. We had a good dinner of blue mountain trout at the Pfau. We went all over

the Cathedral, and the circle of pious shops, and drank from the fountain of fourteen spouts. We bought pious things, and the monks came in at three o'clock and sang the "Ave Maria." Our return was on a beautiful summer evening; the lake glowed in colours, there was a gentle mist and a full moon, but we arrived very, very tired.

During this Swiss trip, Richard always brought Catullus to *table d'hôte*, and whenever he was bored he used to pull it out and write his notes upon his Latin copy.

I did all I could to persuade him to go from Zurich to Bâle, from Bâle to England, to leave the Service and to stay in England till he was thoroughly rested and well; then we would go back and pick up our things, or let them be sent after us; but he would not hear of it. I tried this twice during this Swiss journey when we were halfway, for I saw that the frequent attacks of indigestion and nervousness and gases round the heart were on the increase, and it did not seem that *any* climate, or *any* staying still, nor yet travelling, improved them. Still he persevered in saying that he would keep on till next March, when he would be free, and be home the following September.

During the last six months of his life (to show how tired he was getting of everything), he used frequently to say to me, "Do you know, I am in a very bad way; I have got to hate everybody except you and myself, and it frightens me, because I know perfectly well that next year I shall get to hate you, and the year after that I shall get to hate myself, and then I don't know what will become of me. We are always wandering, and the places that delight *you* I say to myself, 'Dry rot,' and the next place I say, 'Dry rotter,' and the third place I say, 'Dry rottest,' and then *da capo*."

About the 20th of July Richard had a small attack of gout which passed away, and again slightly at Davos.

We went on to Ragatz, Mr. Angst accompanying us. The Quellenhof Hotel is as big as a village, but it was too full to be comfortable. Lady Taunton and Lady Elizabeth Grey were there, and we met them in several places—two interesting sisters with lovely silver hair. Here you drive to the waterfall and Meienfeld, and to Pfäfersbad, where there is a quelle and gorge like that of Trient, the same swirling river under you, darkness, weirdness, the same tiny planks to walk along next to the rocky wall, and the mountains meeting overhead. Another drive is to Wartenstein, and Pfäfers village, where an old Convent is turned into a large Lunatic Asylum.

Wartenstein is a châlet-restaurant which holds about thirty visitors, and there is a lovely view. We left Ragatz when we had seen everything, and went on a new line of railway only opened a fortnight before,

up to Davos-Platz, six thousand feet high. The scenery is always nice and sometimes grand. We were lodged in a fine large hotel, the Belvedere, which was not finished. The centre of the scene is a plateau swamp in the middle. The roots of the surrounding hills are covered with hotels, villas, and pines, and above them again are high mountains with snowy peaks and fine air. In winter it is dry and covered with snow; it is the great consumption focus, and people say it is full of germs. Here we met five people we knew, amongst them Father Graham, a priest from London. We had come here on purpose to make acquaintance with Mr. John Addington Symonds, but he was gone away, and he only came back on the evening before our departure, and we saw him for about an hour, which was better than nothing.

We had a delightful drive from Davos to Maloja, with a comfortable landau, two good steady grey horses, and a nice coachman; it was a truly delicious day, which I shall always remember amongst my mental treasures. We ascended the Fluela Pass through gorgeous scenery, starting at ten o'clock. In an hour and a half we stopped to give bread to the horses, and then in another hour and a half we came to the highest point, 6700 feet, where we were in deep snow; a lake was covered with ice, and two Mount St. Bernard dogs greeted us. Here we baited the horses with bread and wine, and lunched from our basket. The Schwarzhorn, 13,000 feet high, was to our right; there were glaciers and chamois, gorges and grand ravines. When we started again we descended to Süs, a large village, where we rested, had tea, and baited our horses for a couple of hours, and then we drove on two hours more to Quoz. I think Quoz one of the prettiest places I ever saw, and should like to have stayed there longer. It is a beautiful, romantic, Romansch village; the scenery is lovely, the hotel is civilized. We put up there for the night, starting at ten o'clock the next morning, and arrived at Samäden, where we were very badly treated by the landlord, who made us pay sixty-six francs for three-quarters of an hour's entertainment.

Three-quarters of an hour further we arrived at St. Moritz-Kulm, stopped our carriage, got out for a moment, and in opening the door ran up against Canon Wenham, of Mortlake, who is our spiritual pastor where I now live, and whom I had known for at least thirty-five years. He was very glad to see Richard, and we frequently met during our stay in Switzerland. Canon Wenham has since told me that when he first saw Richard at St. Moritz, that he kept saying to himself, "I wonder whether you or I will be the first to go?" Richard died two months after that, and ten months later he

performed his funeral service at Mortlake. The baths and the village are below in the valley. We soon started again for Maloja, but did not get in till 4.30, owing to an accident. For the *third* time our horses suddenly behaved queerly; they were steady, plodding brutes, but one sprang over a low stone wall, leaving the carriage on the other side, and the other stood trembling, sweating, and sobbing as if it was going to have a fit. It was a narrow road with a sharp precipice into the lake, and very little would have sent us rolling into it. We were some time extricating ourselves. We all got out, and the horses were unharnessed and taken into a neighbouring field, where they recovered themselves. I was dreadfully frightened, but Richard was quite cool. On all these three occasions the coachman and Lisa and I thought that the horses saw something we did not see, but Richard and the doctor opined that there was some natural cause, such as a snake crossing the path. The gypsies passed, and stopped and helped us.

Maloja hotel is a luxurious palace at the head of the lake, looking down the lake on one side, and on the other down into Italy. It is the last of the Engadine plateaux, has glorious scenery and air, snow mountains, and blue sky and lake. We found here Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, accompanied by their faithful Captain Jephson, and Mr. Stanley's black boy Saleh, Dean Carington, Mr. Oscar Browning, and Mr. Welldon (Headmaster of Harrow), Sir John and Lady Hawkins, the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Mabel Fitzgerald, and Lord Elcho, Mrs. Main (lately Mrs. Fred Burnaby), Miss Emily Blair Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and son, Lord Dunraven, and other pleasant people.

There were all sorts of amusements—a large ball-room, beautiful band, theatricals, concerts, alpining, fishing, and kodaking, picnics, glee-singing by a chorus of workmen, who sang at the church in the morning—everything that could be desired, but our chief amusement was driving. We used to go over to St. Moritz Kulm, where we met Mr. Strickland, who edited the St. Moritz news, and Father Wenham.

At Maloja Richard talked to me a great deal about the possibilities of what might happen in case of his death—"Not," he said, "that I am thinking of dying;" and I told him that I thought he should leave literary executors. I mentioned four people who I thought would expect to have a "finger in the pie," so to speak, in case of his death, but he absolutely declined to let *anybody* but myself search into his papers, and desired me to see to it if any necessity arose. He said, "No one has helped me but you during thirty—I may say thirty-five—years; who is likely to know so well now? Besides, I know that you will do everything for me, body and soul—that

you would wish done for yourself." A little while after this he called me into his room and said, "I may very likely live for years, but I should like to leave three papers, which I am now going to sign in your presence." The first concerned religion, the second his private papers and manuscripts, and the third his money and mining affairs, and I have carried them all out to the very letter from the day he died till now.

The lake was very grand in a storm, black, green, and yellow, with lowering black clouds, enveloping mountain and lake, lit up by dark red lightning. We had great fun in being photographed by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, who was here with two charming sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Richard and myself, and Saleh the black boy, and Mrs. Bancroft placed us. Mrs. Bancroft made us all laugh just as we were going to be taken, by seizing up a long broom-handle and poising it as a lance, saying, "Won't you have *me* as Tippoo Tib?" Mrs. Stanley did a very amusing thing; she got a piece of paper, and turning part of it down, said to my husband, "Will you give me your autograph, Sir Richard?" which he readily did, in English and Arabic. She then turned up the back of the paper, on which she had written, "I promise to put aside all other literature, and as soon as I return to Trieste, to write my own autobiography." So we all signed underneath him, and since I have had it framed.

On the 31st of August he deplores the death of his friend, General Studholm Hodgson.

The two or three last days of August the snow was so dreadful that we only longed to get down into Italy, and on the 1st of September, wishing good-bye to our friends, we started at two o'clock, and had a delightful drive of three hours and a quarter through the snow down the mountains. The snow was so bad that it was doubtful whether we could manage it, but we did without accident. We passed several picturesque places, amongst others Castasegna, where I got out of the carriage, while they were refreshing the horses, to look at the tombs in the little church, and walking up to one, I saw on it "Richard Vaughan Simpson, died in 1834, aged 23." I said a prayer for him—perhaps I was the first countrywoman that had passed and done so. As we passed the frontier we were lightly examined, and we got into Italian picturesqueness, passing one or two fine waterfalls. Chiavenna looked most picturesque in the distance, as we descended to the good little Hôtel Conradi. There was a blue shade over the snow mountains as the sun was setting.

The next day we left Conradi's to get to Como. The train was an hour late; we had to go in the third-class with forty-eight people, and the boat was late too. The lake was looking lovely, with its

villages, especially Gravedona, Varenna, and Bellagio, which reminded us of Madeira. We were about seven hours doing twenty miles. We had delightful drives through the trees above the Villa Lervelloni to the ruined castle which overlooks Como with all its three arms of the lake, and listened to the bees and the birds, smelled the forest, and were glad we were alive. We also went to Como itself. In the evening we met Sir Frederick Napier Broome, late Governor of Western Australia. We were now reading Sinnett's "Kârma." We left Bellagio early, a couple of days later, and went down the other side of the lake (Lago di Lecco) on a very pleasant morning. You take a branch railway, and join the main line (Milan to Venice) at Rovato for Venice. We went to the Grand Hôtel, but soon left, as the gondola music used to drive Richard wild. There is one man, if he still exists, who sings as if he would burst, like the cicala.

On the 7th of September we left for Trieste, sauntering down the Gran Canale in gondola the last thing. We had a comfortable journey, and were glad to get home that evening after ten weeks out, which we had thoroughly enjoyed, except on the occasions when Richard was suffering. But how sorrowful it would have been, could we but have foreseen that it was the last journey we should ever take together in this life! If we could but look forward, we should not be able to bear it.

Home for the Last Few Weeks.

The few following weeks at Trieste we continued to write together in the evening, he being engaged all day with his "Scented Garden," his "Catullus," "Ausonius," "Apuleius, or the Golden Ass," and other things, as he had been since his last Supplementals came out (November 13th, 1888); and in early morning we used to take a list of all the manuscripts published and unpublished, their destinations when packed for England, and sorting the correspondence into years; and Dr. Baker took a great many photographs, as he had done all this year in the garden, of us and the views and friends, which I am having formed into two lamp-shades on gelatine.

These last few weeks Richard kept saying to me, "When the swallows form a dado round the house, when they are crowding on the windows, in thousands, preparatory to flight, call me;" and he would watch them long and sadly. Strange to say, after his death seven of them took up their abode at his window, and only departed in December. They are building again at "our cottage" at Mortlake. It seems as if he were watching.

On the 11th of September he deplores in his journal the death of Sir William Hardman, of the *Morning Post*.

On the 20th of September, a month before he died, in his diary he writes, "I feel too well," and another paragraph, "The house covered with swallows;" and then he says that night, "Sat on balcony—perfect evening, perfect day." He was then taking papaine for his gout.

On the 27th we had gentle earthquakes late at night, but which were prolonged till dawn.

In October he complains of liver and biliousness in his journal, but remarks that his cure was working well.

On the 15th of October we paid together our official visit to the Governor and his wife, and we had friends to breakfast at the Hôtel de la Ville, where he was very gay. He was not very well in the evening, but nothing particular, and a glass of hot brandy and water seemed to set him quite right. I had begun partly to dismantle the house, and to put away things to make it easier for packing on return, in order to hurry matters when we came back, previous to leaving for good. We were going to start on the 15th of November for Greece and Constantinople, and we were already sorting out what we would take, having our saddlery looked to, and writing letters to the Ministers of these countries to ask their advice on certain points, and getting letters of introduction.

On the 18th of October, Dr. Baker photographed us in the garden. Richard was always better when he first got home, and then got tired of it after. When he first arrived, 8th of September, he only weighed 70 kilos, but by the 2nd of October he had increased to 72·5 kilos.

On the 18th of October he was a little inclined to gout, and complained that he had no pleasure in walking.

On the 19th (the day before he died) he complains of a little lumbago.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE RETURN HOME FOR THE LAST TIME.

"Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine is made of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
Who burns up all he sees
Alike, as warm, will set as soon—
Oh, call it by none of these.

"Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, and Passion are,
Yet human still as they.
And if thy lips, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!"

THE good air in Switzerland, and especially Maloja, had set Richard up completely. We returned on the 7th of September, little thinking he had but six weeks to live.

The day before he died, though he was unusually well and cheerful, he said, "I am beginning to lose the good I got in Switzerland, and to feel the corroding climate of Trieste again. I count the hours till the 15th of November."

This was the day that we were to have sailed for Greece, but, alas! for human foresight, human misery, it was the day of the third and the last great Church ceremonial or dirge for the repose of his soul. Some circumstances that were unavoidable, not important but irritating, for the past few months had annoyed him, and he was always saying, "What a blessing it would be, and that he could hardly wait for the moment, when we two would be settled quietly in England together again, and independent of the Government, and of all the world besides!" And it will always comfort me to remember that during spring and summer, after our return from Algiers, I begged of him to throw up the Service, and instead of

going any farther on small travels, to let us at once set to, pack up and return to England for good, and to defer Greece and Constantinople till we had settled ourselves in England. Also that during our Swiss tour, when we got to Zürich in August, and were so near Bâle, I said, "We are halfway to England; let us go on, let the things go; we will send back a trusty person to bring them on;" but he said, "No, he should like to brave it out till the end." Little did we think that—

> "The cast-off shape that, years since, we called 'I'
> Shall sudden into nothingness
> Let out that something rare which could conceive
> A Universe and its God." *

We had occasion sometimes to go into the English Protestant burial-ground at Trieste—poor Charles Lever lies buried there, and by him is a cold, melancholy corner which at that particular time seemed to be a sort of rubbish corner of stray papers and old tin pots. He shuddered at it, and said, as he had often said before, "If I die here, don't bury me there. They will insist on it; will you be strong and fight against it?" I said, "Yes; I think I shall be strong enough to fight against *that* for your sake! Where would you like to be buried?" He said, "I think I should like you to take my body out to sea in a boat, and throw me into the water; I don't like the ground, nor a vault, nor cremation." And I said, "Oh, I *could* not do that; won't anything else do?" "Yes," he said; "I should like us both to lie in a tent side by side."

He was very fond of kittens, and always had one on his shoulder. When he lay dead, his kitten would not leave him, and fought and spat to be allowed to remain. Three days before he died, he told me that a bird had been tapping at his window all the morning, saying, "That is a bad omen, you know?" I said I could not agree with him, because he had the habit of feeding the birds of the garden on his window-sill at seven every morning. He replied, "Ah, it was not that window, but another." And I found afterwards this little verse scribbled on the margin of his journal—

> "Swallow, pilgrim swallow,
> Beautiful bird with purple plume,
> That, sitting upon my window-sill,
> Repeating each morn at the dawn of day
> That mournful ditty so wild and shrill,—
> Swallow, lovely swallow, what would'st thou say,
> On my casement-sill at the break of day?"

The day before his death (Sunday afternoon), the 19th of October, the last walk he ever took, he saw a little robin drowning in a tank

* From "John Halifax."

in the garden. Crowds of birds were sitting around it on the trees, watching it drown, and doing nothing for it. He got Dr. Baker to get it out, and warmed it in his own hands, and put it in his fur coat, and made a fuss till it was quite restored, then put it in a cage to be kept and tended till well enough to fly away again.

The last night, the chief talk at dinner was about General Booth's article—the first that came out in the *Pall Mall Budget*—of "How to relieve the Millions." He took the greatest possible interest in it, because (as he said) they could get at people that no clergyman of *any* Church could get at, and it sounded such a sensible plan. He said to me, "When you and I get to London, and are quite free and settled, we will give all our spare time to that." This is the man who is supposed to have killed and crushed everything as he went about in triumph over the world.

In point of fact, the "Richard Burton" described by part of the press, notably by the *Saturday Review*—the Richard Burton quoted by a great portion of the people who *professed* to know him so well, and *really* hardly knew him at all, never existed—was a man I never knew and never saw.

To the last breath, there was never a saner, or a sounder, or a truer judgment in any man who walked this earth. He saw and knew all the recesses of men's minds and actions.

All those six weeks I was very uneasy to hear him talking more than ever agnostically at the table, and to our surroundings, and to witness the conflict going on within himself in the privacy of our own rooms, because I had been warned by people who have experience in these matters, that it *would be the case* the nearer he was to death; and yet his health seemed so well. It never struck me that death could be so near. He said once to me, after an unusual burst at tea, which had made me sad, "Do I hurt you when I talk like that?" And I smiled, and said rather sadly, "Well, yes; it always appears to me like speaking against our very best friend." He got a little pale, and said, "Well, I promise you that, after I am free from the Government and from our present surroundings, I won't talk like that any more." And I said, "How I long for that time to come!" And he answered, "So do I."

I realized the following quotation about prayer:—

"The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but the answer is sure to come. Nor a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire poured out in prayer to God, will ever be lost; but in God's own time and way it will be wafted back again, in clouds of mercy, and fall in showers of blessings on you, and those for whom you pray."

The nightingales were very beautiful in our garden at Trieste, and after dinner, it being unusually fine weather in September and October, we used to sit out on our verandah smoking, taking our coffee, looking at the beautiful moonlit sea and mountains, and the moon and stars through a large telescope that stood there for the purpose. And one day I found the following on the margin of his journal :—

"THE NIGHTINGALE.

"'Sweet minstrel of the younger year,
Small Orpheus of the woody hill,
Say why far more delight my soul
That artless note, that untaught trill,
Than all that tuneful art can find
To charm the senses of mankind?'

"'Listen!' the Nightingale replied.
'The notes which thus thy feelings move
By perfect Nature were supplied,
To praise the Lord and sing of love.
Hath Art ne'er taught mankind to sing
High praises of a meaner thing?'"

THE END.

Let me recall the last happy day of my life. It was Sunday, the 19th of October, 1890. I went out to Communion and Mass at eight o'clock, came back and kissed my husband at his writing. He was engaged on the last page of the "Scented Garden," which had occupied him seriously only six actual months, not thirty years, as the Press said. He said to me, "To-morrow I shall have finished this, and I promise you that I will never write another book on this subject. I will take to our biography." And I said, "What a happiness that will be!" He took his usual walk of nearly two hours in the morning, breakfasting well. People came to tea; he had another walk in the garden, when the robin incident occurred.

"How oft we've wandered by the stream,
Or in the garden's bound,
Our hands and hearts together join'd;
Pure happiness have found!
But now we linger there no more,
Beside the woods or burn,
And all that I can utter now
Is, 'When wilt thou return?'"

That afternoon we sat together writing an immense number of letters, which, when we had finished, I put on the hall table to be posted on Monday morning. Each letter breathed of life and hope and happiness, for we were making our preparations for a delightful voyage to Greece and Constantinople, which was to last from the 15th of

November to the 15th of March. We were to return to Trieste from the 15th of March till the 1st of July. He would be a free man on the 19th of March, and those three months and a half we were to pack up, make our preparations, wind up all our affairs, send our heavy baggage to England, and, bidding adieu to Trieste, we were to pass July and August in Switzerland, arrive in England in September, 1891, look for a little flat and a little cottage, unpack and settle ourselves to live in England.

We had now been back in Trieste six weeks from Maloja, in the Engadine, and during those six weeks my husband did several things, with a difference that would have struck me, except for his improved health and spirits. How we should break our hearts could we see ahead, and yet how one regrets not seeing!

> "What part has death or has time in him
> Who rode life's lists as a God might ride?"
>
> SWINBURNE.

During this time, in spite of his having his Agnostic-*talking* tendencies worse upon him than ever, at table and in company, *in privacy* he used to lock our outer doors for a short while twice daily and pray. *Our* six rooms ran round in a square, cut off from the rest of the house, and as his bedroom and mine were corner rooms, I had, quite accidentally, a large full-length mirror in my corner, that gave me command of three rooms, including the chapel, so that though he was alone I could see him. And I did not alter it, lest he might have a seizure of any sort. In the chapel was a large crucifix, and he would at times come in, and remain before it for half an hour together, and go away with moist, sad eyes, and sometimes look over the books or papers.

The only difference remarkable on this particular Sunday, 19th of October, was, that whereas my husband was dreadfully punctual, and with military precision as the clock struck we had to be in our places at the table, at half past seven he seemed to dawdle about the room, putting things away. He said to me, "You had better go in to table;" and I answered, "No, darling, I will wait for you;" and we went in together. He dined well, but sparingly; he laughed, talked, and joked. We discussed our future plans and preparations, and he desired me on the morrow to write to Sir Edmund Monson, and several other letters, to forward the preparations. We talked of our future life in London, and so on. About half-past nine he got up and went to his bedroom, accompanied by the doctor and myself, and we assisted him at his toilette. I then said the night prayers to him, and whilst I was saying them, a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death. It

disturbed me so dreadfully, that I got up from the prayers, went out of the room, and called the porter to go out and see what was the matter with the dog. I then returned, and finished the prayers, after which he asked me for a novel. I gave him Robert Buchanan's "Martyrdom of Madeline." I kissed him, and got into bed, and he was reading in bed.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

THOS. TICKELL.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

TENNYSON.

At twelve o'clock midnight he began to grow uneasy. I asked him what ailed him, and he said, "I have a gouty pain in my foot. When did I have my last attack?" I referred to our journals, and found it was three months previously that he had had a real gout, and I said, "You know that the doctor considers it a safety-valve that you should have a healthy gout in your feet every three months for your head, and your general health. Your last attack was three months ago at Zurich, and your next will be due next January. He was then quite content, and though he moaned and was restless, he tried to sleep, and I sat by him magnetizing the foot locally, as I had the habit of doing to soothe the pain, and it gave him so much relief that he dozed a little, and said, "I dreamt I saw our little flat in London, and it had quite a nice large room in it." Betweenwhiles he laughed and talked and spoke of our future plans, and even joked.

At four o'clock he got more uneasy, and I said I should go for the

doctor. He said, "Oh no, don't disturb him; he cannot do anything. And I answered, "What is the use of keeping a doctor if he is not to be called when you are suffering?" The doctor was there in a few moments, felt his heart and pulse, found him in perfect order—that the gout was healthy. He gave him some medicine, and went back to bed. About half-past four he complained that there was no air. I flew back for the doctor, who came and found him in danger. I went at once, called up all the servants, sent in five directions for a priest, according to the directions I had received, hoping to get one, and the doctor, and I and Lisa under the doctor's orders, tried every remedy and restorative, but in vain.

What harasses my memory, what I cannot bear to think of, what wakes me with horror every morning from four till seven, when I get up, is that for a minute or two he kept on crying, "Oh, Puss, chloroform—ether—or I am a dead man!" My God! I would have given him the blood out of my veins, if it would have saved him, but I had to answer, "My darling, the doctor says it will kill you; he is doing all he knows." I was holding him in my arms, when he got heavier and heavier, and more insensible, and we laid him on the bed. The doctor said he was quite insensible, and assured me he did not suffer. I trust not; I believe it was a clot of blood to the heart.

My one endeavour was to be useful to the doctor, and not impede his actions by my own feelings. The doctor applied the electric battery to the heart, and kept it there till seven o'clock, and I knelt down at his left side, holding his hand and pulse, and prayed my heart out to God to keep his soul there (though he might be dead in appearance) till the priest arrived. I should say that he was insensible in thirty minutes from the time he said there was no air.

It was a country Slav priest, lately promoted to be our parish priest, who came. He called me aside, and told me that he could not give Extreme Unction to my husband, because he had not declared himself, but I besought him not to lose a moment in giving the Sacrament, for the soul was passing away, and that I had the means of satisfying him. He looked at us all three, and asked if he was dead, and we all said no. God was good, for had he had to go back for the holy materials it would have been too late, but he had them in his pocket, and he immediately administered Extreme Unction—"Si vivis," or "Si es capax"—"If thou art alive"—and said the prayers for the dying and the departing soul. The doctor still kept the battery to the heart all the time, and I still held the left hand with my finger on the pulse. By the clasp of the hand, and a

little trickle of blood running under the finger, I judged there was a little life until seven, and then I knew that, unless that happened which had happened to me,* that I was alone and desolate for ever.

I sat all day by Richard, watching him, and praying and expecting him also to come to. I thought the mouth and left eye moved, but the doctor told me it was imagination. But what was no imagination, was that the brain lived after the heart and pulse were gone; † that on lifting up the eyelids, the eyes were as bright and intelligent as in life, with the brilliancy of a man who saw something unexpected and wonderful and happy; and that light remained in them till near sunset, and I believe that soul went forth with the setting sun, though it had set for me *for ever*. I was so convinced of his happiness, that I lifted up my heart to God in a fervent thanksgiving *for him*, and I knelt down with my broken heart and said my "Fiat voluntas tua," and when I rose up I said, "Let the world rain fire and brimstone on me now." It has!

> "So nigh is glory unto dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Christ whispers low, '*Thou must*,'
> The heart replies, 'I can.'"

Before twelve o'clock that morning, eight Masses were said for him in the churches. My confessor came to pray by his side. Burials here take place very soon, but I had sixty hours conceded to me; and there were prayers going on in that room, offered up by priests, pious people, and the orphans from our orphanage, who passed the night by him from eight p.m. till six a.m., watching and praying and reciting the office for the dead, the rosary, and singing hymns; and all day there were good people doing the same, and myself always. It was I who closed his eyes and who bound up the jaw, and the doctor who straightened the limbs. He looked in a peaceful sleep, with adorable dignity and repose—a very majesty in his death—every inch a man, a soldier, and a gentleman.

* This is what happened to me. In my younger days I had malignant typhus. I appeared to die. I was attended by two very clever doctors, who were with me at my supposed death, which they certified, and I was laid out. My mother's grief was so violent that my father judged it expedient to send for her confessor to give her some consolation. He happened to be the famous large-minded clever Jesuit and theologian, old Father Randal Lythegoe. He consoled my mother for some time, then he knelt down and prayed for me, and then he got up and put on his stole. "What are you going to do, Father?" said my mother. "I am going to give her Extreme Unction," he said. "But you can't; she has been dead several hours." "I don't care about that," he said. "I am going to risk it." He did so, and about two hours after he was gone I opened my eyes, and gradually came to.

† His journals show that he believed in this too.

"Weep no more about my bed;
Weep no more, be comforted.
Where I am ye soon shall come;
This, this only, is our home.
I am only gone before,
Just a moment's little space;
Soon upon the painless shore
You shall see me face to face;
Then will smile and wonder why
You should weep that I should die."

CHARLES A. READE.

"Jesus, I have not loved Thee best,
Nor given my heart to Thee;
But let my truant bosom rest
On meaner things than Thee.
'Twas love that led Thy hand to part,
That cherished idol from my heart."

Mr. Albert Letchford, sculptor and artist, who had been working in our house for nearly a year, painted a most striking picture (natural size) of my husband after death, which is now my dearest treasure. He also took a plaster bust, and his hand and foot, which were beautifully formed and small. The hand and foot are mine; the bust was purchased by Richard's friend, F. F. Arbuthnot, but broke in the casting. All day friends flocked in, as the custom is, to say a prayer, and to sprinkle the body with holy water—not counting those who stayed there. The idea was suggested to me that I need not bury him at Trieste, and so exile myself from home for the remainder of my days; that the Austrian Government in its great kindness and delicacy would make a way open for me; and when I reflected how he longed to reach England, and to lay his bones in his native land, I determined that it should be so, though not in the manner we had hoped and wished, and that my home should still be "our cottage." For a sure test of real death, I requested that the left ulnar vein should be opened, and a strong charge of electricity should be applied for two hours; and then the embalmers came, and I was turned out of the room.

There are two ways of embalming. The one is disembowelling, and filling with spices as in the old days, but that would have necessitated the body being removed from the house. The other, a more modern way, is the injection of some substance in the veins, which, if a success, makes the body look like white marble. This latter was the one chosen. Only I was not allowed to kiss him after, and everything in the room that was used, even to the mattress, had to be burnt. The embalming was done by the Protofisico, Dr. Constantini, and Dr. Merlato, with three assistants, our doctor and Mr. Letchford being present. Our ritual enjoins

the observance of the customs of the country in which we live; he was therefore laid out in full uniform, the room dressed like a *chapelle ardente*, surrounded with candles, and covered with wreaths sent by friends.

"His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

MRS. BROWNING.

I find something so horrible, so repulsive, in the people who frequently abandon the dead, because they cannot bear to see them die, and leave them alone; who leave the corpse in its winding-sheet in a darkened chamber, which the household and family rush by, as if some dreadful horror was there; where no prayers or sacrifices follow to help the soul, which sees its abandonment by those whom it held dear. It seems to me that the consignment of the body to a low dark place, and the glad flying away from it, is something fearful. It makes one think of the Saviour when He descended to the Garden of Gethsemane, when Time was over for Him, and all whom He loved and trusted fled from Him. Judas betrayed, Peter denied, Thomas disbelieved, they all slept, they all hid, they all ran away from Him; and whilst He sweated blood for us, not one watched and prayed with Him. So with the soul.

"When from the trammels of this life terrestrial
The Glorifier, Death, shall set us free,
The pure expansion of a love celestial
Shall bind me closer, O my love, to thee."

The Protestant clergyman, a most charming gentleman, earnest in his profession, and a staunch friend, soon came in. I asked him if he would like to do anything, but he said, "No, there was nothing to be done." But he himself knelt down and said a very beautiful prayer.

I can never forget what Austria in general, and Trieste in particular, did in Richard's honour, nor could I ever say enough of the kindness, delicacy, courteousness, affection, and esteem shown to me, his desolate widow. I asked for *nothing*, for I felt how difficult was the question. I only asked that he might not be put in the ground, but into some *chapelle ardente*, from whence I might take him home as soon as I could arrange to leave. To my great contentment and lasting gratitude, I found that the Bishop had conceded to him all the greatest ceremonies of the Church, and the authorities a gorgeous military funeral, such as is only accorded to Royalty—

an honour never before accorded to a foreigner. One half-Englishman came and made some objections on behalf of a small section of English, and claimed him for the much-abhorred place in the little English Protestant cemetery, and said that they would not come to the Funeral or the Church if it was to be Catholic. But Dr. Baker gallantly took our part, and told this person in very plain terms what *he* thought about it, and that they had better stay away, so that I never even heard of the annoyance till it was over.

The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and his sword; his insignia and medals were borne on a cushion, and a second hearse was hid in garlands and flowers. The Consular corps for the first time suspended their rule, and in full uniform surrounded and walked on each side of the hearse as pall-bearers. At their own special request, a company representing the crew of a large English ship, which had just arrived in port, made a conspicuous part of the *cortége*. I came next, but I was too stunned to notice details; but they tell me that no funeral has been equal to it in the memory of any one living, not even Maria Theresa's, ex-Queen of Spain, in 1873. It was not, as in England, a case of six or eight hundred attending; there are one hundred and fifty thousand in Trieste, and every one who could drive or walk, from the highest authorities to the poorest, turned out. The Governor with his Staff, the principal Military and Naval officers, Civil Authorities and Consular corps, were all in uniform, and every flag in the town and harbour was at half-mast.

If I were to live to be a hundred years old, to my dying day there will be photographed on my mind, the sun setting red in the sea over the burial-ground; the short, beautiful oration of his friend Attilio Hortis, who was commissioned by the local Government to speak, but whose voice was broken. The orphanage children then sang, with sweet tremulous voices, the hymn "Dies ira, dies illa," and sobs were heard all around. I alone was tearless; I felt turned to stone. The coffin was placed in a small chapel in the burial-ground, where I remained behind the rest.

"Ellati Zaujuhá ma'ahá b'tadir el Kamar b'asbiha."
("The woman who has her husband with her (*i.e.* at her back) can turn the moon with her finger.")

"El Marsa min ghayr Zaujuhá mislahá tayarán maksús el Jenáhh."
("The woman without her husband is like a bird with one wing.")

I can never forget—but all unhappy widows will understand me—my horrible return to my empty shell, the house, leaving him in the burial-ground, which but sixty-three hours before had been a beautiful and much-loved home. Two days later the guardian

of the cemetery had his own bedroom draped, adorned, and consecrated as a *chapelle ardente*, and the coffin was conveyed there, the other chapel being too public. It was always decorated with lights and flowers, and I had free access to go and pray by him, and I was allowed to keep him there for the three months I was preparing to leave Trieste. Everything possible was done in consideration of my feelings, everything possible was spared me, and when an Austrian official proceeding was necessary, it was done with the delicacy and nobility which is the stamp of that country.

On the Thursday after his death, a eulogy of Richard was delivered in the Diet of Trieste by Dr. Cambon, who praised him as "an intrepid explorer, a gallant soldier, an honour to the town of Trieste, which is especially indebted to him for his researches into the history of the province of Istria." The House adjourned as a mark of respect for the deceased hero.

I do not like to think of those first three weeks, so full of the depth of woe. It is impossible for me to tell how kind every one was, how all Trieste combined with goodness and tenderness and attention that nothing might hurt. Meanwhile the press was full of *him*. How I wish he could have known—but he did know and see—all the appreciation and the regret for him, as shown by notices in the press, of which I have books full, the flowers, the telegrams, the cards, the letters, and calls, all showing how truly he really *was* appreciated, except by the handful who *could* have made his life happy by Success. The City had three great funeral requiems with Mass sung, and all the obsequies. One took place at the Capuchins, one at the parish church, one at the Orphanage of St. Joseph.

I now ascertained, through friends who spoke to the Dean, what the intentions were about Westminster Abbey, and the Dean replied that it would be impossible to bury any more people at the Abbey; nor can I say that I was very sorry. Neither did St. Paul's offer. I saved our dignity by taking the initiative, following a line of our own, and refused before I was asked. It might have pleased a few people, but I know he would not have cared about it, neither did I. In these churches a showman would have occasionally earned a sixpence by pointing out a cold dark slab to trippers, and saying, "There lies Burton, Speke, Livingstone," etc., etc., and many others, *some* of whom were not fit to tie the latchet of his shoe—his name in a common list of theirs.

He and I had our peculiar ideas, and I was determined, if I could, to carry them out. He hated darkness so much that he never would have the blind down, lest he might lose a glimpse of light from twilight to dawn. He has got the *very thing* he wanted, only of

stone and marble instead of canvas—to be buried in a tent above ground; to have sun, and light, and air, trees, birds, and flowers; and he has love, tears, prayers, and companionship even in the grave. His tent is the only one in the world, and it is by far the most beautiful, most romantic, most undeathlike resting-place in the wide world.

Cutting from *Black and White*, June 20th, 1891.

"A tomb shaped like an Eastern tent stands amidst alien palms in a little corner of English earth beside the Thames. Within that tomb, in the churchyard at Mortlake on Monday last, one of the greatest Englishmen of the reign was laid to rest. Under happier conditions and in a freer age Richard Burton might have founded an Empire; had his life been passed in the service of some great Continental Power, Richard Burton would have received much honour from the State while he lived, much honour from the State at his death. It is somewhat disheartening to think that, because he lived in our time and gave his services to the Government, he died a Consul at Trieste—a desert eagle in a cage—with his genius almost unrecognized by the State; to think that after his death it was left to his widow and his friends to bear him to his grave with such ceremony as they deemed fitting. He was placed in his tomb with the most solemn rites of the Catholic faith, in the presence of many of those who knew him best and loved him most—and no one knew him well, who did not love him. The great career is over; the life of endless adventure, tireless enterprise, unfading courage, is done, and Mortlake earth holds the bones of the hero."

"Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,
Calm Spencer, Chaucer suave,
His equal friendship crave:
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

"WILLIAM WATSON.

"October 15, 1892."

Finding my purse would be too slender to carry it out, and as friends started subscriptions for me,* I secured my ground, made my design, and set sculptors at work in the cemetery in which, for the last forty years, most of my people have been buried, and which he himself had chosen.

* I received £688, and I owe this handsome contribution to the exertions of Baroness Paul de Ralli, of Trieste, to Sir Polydore Keyser, and Mrs. Roland Ward, who started and collected for it.

"Beautiful rest where the willows weep,
Beautiful couch where the moss lies deep,
Beautiful life that earns beautiful sleep."

My desire was to embody the beautiful idea found in the tombs of Lydia and Lycia, and which is enshrined in the Taj Mahal at Agra. The early tomb-builders had doubtless some connection with Nomads, and embodied the conception that the home in death should be like that of the home on earth. For this reason I feel, the public have not quite understood the beauty of my mausoleum-tent. I wished to embody the poetry contained in my husband's "Kasídah," with the religion he wished to die in. I have sent to the desert for strings of camel-bells, which will hang across the tent, and like an Æolian harp when the wind blows, the tinkle of the camel-bells may still sound near him. I have asked Major J. B. Keith, in his "Monograph on Indian Architecture," which will include tentage and tombs, to explain my meaning in his "Great Tents of Antiquity" better than I have done for myself.

I felt the necessity, in my altered circumstances, of trying to arouse myself, that I might do what I knew he would wish me to do—to leave Trieste, and carry out all that we should have done had he been alive. I lost all at once; my beautiful home had been my pride—it had to be given up. The money, except a little patrimony, died with my husband. I had to say good-bye to all the friends I had loved for eighteen years. Lisa, my confidential maid upon whom I entirely depended, to whom I owed all my personal comfort, who managed everything for me, and who alone knew all my belongings, I had to part with, for reasons which I do not wish to mention here. We had always had what was playfully called a very large "staff" in our house in my husband's life. The Master being dead—if I had been a sensible woman—I should have cleared my house out directly after the funeral; but I was too absorbed with the horrors of my now desolate position, and I had neither sense nor heart enough to make any changes. From this arose complications, misunderstandings, and heart-burnings enough to make life still more unbearable. We all know what one bad bit of yeast does to a loaf of bread. I shut myself up entirely alone in my husband's rooms for sixteen days, sorting and classifying his manuscripts, packing and arranging his books, and carrying out all his last wishes and written instructions. What a terrible time it was I passed in the midst of these relics, shutting myself away in solitude, and rejecting all offers of assistance, as I could not bear any one to witness what I had to go through, and also there were many private papers which I knew nobody ought to see but

myself, and much that he particularly desired me to burn if anything happened to him.

The only letters Richard had not yet answered, and which would have been answered the following Thursday, were—A. Jameson, of Riverbank, Newmilns, Ayrshire, Scotland; Miss Bird, 49, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square; John Addington Symonds, Am Hof, Davos-Platz, Switzerland; M. Zotenberg, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Lady Stisted, Grazeley, Gypsy Hill, S.E.; Dr. F. Steingass, 6, Gairloch Road, Camberwell, S.E.; George Faber, our English Consul at Fiume; J. J. Aubertin, 33, Duke Street, St. James's.

My husband died on the 20th of October, 1890, and on the 25th of October Colonel Grant ventured to attack him for the first time in print, and the following letter appeared in the *Times* of the 28th of October, 1890:—

"BURTON AND SPEKE.

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"Sir,—In the *Times* of the 21st inst. there is a notice of the death of Sir Richard Burton, an extract from which I give here: 'To the unhappy dispute between Burton and Speke, which gave rise to such bitter feeling, it is not necessary to do more than allude.' I do not myself see why your readers should have any doubt as to which of the two travellers was to blame for this 'unhappy dispute,' neither why a slur should rest on the memory of Speke, one of the most upright men I ever knew—brave, noble, and true.

"Burton's instructions from the Royal Geographical Society were:—

"'The great object of the expedition is to penetrate from Kilwa, etc., and to make the best of your way to the Lake of Nyassa, etc. Having obtained all the information you require here, you are to proceed northwards, etc., towards the source of the Bahr-el-Abiad (White Nile), which it will be your next great object to discover. You will be at liberty to return to England by descending the Nile, or you may return by the route you advanced.'

"On his return from Unyanyembe after discovering Lake Tanganyika, his companion, Speke, wished him to follow up the above instructions, but Burton, using strong language, declared 'he was not going to see any more lakes.' Hence Speke went north alone and discovered the Victoria Nyanza, returning to Unyanyembe with his twenty followers. The discovery of this lake seems to have been galling to Burton; it created a 'bitter feeling,' and few words were exchanged by them during the remaining part of the journey to the East Coast. Things went from bad to worse. Speke was too generous to publish what occurred at this time, but he communicated grave charges against Burton to his relatives and to the Geographical Society, and the judgment of the Society was shown in the fact of their selecting Speke, and not Burton, to complete his discoveries.

"The two travellers had no sympathies, their natures entirely differed. Speke observed and mapped and collected the specimens of natural history. He was the geographer and sportsman of the expedition. Burton knew little of these matters. He excelled in his own line, made copious notes by day and by night of all he saw and heard; he had the gift of languages; while surrounded by natives he amused them, won their confidence, and so obtained those stores of information which have been since transferred to something like eighty volumes. He travelled with three heavy cases of books for consultation. These included a work on the Upper Nile, which would have been of important service to Speke—had he ever seen it!

"A sore subject of 'quarrel' was the non-payment of the Wanyamezi porters who had accompanied them to their own 'Land of the Moon.' These men did not receive their just wages, in consequence of which upwards of a hundred of the same race deserted the next expedition, which was in command of Captain Speke and me.

"Under the above circumstances, and many more I could name, no one will feel surprised that 'unhappy disputes' and 'bitter feeling' existed between the two travellers, and I cannot see how it can be said of Sir Richard Burton that 'no man ever succeeded better with the natives of Africa and Asia.' Neither do I agree with the writer of the article that he was 'a man of real humanity,' when I consider his treatment of his companion and his native followers.

"My long-dead friend's honour is too dear to me to allow a shade of doubt to rest on his honoured name; therefore, with all respect for those who mourn the more recently dead, I ask your insertion of this in your valued paper.

"I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

"J. A. GRANT, Lieut.-Col.

"Househill, Nairn, October 25th."

I only saw it (as I refused to look at newspaper scraps in my grief) on the 4th of January, 1891, and I answered as follows:—

"In my earliest agony after my husband's death, Colonel Grant's letter to the *Times* was the first that caught my eyes, and the bitter cry arose to my lips—

'He had not dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was dead;'

and I read no more. I do regret that he had not written this letter any time within the last thirty-one years, that my husband might have heard and answered the 'grave charges' of which Colonel Grant speaks now, but of which Richard Burton never heard; but he is not dead so long as I live.

"Now that Burton and Speke are together above, there are only two below who may venture to give an opinion on the matter—

Colonel Grant and I.* If I live, my future work will be to write my husband's life; but as that will take me some time, I cannot have the public misled until then. I know I am right in saying that, whatever the Royal Geographical Society may have thought then, they have since learned the truth, and know what a true and valuable member they possessed in Richard Burton, of which they have now given me most gratifying proofs. No one can speak so truly as I can, because I possess all Richard Burton's private journals; I know all the secrets of his life for the past thirty-five years. I have all Speke's letters, and the copies of my husband's to him. Men do not tell everything to their men-friends. I knew Speke, and I am less offended with Colonel Grant because I believe him honest and staunch, and that he says what he thinks he knows. I will give the *résumé* of my knowledge, trying to avoid detail.

"When Richard Burton was preparing for his lake journey into Africa (1856) I was just engaged to him, and John Hanning Speke, his friend, wanted to accompany him as second in command. Burton applied for him, and, after difficulties, leave was granted. Speke had been already with him to Somali-land, and knew perfectly well what travelling with Burton meant, and was glad to go again: Speke was not then, nor did he pretend to be, a geographer, a scientist, an explorer; he was a first-rate sportsman, and he meant to shoot, to get ivory and specimens for natural history, to collect the fauna and animals north of the Line in Africa, but he never gave the Nile a thought. That was Richard's hobby. Richard advised him to coach up all that would be most useful on the journey, in case one of them should fall sick; and he did, for all the world knows what a terrible journey they had pioneering and cutting their way, with no money, no comforts, no support, or protection. That was in days when exploring meant losing your life at a moment's notice, perishing of hunger, thirst, privation, fever, hostile natives, wild beasts, and reptiles. There was no picnicking on champagne and truffles then, no 'riding to Tanganyika in a bath-chair.' It was work for men. They were both fearfully ill on and off. They were great friends, and called each other Dick and Jack.

"All the spare time in tents Richard helped Speke with his scientific instruments, correcting up journals and maps, and learning the languages as spoken there. When Speke was ill Burton tended him like a woman, and when Burton was ill Speke did not repay him in kind. There were no quarrels, but Speke had a peculiarity which, when once Richard had become familiar with, he respected, but found a little trying—there being only two of them. Speke would be silent for days, when Richard would find out that he had unconsciously given some little offence which Speke had treasured up. Many people have that temperament. When they had been absent over two years, and Speke had got well, but Richard was down with fever, Speke was impatient to go on; Richard therefore sent him forward in the direction of Nyanza, which was Speke's

* And since writing this, Colonel Grant has gone to join them.

great discovery, and he eventually came back triumphant, saying he had 'discovered the sources of the Nile.' Richard said, 'It seems almost too good to be true.' Speke, being well, wanted naturally to return, and push on, but Richard said to him, 'I am a much older man than you, Jack, and I am not getting better. You will be ill again, and I unable to nurse you, and we shall both be down at once, much further from home, our money and stores giving out, our followers discontented. Consent to our return, and we will go home, recruit our health, report what we have done, get some more money, return together and finish our whole journey.'

"Speke agreed, and they set out on the return journey to the coast, and when they reached Aden, Richard being too weak for the journey, and Speke impatient to get to England, Richard agreed to come on by the next steamer. There was no quarrel up to this. As regards the non-payment of the negroes, it was thus: The porters were to receive a certain pay for their services, and an extra reward if they behaved well. They behaved ill, and therefore Richard, being the Chief, decided that they should receive their pay only, but not their reward, because he said, 'If they are rewarded for their ill-doing, they will behave ill to us when we return, and to any future travellers, being certain of their money, no matter what their conduct. They will not respect us, but only think we act from fear.' Speke at first objected, but then said it was right; so did Consul Rigby. They both changed afterwards to suit circumstances. Any one who is used to negroes will know that if they behaved well to Speke and Grant afterwards, and others who followed, it was because of this mulct which Burton had the courage to stand by, and receive the blame at home for. My husband was lavish of his money, and when any one of his dependents had to be punished he used to say, 'I will do anything sooner than dock their pay.' To *me* it sounds supremely ridiculous to speak of such a thing in connection with *his* name. Now, when Richard and Speke parted, it was on the best of terms. Richard said, 'I shall hurry up, Jack, as soon as I can,' and Speke's parting words—*the last he ever spoke to him*—were, 'Good-bye, old fellow. You may be quite sure I shall not go up to the Royal Geographical Society until you come to the fore and we appear together; make your mind quite easy about that.' I need not say that the appearance of Speke alone in London gave us the keenest anxiety. Here comes in the quarrel.

"On board the same ship with Speke, part of the way home, was Laurence Oliphant. I liked Laurence Oliphant, so did Richard, and so did and do hundreds in London, and I am ashamed to write anything against a dead man, but I must do it to defend my own. He got hold of and poisoned Speke's mind against Richard. He said 'that Burton was a jealous man, and being Chief of the expedition he would take all the glory of Nyanza, which, he said, was undoubtedly the true source of the Nile, for himself; that if he were in Speke's place he would go up to the Royal Geographical Society at once, and get the command of the second expedition; that he would back him, and get others to.' Speke resisted at first,

but his vanity prevailed, and carried him along until one thing after another was piled up against the unconscious absentee.* I grieve to say that these were neither the first friends nor the last that Laurence Oliphant sundered with no apparent settled object. He worked upon Speke till he planted the seed of bitter enmity against Richard to the end. I mentioned this to Mr. Stanley in August, 1890, at Maloja, and he replied, 'How very odd; he did exactly the same to me!' When Richard arrived, this information was the first that greeted him—that his friend and companion had cast him off, and become his enemy. He had gone up to the Royal Geographical Society, and secured all the honour of the expedition, and had been appointed to command the second expedition with Colonel Grant.

"I shall never forget Richard Burton as he was then. He had had twenty-one attacks of fever, was partially paralyzed, and partially blind; he was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, and his lips drawn away from his teeth. I used to support him about the Botanical Gardens for fresh air, and sometimes convey him away almost fainting in a cab. The Government and the Royal Geographical Society looked coldly on him. The Indian Army brought him under the reduction; he was almost penniless, and he had hardly a friend to greet him. 'Jack' was the hero of the hour, the Stanley of 1859–64. This was *one* of the martyrdoms of that uncrowned king's life, and I think that but for me he would have died. He never abused Speke as a mean man would have done; he used to say, 'Jack is one of the bravest fellows in the world. If he has a fault, it is overweening vanity and being so easily flattered. In good hands, he would be the best of men. Let him alone; he will be very sorry some day, though that won't mend my case.' It is interesting to mark in their letters how they descend from 'dear Jack' and 'dear Dick' to 'dear Burton' and 'dear Speke,' until they become 'sir.' Now I must tell you, in Speke's favour, that the injury once done to his friend and the glory won for himself, he was not happy with it.

"Speke and I had a mutual friend—a lady well known in society as Kitty Dormer (Countess Dormer). Through her auspices, Speke and I met, and also exchanged many messages, and we nearly succeeded in reconciling Burton and Speke, and would have done, but for the anti-influences around him. He said to me, 'I am so sorry, and I don't know how it all came about. Burton was so kind to me, nursed me like a woman, taught me such a lot, and I was so fond of him, but it would be too difficult for me to go back now.' And upon that last sentence he always remained.

"At last came the British Association Meeting (Bath, September, 1864). We had been married in 1861, and were back on leave from

* Speke told me of this, and after his death I taxed Laurence Oliphant with it, who said so simply, "Forgive me—I am sorry—I did not know what I was doing," I could not say another word; but Richard and he were friends after that.—*I. B.*

the West Coast of Africa. Laurence Oliphant conveyed to Burton that Speke had said that if Burton appeared on the platform at Bath (which was, as it were, Speke's native town) he would kick him. I remember Richard's answer: 'Well, that settles it. By God, he shall kick me;' and so to Bath we went. There was to be no speaking on Africa the first day, but the next day was fixed for the great discussion between Burton and Speke. The first day we went on to the platform close to Speke. He looked at Richard and at me, and we at him. I shall never forget his face. It was full of sorrow, of yearning, and perplexity. Then he seemed to turn to stone. After a while he began to fidget a great deal, and exclaimed half aloud, 'Oh, I cannot stand this any longer.' He got up to go out. The man nearest him said, 'Shall you want your chair again, sir? May I have it? Shall you come back?' And he answered, 'I hope not,' and left the hall. The next day a large crowd was assembled for this famous discussion. All the distinguished people were with the Council; Burton alone was excluded, and stood on the platform, we two alone, he with his notes in his hand. There was a delay of about twenty-five minutes, and then the Council and speakers filed in and announced the terrible accident out shooting that had befallen poor Speke shortly after his leaving the hall the day before. Burton sank into a chair, and I saw by the workings of his face the terrible emotion he was controlling and the shock he had received. When called upon to speak, in a voice that trembled he spoke of other things and as briefly as he could. When we got home, he wept long and bitterly, and I was for many a day trying to comfort him.

"Yours obediently,

"ISABEL BURTON."

There were old servants to be placed out, many people dependent on us, institutions of which I was President to be wound up, debts to be paid, old friends to say good-bye to. My husband's and my personal effects, his library and manuscripts, were packed in two hundred and four cases. Having been eighteen years at Trieste, I felt there would be a meanness in selling, so I furnished the orphanage, and a few rooms for Lisa, and gave away everything where I thought it would be most useful or most valued; and this, with constant visits to my beloved in the *chapelle ardente*, which was half an hour's drive away, occupied fourteen weeks, though I got up at six and worked till ten p.m. I never rested, and it was a life of torture. I used to wake at four, the hour he was taken ill, and go through all the horrors of his three hours' illness until seven. I prayed for supernatural strength of soul and body, and it was really given to me.

I became almost listless as to *exterior* things; I suppose that is always the way with a deep-sea grief. I had a little relief by the coming of my cousin Canon Waterton, of Carlisle, and he, by leave

from the Vatican, said Mass in our chapel, gave me Communion every morning, stayed with us a month, and helped me wonderfully with the books and manuscripts. He is a highly educated man of good family, living in the best society, was educated in France, so he was a fitting person to consult on many points, to which no one else there could have helped me. I should like to say a word of parting with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose affairs I wound up before leaving, because the history is rather curious, and will interest a large body of people who subscribed to it. I had employed four active men; the rest of the Society was nominal. One of these men died of apoplexy one month after my husband; the second had a stroke of paralysis and died immediately after I left; the third fell into a well, and his body was not found till several days; the fourth was very ill of blood-poisoning, had to be sent away, but has since returned and is well—five of us put *hors de combat,* as I was stricken down with grief. I left a complete chart of directions as to how the remaining money, 1916 florins, should be employed, after which there would be no more funds, and the work closed. The remaining man is Inspector Mottek, of the police, and one new man, both of whom I can trust. The money is under control of the bank, the accounts are sent to me every three months. It has lasted two years and three months, and I believe there are a few florins still left. This will comfort my numerous donors.

On the 20th of January, 1891, I had to go to the Sant' Anna Cemetery to see the beloved remains prepared, and conveyed on board the Cunard steamer *Palmyra* at the New Port. The remains had been placed in a leaden shell, with a glass over the face; this was again closed in a very handsome coffin of steel and gilt. On this day it was put into a plain white deal case, two inches thick, dove-tailed, and secured with iron clamps and screws, and painted in black—"To the Rev. Canon Wenham, Catholic Church, Mortlake, S.W., Surrey, England." The case was filled with sawdust, in which, according to Austrian law, a bottle of carbolic acid was poured, which has rather stained the coffin. (I cannot think who could have started the irreverent report in the press that it was a piano-case.) Accompanied by the Vice-Consul, Mr. Cautley, I proceeded to the steamer, and saw the precious case lowered, and put into a dry and secured place. Poor good Louis Marcovich, the guardian of the cemetery, would not take one single penny of the present that I had prepared for him, for giving up his bedroom for three months. He only said, clasping my hand, "Don't send it me, because I shall only send it back again. I have got a nice consecrated room to die in;"

which he did, poor fellow, about a year later. May God reward him for his good work!

The last night came, and twenty of my friends came up to spend the last evening with me. My work was only finished about two hours before I had to start, and I walked round and round to every room, recalling all my life in that happy home and all the sad events that had lately taken place. I gazed at all those beautiful views for the last time—at the tablet over the place where my husband's death-bed stood, recalling his death; another tablet in the chapel where the Masses had been said; and I looked around with parting eyes. I went into every nook and cranny of the garden, and under our dear linden tree, where my husband and I had so often sat (a little branch of which I have now framed in my room); my servants following me about, crying bitterly, and saying, "Oh, my dear mistress, we shall never have your husband's and your like again; we shall never have such another house as this." Then came carriages full of our friends to take me away, and the dreadful wrench made me cry all the way down to the station. There I found all that was worth of Society, and Authorities, and the children of our Orphanage, and our Poor, and all our private friends, bearing flowers. It was an awful trial not to make an exhibition of myself, and I was glad when the train steamed out; but for a whole hour ascending the beautiful road close to the sea and Miramar and Trieste, I never took my misty eyes off Trieste, and our home where I had been so happy for eighteen years, and which I shall never see again.

"A TRIESTE.

"Quando la sera piano sprofonda
Il sol nell' onda—solcando il mar,
Presso la riva d' un mesto addio
Il suol natio—vo' a salutar.

"Veggo le case, le ville, i monti,
Che ai bei tramonti—pajono d' or
E 'l scosso mare che con dolcezza
Bagna e accarezza—le sponde ancor.

"Qua e là pur veggo qualche nocchiero
Che con leggero—legno va e vien,
E qualche vela che al debil raggio
Tributa omaggio—nell' ampio sen.

"Mentre la sera man mano imbruna
Veggo la luna—nel ciel vagar,
Dietro alle nubi va lentamente,
Poi, di repente—si specchia in mar.

"Indi apparire veggo una stella
Lieve ma bella—d' aureo splendor,
E poi dell' altre formano in cielo
Screziato un velo—di luce e d' or.

"Poi, da lontano; la u' v' è Trieste
Debili e meste—sovra il terren
Veggo brillare mille più e mille
Vaghe scintille—che van che vien,

"Talvolta io sento fiebili tocchi,
Poi, dei rintocchi—qua e la mandar
Un cupo suono che giunge a meta
Per l' aere cheta—lento a vagar.

"E allor contento penso a quel lido
Mio dolce nido—di pace e amor
E sospirando dico t' è degno
Il tronco e il regno—di quel splendor.

"Terra diletta se un qualche giorno
A te ritorno—di vita pien,
Allor baciare in dolce pianto
Ti voglio tanto—caro terren."

S. DI G. SFETEZ.

My first care on arriving in England was to go and see Richard's sister and niece, and acquaint them with all the circumstances and my intentions. I arrived in London on the 7th of February, 1891, and having no home, went to the Langham for a few days to look about for a lodging. At the Langham my three sisters were waiting for me.

On the 9th I immediately went to Messrs. Dyke, 49, Highgate Road, to inspect the monument, and to give orders respecting everything, and found, to my great distress, that, owing to the severity of the weather, it would be difficult to say when we could get the remainder of the Forest of Dean stone. On the 10th I went to Mortlake, chose my ground and had it pegged out, made arrangements with Canon Wenham, and on the 11th my sister, Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald, and I went to Liverpool. I cannot say how ill I felt, and as soon as I arrived at Liverpool I had to go to bed. Friends began to arrive from different parts of England. Lord and Lady Derby, my best and kindest friends, had been so kind as to have everything seen to for me at Liverpool, and the Captain and the officers of the ships, the authorities of the dockyard, and the London and North-Western Company outvied each other in civility and courteous attention in the arrangements that were made for us.

The *Palmyra* (after a journey as smooth as a lake) arrived on the 12th of February, 1891, at midnight, and we were told to be on board at nine next morning. Carriages for my party, and a small hearse, were ready to convey us to the ship. We went on board, and were courteously received by the Captain, and the case containing the coffin was brought up and placed on a small bridge. I forgot the people when I saw my beloved case, and I ran forward

to kiss it. Canon Waterton said a few prayers. The Captain, officers, and men knew my husband, and many of the dockyard men were Catholics. They all bowed their heads, the Catholics answered the prayers, and there were audible sobs all round. The case was conveyed to the hearse, and we proceeded to the station, where it was immediately put into a separate compartment next to the two saloons reserved for me and my party.

When we arrived at Euston we found a duplicate of these conveyances waiting to take us and the body to Mortlake. We unpacked the case, but Canon Wenham, who had gone out, kept us an hour and three-quarters. The evening was cold and damp, and by torchlight, with a prayer, we conveyed him to rest in the crypt under the altar of the church. I remained some time praying there, and then we all dispersed, my sister and myself going back to the Langham. The reaction, after all I had gone through, set in; there was no more call upon my courage. I was safe in England and amongst my own people; there was nothing more to be done for Richard till the funeral.

"Poor had been my life's best efforts,
Now I waste no thought or breath;
For the prayer of those who suffer
Has the strength of love and death."

My courage broke, and I took to my bed that night, the 13th of February, and *nolens volens* I was obliged to stay at the Langham, being too weak either to find or to be transferred to a lodging. I passed from the 13th of February till the 30th of April between bed and armchair, and latterly was taken down in the lift occasionally to dinner or lunch. Every one was most kind to me, and my sisters spoilt me, and came daily to lunch or dine. I cannot describe the horror of the seventy-six days, enhanced by the fog, which, after sunlight and air, was like being buried alive. The sense of desolation and loneliness and the longing for him was cruel, and it became—

"The custom of the day,
And the haunting of the night."

My altered circumstances, and the looking into and facing my future, had also to be borne. From my sick bed I dictated answers to some two thousand letters, mostly of sympathy, writing out different business cases, and preparing for the funeral. Meantime the Queen had, in consideration of my husband's services, to my great gratitude and surprise, allowed me a pension of £150 a year.*

* I owed my pension to several of our old friends; notably the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Royal Geographical and other learned Societies.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT MORTLAKE WHERE SIR RICHARD BURTON
IS LAID AT REST

Carved by Messrs. Dyke, 49 Highgate Road.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT MORTLAKE WHERE SIR RICHARD BURTON IS LAID AT REST.

Carved by Messrs. Dyke, 49 Highgate Road.

I would not have asked for anything for myself, but I thought that the British nation would take a pride in helping me to raise the characteristic monument so long wished for, to a man they so honoured, and who had devoted his life to the nation's interest in so many ways as he had done; and more so as I had over a thousand cuttings from newspapers and hundreds of letters saying that the nation *wished his memory to be honoured by a testimonial.* Nor was I disappointed, as, during the eight months, from his death to his final burial at Mortlake, I was helped by £668 towards it.*

On the 30th of April I was well enough to be transferred to a lodging, where my sister and I lived together; for the Langham was getting too gay, too full for me, nor could I afford it. Here I had privacy, quiet, and cheapness.

The funeral was finally fixed for Monday, the 15th of June, at eleven o'clock, and the final completions were only ended two hours before the ceremony began.

I had taken lodgings at Mortlake. The tent is sculptured in dark Forest of Dean stone and white Carrara marble. It is an Arab tent, twelve feet by twelve and eighteen feet high, surmounted by a gilt star of nine points. Over the flap door of the tent is a white marble crucifix. The fringe is composed of gilt cressets and stars. The flap door of the tent supports an open book of white marble, on which are inscribed Richard's name and the dates of his birth and decease. A blank page is left for "Isabel, his wife." Underneath is a ribbon with the words, "This monument is erected to his memory by his loving countrymen." Below, on a white marble tablet, is a beautiful sonnet written in a passion of grief by Justin Huntley McCarthy:—

"RICHARD BURTON.

"Farewell, dear friend, dead hero! The great life
Is ended, the great perils, the great joys;
And he to whom adventures were as toys,
Who seemed to bear a charm 'gainst spear or knife
Or bullet, now lies silent from all strife
Out yonder where the Austrian eagles poise
On Istrian hills. But England, at the noise
Of that dread fall, weeps with the hero's wife.
Oh, last and noblest of the Errant Knights,
The English soldier and the Arab Sheik!
Oh, singer of the East who loved so well
The deathless wonder of the 'Arabian Nights,'
Who touched Camoens' lute and still would seek
Ever new deeds until the end! farewell!"

* I mention this because I had an anonymous letter sent me which taunted me with touting for subscriptions for it.—I. B.

It is planted round with trees and flowers, and has a background of linden trees. It is, I think, the most beautiful little burial-ground in England, especially in summer time. In fact, it is so covered with flowers and embedded in trees as to look almost foreign, by its pretty little church and presbytery.

The interior is nearly all marble; the floor, of white and black marble, covers a base of Portland cement (concrete), so that no damp can arise from the ground. The coffin of steel and gilt lies above ground on three marble trestles, with three trestles on the opposite side for me. At the foot of the coffin is a marble altar and tabernacle with candles and flowers, a window of coloured glass, with Richard's monogram, and the whole adorned with seven hanging and various other Oriental lamps. It is no small compliment to Messrs. Dyke, that many people who come into the ground ask "why the canvas cover is not taken off," and are quite astonished when they touch the stone. People were invited *generally*, but special invitations were issued to the senders of wreaths, telegrams, cards, letters, subscriptions, visits, editors of friendly newspapers, applications, private friends, and those who had interested themselves in my future. Eight hundred and fifty-two invitations were issued. Four hundred were down with influenza, but eight hundred people came all the same. Trains left Waterloo for Mortlake at 10.20 a.m., arriving at 11.47.

The ceremony began at eleven, lasting an hour and a half, giving time to a visitor to enter the mausoleum and get back to the station, which was a few yards from the church, for the one o'clock train back to London, the authorities being duly warned of the number of invited. The Church was very simply decorated with a fleur-de-lys carpet, the trestles were covered by a cramoisie velvet pall, being Richard's favourite colour, and the coffin was laid at the top of it, and covered with wreaths sent by friends, my little bunch of forget-me-nots lying where the face would be. It was surrounded by tall silver candlesticks with wax candles. I occupied a *prie-dieu* by his side; to my right were the women—on the left hand the men—mourners, headed by Captain St. George Burton of the Black Watch, his chief male relation, and both sides were composed of his and my relations, and his oldest friends. The procession filed out exactly at 11.10, the acolytes bearing flambeaux. The short requiem Mass of Casciolini was the one sung, by a London professional choir. Monsignor Stanley sang the Mass, assisted by several priests who had been personal friends of my husband. Then followed the Burial Service with its three absolutions, the priest walking round the coffin perfuming it with incense, and sprinkling

it with holy water, and Canon Wenham, who performed this service in Latin, said in English, with a smile and a voice full of emotion, "Enter now into Paradise." The men then lifted the coffin, and a wreath was given to one of the lady mourners to carry, I taking my own little bunch of forget-me-nots, and following the coffin closely. Flanked a little lower down by the women and men mourners, and followed by all the assembled friends, the procession wound through the small but beautiful cemetery of St. Mary Magdalen's, Mortlake, to what seemed a veritable canvas tent pegged down amongst palm-trees, and he, who died eight months ago, was laid in his final resting-place. I begged that there might be no sermon or oration. When the coffin was deposited, the choir sang the Benedictus, and if there was any choice throughout the touching and impressive ceremony, perhaps this was the most impressive and the softest.

During the Benedictus the priest made a sign to me to go inside the mausoleum. I knelt and kissed the coffin, and put my forget-me-nots on it, and then I got behind the door. The other chief mourners passed into the tent, knelt, and deposited their wreaths and flowers. After the Benedictus, Canon Wenham, feeling that there were so many Protestants, said some English prayers; but his voice broke with emotion, and he had a difficulty in finishing them. When all was over, St. George Burton gave me his arm and conducted me to Canon Wenham's house, that I might not embarrass the public, who would like freely to enter the mausoleum and examine it. As I passed through the burial-ground, many friends shook hands with me, but I was so dazed I could not see them.

SIR RICHARD BURTON, KNIGHT.

Born 1821. Died 1890.

"He resteth now. His noble part is done,
And Britain mourns another true-born son.
His was the work that crowned with lasting fame
The hallowed mem'ry of a gallant name.
He gave the world the mysteries of men;
He travelled lands unknown to history's pen,
And braved the savage in his distant den.
America and Asia's hills and plains—
Through Afric's darkest forest light he gains.
The tree of knowledge bloomed for him its flow'rs
Where grandest Nature showed her mighty pow'rs;
And Heaven was his in all his lonely hours.
Oh! name him as he sleeps through longest night
A learned gentleman—a gallant Knight."

W. J. Nowers Brett.

One might add—There lies the best husband that ever lived, the best son, the best brother, and the truest, staunchest friend.

Cardinal Manning had written me a beautiful letter full of blessings and consolation, in which he said, "As for myself, I will not fail to remember you on the day of the requiem—my heart will be with you; but I have not left the house for many months, and have ceased to officiate. I therefore cannot be with you, for I am within a few weeks of my eighty-fourth year."

Then one of my sisters took me away to the country at once.

At the end of July I went down to my Convent, the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre, New Hall, Chelmsford, Essex. It has been full of my relations for six generations, and is like a second home to me. I passed most of my youth in it, and I returned to it with pleasure. There I found a mental and physical tonic. The 1st of September, 1891—the date that we were to have been settled in London together—I came to London, and took a small house in Baker Street, and finding I could never keep away from the mausoleum, I bought a very little cottage close to it, and I set about making them comfortable and pretty, out of my two hundred and four cases from Trieste, and a little second-hand furniture.

During this sad time, death has been alarmingly busy with us. We were four sisters, all married. One sister, exactly like me, died in September; all three sisters lost their husbands in November, January, and September; and one sister lives with me. I was brought to death's door with influenza in January, 1892, but I was spared to do the work I am now doing. I got my books and papers housed in March, 1892. The books are tidied and classified, but my papers are not; but I was afraid to trust to sufficient life if I took six months to put them in order, so I have hurried on to give these pages to the world, and whilst I live I shall transact the rest of his literary work set forth in the preface. The loss of eight immediate relatives and my own wretched health have marked little epochs in the period that has elapsed.

"It is a terrible thing to be innocent, and yet to know yourself suspected. Nobody in such a case can ever act quite naturally. The very sense of innocency, coupled with the knowledge of the suspicions against one, gives rise to an awkward self-consciousness which looks like guilt in the eyes of others."

I must now refer to the episode of "*It*." In July, 1891, after all my troubles, I was summoned to the death-bed of a lady who I thought was a great friend of mine. I went with great warmth and distress of feeling, and when I went up to her bed to kiss her, she drew away and said, "Do not kiss me. I have sent for you to make a confession, as if it were to a priest; but you

must give me a solemn promise never to betray me, after I am dead, that my husband and my girls, who go out a great deal in Society" —naming very high quarters—"may not have to be ashamed of me, and curse my memory." I gave the required promise, for I thought she was going to breathe her last, and she said she could not die in peace. I will never betray her name, but I have a right to tell the substance of what she said, because I have had to suffer bitterly through it, and may still be suffering without knowing it. She asked me not to look at her, and in pity I turned away.

She said then, "I am '*It*.' In 1876–7 your husband began mining in Midian, and subsequently in West Africa, and nothing was talked of but the millions that you were then sure of making—£100,000 in six months, so you said, and the rest following quickly. Now, I was awfully fond of money. I was much attracted by your husband. I loved you, and admired you; I hated you, and was jealous of you. I was not in love with him—So-and-so was my lover—but I thought that if I could only conciliate him, and disgust him with you, I should probably get a great deal of that money which I wanted; for my extravagances were far beyond the means of my husband or my lover, and I live very much in the world." She here confessed all she had done against us both, until our mining hopes had come to nothing. "I was dreadfully disgusted," she owned, "finding it impossible to alienate you, as the moment you found out anything you went and told each other; but I was surprised that you never suspected the right person, and you both of you frequently openly joked with me about '*It*.' Towards the end I saw that your husband disliked and distrusted me, but he could not fix in his own mind why it was. You were easily deceived, but I dared not do anything except in his absence. I took a wicked pleasure in your perfect trust in me."

She had free access to all my letters, papers, journals, and writings, and knew my every movement. She would send me nice letters in a hand I did not know, but signed with a name I did know, in the hopes I might answer it. If I did answer it, I made a fool of myself, and if I did not answer it, *she did*, copying from my own writings my style and mode of speech. She was assisted in the forging part of the business (I mean handwriting) by a needy Englishman, with a college education, who was an expert in copying hands.

For a long time I sat crouched up in the room without answering, with my head buried in my hands—my consternation and my humiliation were so great, and I was wrestling with myself—and at last I answered her pitiful entreaties for pardon. I said, "I am

sixty years old, I have left the world, I have one foot in the grave, and I have nothing to do with Revenge; but, before I go, I *must* clear the name I am so proud to bear. No one shall ever know who '*It*' was. Your husband and your daughters and the *crême* of Society shall still bless and regret you; but you must give me the list, as far as you can, of the people you have written to, either in my name or my husband's, and then, if God will forgive you, and if Richard will forgive you, then I will also—and may you rest in peace!" I asked her what *sort* of letters she had written. "You frequently allowed me to help you to answer your letters. Sometimes I wrote gushing letters, so as to make you seem silly; sometimes I gave your opinions to people in high positions, to make you seem impertinent. Sometimes I wrote you letters myself, in a feigned hand, and answered them in *your* hand (imitated) to the supposed writers." I did not trust myself to speak, but I wrote down all the names she gave me, and I wrote this history to all those concerned, and, except one, they have all answered me. I left the room quietly, and she eventually died.

"Now, now my frame is old and wan and weary,
And now my years on earth can be but few;
I count the days, when God's voice, calling clearly,
Shall lead me, O my loved one, back to you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWO CONTESTED POINTS BETWEEN A SMALL SECTION OF ANTAGONISTS AND MYSELF.

"Because I'm with the swallow, however far he flies;
Because the lark within me leaps upwards to the skies;
Because, where'er there's singing of birds on hill or plain,
We catch each other's meaning and join in one refrain;
Because the forest temples where God has made His throne
Can rustle to a rising chant they sing to me alone;
Because, where'er I find them among the waving grass,
The daisies and the violets nod shyly as I pass;
Because the flowers have secrets that few men seem to see,
And yet they ope their bosoms and tell their tales to me;
Because the earth is fairer; because the roses blow
With a loveliness and purity that few men care to know;
Because the heavens are higher than many dare to think;
Because the heavens are nearer, I tremble on their brink;
And oh, because to all the joys of birds and beasts and flies,
The myriad joys that move the earth and fill the summer skies,
There's something in this heart of mine, there's something that replies;
Because those other singers whom death has granted fame
Stand by my side in solemn hours and call me by my name;
Because I dare to meet their gaze, and seem to understand
The language which proclaims them all of one great father-land;
Because their touch is on me; because in accents mild
They hail me as a follower, a servant, yet a child;
Because the fairies hearken, I call them at mine ease;
Because I hear the angels' harps in the pauses of the breeze;
Because a spirit's with me, where'er my steps have trod,
Whose eyes have something of myself, and, oh, far more of God;
Because, when night is silent, I watch the planets roll,
And hear their solemn melodies in the centre of my soul;
Because of one great action I feel myself the part,
A life whose sphere is nature, a life whose voice is art,
And in my breast re-echo the pulsings of its heart;
Because my thoughts are splendour, because my thoughts are sin,
With a shock, as if of armies amid the battle's din;
Because the shades of former days go with me on my way,
And because to-morrow's sunshine is on my path to-day;
Because my heart-strings tremble to the pressure of thy hand,
And because I live a sorrow which none can understand."

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

The "Scented Garden" Controversy.

I must now revert, I hope for the last time, to the "Scented Garden." I made the greatest mistake in the world; I did not know my public, I did not know England. I was under some delusion which I have often bewailed, that I was responsible to, or owed some explanation to, the would-be buyers of that book, nor can I *now* think how I could have imagined that it was, or described it as, my husband's *magnum opus*—perhaps it was because it was the first work of the kind I had ever read—as it certainly was the *least* of his works, and I should say that his "Mecca and Medinah" and his "Arabian Nights" were his best. The abuse I got by a portion of the Press, and eventually volumes of anonymous letters, which were far coarser than the "Scented Garden," and which would have shocked Whitechapel, induced me a month later to write a second letter to the *Echo*, which I reproduce, and, as it went on, a further explanation in the *New Review*.

Lady Burton's Last Words to the "Echo."

"On reading my own letter in the *Morning Post*, which paper has always been my best friend, I see that the few lines that explained my *reasons* for taking the public into my confidence are cut out, probably on account of its length. I quite understand, and see exactly what the opposite side think of it. I wrote to the *Morning Post*, 'I am obliged to confess this, because there are fifteen hundred men expecting the book, and I do not quite know how to get at them, also I want to avoid unpleasant hints by telling the truth.' My *reasons* were, that there were too many people after the book, too many inconvenient letters and questions from those who expected it and wanted to buy it, and had I not told what I did, my few bitter enemies—we all have some—would hint and not speak out, which is the worst of all things. Will you believe that I have been four months in England, and quite unable to wind-up half our affairs because my whole mornings have been taken up with answering such letters? I can satisfy all the objections. Had my husband lived, the book would now have been in the printing press; I should never have been allowed to read it, and I should have done exactly what I did to the 'Arabian Nights'—worked the financial part of it. I intended privately to offer it for three thousand guineas to a bookseller with whom my husband and I had had a long-standing friendship, in order to save myself the trouble of all I went through with the 'Arabian Nights,' and it was only on getting the double offer from the unknown man, which was more than I could ever have hoped for—not the next day, as the Press has it—that I sat down to read it. The money was quite a secondary consideration with me, though I like money as much as most women, and have

got none; but no woman who truly loved a man, and cared for his interests after death, would have coveted that class of monument for his beloved memory, and only the most selfish or thoughtless of men could have expected me to give it up. Such men would not have risked one little corner of their good names, or reputations, or profession, or money, or family, or society, in connection with any book on this subject. No! they would have shoved him forward into the breach; they would have egged him on with the bravado of schoolboys to his face, in good fellowship—how often have I seen it!—and, if anything went wrong, would probably have pretended that they did not know anything about it. He would have been perfectly justified, had he lived, in carrying out his work. He would have been surrounded by friends to whom he could have explained any objections or controversies, and would have done everything to guard against the incalculable harm of his purchasers lending it to their women-friends, and to their boyish acquaintances, which I could not guarantee.

"Was it a classic? No! it was not a classic; it was a translation from Arabic manuscripts very difficult to get in the original, with copious notes and explanations of his own. But it is very difficult for me, as a woman, to tell you exactly what it was.

"I have received hundreds of letters, with all sorts of opinions, all except a few thoroughly approving my act, and some of these are anonymous, showing how careful people are with their own skins, but the most curious trait is that so many agree with me privately and write in the papers against me. I did not expect my confession to be noticed at all; it was a great surprise to me to find it discussed. I only meant to stop the letters asking for it. Moreover, I only burnt what was my own property, and at my own loss. If my husband had been alive I should not have read it, and I should not have done it. He and I both supposed that he would live for many, many years; but, nevertheless, one day, several weeks before he died, when we were travelling in Switzerland, he called me into his room, and dictated to me a list of such things as he wished burnt in case I survived him, and three documents, which he signed. One of them, amongst other things, contained the following:—

"'In the event of my death, I bequeath especially to my wife, Isabel Burton, every book, paper, or manuscript, to be overhauled and examined by her only, and to be dealt with entirely at her own discretion, and in the manner she thinks best, having been my sole helper for thirty years,' etc., etc., etc., etc.

"'(Signed) RICHARD F. BURTON.

"I need hardly tell you that the 'Scented Garden' was not included in the list of things to be burnt. I did it purely out of love for my husband, and all the censure is as nothing to me in comparison to his memory and our speedy reunion.

"Shortly after we married we lost all we possessed in the world in Grindlay's fire, and when the news was brought to him he remained silent for a few minutes, and then turning to me, said, 'The worst part of the loss is that there were boxes full of priceless Arabic

and Persian manuscripts, which I picked up in out-of-the-way places; but,' he added, smiling, 'the world will be all the better for the loss.'

"When I wrote to the *Morning Post* I never calculated or thought of either praise, or blame, or gain; in fact, I think any one may see I never thought of myself at all, or I should have been more worldly-wise. I shall never regret what I have done, but I shall regret all my life having confessed it, though I could scarcely have helped it, as I was ordered to do so. My husband did no wrong; he had a high purpose, and he thought no evil of printing it, and could one have secured the one per cent. of individuals to whom it would have been merely a study, it probably would have done no harm; but once you get a thing in print in England you have lost all hold of it, and the merest schoolgirl, if she is bent upon seeing it, will get to do so, and the more the mystery the keener they are.

"You will pardon me, who have spent the best part of thirty years on foreign stations, for saying, that if what people tell me be true, and if England progresses in this line at the rate she has done for the last fifteen or twenty years, let us say in another sixty or seventy years, my husband's 'Scented Garden' would have become a Christmas book for boys, on the plea that the mind should be trained to everything. I shall not have done the world such an injury as they make out. Thousands, millions, admire my husband, and many talk of their great love for him, in many instances truly, but I am the only being in the world to whom he was *everything*, whose soul is mine, whose interests are mine, and therefore I am obliged to harden myself against all abuse, although I quite understand the people of the opposite part, from their point of view.

"I do not understand what the Press meant by my casting a slur on his memory. Did any slur attach to him from the 'Arabian Nights'? On the contrary, great praise, and fame, and gain! Why, then, should a slur come from the 'Scented Garden'? It was not the world's slur that was to be feared. I did not think I could laugh now, but I did when I read 'that I appealed to the public for sympathy and acclaim for my own purity—at his expense,' for there is no cause for sympathy—I never thought about being pure or impure—I felt no sacrifice. I know what I saw. I knew what I had to do, and I did it. It is no use explaining, because the world would not understand me—and there is no need why it should. It never understood *him* whilst he lived, and it will not understand *me* while I live.

"Some articles in the Press say that I am uneducated. I am not going to deny it, but my husband found that I had quite sufficient common sense to trust me unreservedly with the whole of his business of whatever nature for thirty years, and he never had cause to regret it, nor did he ever do the slightest thing without consulting me. This is the only instance in which I have not co-operated. I am accused of doing it to earn money, which is rather illogical. If that was my object, why did I not quietly pocket my six thousand guineas,

hold my tongue, and pass the manuscript quietly to a man who is incapable of betraying me? Out of the many hundreds of letters which I have received since the 20th of June, three offered to start public subscriptions for me, but I declined them, because this subject is, to me, too sacred for barter. The only money I have ever asked for was for the monument. I forgive those who have heaped me with unmeasured abuse, but I shall never forget it, and I thank them for showing me what sort of people were waiting for the book, and how right I was to burn it. Yet I am quite sure that more than two-thirds of this particular school would condemn what has been said and written to me, did they know it. At any rate, I am quite certain that none of it (either private letters or Press) was penned by any true friend of Sir Richard's to his wife.

"ISABEL BURTON."

"My confession has been twisted and turned into the following:—'That my poor husband had been engaged on a most beautiful and scientific work for thirty years, that he had finished it all but the last page, that it contained gems of science, that it was full of transcendental Oriental poetry, and that I brutally burnt it, the day after he was dead, in either wanton ignorance or bigotry.' Now, the truth is this. Ever since 1842, whenever my husband came across any information on *any* subject, he collected it and pigeon-holed it, and at this particular time the accumulations of twenty-seven years (since Grindlay's fire, which lost all preceding ones) were pigeon-holed in different compartments, on as many as twenty different subjects. As fast as he had finished one book, he opened a compartment to produce another, and sometimes had several books on the stocks at the same time, on as many different large plain deal tables.

"It was towards the end of 1888, that he pulled out of its nook the material which would go towards the 'Scented Garden,' and occasionally he translated bits from an Arabic manuscript called the 'Perfumed Garden,'* by the Shaykh El Nefzáwih, a Kabyle Arab of the early sixth century (Hegira), the French translation of which is as poor, as a translation of the original, as all the translations of the 'Arabian Nights' were (except Mr. John Payne's) until Richard's came out, which was the perfect one. The only value in the book at all, consisted in his annotations, and there was no poetry. He was engaged on Catullus at the same time, and he threw all his strength and style into the more virile work at the expense of the other. His journal of 31st of March, 1890, contains this sentence—'Began, or rather resumed, "Scented Garden," and don't much care about it, but it is a good pot-boiler,' which I interpret that he knew it was not up to the mark; but the time he was actually seriously occupied on it was from 31st of March, 1890, till the 19th of October—

* This is a work of Arabian erotology—the Arab art of love—and would have been brought out with the same privacy and a limited number, and at a prohibitive price, like the "Arabian Nights," so that the general public have sustained no loss, and the penny-a-liner would never have seen it.—I. B.

not quite seven months. I have often bewailed my own folly in considering that I was in any way responsible to or owed any explanation to the public respecting my husband's writings, and the only object, as I said, of my letter was to deliver myself from the bother of the letters and visits of a very large number of would-be purchasers. I never supposed for an instant that my action would excite any comment, one way or the other, much less did I suppose that any one would attach any kind of blame to my husband, any more than to the printing of the 'Arabian Nights,' which gave him so much *kudos* and plenty of money.

"I know that no one would have *dared* to blame him had he been alive, nor to have represented me as throwing a blight on his reputation, for whom I would at any moment, during a period of forty years, have cheerfully given my life. I knew that this book, being the outcome of sickness during the last two years of his life, was not up to the standard of his former works. Turner's executors burnt a few of his last pictures under similar circumstances to leave his reputation as a painter at its zenith. I acted from the same motive. I should not have dared to burn any autobiography, and every word that he wrote about himself to be given to the public is given. I consider that I have done infinitely more for his reputation and memory by burning it than by printing it. People must not tell me that I am no judge, because I wrote *with* him, and *for* him, and also copied everything for him, for the first twenty-six of our thirty years' married life, till I broke down myself, and the 'Arabian Nights' was then handed over to another copyist, I doing all the rest. He laid no stress on bringing it out, except for money's sake. When he had done the 'Arabian Nights,' he said, in his joking, honest way, 'I have struggled for forty-seven years, distinguishing myself honourably in every way that I possibly could. I never had a compliment, nor a "thank you," nor a single farthing. I translate a doubtful book in my old age, and I immediately make sixteen thousand guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England, we need never be without money.'

"Had we lived to come home together, I should have talked him off printing it, as I did another manuscript, quite on a different subject, and he knew that if I had my will, I would burn it. This did not prevent him, about eight weeks before he died, leaving me sole executrix of all he possessed, with instructions '*to sift thoroughly, and publish anything that I thought would not misrepresent him to the public*,' adding, '*having been my sole helper for thirty years, I wish you to act solely on your own judgment and discretion.*' Now, I judged, after long thinking, that the subject would be unpopular; that had he lived to explain it, to talk about it in the clubs amongst his men-friends, it would have been different; that I probably should have worked the financial part of it, as I did that of the 'Arabian Nights,' because I should not have read it, and large sums would doubtless have accrued from it. He always wrote over the heads of his public, and sixty years in advance of his time: I think that about fifteen people would possibly have understood it and his

motives (which were always noble) if the germ was big enough to produce the good intended.

"Given fifteen people to read and understand, given a dead hero who could no longer profit from the money, who could not explain or defend himself if he were attacked by the press, who could not enjoy the praise of a small section of his fellow-men; given two thousand or more other men who could buy the book and in course of time would tire of it and sell it. It would be bought by rich Tom, Dick, and Harry. It would by degrees descend amongst the populace out of Holywell Street, the *very opposite result* to what the upright manly translator would have desired, and the whole contents might be so misunderstood by the uneducated that the good, noble, glorious life of Richard Burton, of which I and thousands of others are most proud and delight to honour, might sixty years hence receive a very different colouring from the truth, and be handed down to posterity in a false light.

"Many people will regret that Richard did not leave his manuscripts in the hands of a literary man, a lawyer, or a so-called friend. If he had, little men without a name would have profited by it, by tacking on theirs to his big name, money would have been made, and everybody, without distinction, who could have paid would have been pandered to, but *nobody* would have thought of the dead man, the soldier, the chivalrous gentleman in his tomb—he knew this. I *alone* stand here, and I think it an honour, for his sake, to bear with the epithets of scorn that the brutality of the athlete, and the dyspepsia of the effete—mostly anonymous Braves—have showered upon me. All that he has left will be given to the public by degrees, if it is more than a mere sketch, but it is cruel to the dead to give their sketches to the world and pretend that they are their best work, simply because they fetch money." *

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* "I was told lately that a 'Scented Garden,' from a mild French translation, is being sold and passed off to the uneducated, not to scholars, as Burton's 'Scented Garden,' under the false plea that I carried away with me from Trieste a copy of it. I now state upon my oath, that there were but two copies of Richard Burton's 'Scented Garden;' one was his own original, and one a clean copy; that I burnt them both, and that no other copy was made from them, on the solemn written declaration of the copyist, and I warn the world against buying a spurious article. I also was told that people talk about bringing out works in collaboration with my husband. There is only one genuine collaboration, and that will appear in time; that is Catullus; Richard Burton's poetry, Mr. Leonard Smithers' prose. Richard, to save me, used to pretend to his men-friends that I knew nothing of these works, and people who want notoriety pretend that they were collaborating with him, thinking they can do so *now* with impunity. Richard *did* tell me everything, although he did not allow me to read the works; but now that he has left me his literary executrix I find it necessary to say that I *do* know my own business, that I warn people from taking liberties with my husband's name and my property to sell spurious literature. About six weeks before Richard died (not because he contemplated his death, but because we were going away for four months to Greece and Constantinople, which would leave us very little time on our return for the actual exodus on the following July 1st) we took, a week together, in the early morning, a list of all the manuscripts, published and unpublished, and their destinations when packed up for England. Hence, when I was offered assistance in the sorting and arrangements from numbers of people after

The *Leicester Post*, a little while ago, wrote:—

"I don't think that Lady Burton's coming book will contain any explanation of her action in destroying the manuscript which Sir Richard endeavoured to complete on his death-bed. It is now said, with some show of authority, that the work contained but one chapter, which in a *virginibus puerisque* light, might have given offence; if this were so, it seems appalling that the whole work should have been consigned to the flames. Lady Burton cannot know of this report, or she would hasten to relieve the literary minds, whose plaint is bitter because anything has perished which came from the translator of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

Now, it is absurd to suppose that Richard tried to complete a manuscript on a death-bed of three hours. As to *authority*, there were only three people who ever read that manuscript—Richard who wrote it, the copyist who copied it, and myself. I can relieve the literary minds at once. The first two chapters were a raw translation of part of the works of "Numa Numantius," without any annotations at all, or comments of any kind on Richard's part, and twenty chapters translation of Shaykh el Nafzáwih from Arabic. In fact, it was *all translation*, excepting the annotations on the Arabic work. I asked the copyist, who is a woman, "what she would have done with it," and she said, "I think I should most likely have been tempted with the money, but if I cared for my husband as much as you did, and if he was dead, I hope I might have burned it." I asked her "upon what grounds she would have burnt it," and she said, "Because the Press would assuredly have criticized it. If he were alive he could answer for himself, and explain—he being dead, *you* could not; and we all know what men-friends are, and how many would have put themselves in the slightest difficulty to take his part. Sir Richard had the courage of his opinions, but his friends have not, and would only come forward if it could aggrandize their own names a little bit.

his death, I replied, That I did not want help, because I knew them "as a shepherd knows his sheep"—hence a few bitter enemies. The so-called collaborations are all in my husband's handwriting, and I have them, or rather I keep all my literary treasures in a bank for safety, and take them out piecemeal as I need them. Three of his diaries have indeed been abstracted since his death, 1859, 1860, and 1861, but fortunately they are not the *private* ones, which were always kept under lock and key, but those containing public remarks, memoranda, and so on, which were left about. Numbers of our best books have also disappeared, notably an old Shakespeare of twelve vols., which he charged me never to part with. Of course it is impossible to say where they may have been lost during a period of seventeen months; I only got them housed March, 1892; only after I am dead let no one exhibit them as 'gifts from my intimate friend and fellow-worker, Richard Burton.' There is also missing £200 worth of scrip shares in African mines."

You have done very well." It makes me sick to hear all this anxiety of the Press and the literary world, lest they should miss a word he ever wrote. When he came back in 1882, after being sent to look after Palmer, he had a good deal of information to give, and he could not get a magazine or paper to take his most valuable article till it was quite stale. We used to boil over with rage when his books or articles were rejected. Only the other day I sent a most valuable letter of his, written in 1886, to a Liberal and a Conservative paper, and neither of them would take it. And *now*, because a few chapters, which were of no particular value to the world, have been burnt, the whole country's literary minds are "full of bitter plaint because anything has perished which came from the translator of the 'Arabian Nights.'" Such are the waves and whims of such people. They are (privately of course), selling down at Soho a "Scented Garden," translated by the bookseller himself, from a miserable little French copy, which they pretend is "Sir Richard Burton's Scented Garden," gulling people who ought to know better —but not scholars—and who deserve to lose their money, paying for trash that my husband never saw. I hope the seller charges them enormous sums, and I hope that some of the purchasers will have the common sense to bring an action against him for obtaining money under false pretences.

I have done no evil and am unharmed. I am not afraid of slander which I have not deserved; it will die out and I shall live.

Those who say I have failed in my trust, wish it to be so, mean that it shall be so, if it depends upon them. Slander is very cruel; it tracks its victims like a bloodhound, but it generally crushes its own begetter.

"The Second Bone of Contention is Religion.

> "No, no; it is not there the sorrow lies,
> Not in the lack of hands that could applaud,
> But in the lack of hearts that, answering, rise
> As loadstones to the magnet, the replies
> Electric of a sympathy which cries:
> 'The truth is with thee!'"
>
> Maarten Maartens.

"Heredity is a strong thing, and cannot always be shaken off. It breeds alike forms of body, forms of soul, disease to this, good teeth or scanty hair to that, or colour, or talents, or creed. My Burtons mostly have Catholic-phobia; they hate it without knowing what it is, because their ancestors seceded from it at the time of the Reformation; but one of the most anti-Catholic of them, at the age of seventeen, wrote me more than one beautiful letter imploring me to take her, and get her baptised and received into the Catholic

Church. I have them amongst my treasures now; but I did not do so, because it would have been an act of treachery to her mother, and dishonourable to take advantage of a girl, and she has since been very grateful for it. Another Burton, whilst labouring from the effects of an Indian sunstroke, used always to turn his face alternately towards Mecca (evidently thinking of my husband), and then turn the other way and say his rosary: something Catholic having come into his unbiased, unconscious brain. Richard, when he was out in India, had no one to keep him in order. As soon as he was well emancipated and untrammelled, he answered the call of his Bourbon blood, and transferred himself to the Catholic Church, and this is the way he describes it to the public—he always spoke lightly of the things he felt the most: 'What added not a little to the general astonishment was, that I left off "sitting under" the garrison chaplain, and betook myself to the Catholic chapel of the chocolate-coloured Goanese priest who adhibited spiritual consolation to the buttrels, butlers, and head servants, and other servants of the camp.' He frequently spoke in after writings of 'the Portuguese priest who had charge of his soul,' who, when Richard committed some escapade, 'was like a hen who had hatched a duckling.' These writings were lent by Richard to Mr. Hitchman, with other notes, in 1887, but he did not understand the importance of it, nor what it pointed to, and left it amongst the parts he did not use.* When I asked Richard how it was that it escaped public comment, he said, 'Because, when I mention that I went to the chocolate-coloured priest of the Goanese Church, the English only think it is some black tribe, where I have been probably tarred and feathered, whilst I was very much in earnest; but since it is no use annoying my people, and as it has escaped Mr. Hitchman, and as it only concerns you and me, and is no business of any outsider, I do not wish you to say anything about it till my death-bed, or some time after my death, and that only if you are put in any difficulty.' Cardinal Wiseman knew it, for he passed Richard through all the missions in wild places all over the world as a Catholic officer, and was willing to patronize my marriage. But Richard never let *me* know anything about it until after we were married, and I have kept it all my life a secret. I have always steadily said that '*I did not know*,' because I never meant to tell it to any one but those who had a right to ask, as I did not see how it concerned the public.

"The public have allowed me to think it unworthy of having anything but *public* events related to it by the result of my stupid confidence about the burnt manuscript; one almost begrudges it the truth. Look at Grant Allen, a strong and clever man, who stated a while ago in the *Athenæum* in a paragraph, 'The worm will turn,' that he had been asked to write something personal, that he threw his whole soul and religion into a book, and that when he gave it to

* "Mr. Hitchman returned all these writings to Richard, who wanted to use them for his own autobiography, which he was to begin in 1891, and I have them now for his biography."

his publisher he besought him to destroy it, or 'no one would ever read one of his books again.' It is the same with me; but I have one advantage; I want *nothing* of the public except what it accords to me freely and out of its own courteous sympathy, and I do want it to understand its departed hero—therefore I sacrifice myself for the public good.

"I think that the World, if a man speaks its own shibboleth, if he wears its last new-fashioned coat in the Park, has no right to complain if he does not show it the colour of the singlet that he wears next to his skin, or the talisman that he wears round his neck, which his wife happens to see, because she helps him to dress and undress.

"Richard was so beautifully reserved, such a past master in concealing his real thoughts and feelings, whilst talking most freely, so as never to hurt his surroundings by letting them imagine that he did not trust them with everything. I used to tell him that he was like the 'Man with the Iron Mask.' He did not see what right any one had to know anything, except what he just absolutely chose them to know.

"I feel with Walt Whitman:—

'I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.'

"I am by no means going to tell you that his Catholicity was a life-long, fixed, and steady thing, like mine. It was not. He had long and wild fits of Eastern Mysticism, but not the Agnosticism that I have seen in England since my widowhood. It was the mysticism of the East—Sufiism. Periodically he had equal Catholic fits, and practised it, hiding it sometimes even from me, though I knew it. In every place we lived in, except Trieste, he had a priest from whom he took lessons, but even this stopped, after he had resident doctors and could not go out by himself. From Trieste he used formerly to go to Gorizia, two hours express inland, and other towns. He was worse than ever *in talk* the three last years, but the things that he said were so innocent and so witty that I was often compelled to laugh or to go away and laugh. Still, as I saw his health declining I grew frightfully anxious, nay agonized, and in 1888, two years before he died, I made a general appeal for prayers in our Church, which he saw and kept a copy of in a drawer."

There are three people in the world who might possibly be able to write sections of his life. Most of his intimate friends are dead, but there are still a few left. One would describe him as a Deist, one as an Agnostic, and one as an Atheist and Freethinker, but I can only describe the Richard that I knew, not the Richard that

they knew. I, his wife, who lived with him day and night for thirty years, believed him to be half-Sufi, half-Catholic, or I prefer to say (as nearer the truth) alternately Sufi and Catholic, because I did not in the least count all his wild talk at table or in Society, nor what he wrote; I minded only what he *thought* and what he *did*, and this is why I cannot truthfully join in the general opinion. He was like the Druzes, who adopt the national religion for peace' sake; but they have their own private religion all the same. I can distinctly remember a speech which he made in London—I believe it was in 1865, I think at the Anthropological—in which he said, "My religious opinions are of no importance to anybody but myself; *no one* knows what my religious views are. I object to confessions, and I will *not* confess. My standpoint is, and I hope ever will be, 'The Truth' as far as it is in me, but known only to myself." This was a public statement, and *might* silence those who jabber upon things of which they are entirely ignorant.

How beautiful and how sad a mentor is friendship! A noble character must contain three qualities to contend with this one great element of our lives—a sincere, staunch, loyal heart, philosophy, and discernment. The World is a kind, pleasant place to live in, whatever cynics may say. Be in trouble, and you must wonder at the innumerable kind hearts who will call and write, and offer every assistance and consolation in their power. This will not prevent your nearest and dearest relative from snubbing you if you want anything; nor that friend to whom you clung with all your soul, as to a rock, failing you just at the crisis of your life when you most counted upon his support. Then you must call in your philosophy. Again, if a cloud comes over you, how many will disappear, and reappear again as soon as the world has decided in your favour, to join in the applause. Do not blame the weaklings, but your own discernment; they do not want to hurt you, but they hold themselves ready to go on the popular side, whichever way it turns. And why should they not? It is not because they dislike you, but because they fear others more than they love you. In sensitive youth these facts make our misery; but we should learn to rejoice in our riper years when a weak, uncertain friend falls away. Carry the true gold about your own strong heart, and shake off the dross, which is but the superfluous ballast which clogs and impedes the ship's free sailing.

Now, I ask, who is unjust enough, inhuman enough, to grudge me this last consolation? From 1842 to 1890, for forty-eight years, he was before the public; he had a strong band of friends, a strong band of admirers; but the world at large, and notably England,

never understood him because he was so above his time, and the larger part did not know how to appreciate him. Who from 1856 to 1859 kept him so supplied with daily written journals of news, of daily cuttings from the newspapers, that when he returned, people said to him, "How come you so well informed of all that has been passing, just as if you had never been away, and you living beyond the pale of civilization?" "Ah, how?" he said. By many mails he never received a line from any one but me. Who cheered him on in danger, toil, and heart-breaking sickness? Who, when he came back from Tanganyika (Africa) in 1859, coldly looked upon by the Government, bullied by the India House, rejected by the Geographical Society, almost tabooed by Society on account of the machinations of Captain Speke, so that he scarcely had ten friends to say good-morning to him,—who sought his side to comfort him? I did! Then we married. Who for thirty years daily attended to his comforts, watched his going out and coming in, had his slippers, dressing-gown, and pipe ready for him every evening, sat sick at heart if he was an hour late, watched all night and till morning if he did not come back? Who copied and worked for and with him? Who fought for thirty years to raise his official position all she could, and wept bitter tears over his being neglected? I did. My only complaint is, that I believe he would have got infinitely more, if he had asked for things himself, and not perpetually stuck me forward; but he was too modest, and I had to obey orders. Who rode or walked at his side through hunger, thirst, cold, and burning heat, with hardships and privations and danger, in all his travels? Who nursed him through seven long illnesses, before his last illness, some lasting two or three months, and never left his bed-head day or night, and did everything for him? I did! Why, I was wife, and mother, and comrade, and secretary, and aide-de-camp, and agent to him; and I was proud, happy, and glad to do it all, and never tired day or night for thirty years. I would rather have had a crust and a tent with him, than be a Queen elsewhere. At the moment of his death I had done all I could for the body, and then I tried to follow his soul. I *am* following the soul, and I *shall* reach it before long. There we shall nevermore part. Agnostics! "Burnt manuscript" readers! where were *you* all then? Hail-fellow-well-met, when the world went well; running away when it pursed up its stupid lips. And do any of *you* pretend or wish to take *him* away from *me* in death? Oh, for shame, for shame! Let him rest where he wanted to rest, and be silent, or do not boast of your "free country" where a man may not even be buried where he will; where he may not speak his mind, and tell the truth. Be ashamed

that History may have to say, that the only honour that England accorded to Richard Burton, having failed to do him justice in this life, was to bespatter his wife with mud after he was dead, and could not defend her.

Do not be so hard and prosaic as to suppose that our Dead cannot, in rare instances, come back and tell us how it is with them.

"He lives and moves, he is not dead,
He does not alter nor grow strange,
His love is still around me shed,
Untouched by time, or chance, or change;
And when he walks beside me, then
As shadows seem all living men."

MARY MACLEOD.

He said always, "I am gone—pay, pack, and follow."

Reader! I have paid, I have packed, I have suffered. I am waiting to join his Caravan. I am waiting for a welcome sound—

"THE TINKLING OF HIS CAMEL-BELL."

"THE SELF-EXILED."

"'Now, open the gate, and let her in,
And fling it wide,
For she hath been cleansed from stain of sin,'
St. Peter cried.
And the angels were all silent.

"'Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,'
She answered low,
'I came not hither to enter in,
Nor may I go.'
And the angels were all silent.

* * * * *

"'But I may not enter there,' she said,
'For I must go
Across the gulf, where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe.'
And the angels were all silent.

"'If I enter heaven, I may not speak
My soul's desire,
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire.'
And the angels were all silent.

"St. Peter he turned the keys about,
And answered grim:
'Can you love the Lord, and abide without
Afar from Him?'
And the angels were all silent.

"'Should I be nearer Christ,' she said
'By pitying less
The sinful living, or woeful dead,
In their helplessness?'
And the angels were all silent.

Isabel

"I beg of you, I beg of you, my brother,
For an alms this very day;
I am standing at your doorstep as a *Beggar*,
Who will not be turned away;
And the charity you give my soul shall be—Pray for me!"

"'Should I be liker Christ, were I
To love no more
The loved, who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?'
And the angels were all silent.

* * * * *

"'Did He not hang on the cursèd tree,
And bear its shame,
And clasp to His heart, for love of me,
My guilt and blame?'
And the angels were all silent.

"'Should I be liker, nearer Him,
Forgetting this,
Singing all day with the Seraphim,
In selfish bliss?'
And the angels were all silent.

"The Lord Himself stood by the gate
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle and meek.
And the angels were all silent.

"Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs.
And the angels were all silent.

"And He said, 'Now will I go with you,
Dear child of Love;
I am weary of all this glory, too,
In heaven above.'
And the angels were all silent.

"'We will go and seek and save the lost,
If they will hear.
They who are worst but need Me most;
And all are dear.'
And the angels were all silent."

WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda among the Brother Gods.*

APPENDIX A.

LIST OF CAPTAIN SIR RICHARD F. BURTON'S WORKS.

A Grammar of the Játaki or Belochi Dialect. Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, India. 1849.
Grammar of the Mooltanee Language. India, 1849.
Critical Remarks on Dr. Dorn's Chrestomathy of Pushtoo or Afghan Dialect. India, 1849.
Reports to Bombay: (1) General Notes on Sind; (2) Notes on the Population of Sind. Printed in the Government records.
Goa and the Blue Mountains. 1851.
Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley. 2 vols. 1851.
Sindh, and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus. 1851.
Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. 1852.
A Complete System of Bayonet Exercise. 1853.
Pilgrimage to Mecca and El-Medinah. 3 vols. 1855.
First Footsteps in East Africa. 1856.
Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa. 2 vols. 1860.
The whole of Vol. XXXIII. of the Royal Geographical Society. 1860.
The City of the Saints (Mormon). 1861.
Wanderings in West Africa. 2 vols. 1863.
Abeokuta and the Cameroons. 2 vols. 1863.
The Nile Basin. 1864.
A Mission to the King of Dahomé. 2 vols. 1864.
Wit and Wisdom from West Africa. 1864.
The Highlands of the Brazil. 2 vols. 1869.
Vikram and the Vampire. Hindú Tales. 1870.
Marcy's Prairie Traveller. Notes by R. F. Burton. *Anthropological Review*, 1864.
Psychic Facts. Stone Talk, by F. Baker. 1865.
Paraguay. 1870.
Proverba Communia Syriaca. Royal Asiatic Society. 1871.
Zanzibar: City, Island, and Coast. 2 vols. 1872.
Unexplored Syria. Richard and Isabel Burton. 2 vols. 1872.
The Lands of the Cazembe, and a small pamphlet of Supplementary papers. Royal Geographical Society. 1873.
The Captivity of Hans Stadt. Hakluyt Society. 1874.

Articles on Rome. Two Papers. *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1874-5.
The Castellieri of Istria: a Pamphlet. Anthropological Society. 1874.
Gerber's Province of Minas Geraes. Translated and annotated by R. F. Burton. Royal Geographical Society. 1874.
New System of Sword Exercise: a Manual. 1875.
Ultima Thule: a Summer in Iceland. 2 vols. 1875.
Gorilla Land; or, the Cataracts of the Congo. 2 vols. 1875.
The Long Wall of Salona, and the Ruined Cities of Pharia and Gelsa di Lesina: a Pamphlet. Anthropological Society. 1875.
The Port of Trieste, Ancient and Modern. *Journal of the Society of Arts*, October 29th and November 5th, 1875.
Etruscan Bologna. 1876.
Sind Revisited. 1877.
The Gold Mines of Midian, and the Ruined Midianite Cities. 1878.
The Land of Midian (Revisited). 2 vols. 1879.
The Kasîdah.
Camoens. 6 vols. of 10. First publication. 1880.
I. The Lusiads. Englished by R. F. Burton. Edited by his wife, Isabel Burton. 2 vols.
II. The Commentary, Life, and Lusiads. R. F. Burton. 2 vols., containing a Glossary, and Reviewers reviewed by Isabel Burton.
III. The Lyrics of Camoens. 2 vols. R. F. Burton.
A Glance at the Passion Play. 1881. 8vo.
To the Gold Coast for Gold. 2 vols. 1883.
The Book of the Sword. 1 large vol. of 3. By R. F. Burton, Maître d'Armes. 1884.
Iraçema, or Honey Lips; and Manoel de Moraes, the Convert. Translated from the Brazilian by Richard and Isabel Burton. 1 vol. 1886.
Arabian Nights. Printed by private subscription, 1885-8. 1000 sets of 10 vols., followed by 1000 sets of 6 Supplementary vols. (Lady Burton's Edition).

Besides which, Sir Richard Burton has written extensively for *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, and a host of Magazines, Pamphlets, and Periodicals; has lectured in many lands; has largely contributed to the newspaper Press in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (both North and South), to say nothing of poetry and anonymous writings.

LIST OF LADY BURTON'S BOOKS.

Inner Life of Syria. 2 vols. 1875.
A. E. I. (Arabia, Egypt, and India). 1879.

LIST OF SIR RICHARD BURTON'S *UNPUBLISHED* WORKS.

Uruguay. Translated from Brazilian author by Richard and Isabel Burton.
Ladislas Magyar's African Travels.
Pentamerone.
A book on the Jews.
} These are quite complete.

Catullus. (Almost complete.)

In a semi-state of completion, or only materials and notes, are—

More Notes on Paraguay.
Personal Experiences in Syria.
Lowlands of Brazil.
North America.
South America.
Central America.
A book on Istria—More Castellieri.
Materials for four more books of Camoens.
Materials towards another book on the Sword.
Materials for a book of Greek Proverbs (Greek Anthology).
Materials towards a book on the Gypsies.
Ditto Slavonic Proverbs.
Ditto Dr. Wetstein's Haurán.
Ditto Apuleius, or the Golden Ass.
Ditto Ausonius (Epigrams).

The Uniform Library will bring out a cheap edition for the people, first, of all his hitherto published works, to which will gradually be added his unpublished works as fast as they can be produced, that the British Public may be made familiar with all that he has written.

This Life will be followed by 2 vols. collecting all his Pamphlets, Essays, Correspondence with the Press, Letters, and the pith of the work he has endeavoured to do for the benefit of the human race during his seventy years; and this will occupy me another year, or, let us say, two whole years, and will be called "The Labours and Wisdom of Richard Burton."

APPENDIX B.

NOTES ON "THE KASÎDAH."

"NOTE I.—HÂJÎ ABDÛ, THE MAN.

"HÂJÎ ABDÛ has been known to me for more years than I care to record. A native, it is believed, of Darâbghird in the Yezd Province, he always preferred to style himself El-Hichmakâni, a facetious 'lackab' or surname, meaning 'Of No-hall, Nowhere.' He had travelled far and wide with his eyes open; as appears by his 'couplets.' To a natural facility, a knack of language-learning, he added a store of desultory various reading; scraps of Chinese and old Egyptian; of Hebrew and Syriac; of Sanskrit and Prakrit; of Slav, especially Lithuanian; of Latin and Greek, including Romaic; of Berber, the Nubian dialect, and of Zend and Akkadian, besides Persian, his mother-tongue, and Arabic, the classic of the schools. Nor was he ignorant of 'the -ologies' and the triumphs of modern scientific discovery. Briefly, his memory was well stored; and he had every talent save that of using his talents.

"But no one thought that he 'woo'd the Muse,' to speak in the style of the last century. Even his intimates were ignorant of the fact that he had a skeleton in his cupboard, his Kasîdah or distichs. He confided to me his secret, and when so doing he held in hand the long and hoary honours of his chin with the points towards me, as if to say with the Island-King—

> 'There is a touch of Winter in my beard,
> A sign the Gods will guard me from imprudence.'

And yet the piercing eye, clear as an onyx, seemed to protest against the plea of age. The MS. was in the vilest 'Shikastah' or running-hand; and, as I carried it off, the writer declined to take the trouble of copying out his cacograph.

"We, his old friends, had long addressed Hâjî Abdû by the sobriquet of *Nabbianá* ('our Prophet'); and the reader will see that the Pilgrim has, or believes he has, a message to deliver. He evidently aspires to preach a Faith of his own; an Eastern Version of Humanitarianism blended with the sceptical or, as we now say, the scientific habit of mind. This religion, of which Fetishism, Hinduism, and Heathendom, Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism, are mere fractions, may, methinks, be accepted

by the Philosopher: it worships with single-minded devotion the Holy Cause of Truth, of Truth for its own sake, not for the goods it may bring; and this belief is equally acceptable to honest ignorance, and to the highest attainments in nature-study.

"With Confucius the Hâjî cultivates what Strauss has called the 'stern common sense of mankind;' while the reign of order is a paragraph of his 'Higher Law.' He traces from its rudest beginnings the all but absolute universality of some perception by man, called 'Faith;' that *sensus Numinis* which, by inheritance or communication, is now universal except in those who force themselves to oppose it. And he evidently holds this general consent of mankind to be so far divine that it primarily discovered for itself, if it did not create, a divinity. He does not cry with the Christ of Novalis, 'Children, you have no father;' and perhaps he would join Renan in exclaiming, *Un monde sans Dieu est horrible!*

"But he recognizes the incompatibility of the Infinite with the Definite; of a Being who loves, who thinks, who hates; of an *Actus purus* who is called jealous, wrathful, and revengeful, with an 'Eternal that makes for righteousness.' In the presence of the endless contradictions, which spring from the idea of a Personal Deity, with the Synthesis, the *Begriff* of Providence, our Agnostic takes refuge in the sentiment of an unknown and an unknowable. He objects to the countless variety of forms assumed by the perception of a *Causa Causans* (a misnomer), and to that intellectual adoption of general propositions, capable of distinct statement but incapable of proofs, which we term Belief.

"He looks with impartial eye upon the endless variety of systems, maintained with equal confidence and self-sufficiency, by men of equal ability and honesty. He is weary of wandering over the world, and of finding every petty race wedded to its own opinions; claiming the monopoly of Truth; holding all others to be in error, and raising disputes whose violence, acerbity, and virulence are in inverse ratio to the importance of the disputed matter. A peculiarly active and acute observation taught him that many of these jarring families, especially those of the same blood, are par in the intellectual processes of perception and reflection; that in the business of the visible working world they are confessedly by no means superior to one another; whereas in abstruse matters of mere Faith, not admitting direct and sensual evidence, one in a hundred will claim to be right, and immodestly charge the other ninety-nine with being wrong.

"Thus he seeks to discover a system which will prove them all right, and all wrong; which will reconcile their differences; will unite past creeds; will account for the present, and will anticipate the future with a continuous and uninterrupted development; this, too, by a process, not negative and distinctive, but, on the contrary, intensely positive and constructive. I am not called upon to sit in the seat of judgment; but I may say that it would be singular if the attempt succeeded. Such a system would be all-comprehensive, because not limited by space, time, or race; its principle would be extensive as Matter itself, and, consequently, eternal. Meanwhile he satisfies himself,—the main point.

"Students of metaphysics have of late years defined the abuse of their science as 'the morphology of common opinion.' Contemporary investigators, they say, have been too much occupied with introspection; their labours have become merely physiologico-biographical, and they have greatly neglected the study of averages. For, says La Rochefoucauld, *Il est plus aisé de connoître l'homme en général que de connoître un homme en particulier;* and on so wide a subject all views must be one-sided.

"But this is not the fashion of Easterns. They have still to treat great questions *ex analogiâ universi*, instead of *ex analogiâ hominis*. They must learn the basis of sociology, the philosophic conviction that mankind should be studied, not as a congeries of individuals, but as an organic whole. Hence the *Zeitgeist*, or historical evolution of the collective consciousness of the age, despises the obsolete opinion that Society, the State, is bound by the same moral duties as the simple citizen. Hence, too, it holds that the 'spirit of man, being of equal and uniform substance, doth usually suppose and feign in nature a greater equality and uniformity than is in Truth.'

"Christianity and Islamism have been on their trial for the last eighteen and twelve centuries. They have been ardent in proselytizing, yet they embrace only one-tenth and one-twentieth of the human race. Hâjî Abdû would account for the tardy and unsatisfactory progress of what their votaries call 'pure truths,' by the innate imperfections of the same. Both propose a reward for mere belief, and a penalty for simple unbelief; rewards and punishments being, by the way, very disproportionate. Thus they reduce everything to the scale of a somewhat unrefined egotism; and their demoralizing effects become clearer to every progressive age.

"Hâjî Abdû seeks Truth only, truth as far as man, in the present phase of his development, is able to comprehend it. He disdains to associate utility, like Bacon ('Nov. Org.' I. Aph. 124), the High Priest of the English Creed, *les gros bon sens*, with the *lumen siccum ac purum notionum verarum*. He seems to see the injury inflicted upon the sum of thought by the *à posteriori* superstition, the worship of 'facts,' and the deification of synthesis. Lastly, came the reckless way in which Locke 'freed philosophy from the incubus of innate ideas.' Like Luther and the leaders of the great French Revolution, he broke with the Past; and he threw overboard the whole cargo of human tradition. The result has been an immense movement of the mind which we love to call Progress, when it has often been retrograde; together with a mighty development of egotism resulting from the pampered sentiment of personality.

"The Hâjî regrets the excessive importance attached to a possible future state: he looks upon this as a psychical stimulant, a daydream, whose revulsion and reaction disorder waking life. The condition may appear humble and prosaic to those exalted by the fumes of Fancy, by a spiritual dram-drinking which, like the physical, is the pursuit of an ideal happiness. But he is too wise to affirm or to deny the existence of another world. For life beyond the grave there is no consensus of mankind, no Catholic opinion held *semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus*. The

intellectual faculties (perception and reflection) are mute upon the subject: they bear no testimony to facts; they show no proof. Even the instinctive sense of our kind is here dumb. We may believe what we are taught: we can know nothing. He would, therefore, cultivate that receptive mood which, marching under the shadow of mighty events, leads to the highest of goals,—the development of Humanity. With him suspension of judgment is a system.

"Man has done much during the sixty-eight centuries which represent his history. This assumes the first Egyptian Empire, following the prehistoric, to begin with B.C. 5000, and to end with B.C. 3249. It was the Old, as opposed to the Middle, the New, and the Low: it contained the Dynasties from I. to X., and it was the age of the Pyramids, at once simple, solid, and grand. When the praiser of the Past contends that modern civilization has improved in nothing upon Homer and Herodotus, he is apt to forget that every schoolboy is a miracle of learning compared with the Cave-man and the palæolithic race. And, as the Past has been, so shall the Future be.

"The Pilgrim's view of life is that of the Soofi, with the usual dash of Buddhistic pessimism. The profound sorrow of existence, so often sung by the dreamy Eastern poet, has now passed into the practical European mind. Even the light Frenchman murmurs—

> 'Moi, moi, chaque jour courbant plus bas ma tête
> Je passe—et refroidi sous ce soleil joyeux,
> Je m'en irai bientôt, au milieu de la fête,
> Sans que rien manque au monde immense et radieux.'

But our Hâjî is not Nihilistic in the 'no-nothing' sense of Hood's poem, or, as the American phrases it, 'There is nothing new, nothing true, and it don't signify.' His is a healthy wail over the shortness and the miseries of life, because he finds all created things—

> 'Measure the world, with "Me" immense.'

"He reminds us of St. Augustine ('Med.' c. 21). 'Vita hæc, vita misera, vita caduca, vita incerta, vita laboriosa, vita immunda, vita domina malorum, regina superborum, plena miseriis et erroribus. . . . Quam humores tumidant, escæ inflant, jejunia macerant, joci dissolvunt, tristitiæ consumunt; sollicitudo coarctat, securitas hebetat, divitiæ inflant et jactant. Paupertas dejicit, juventus extollit, senectus incurvat, importunitas frangit, mæror deprimit. Et his malis omnibus mors furibunda succedit.' But for *furibunda* the Pilgrim would, perhaps, read *benedicta*.

"With Cardinal Newman, one of the glories of our age, Hâjî Abdû finds 'the Light of the world nothing else than the Prophet's scroll, full of lamentations and mourning and woe.' I cannot refrain from quoting all this fine passage, if it be only for the sake of its lame and shallow deduction. 'To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history and the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts, and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts,

the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution (!) of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims and short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world"—*all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely without human solution.*' Hence that admirable writer postulates some 'terrible original calamity;' and thus the hateful doctrine, theologically called 'original sin,' becomes to him almost as certain as that 'the world exists, and as the existence of God.' Similarly the 'Schedule of Doctrines' of the most liberal Christian Church insists upon human depravity, and the 'absolute need of the Holy Spirit's agency in man's regeneration and sanctification.'

"But what have we here? The 'original calamity' was either caused by God or arose without leave of God, in either case degrading God to man. It is the old dilemma whose horns are the irreconcilable attributes of goodness and omniscience in the supposed Creator of sin and suffering. If the one quality be predicable, the other cannot be predicable of the same subject. Far better and wiser is the essayist's poetical explanation, now apparently despised because it was the fashionable doctrine of the sage bard's day—

> 'All nature is but art . . .
> All discord harmony not understood;
> All partial evil universal good.'
>
> (Essay, 289–292.)

The Pilgrim holds with St. Augustine Absolute Evil is impossible because it is always rising up into good. He considers the theory of a beneficent or maleficent deity a purely sentimental fancy, contradicted by human reason and the aspect of the world. Evil is often the active form of good; as F. W. Newman says, 'so likewise is Evil the revelation of Good.' With him all existences are equal: so long as they possess the Hindú Agasa, Life-fluid or vital force, it matters not they be

> 'Fungus or oak or worm or man.'

War, he says, brings about countless individual miseries, but it forwards general progress by raising the stronger upon the ruins of the weaker races. Earthquakes and cyclones ravage small areas; but the former builds up earth for man's habitation, and the latter renders the atmosphere fit for him to breathe. Hence he echoes—

> '—The universal Cause
> Acts not by partial but by general laws.'

Ancillary to the churchman's immoral view of 'original sin' is the unscientific theory that evil came into the world with Adam and his seed.

Let us ask what was the state of our globe in the pre-Adamite days, when the tyrants of the Earth, the huge Saurians and other monsters lived in perpetual strife, in a destructiveness of which we have now only the feeblest examples? What is the actual state of the world of waters, where the only object of life is death, where the Law of murder is the Law of Development?

"Some will charge the Hâjî with irreverence, and hold him a 'lieutenant of Satan who sits in the chair of pestilence.' But he is not intentionally irreverent. Like men of far higher strain, who deny divinely the divine, he speaks the things that others think and hide. With the author of 'Supernatural Religion,' he holds that we 'gain infinitely more than we lose in abandoning belief in the reality of revelation;' and he looks forward to the day when 'the old tyranny shall have been broken, and when the anarchy of transition shall have passed away.' But he is an Eastern. When he repeats the Greek's 'Remember not to believe,' he means, Strive to learn, to know, for right ideas lead to right actions. Among the couplets not translated for this eclogue is—

'Of all the safest ways of Life the safest way is still to doubt;
Men win the future world with Faith, the present world they win without.'

This is the Spaniard's—

'De las cosas mas seguras, mas seguro es duvidar;'

a typically modern sentiment of the Brazen Age of Science following the Golden Age of Sentiment. But the Pilgrim continues—

'The sages say: I tell thee no! with equal faith all Faiths receive;
None more, none less, for Doubt is Death: they live the most who most believe.'

"Here, again, is an Oriental subtlety; a man who believes in everything equally and generally may be said to believe in nothing. It is not a simple European view which makes honest Doubt worth a dozen of the Creeds. And it is in direct opposition to the noted writer who holds that the man of simple faith is worth ninety-nine of those who hold only to the egotistic interests of their own individuality. This dark saying means (if it mean anything), that the so-called moral faculties of man, fancy and ideality, must lord it over the perceptive and reflective powers, —a simple absurdity! It produced a Turricremata, alias Torquemada, who, shedding floods of honest tears, caused his victims to be burnt alive; and an Anchieta, the Thaumaturgist of Brazil, who beheaded a converted heretic lest the latter by lapse from grace lose his immortal soul.

"But this vein of speculation, which bigots brand as 'Doubt, Denial, and Destruction;' this earnest religious scepticism; this curious inquiry, 'Has the universal tradition any base of fact?' this craving after the secrets and mysteries of the future, the unseen, the unknown, is common to all races and to every age. Even amongst the Romans, whose model man in Augustus' day was Horace, the philosophic, the epicurean, we find Propertius asking—

'An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes
Et timor haud ultra quam rogus esse potest?'

"To return: the Pilgrim's doctrines upon the subject of conscience and repentance will startle those who do not follow his train of thought—

'Never repent because thy will with will of Fate be not at one:
Think, an thou please, before thou dost, but never rue the deed when done.'

This again is his modified fatalism. He would not accept the boisterous mode of cutting the Gordian-knot proposed by the noble British Philister —'we know we're free and there's an end on it!' He prefers Lamarck's, 'The will is, in truth, never free.' He believes man to be a co-ordinate term of Nature's great progression; a result of the interaction of organism and environment, working through cosmic sections of time. He views the human machine, the pipe of flesh, as depending upon the physical theory of life. Every corporeal fact and phenomenon which, like the tree, grows from within or without, is a mere product of organization; living bodies being subject to the natural law governing the lifeless and the inorganic. Whilst the religionist assures us that man is not a mere toy of fate, but a free agent responsible to himself, with work to do and duties to perform, the Hâjî, with many modern schools, holds Mind to be a word describing a special operation of matter; the faculties generally to be manifestations of movements in the central nervous system; and every idea, even of the Deity, to be a certain little pulsation of a certain little mass of animal pap,—the brain. Thus he would not object to relationship with a tailless catarrhine anthropoid ape, descended from a monad or a primal ascidian.

"Hence he virtually says, 'I came into the world without having applied for or having obtained permission; nay, more, without my leave being asked or given. Here I find myself hand-tied by conditions, and fettered by laws and circumstances, in making which my voice had no part. While in the womb I was an automaton; and death will find me a mere machine. Therefore not I, but the Law, or, if you please, the Lawgiver, is answerable for all my actions.' Let me here observe that to the Western mind 'Law' postulates a Lawgiver; not so to the Eastern, and especially to the Soofi, who holds these ideas to be human, unjustifiably extended to interpreting the non-human, which men call the Divine.

"Further he would say, 'I am an individual (*qui nil habet dividui*), a circle touching and intersecting my neighbours at certain points, but nowhere corresponding, nowhere blending. Physically I am not identical in all points with other men. Morally I differ from them: in nothing do the approaches of knowledge, my five organs of sense (with their Shelleyan 'interpenetration"), exactly resemble those of any other being. *Ergo*, the effect of the world, of life, of natural objects, will not in my case be the same as with the beings most resembling me. Thus I claim the right of creating or modifying for my own and private use, the system which most imports me; and if the reasonable leave be refused to me, I take it without leave.

"'But my individuality, however all-sufficient for myself, is an infinitesimal point, an atom subject in all things to the Law of Storms called Life. I feel, I know that Fate *is*. But I cannot know what is or what

is not fated to befall me. Therefore in the pursuit of perfection as an individual lies my highest, and indeed my only duty, the "I" being duly blended with the "We." I object to be a "self-less man," which to me denotes an inverted moral sense. I am bound to take careful thought concerning the consequences of every word and deed. When, however, the Future has become the Past, it would be the merest vanity for me to grieve or to repent over that which was decreed by universal Law.'

"The usual objection is that of man's practice. It says, 'This is well in theory; but how carry it out? For instance, why would you kill, or give over to be killed, the man compelled by Fate to kill your father?' Hâjî Abdû replies, 'I do as others do, not because the murder was done by him, but because the murderer should not be allowed another chance of murdering. He is a tiger who has tasted blood and who should be shot. I am convinced that he was a tool in the hands of Fate, but that will not prevent my taking measures, whether predestined or not, in order to prevent his being similarly used again.'

"As with repentance so with conscience. Conscience may be a 'fear which is the shadow of justice;' even as pity is the shadow of love. Though simply a geographical and chronological accident, which changes with every age of the world, it may deter men from seeking and securing the prize of successful villany. But this incentive to beneficence must be applied to actions that will be done, not to deeds that have been done.

"The Hâjî, moreover, carefully distinguishes between the working of fate under a personal God, and under the Reign of Law. In the former case the contradiction between the foreknowledge of a Creator, and the free-will of a Creature, is direct, palpable, absolute. We might as well talk of black-whiteness and of white-blackness. A hundred generations of divines have never been able to ree the riddle; a million will fail. The difficulty is insurmountable to the Theist whose Almighty is perforce Omniscient, and as Omniscient, Prescient. But it disappears when we convert the Person into Law, or a settled order of events; subject, moreover, to certain exceptions fixed and immutable, but at present unknown to man. The difference is essential as that between the penal code with its narrow forbiddal, and the broad commandment which is a guide rather than a taskmaster.

"Thus, too, the belief in fixed Law, *versus* arbitrary will, modifies the Hâjî's opinions concerning the pursuit of happiness. Mankind, *das rastlose Ursachenthier*, is born to be on the whole equally happy and miserable. The highest organisms, the fine porcelain of our family, enjoy the most and suffer the most: they have a capacity for rising to the empyrean of pleasure and for plunging deep into the swift-flowing river of woe and pain. Thus Dante ('Inf.' vi. 106)—

> '—tua scienza
> Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta
> Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza.'

So Buddhism declares that existence in itself implies effort, pain, and sorrow; and, the higher the creature, the more it suffers. The common clay enjoys little and suffers little. Sum up the whole and distribute the

mass; the result will be an average; and the beggar is, on the whole, happy as the prince. Why, then, asks the objector, does man ever strive and struggle to change, to rise; a struggle which involves the idea of improving his condition? The Hâjî answers, 'Because such is the Law under which man is born: it may be fierce as famine, cruel as the grave, but man must obey it with blind obedience.' He does not enter into the question whether life is worth living, whether man should elect to be born. Yet his Eastern pessimism, which contrasts so sharply with the optimism of the West, re-echoes the lines—

'—a life,
With large results so little rife,
Though bearable seems hardly worth
This pomp of words, this pain of birth.'

"Life, whatever may be its consequence, is built upon a basis of sorrow. Literature, the voice of humanity, and the verdict of mankind proclaim that all existence is a state of sadness. The 'physicians of the Soul' would save her melancholy from degenerating into despair by doses of steadfast belief in the presence of God, in the assurance of Immortality, and in visions of the final victory of good. Were Hâjî Abdû a mere Theologist, he would add that Sin, not the possibility of revolt, but the revolt itself against conscience, is the primary form of evil, because it produces error, moral and intellectual. This man, who omits to read the Conscience-law, however it may differ from the Society-law, is guilty of negligence. That man, who obscures the light of Nature with sophistries, becomes incapable of discerning his own truths. In both cases error, deliberately adopted, is succeeded by suffering which, we are told, comes in justice and benevolence as a warning, a remedy, and a chastisement.

"But the Pilgrim is dissatisfied with the idea that evil originates in the individual actions of free agents, ourselves and others. This doctrine fails to account for its characteristics,—essentiality and universality. That creatures endowed with the mere possibility of liberty should not always choose the Good appears natural. But that of the milliards of human beings who have inhabited Earth, not one should have been found invariably to choose Good, proves how insufficient is the solution. Hence no one believes in the existence of the complete man under the present state of things. The Hâjî rejects all popular and mythical explanation by the Fall of 'Adam,' the innate depravity of human nature, and the absolute perfection of certain Incarnations, which argues their divinity. He can only wail over the prevalence of evil, assume its foundation to be error, and purpose to abate it by uprooting that Ignorance which bears and feeds it.

"His 'eschatology,' like that of the Soofis generally, is vague and shadowy. He may lean towards the doctrine of Marc Aurelius, 'The unripe grape, the ripe and the dried: all things are changes not into nothing, but into that which is not at present.' This is one of the *monstruosa opinionum portenta* mentioned by the Nineteenth General Council, alias the First Council of the Vatican. But he only accepts it with a limitation. He cleaves to the ethical, not the intellectual, worship of 'Nature,' which moderns define to be an 'unscientific and imaginary

synonym for the sum total of observed phenomena.' Consequently he holds to the 'dark and degrading doctrines of the Materialist,' the '*Hylotheist*;' in opposition to the spiritualist, a distinction far more marked in the West than in the East. Europe draws a hard, dry line between Spirit and Matter: Asia does not.

"Among us the Idealist objects to the Materialists that the latter cannot agree upon fundamental points; that they cannot define what is an atom; that they cannot account for the transformation of physical action and molecular motion into consciousness; and *vice versâ*, that they cannot say what matter is; and, lastly, that Berkeley and his school have proved the existence of spirit while denying that of matter.

"The Materialists reply that the want of agreement shows only a study insufficiently advanced; that man cannot describe an atom, because he is still an infant in science, yet there is no reason why his mature manhood should not pass through error and incapacity to truth and knowledge; that consciousness becomes a property of matter when certain conditions are present; that Hyle (ὕλη) or Matter may be provisionally defined as 'phenomena with a substructure of their own, transcendental and eternal, subject to the action, direct or indirect, of the five senses, whilst its properties present themselves in three states, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous.' To casuistical Berkeley they prefer the common sense of mankind. They ask the idealist and the spiritualist why they cannot find names for themselves without borrowing from a 'dark and degraded' school; why the former must call himself after his eye (*idein*); the latter after his breath (*spiritus*)? Thus the Hâjî twits them with affixing their own limitations to their own Almighty Power, and, as Socrates said, with bringing down Heaven to the market-place.

"Modern thought tends more and more to reject crude idealism and to support the monistic theory, the double aspect, the transfigured realism. It discusses the Nature of Things in Themselves. To the question, is there anything outside of us which corresponds with our sensations? that is to say, is the whole world simply 'I,' they reply that obviously there is a something else; and that this something else produces the brain-disturbance which is called sensation. Instinct orders us to do something; Reason (the balance of faculties) directs; and the strongest motive controls. Modern Science, by the discovery of Radiant Matter, a fourth condition, seems to conciliate the two schools. 'La découverte d'un quatrième état de la matière,' says a Reviewer, 'c'est la porte ouverte à l'infini de ses transformations; c'est l'homme invisible et impalpable de même possible sans cesser d'être substantiel; c'est le monde des esprits entrant sans absurdité dans la domaine des hypothèses scientifiques; c'est la possibilité pour le matérialiste de croire à la vie d'outre tombe, sans renoncer au substratum matériel qu'il croit nécessaire au maintien de l'individualité.'

"With Hâjî Abdû the soul is not material, for that would be a contradiction of terms. He regards it, with many moderns, as a state of things, not a thing; a convenient word denoting the sense of personality, of individual identity. In its ghostly signification he discovers an artificial dogma which could hardly belong to the brutal savages of the Stone Age.

He finds it in the funereal books of ancient Egypt, whence probably it passed to the Zendavesta and the Vedas. In the Hebrew Pentateuch, of which part is still attributed to Moses, it is unknown, or, rather, it is deliberately ignored by the author or authors. The early Christians could not agree upon the subject; Origen advocated the pre-existence of men's souls, supposing them to have been all created at one time and successively embodied. Others make Spirit born with the hour of birth: and so forth.

"But the brain-action, or, if you so phrase it, the mind, is not confined to the reasoning faculties; nor can we afford to ignore the sentiments, the affections which are, perhaps, the most potent realities of life. Their loud affirmative voice contrasts strongly with the titubant accents of the intellect. They seem to demand a future life, even a state of rewards and punishments from the Maker of the world, the *Ortolano Eterno*,* the Potter of the East, the Watchmaker of the West. They protest against the idea of annihilation. They revolt at the notion of eternal parting from parents, kinsmen, and friends. Yet the dogma of a future life is by no means catholic and universal. The Anglo-European race apparently cannot exist without it, and we have lately heard of the 'Aryan Soul-land.' On the other hand, many of the Buddhist and even the Brahman Schools preach Nirwâna (comparative non-existence) and Parinirwâna (absolute nothingness). Moreover, the great Turanian family, actually occupying all Eastern Asia, has ever ignored it; and the 200,000,000 of Chinese Confucians, the mass of the nation, protest emphatically against the mainstay of the Western creeds, because it 'unfits men for the business and duty of life, by fixing their speculations on an unknown world.' And even its votaries, in all ages, races, and faiths, cannot deny that the next world is a copy, more or less idealized, of the present; and that it lacks a single particular savouring of originality. It is, in fact, a mere continuation; and the continuation is 'not proven.'

'It is most hard to be a man;'

and the Pilgrim's sole consolation is in self-cultivation, and in the pleasures of the affections. This sympathy may be an indirect self-love, a reflection of the light of egotism: still it is so transferred as to imply a different system of convictions. It requires a different name: to call benevolence 'self-love' is to make the fruit or flower not only depend upon a root for development (which is true), but the very root itself (which is false). And, finally, his ideal is of the highest: his praise is reserved for

'—Lives
Lived in obedience to the inner law
Which cannot alter.'

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* "The Eternal Gardener: so the old inscription saying—

Homo { locatus est in / damnatus est in / humatus est in / renatus est in } horto."

"NOTE II.

"A few words concerning the Kasîdah itself. Our Hâjî begins with a *mise-en-scène*; and takes leave of the Caravan setting out for Mecca. He sees the 'Wolf's tail' (*Dum-i-gurg*), the λυκαυγές, or wolf-gleam, the Diluculum, the Zodiacal dawn-light, the first faint brushes of white radiating from below the Eastern horizon. It is accompanied by the morning-breath (*Dam-i-Subh*), the current of air, almost imperceptible except by the increase of cold, which Moslem physiologists suppose to be the early prayer offered by Nature to the First Cause. The Ghoul-i-Biyâbân (Desert-Demon) is evidently the personification of man's fears and of the dangers that surround travelling in the wilds. The 'wold-where-none-save-He (Allah)-can dwell' is a great and terrible wilderness (*Dash-i-la-siwa Hu*); and Allah's Holy Hill is Arafât, near Mecca, which the Caravan reaches after passing through Medina. The first section ends with a sore lament that the 'meetings of this world take place upon the highway of Separation;' and the original also has—

> 'The chill of sorrow numbs my thought: methinks I hear the passing knell;
> As dies across yon thin blue line the tinkling of the Camel-bell.'

"The next section quotes the various aspects under which Life appeared to the wise and foolish teachers of humanity. First comes Hafiz, whose well-known lines are quoted beginning with Shab-i-târîk o bîm-i-mauj, etc. Hûr is the plural of Ahwar, in full Ahwar el-Ayn, a maid whose eyes are intensely white where they should be white, and black elsewhere: hence our silly 'Houries.' Follows Umar-i-Khayyâm, who spiritualized Tasawwof, or Sooffeism, even as the Soofis (Gnostics) spiritualized Moslem Puritanism. The verses alluded to are—

> 'You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
> I made a second marriage in my house,
> Divorced old barren Reason from my bed
> And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.'
> (St. 60, Mr. Fitzgerald's translation.)

"Here 'Wine' is used in its mystic sense of entranced Love for the Soul of Souls. Umar was hated and feared because he spoke boldly when his brethren the Soofis dealt in innuendoes. A third quotation has been trained into a likeness of the 'Hymn of Life,' despite the commonplace and the *navrante vulgarité* which characterize the pseudo-Schiller-Anglo-American School. The same has been done to the words of Isâ (Jesus); for the author, who is well-read in the Ingîl (Evangel), evidently intended the allusion. Mansur el-Hallâj (the Cotton-Cleaner) was stoned for crudely uttering the Pantheistic dogma *Ana'l Hakk* (I am the Truth, *i.e.* God), *wa laysa fi-jubbatî il' Allah* (and within my coat is nought but God). His blood traced on the ground the first-quoted sentence. Lastly, there is a quotation from 'Sardanapalus, son of Anacyndaraxes,' etc.: here παίζει may mean sport; but the context determines the kind of sport intended. The Zâhid is the literal believer in the letter of the Law, opposed to the Soofi, who believes in its spirit:

hence the former is called a Zâhiri (outsider), and the latter a Bâtini, an insider. Moses is quoted because he ignored future rewards and punishments. As regards the 'two Eternities,' Persian and Arab metaphysicians split Eternity, *i.e.* the negation of Time, into two halves, *Azal* (beginninglessness) and *Abad* (endlessness); both being mere words, gatherings of letters with a subjective significance. In English we use 'Eternal' (*Æviternus*, age-long, life-long) as loosely, by applying it to three distinct ideas; (1) the habitual, in popular parlance; (2) the exempt from duration; and (3) the everlasting, which embraces all duration. 'Omniscience-Maker' is the old Roman sceptic's *Homo fecit Deos.*

"The next section is one long wail over the contradictions, the mysteries, the dark end, the infinite sorrowfulness of all existence, and the arcanum of grief which, Luther said, underlies all life. As with Euripides 'to live is to die, to die is to live.' Hâjî Abdû borrows the Hindu idea of the human body. 'It is a mansion,' says Menu, 'with bones for its beams and rafters; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for cement; with skin for its outer covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with impurities; a mansion infested by age and sorrow; the seat of malady; harassed with pains; haunted with the quality of darkness (Tama-guna), and incapable of standing.' The Pot and Potter began with the ancient Egyptians. 'Sitting as a potter at the wheel, Cneph (at Philæ) moulds clay, and gives the spirit of life to the nostrils of Osiris.' Hence the Genesitic 'breath.' Then we meet him in the Vedas, the Being, 'by whom the fictile vase is formed; the clay out of which it is fabricated.' We find him next in Jeremiah's 'Arise and go down unto the Potter's house,' etc. (xviii. 2), and lastly in Romans (ix. 20), 'Hath not the potter power over the clay?' No wonder that the first Hand who moulded the man-mud is a *lieu commun* in Eastern thought. The 'waste of agony' is Buddhism, or Schopenhauerism pure and simple. I have moulded 'Earth on Earth' upon 'Seint Ysidre''s well-known rhymes (A.D. 1440)—

> 'Erthe out of Erthe is wondirli wrouȝt,
> Erthe of Erth had gete a dignite of nouȝt,
> Erthe upon Erthe had sett all his thouȝt
> How that Erthe upon Erthe may be his brouȝt': etc.

"The 'Camel-rider,' suggests Ossian, 'yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes.' The dromedary was chosen as Death's vehicle by the Arabs, probably because it bears the Bedouin's corpse to the distant burial-ground, where he will lie among his kith and kin. The end of this section reminds us of—

> 'How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is Man!'

"The Hâji now passes to the results of his long and anxious thoughts: I have purposely twisted his exordium into an echo of Milton—

> 'Till old experience doth attain
> To something of prophetic strain.'

"He boldly declares that there is no God as man has created his Creator. Here he is at one with modern thought:—'En général les croyants font le Dieu comme ils sont eux-mêmes' (says J. J. Rousseau, 'Confessions,' I. 6): 'les bons le font bon: les méchants le font méchant: les dévots haineux et bilieux, ne voient que l'enfer, parce qu'ils voudraient damner tout le monde; les âmes aimantes et douces n'y croient guère; et l'un des étonnements dont je ne reviens pas est de voir le bon Fénélon en parler dans son Télémaque comme s'il y croyoit tout de bon: mais j'espère qu'il mentoit alors; car enfin quelque véridique qu'on soit, il faut bien mentir quelquefois quand on est évêque.' 'Man depicts himself in his gods,' says Schiller. Hence the *Naturgott*, the deity of all ancient peoples, and with which every system began, allowed and approved of actions distinctly immoral, often diabolical. Belief became moralized only when the conscience of the community, and with it of the individual items, began aspiring to its golden age,—Perfection. 'Dieu est le superlatif, dont le positif est l'homme,' says Carl Vogt; meaning, that the popular idea of a *numen* is that of a magnified and non-natural man.

"He then quotes his authorities. Buddha, whom the Catholic Church converted to Saint Josaphat, refused to recognize Ishwara (the deity), on account of the mystery of the 'cruelty of things.' Schopenhauer, Miss Cobbe's model pessimist, who at the humblest distance represents Buddha in the world of Western thought, found the vision of man's unhappiness, irrespective of his actions, so overpowering that he concluded the Supreme Will to be malevolent, 'heartless, cowardly, and arrogant.' Confucius, the 'Throneless king, more powerful than all kings,' denied a personal deity. The Epicurean idea rules the China of the present day. 'God is great, but He lives too far off,' say the Turanian Santâls in Aryan India; and this is the general language of man in the Turanian East.

"Hâjî Abdû evidently holds that idolatry begins with a personal deity. And let us note that the latter is deliberately denied by the 'Thirty-nine Articles.' With them God is 'a Being without Parts (personality) or Passions.' He professes a vague Agnosticism, and attributes popular faith to the fact that Timor fecit Deos; 'every religion being, without exception, the child of fear and ignorance' (Carl Vogt). He now speaks as the 'Drawer of the Wine,' the 'Ancient Taverner,' the 'Old Magus,' the 'Patron of the Mughân or Magians;' all titles applied to the Soofi as opposed to the Zâhid. His 'idols' are the *eidola* (illusions) of Bacon, 'having their foundations in the very constitution of man,' and therefore appropriately called *fabulæ*. That 'Nature's Common Course' is subject to various interpretation, may be easily proved. Aristotle was as great a subverter as Alexander; but the quasi-prophetical Stagyrite of the Dark Ages, who ruled the world till the end of the thirteenth century, became the 'twice execrable' of Martin Luther and was finally abolished by Galileo and Newton. Here I have excised two stanzas. The first is—

'Theories for truths, fable for fact, system for science, vex the thought.
Life's one great lesson you despise—to know that all we know is nought.'

This is in fact—

> 'Well didst thou say, Athena's noblest son,
> The most we know is nothing can be known.'

The next is—

> 'Essence and substance, sequence, cause, beginning, ending, space and time,
> These be the toys of manhood's mind, at once ridiculous and sublime.'

"He is not the only one who so regards 'bothering Time and Space.' A late definition of the 'infinitely great,' viz. that the idea arises from denying form to any figure; of the 'infinitely small,' from refusing magnitude to any figure, is a fair specimen of the 'dismal science'—metaphysics.

"Another omitted stanza reads—

> 'How canst thou, Phenomen! pretend the Noumenon to mete and span?
> Say which were easier probed and proved, Absolute Being or mortal man?'

"One would think that he had read Kant on the 'Knowable and the Unknowable,' or had heard of the Yankee lady, who could 'differentiate between the Finite and the Infinite.' It is a commonplace of the age, in the West as well as the East, that Science is confined to phenomena, and cannot reach the Noumena, the things themselves. This is the scholastic realism, the 'residuum of a bad metaphysic,' which deforms the system of Comte. With all its pretensions, it simply means that there are, or can be conceived, things in themselves (*i.e.* unrelated to thought); that we know them to exist; and, at the same time, that we cannot know what they are. But who dares say 'cannot'? Who can measure man's work when he shall be as superior to our present selves as we are to the Caveman of part time?

"The 'Chain of Universe' alludes to the Jain idea that the whole, consisting of intellectual as well as of natural principles, existed from all eternity; and that it has been subject to endless revolutions, whose causes are the inherent powers of nature, intellectual as well as physical, without the intervention of a deity. But the Poet ridicules the 'non-human,' *i.e.* the not-ourselves, the negation of ourselves and consequently a non-existence. Most Easterns confuse the contradictories, in which one term stands for something, and the other for nothing (*e.g.* ourselves and not-ourselves), with the contraries (*e.g.* rich and not-rich = poor), in which both terms express a something. So the positive-negative 'infinite' is not the complement of 'finite,' but its negation. The Western man derides the process by making 'not-horse' the complementary entity of 'horse.' The Pilgrim ends with the favourite Soofi tenet that the five (six?) senses are the doors of all human knowledge, and that no form of man, incarnation of the deity, prophet, apostle or sage, has ever produced an idea not conceived within his brain by the sole operation of these vulgar material agents. Evidently he is neither spiritualist nor idealist.

"He then proceeds to show that man depicts himself in his God, and that 'God is the racial expression'; a pedagogue on the Nile, an abstraction in India, and an astrologer in Chaldæa; where Abraham, says Berosus (Josephus, 'Ant.' I. 7, § 2, and II. 9, § 2), was 'skilful in the

celestial science.' He notices the Akârana-Zamân (endless Time) of the Guebres, and the working dual, Hormuzd and Ahriman. He brands the God of the Hebrews with pugnacity and cruelty. He has heard of the beautiful creations of Greek fancy which, not attributing a moral nature to the deity, included Theology in Physics; and which, like Professor Tyndall, seemed to consider all matter everywhere alive. We have adopted a very different Unitarianism; Theology, with its one Creator; Pantheism with its 'one Spirit's plastic stress'; and Science with its one Energy. He is hard upon Christianity and its 'trinal God': I have not softened his expression (لغز = a riddle), although it may offend readers. There is nothing more enigmatical to the Moslem mind than Christian Trinitarianism: all other objections they can get over, not this. Nor is he any lover of Islamism, which, like Christianity, has its ascetic Hebraism and its Hellenic hedonism; with the world of thought moving between these two extremes. The former, defined as predominant or exclusive care for the practice of right, is represented by Semitic and Arab influence, Korânic and Hadîsic. The latter, the religion of humanity, a passion for life and light, for culture and intelligence; for art, poetry and science, is represented in Islamism by the fondly and impiously cherished memory of the old Guebre kings and heroes, beauties, bards and sages. Hence the mention of Zâl and his son Rostam; of Cyrus and of the Jâmi-i-Jamshîd, which may be translated either grail (cup) or mirror: it showed the whole world within its rim; and hence it was called Jâm-i-Jehân-numâ (universe-exposing). The contemptuous expressions about the diet of camel's milk and the meat of the Susmâr, or green lizard, are evidently quoted from Firdausi's famous lines beginning—

'Arab-râ be-jâî rasîd'est kâr.'

"The Hâjî is severe upon those who make of the Deity a Khwân-i-yaghmâ (or tray of plunder), as the Persians phrase it. He looks upon the shepherds as men,

'—Who rob the sheep themselves to clothe.'

So Schopenhauer (Leben, etc., by Wilhelm Gewinner) furiously shows how the 'English nation ought to treat that set of hypocrites, impostors and money-graspers, the clergy, that annually devours £3,500,000.'

"The Hâjî broadly asserts that there is no Good and no Evil in the absolute sense as man has made them. Here he is one with Pope:—

'And spite of pride, in erring nature's spite
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.'

Unfortunately the converse is just as true:—whatever is, is wrong. Khizr is the Elijah who puzzled Milman. He represents the Soofi, the Bâtini, while Musâ (Moses) is the Zâhid, the Zâhiri; and the strange adventures of the twain, invented by the Jews, have been appropriated by the Moslems. He derides the Freewill of man; and, like Diderot, he detects 'pantaloon in a prelate, a satyr in a president, a pig in a priest, an ostrich in a minister, and a goose in a chief clerk.' He holds to Fortune, the Τύχη of Alcman, which is, Εὐνομίας τε καὶ Πειθοῦς ἀδελφὰ, καὶ

Προμαθείας θυγάτηρ,—Chance, the sister of Order and Trust, and the daughter of Forethought. The Scandinavian Spinners of Fate were Urd (the Was, the Past), Verdandi (the Becoming, or Present), and Skuld (the To-be, or Future). He alludes to Plato, who made the Demiourgos create the worlds by the Logos (the Hebrew Dabar) or Creative Word, through the Æons. These Αἰῶνες of the Mystics were spiritual emanations from Αἰών, lit. a wave of influx, an age, period, or day; hence the Latin *ævum*, and the Welsh Awen, the stream of inspiration falling upon a bard. Basilides, the Egypto-Christian, made the Creator evolve seven Æons or Pteromata (fulnesses); from two of whom, Wisdom and Power, proceeded the 365 degrees of Angels. All were subject to a Prince of Heaven, called Abraxas, who was himself under guidance of the chief Æon, Wisdom. Others represent the first Cause to have produced an Æon or Pure Intelligence; the first a second, and so forth till the tenth. This was material enough to affect Hyle, which thereby assumed a spiritual form. Thus the two incompatibles combined in the Scheme of Creation.

"He denies the three ages of the Buddhists: the wholly happy; the happy mixed with misery, and the miserable tinged with happiness,—the present. The Zoroastrians had four, each of 3000 years. In the first, Hormuzd, the good-god, ruled alone; then Ahriman, the bad-god, began to work subserviently; in the third both ruled equally; and in the last, now current, Ahriman has gained the day.

"Against the popular idea that man has caused the misery of this world, he cites the ages, when the Old Red Sandstone bred gigantic cannibal fishes; when the Oolites produced the mighty reptile tyrants of air, earth, and sea; and when the monsters of the Eocene and Miocene periods shook the ground with their ponderous tread. And the world of waters is still a hideous scene of cruelty, carnage, and destruction.

"He declares Conscience to be a geographical and chronological accident. Thus he answers the modern philosopher whose soul was overwhelmed by the marvel and the awe of two things, 'the starry heaven above and the moral law within.' He makes the latter sense a development of the gregarious and social instincts; and so travellers have observed that the moral is the last step in mental progress. His Moors are the savage Dankali and other negroid tribes, who offer a cup of milk with one hand and stab with the other. He translates literally the Indian word Hâthî (an elephant), the animal with the Hâth (hand, or trunk). Finally he alludes to the age of active volcanoes, the present, which is merely temporary, the shifting of the Pole, and the spectacle to be seen from Mushtari, or the planet Jupiter.

"The Hâjî again asks the old, old question, What is Truth? And he answers himself, after the fashion of the wise Emperor of China, 'Truth hath not an unchanging name.' A modern English writer says: 'I have long been convinced by the experience of my life, as a pioneer of various heterodoxies which are rapidly becoming orthodoxies, that nearly all truth is temperamental to us, or given in the affections and intuitions; and that discussion and injury do little more than feed temperament.' Our poet seems to mean that the Perceptions, when they

perceive truly, convey objective truth, which is universal; whereas the Reflectives and the Sentiments, the working of the moral region, or the middle lobe of the phrenologists, supplies only subjective truth, personal and individual. Thus to one man the axiom, *Opes irritamenta malorum*, represents a distinct fact; while another holds wealth to be an incentive for good. Evidently both are right, according to their lights.

"Hâjî Abdû cites Plato and Aristotle, as usual with Eastern songsters, who delight in Mantik (logic). Here he appears to mean that a false proposition is as real a proposition as one that is true. 'Faith moves mountains' and 'Manet immota fides' are evidently quotations. He derides the teaching of the 'First Council of the Vatican' (cap. v.), 'all the faithful are little children listening to the voice of St. Peter,' who is the 'Prince of the Apostles.' He glances at the fancy of certain modern physicists, 'devotion is a definite molecular change in the convolution of grey pulp.' He notices with contumely the riddle of which Milton speaks so glibly, where the Dialoguists,

> '—reasoned high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
> Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.'

"In opposition to the orthodox Mohammedan tenets which make Man's soul his percipient Ego, an entity, a unity, the Soofi considers it a fancy, opposed to body, which is a fact; at most a state of things, not a thing; a consensus of faculties whereof our frames are but the phenomena. This is not contrary to Genesitic legend. The Hebrew Ruach and Arabic Ruh, now perverted to mean soul or spirit, simply signify wind or breath, the outward and visible sign of life. Their later schools are even more explicit: 'For that which befalls man befalls beasts; as the one dies, so does the other; they have all one death; all go unto one place' (Eccles. iii. 19). But the modern soul, a nothing, a string of negations, a negative in chief, is thus described in the Mahâbhârat: 'It is indivisible, inconceivable, inconceptible: it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable: it is invisible and unalterable.' Hence the modern spiritualism which, rejecting materialism, can use only material language.

"These, says the Hâjî, are mere sounds. He would not assert 'Verba gignunt verba,' but 'Verba gignunt res,' a step further. The idea is Bacon's 'idola fori, omnium molestissima,' the twofold illusions of language; either the names of things that have no existence in fact, or the names of things whose idea is confused and ill-defined.

"He derives the Soul-idea from the 'savage ghost' which Dr. Johnson defined to be a 'kind of shadowy being.' He justly remarks that it arose (perhaps) in Egypt: and was not invented by the 'People of the Book.' By this term Moslems denote Jews and Christians who have a recognized revelation, while their ignorance refuses it to Guebres, Hindus, and Confucians.

"He evidently holds to the doctrine of progress. With him protoplasm is the Yliastron, the Prima Materies. Our word matter is derived from the Sanskrit मात्रा (mâtrâ), which, however, signifies properly the invisible type of visible matter; in modern language, the substance distinct

from the sum of its physical and chemical properties. Thus, Mâtrâ exists only in thought, and is not recognizable by the action of the five senses. His 'Chain of Being' reminds us of Prof. Huxley's Pedigree of the Horse, Orohippus, Mesohippus, Meiohippus, Protohippus, Pleiohippus, and Equus. He has evidently heard of modern biology, or Hylozoism, which holds its quarter-million species of living beings, animal and vegetable, to be progressive modifications of one great fundamental unity, an unity of so-called 'mental faculties' as well as of bodily structure. And this is the jelly-speck. He scoffs at the popular idea that man is the great central figure round which all things gyrate like marionettes; in fact, the anthropocentric era of Draper, which, strange to say, lives by the side of the telescope and the microscope. As man is of recent origin, and may end at an early epoch of the macrocosm, so before his birth all things revolved round nothing, and may continue to do so after his death.

"The Hâjî, who elsewhere denounces 'compound ignorance,' holds that all evil comes from error; and that all knowledge has been developed by overthrowing error, the ordinary channel of human thought. He ends this section with a great truth. There are things which human Reason or Instinct matured, in its undeveloped state, cannot master; but Reason is a Law to itself. Therefore we are not bound to believe, or to attempt belief in, anything which is contrary or contradictory to Reason. Here he is diametrically opposed to Rome, who says, 'Do not appeal to History; that is private judgment. Do not appeal to Holy Writ; that is heresy. Do not appeal to Reason; that is Rationalism.'

"He holds with the Patriarchs of Hebrew Holy Writ, that the present life is all-sufficient for an intellectual (not a sentimental) being; and, therefore, that there is no want of a Heaven or a Hell. With far more contradiction the Western poet sings—

> 'Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
> In one self-place; but when we are in hell,
> And where hell is, there must we ever be;
> And, to be short, when all this world dissolves,
> And every creature shall be purified,
> All places shall be hell which are not heaven.'

For what want is there of a Hell when all are pure? He enlarges upon the ancient Buddhist theory, that Happiness and Misery are equally distributed among men and beasts; some enjoy much and suffer much; others the reverse. Hence Diderot declares, 'Sober passions produce only the commonplace . . . the man of moderate passion lives and dies like a brute.' And again we have the half-truth—

> 'That the mark of rank in nature
> Is capacity for pain.'

The latter implies an equal capacity for pleasure, and thus the balance is kept.

"Hâjî Abdû then proceeds to show that Faith is an accident of birth. One of his omitted distichs says—

> 'Race makes religion; true! but aye upon the Maker acts the made.
> A finite God, an infinite sin, in lieu of raising man, degrade.'

In a manner of dialogue he introduces the various races each fighting to establish his own belief. The Frank (Christian) abuses the Hindu, who retorts that he is of Mlenchha, mixed or impure, blood, a term applied to all non-Hindus. The same is done by Nazarene and Mohammedan; by the Confucian, who believes in nothing, and by the Soofi, who naturally has the last word. The association of the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph with the Trinity, in the Roman and Greek Churches, makes many Moslems conclude that Christians believe not in three but in five Persons. So an Englishman writes of the early Fathers, 'They not only said that 3 = 1, and that 1 = 3: they professed to explain how that curious arithmetical combination had been brought about. The Indivisible had been divided, and yet was not divided: it was divisible, and yet it was indivisible; black was white, and white was black; and yet there were not two colours but one colour; and whoever did not believe it would be damned.' The Arab quotation runs in the original—

'*Ahsanu 'l- Makâni l' il- Fatâ 'l- Jehannamu,*
'The best of places for (the generous) youth is Gehenna:'

Gehenna, alias Jahim, being the fiery place of eternal punishment. And the second saying, *Al- nâr wa lâ 'l-'Ar*—'Fire (of Hell) rather than Shame,'—is equally condemned by the Koranist. The Gustâkhi (insolence) of Fate is the expression of Umar-i-Khayyâm (St. xxx.)—

'What, without asking hither hurried *whence?* . .
And, without asking *whither* hurried hence!
Oh many a cup of this forbidden wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence.'

"Soofistically, the word means 'the coquetry of the beloved one,' the divinæ particula auræ. And the section ends with Pope's—

'He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

"CONCLUSION.

"Here the Hâjî ends his practical study of mankind. The image of Destiny playing with men as pieces is a view common amongst Easterns. His idea of wisdom is once more Pope's—

'And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.'
(Essay IV., 398.)

"Regret, *i.e.* repentance, was one of the forty-two deadly sins of the Ancient Egyptians. 'Thou shalt not consume thy heart,' says the Ritual of the Dead, the negative justification of the soul or ghost (Lepsius, 'Alteste Texte des Todtenbuchs'). We have borrowed competitive examination from the Chinese; and, in these morbid days of weak introspection and retrospection, we might learn wisdom from the sturdy old Khemites. When he sings 'Abjure the Why and seek the How,' he refers to the old Scholastic difference of the *Demonstratio propter quid* (why is a thing?), as opposed to *Demonstratio quia* (*i.e.* that a thing is).

The 'great Man' shall end with becoming deathless, as Shakespeare says in his noble sonnet—

'And Death once dead, there's no more dying then!'

"Like the great Pagans, the Hâjî holds that man was born good, while the Christian, 'tormented by the things divine,' cleaves to the comforting doctrine of innate sinfulness. Hence the universal tenet, that man should do good in order to gain by it here or hereafter; the 'enlightened selfishness,' that says, Act well and get compound interest in a future state. The allusion to the 'Theist-word' apparently means that the votaries of a personal Deity must believe in the absolute foreknowledge of the Omniscient in particulars as in generals. The Rule of Law emancipates man; and its exceptions are the gaps left by his ignorance. The wail over the fallen flower, etc., reminds us of the Pulambal (Lamentations) of the Anti-Brahminical writer, 'Pathira-Giriyâr.' The allusion to Mâyâ is from Dâs Kabîr—

'Mâyâ mare, na man mare, mar mar gayâ sarir.
Illusion dies, the mind dies not though dead and gone the flesh.'

Nirwânâ, I have said, is partial extinction by being merged in the Supreme, not to be confounded with Pari-nirwânâ or absolute annihilation. In the former also, dying gives birth to a new being, the embodiment of *karma* (deeds), good and evil, done in the countless ages of transmigration.

"Here ends my share of the work. On the whole it has been considerable. I have omitted, as has been seen, sundry stanzas, and I have changed the order of others. The text has nowhere been translated verbatim; in fact, a familiar European turn has been given to many sentiments which were judged too Oriental. As the metre adopted by Hâjî Abdû was the *Bahr Tawîl* (long verse), I thought it advisable to preserve that peculiarity, and to fringe it with the rough, unobtrusive rhyme of the original.

"Vive, valeque!"

APPENDIX C.

BHUJANG AND THE COCK-FIGHT.

Specimen of his early writings in Scinde.

"SOME years ago, when surveying the country about this Hoosree, I had an opportunity of reading a lecture to a gentleman about your age, Sir: hear how politely he received it, without ever using the word 'dogmatical,' or making the slightest allusion to 'forwardness.'

"I was superintending the shampooing* of a fighting cock—about as dunghill and 'low-caste' a bird as ever used a spur, but a strong spiteful thing, a sharp riser, and a clean hitter withal. Bhujang,† the 'dragon,' had sent many a brother biped to the soup-pot. Ere the operation of rubbing him down ended, in walked an old Moslem gentleman, who had called in a friendly unceremonious way to look at and chat with the stranger.

"Cocking, you must know, Mr. Bull, is not amongst these people the 'low' diversion your good lady has been pleased to make it. Here a man may still fight his own bird and beat his own donkey *à discrétion*, without incurring the persecutions of a Philo-beast Society.

"There was a humorous twinkle in the Senior's sly eye as it fell upon the form of Bhujang, and the look gained intensity when, turning towards me, the scrutinizer salaamed and politely ejaculated—

"'Máshálláh! that *is* a bird!—the Hyderabad breed,‡ or the Afghan?'

"I shuffled off the necessity of romancing about my dunghill's origin,

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* "As Orientals generally fight their birds without spurs they pay extraordinary attention to feeding, training, and exercising them. They are sweated and scoured with anxious care, dosed (in my poor opinion a great deal too much) with spices and drugs most precisely, and made to pass hours in running, flying, and leaping. The shampooing is intended to harden their frames; it is done regularly every day, morning and evening. A fair course of training lasts from three weeks to a month, and the birds are generally brought out in excellent condition."

† "Game-cocks, like chargers, are always called by some big and terrible name."

‡ "The game-cocks of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, are celebrated throughout India, for their excellence and rarity. So difficult is it to purchase birds of purest blood, that I have heard of a rich Moslem visiting the Nizam's capital for the purpose of buying eggs."

and merely replied that, struck by his many beauties, I had bought him of some unknown person—I did not add for eightpence.

"'What Allah pleases!—it is a miraculous animal! You must have paid his weight in silver! Two hundred rupees, or three hundred?'*

"Many people are apt to show impatience or irritability when being 'made fools of'—whereby, methinks, they lose much fun and show more folly than they imagine. My answer to the old gentleman's remark was calculated to persuade that most impertinently polite personage that the Frank, with all his Persian and Arabic, was a 'jolly green.'

"Thereupon, with the utmost suavity he proceeded to inform me that he also was a fighter of cocks, and that he had some—of course immeasurably inferior to the splendid animal being shampooed there—which perhaps might satisfy even *my* fastidious taste. He concluded with offering to fight one under the certainty of losing it,† but anything for a little sport; again gauged me with his cunning glance, salaamed, and took his leave.

"In the evening, after prayers, appeared Mr. Ahmed Khan, slowly sauntering in, accompanied by his friends and domestics; a privileged servant carrying in his arms a magnificent bird, tall, thin, gaunt, and active, with the fierce, full, clear eye, the Chashmi Murwarid,‡ as the Persians call it; small, short, thin, taper head, long neck, stout crooked back, round compact body, bony, strong, and well-hung wings, stout thighs, shanks yellow as purest gold, and huge splay claws—in fact, a love of a cock.

"I thought of Bhujang for a moment despairingly.

"After a short and ceremonious dialogue, in which the old gentleman 'trotted' me out very much to his own satisfaction and the amusement of his companions, the terms of the wager were settled, and Bhujang was brought in, struggling upon his bearer's bosom, kicking his stomach, stretching his neck, and crowing with an air, as if he were the *Sans-peur* of all the cocks. 'There's an animal for you!' I exclaimed, as he entered. It was a rich treat to see the *goguenard* looks of my native friends.

"Countenances, however, presently changed, when sending for a few dozen Indian cock-spurs,§ like little sabres, I lashed a pair to my bird's toes, and then politely proceeded to perform the same operation to my friend's. Ahmed Khan looked on curiously. He was too much of a sportsman, that is to say, a gentleman, to hang back, although he began to suspect that all was not right as he could have wished it to be. His bird's natural weapon was sound, thin, and sharp as a needle, low down upon the shank, at least an inch and a quarter long, and bent at the correctest angle; mine had short, ragged, and blunt bits of horn—the most inoffensive weapons imaginable. But the steel levelled all distinctions.

* "The usual price of a first-rate cock is £3 or £4. My friend was indulging his facetiousness when he named £20 or £30."

† "The usual wager is the body of the bird killed or wounded."

‡ "The 'pearl eye.'

§ "The Indian cock-spur differs essentially from ours. It is a straight bit of steel varying from two to three and a half inches in length, with a blunt flat shaft, ending in a sharp sword-like blade, the handle as it were of which is bound to the bird's fore toe, shank, and hind toe. Every cock-fighter has dozens of these tools, made in every possible variety of size and angle to suit the cocks."

"We took up the champions, stood a few yards apart—the usual distance—placed them on the ground, and when the '*laissez aller*' was given, let go.

"For some reason, by me unexplainable, the game-cock, especially in this country, when fighting with a dunghill, seldom begins the battle with the spirit and activity of his plebeian antagonist. Possibly the noble animal's blood boiling in his veins at the degrading necessity of entering the lists against an unworthy adversary confuses him for a moment. However that may be, one thing is palpable, namely, that he generally receives the first blows.

"On this occasion the vulgarian Bhujang, who appeared to be utterly destitute of respect for lineage and gentle blood—nay, more like an English snob, ineffably delighted at the prospect of 'thrashing' a gentleman—began to dance, spring, and kick with such happy violence and aplomb, that before the minute elapsed one of his long steels was dyed with the heart's blood of his enemy.

"Politeness forbad, otherwise I could have laughed aloud at the expression assumed by the faces present as they witnessed this especial 'do.' Ahmed Khan, at the imminent peril of a wound from the triumphant dunghill, whom excited cowardice now made vicious as a fiend, raised his cock from the ground, looked piteously for an instant at his glazing eye and drooping head, bowed, and handed it over to me with a sigh.

"Then like the parasite of Penaflor after dinner, I thus addressed him—

"'Ahmed Khan, great is the power of Allah! Did not a gnat annihilate Namrud,* the giant king? Could Rustam, the son of Zal, stand against a pistol-bullet? or Antar against an ounce of aquafortis? Have you not heard of the *hikmat*† of the Frank, that he is a perfect Plato in wisdom and contrivance? Another time, old gentleman, do not conclude that because our chins are smooth, we are children of asses: and if you will take my advice, abstain from pitting valuable cocks against the obscure produce of a peasant's poultry-yard.'

"'Wallah!' replied my visitor, all the cunning twinkle out of his eye, 'I will take your advice! Your words are sharp: but they are the words of wisdom. But'—here obstinacy and conventionalism obscured Ahmed Khan's brighter qualities—'your bird is a wonderful bird. Máshálláh! may he win many a fight, even as he has done this one!'"

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* "Nimrod, represented to be a cruel tyrant, who, attempting to martyr Abraham, was slain by a mosquito—sent to eat into his brain for the general purpose of pointing many a somnific Oriental moral."

† "*Hikmat*, philosophy, science, political cunning, king-craft, etc., a favourite word for headwork in Central Asia."

APPENDIX D.

VISIT TO THE VILLAGE OF MEER IBRAHIM KHAN TALPUR A BELOCH CHIEF.

Another specimen of Richard's fresh writings in Scinde.

"ENTER Mr. Hari Chand, a portly pulpy Hindoo, the very type of his unamiable race, with a cat-like gait, a bow of exquisite finish; a habit of sweetly smiling under every emotion, whether the produce of a bribe or a kick; a softly murmuring voice, with a tendency to sinking; and a glance which seldom meets yours, and when it does, seems not quite to enjoy the meeting. How timidly he appears at the door! How deferentially he slides in, salaams, looks deprecating, and at last is induced to sit down! Above all things, how he listens! Might he not be mistaken for a novel kind of automaton, into which you can transfer your mind and thoughts—a curious piece of human mechanism in the shape of a creature endowed with all things but a self?

"You would start could you read his thoughts at the very moment that you are forming such opinions of him.

"'Well, Hari Chand' (after the usual salutations), 'and pray what manner of man may be this Meer Ibrahim Khan.—Talpur, is he not?'

"'Wah! wah! What a Chieftain! What a very Nushirawan* for all-shading equity! a Hátim for overflowing generosity—a Rustam——

"'That is to say, always considering that he is a Beloch,' says Hari Chand, perceiving by the expression of *my* face that *his* opinion requires modifying.

"'For a Beloch! The Sahab's exalted intelligence has of course comprehended the extra fact that they are all dolts, asses, fools. But this Ibrahim Khan, saving the Sahab's presence, is not one of them. Quite the contrary.'

"'You mean he is a rogue!'

"'The Sahab has the penetration of an arrow—a rogue of the first water!

"'A rogue of the first water. He has won the wealth of Bokhara and Samarcand by the sunshine of the countenance of the Honourable

* "The just king of Persia."

Company, to whom he sells camels at six pounds a head, after compelling his subjects to receive two pounds for them. Ah! well said the poet—

"I would rather be a companion of devils
Than the ryot of an unjust king."

"'He has almost doubled the size and resources of his jagir (feof), by the friendship of certain Sahabs who——' (here we must stop Hari Chand's tongue with a look). 'And when the Valiant Company allows him twenty thousand rupees to excavate his canals and improve his land, he—the Lord bless him!—expends half, and lays by the other moiety in his coffers.

"'But,' pursues Hari Chand, delighted that we allow him a reasonably free use of his subject, 'has not the Sahab seen with his own eyes what a prodigious thief he is? Did not the poor Scindian complain yesterday that his camel had been stolen from him? and the peasants, that they were starving? and the Hindoos, that they were ruined? Every man, to be sure, may cut off his own dog's tail! It were well, however, if nothing worse could be said about this Ibrahim.'

"Now Mr. Hari Chand's countenance assumes that deep mysterious expression which courts the operation of 'pumping.' After which, chuckling internally at having secured for himself the acute gratification of being able to tear a man's reputation to shreds, he resumes in a low soft tone of voice, as if the tent walls had ears—

"'He murdered his elder brother! Yes, Sahab, before the battle of Meeanee, Ibrahim was a poor sorry fellow, a cadet who was not even allowed to sit in the presence of the great. But

"The world is a water-wheel, and men the pots upon it;
Now their heads are beneath the stones, now they are raised high to heaven."

"'At the battle of Meeanee a matchlock ball pierced the occiput of Ibrahim's brother, and the clan, when they saw their Chief bite the dust, ran away like sheep, headed by Ibrahim Khan, the leader of the flock, who ran a little faster than the rest to show the line of direction. When the Fort of Hyderabad surrendered, one of the first persons that gave up his dangerous sword to the General Sahab, was Ibrahim Khan, who had the address to oust his nephew from the inheritance, and by plentiful foxplay took all the carcase from the tiger.

"'And now,' continues Hari Chand, anxious to improve each fleeting minute, 'Ibrahim, who five years ago was not allowed to show his mouth at Court, sits on a chair before the Collector and pays visits to the Madams—the ladies of the English. He has ventured to boast that one of them is desperately enamoured of him.' ('This,' says Hari Chand to himself, 'will irritate the fools'—ourselves, Mr. Bull—'beyond measure.') 'He drinks curaçoa and brandy like a Sahab. He has become proud. Yesterday, for instance, instead of coming out for miles and miles to meet the Sawari——

"'The Sahab is a servant of the Honourable Company—long be its prosperity! Whose dog is Ibrahimoo,* that he should dare to treat the "lords of the sword and pen" † in this disgraceful way? that he should send that

* "A diminutive and decidedly disrespectful form of the proper name."
† "A high title in Persia, terribly prostituted in Scinde and India."

owl* of a nephew to greet them with his hootings, and venture to be absent when they arrive at his grave?† Had Smith Sahab the Collector' ('now I have that red-coated infidel on the hip,' thinks Hari Chand) 'been coming with his writers, and his scribes, and his secretaries, and his guards, and all his retinue, Ibrahim would have been present to kiss his feet. And why? Because Smith Sahab is a—good easy man, who allows the bandit to do what he pleases. Ah, well said Nizami—‡

> "The joys of this world!—donkeys have engrossed them.
> Would to Allah, Nizami had been a donkey!"

"'But perhaps,' continues Hari Chand during a short pause, in which time his mind had been almost preternaturally active, 'it is not so much Ibrahim's crime as that of Kakoo Mall.'

"'And who may Kakoo Mall be?'

"'Kakoo Mall? The Sahab does not know who Kakoo Mall is? Ibrahim's head moonshee, a Khudabadi Banyan of a fellow' (our man, Mr. Bull, is a Sehwani, a Green instead of a Brown), 'and one of the most unscrupulous ruffians that ever carried inkstand in his belt.'

"Thereupon a fierce worrying of Kakoo Mall's character. In common charity I would draw our man off, only that most probably Kakoo Mall is about this time abusing us and Hari Chand to Ibrahim, just as violently as Hari Chand abuses Ibrahim and Kakoo Mall to us.

"'He will, I would swear, do his best that your honours may not be treated with the courtesy due to your rank, and that I, your humble servant, may be insulted.'

"'Very well, moonshee, we will look after him. You may go. At eleven we start for our visit. Be ready to accompany us; and don't be afraid of Kakoo Mall.'

"'Under the shadow of your eagle wings,' replies Hari Chand, with a lovely bow, 'what have I to fear from the puny talons of the carrion crow?'

* * * * * *

"We mount our horses, still in native costume, and cross the village, our moonshee ambling by our side, and a few ferocious Afghan servants bringing up the rear, much to the astonishment and quite to the admiration of its inhabitants.

"We reach the courtyard gate of the Talpur's dwelling. Three ragged rascals, with sheathed swords in their hands and daggers in their belts, headed by another nephew, rush up to us as if their intention were to begin by cutting our throats. The young Chief, seizing our hands, chatters forth a thousand congratulations, salutations, and messages, nearly tears us from our saddles, and demands concerning our happiness, in tones which rise high above the whooping and yelling of his followers. One fellow rushes away to pass the word, 'They come.' And out pours a whole

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* "The bird of wisdom in Europe, in Asia becomes the symbol of stupidity: *vice versâ*, the European goose is the Asiatic emblem of sageness."

† "A metaphor, by no means complimentary, for his house and home."

‡ "A first-rate Persian poet infinitely celebrated and popular for satire, morality, and gross indecency."

rout to witness the event, and, by their presence, to communicate to it all possible importance.

"After jostling and being jostled through half a dozen narrow gateways, we arrive opposite the verandah, under which stands Meer Ibrahim Khan Talpur. I see this reception is to be a poor attempt at court ceremonial.

"We dismount—twenty men pressing forward to hold our stirrups, the whole party yelling 'Bismillah!' (in the name of Allah) as our feet touch the ground. Then Ibrahim Khan, pressing forward, seizes our hands, wrings our arms in their sockets, and—oh, compliment with which we might readily have dispensed!—precipitates himself upon our bosoms, clasping us firmly to a 'corporation,' and applying a rough-bearded chin to the upper portions of both our shoulder-blades consecutively.

"We are led in with our slippers on. Our host has not removed his, consequently we will continue to wear ours. Another volley of inquiries and another series of huggings, as we are led up to the silken ottoman, upon which he, the Chief, and his eldest nephew are to sit, a motley crowd of relations, friends, acquaintances, dependants, and any one who happened to be passing the house at the time, pressing in, looking curiously at us and fearfully at our retainers. All arrange themselves with the noise of a troop of ravens upon the floor.

"Observe, Mr. John Bull, in the corner of the room Hari Chand and Kakoo Mall, almost weeping with joy, throw themselves upon each other, and murmur *mezzo-voce* thanks to that Heaven which hath thus permitted the tree of hope to put forth green leaves and to bear sweet fruit.

"Charming this choice blossom of true civilization, blooming amid the desert of barbarism around it! Had a violet or a forget-me-not appeared to us in the centre of Ibrahim Khan's courtyard, the sight would scarcely have been more suggestive. What memories it revives! One of them—

"When the fascinating Lady F. Macarthy, an authoress and a *femme d'esprit*, had sketched with a pencil, stolen from Wit, the character of her bosom friend, Miss Anne Clotworthy Crawley, and published the same, the English world laughed, but Dublin joyed with double joy.

"Dublin joyed thus: firstly, at seeing the picture; secondly, at foreseeing the scene it would occasion when the sketcher and the sketched met for the first time in public. There was much of anticipation, much of vague and happy expectation, in this idea.

"Was it disappointed?

"No! At the next ball, Lady Florence, unwilling to show Miss Crawley that she could not use as well as abuse a friend, and Miss Crawley, as unwilling to show Lady Florence her consciousness of having been abused as she deserved, both with one impulse at the same moment clave the crowd, and—they had been parted at least five days—kissed each other with all the ardour of feminine friendship.

"'And faith,' said every Irishman of the hundred who witnessed the scene—'and 'faith, I disp'hised them both!'

"Kiss on, Kakoo Mall and Hari Chand!

* * * * * *

"At the end of the time the host motions away his pipe, and prepares himself to converse and hor! hor! with renewed vigour.

"'Were you at Nasir Khan's fight?'—so the battle of Meeanee is called by the Scindians, as opposed to Sher Mohammed's fight, the battle of Dubbah.

"We reply in the negative, and suspect that we are in for one of our noble host's stock stories.

"'Hor! hor! that *was* an affair. O Allah, Allah Akbar! was ever the like of it before?'

"'Then you were present, Meer Sahab?'*

"'I—yes, indeed I was. I went out with all the vassals of my poor brother' (a broad grin), 'whom you killed. Look at his son, my nephew there' (pointing to the lean scowler sitting by his side). 'Well, you killed his poor father. And, hor! hor! you would have killed me, pursues Ibrahim, highly amused by the idea, 'but I was a little too sharp even for the Frank.'

"We stimulate him by an inquiry.

"'How?' he vociferates. 'Why, when we went out of the tent to attack you we started to hunt the deer. Some carried swords, others spears, and many sticks, because we wanted to thrash you soundly for your impudence—not to kill you, poor things. My brother—now Allah illumine his grave!—was a simple-minded man, who said, "What can the iron of the Angreez † do against the steel of the Beloch?"

"'We drew up in a heap, eager for the onslaught. Presently some guns of yours appeared; they unlimbered; they began to fire. So did ours; but somehow or other we shot over you, you shot into us. I was on the other part of the field, so of course I didn't care much for that. But, a few minutes afterwards, what did we see?—a long red line, with flashing spikes, come sweeping over the plain towards us like a simoom.

"'Allah, Allah! what are these dogs doing? They are not running away? All my poor brother's men put the same question.

"'Then bang went the great guns, phit the little guns; the Franks prayed aloud to the Shaitan with a loud, horrible voice; we to Allah. What a mosque full of mullahs it was, to be sure! ‡ Who could fight? We howled defiance against them. Still they came on. We stood and looked at them. Still they came on. We rushed and slashed at them, like Rustams. Still they came on—the white fiends.§ And, by Allah, when we ran away, still they came after us. It was useless to encounter this kind of magic; the head magician sitting all the time on the back of a little bay horse, waving his hat in circles, and using words which those that heard them sounded like the language of devils. I waited till my poor brother fell dead. Then I cried to the vassals, "Ye base-born, will you see your chieftain perish unavenged?" And, having done my best to fight like a soldier, I thought I had a right to run like one—hor! hor!

* "The polite address to one of the blood-royal."

† "An allusion to the boasted superiority of what is called Damascus steel over our Sheffield cutlery."

‡ "As we should say, 'What a bear-garden!' Two mullahs in one mosque are sure to fight."

§ "One of the Rustam's great exploits was slaughtering the Divi Sapid, or White Demon—a personage, say the Persians, clearly typical of the modern Russians."

"'But now tell me—you are an Englishman—is there any chance of the Ameer's ever returning from captivity?'

"The assembly, after being convulsed with laughter during the Chief's account of his prowess at the battle of Meeanee—there are 'toadies' in Scinde as elsewhere—was breathless whilst he awaited our answer to his question.

"'No, Meer Sahab, there is none. The morning of prosperity has at length dawned upon Scinde. It leads to a day that knows no return of night!'

"'Allah Tuhar—the Lord be thy preserver!' There was no laugh as Ibrahim Khan uttered this short prayer.

"We rise; so does every man in the room. Vehemently are we pressed to stay. Vehemently do we refuse. Then there is a rushing to the doors, a whooping for horses, an appearance of the animals, madly kicking and plunging because ten hands are holding each bridle. The Chief accompanies us as far as the main gate of his palace, shaking hands, laughing violently, and catechizing us about our healths and brains; he repeats his delight at having made friendship with us, and, as a conclusion, again clasps us to that development which would not disgrace the fat fame of a Falstaff.

[What can be more true or witty, more picturesque and characteristic, than this picture of a Beloch dinner and tea party?—I. B.]

"'A tea-party!' What horrible goblins of the past are conjured up by these three syllables!

* * * * * *

"The first object that meets our glance, as we near the tents, is a line of Belochies drawn up behind a row of earthen pots, in shape and hue by no means unlike monstrous turnips. These—the turnips—are a present of choice confectionery; material, coarse sugar, rice, flour, spices, and clarified butter—always sent in token of friendship or favour. There are ten pots full for you, the 'great gentleman,' eight for me, the thinner man, one for our moonshee, who looks a profound disgust at not having received two, and the rest for the servants. The latter will obtain, although they cannot claim, possession of the whole, and the result will be a general indigestion, which nothing but a certain preparation of tartar can remove. Half a pound of the foul mixture would place our lives in imminent peril. Another uncomfortable effect of the ceremony is, that in this case, as on all occasions where an Oriental sends you a present, a return is expected, and the amount of the return is supposed exactly to show at what rate you value yourself. We must give vails to all the fellows, otherwise we shall be called 'fly-suckers,' *i.e.* skinflints—a reputation which you, in your own country and in these days, seem rather to court than to avoid, Mr. Bull; but what the East is not yet sufficiently enlightened to appreciate. We must also send a 'token' to the noble giver of the sweetmeats. If we withhold it, he will not be too shamefaced to apply for it in person. I remarked that, during the visit, he repeatedly admired your ring—a bloodstone with the family crest, a

lion rampant, upon it. Send it to him, with an epigrammatic compliment, which I will impromptu for you, and you will earn, as the natives say, a 'great name.'

* * * * * *

"'Well, Hari Chand, how progresses the Ameer?'

"'The Ameer? Your exalted intelligence will understand most prosperously, only he has robbed his ryots of all their camels, and now he is quarrelling with the neighbouring jagirdars (country gentlemen) in order to get theirs to cheat the Company with; he has depopulated the land of small birds to feed his twenty hawks; he has been to Hyderabad and has returned stark-staring mad, swearing that he drank two sahibs under the table, and made love to every madam* in the place' (Hari Chand is determined to excite our *ghairat*, or jealousy, on that point by perpetually hammering at it); 'he has married another wife, although people say he has five† already; the new one being a devil, fights with all the old ones, who try to poison her; and his eldest daughter, when on a visit to the capital, ran away with a mounted policeman. Wah! wah! Verily, it is a noble family, as the poet said of the people of Cabul—

> "A most distinguished race are they;
> The men can't say 'Yes,' the women can't say 'No.'"'‡

"'And Kakoo Mall?'

"'Oh, Kakoo Mall! He is making a fortune by sedulously practising all kinds of iniquities. Praised be Allah! what a scoundrel he is! It would take hours to sketch out his villanies even for the exalted intelligence of your honours to comprehend them. But one of these days Kakoo must and will come to a bad end, a very bad end, which may be a warning to mankind.'

"This prediction, Mr. Bull, is simply the result of envy on the part of Hari Chand, who would give one of his eyes for the unlimited powers of doing evil, that good (to himself) might come of it, which he represents Kakoo Mall to enjoy. Of course he alludes piously to the vengeance of the gods, but the reference is an habitual one; the heart knows nothing about what the tongue speaks.

"'Ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira decrum est,' is a sentiment which misleads the Eastern as well as the Western would-be criminal. These people theoretically own the idea of retribution in this certain life; practically, they act as if sure to evade it. An unseen, an uncertain punishment has so little effect when threatened from afar! Offended Heaven may so easily be propitiated by vain oblations, and equally vain repentance. And, after all, celestial vengeance so often comes too late—a man may enjoy himself so many years before the blow descends! So they never neglect to threaten one another with the *ira deorum*, and always sit in the teeth of it themselves.

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* "European ladies in general."

† "Four wives are allowed by law and religion, but if a man marries half a dozen or so, it is considered a peccadillo, not a felony."

‡ "Which, by-the-by, is borrowed from the Arab saying concerning the city of Wasit."

"Here is the Sawári, the retinue. Meer Ibrahim Khan, all crimson and gold, alights from his steed, a handsome Beloch mare, whose bridle and head-gear are covered with grotesque silver ornaments, and stands a moment patting her, to show off her points and equipments. The saddle is richly mounted—though far inferior to those used by some of the petty Indian princes, whose led horses are decked in harness plated with precious metals studded with diamonds—and there is no deficiency, at the same time no particular attraction, in the abundance of girth, housing, martingale and crupper, with which a gentleman's animal in this part of the world must be lumbered.

"Ibrahim Khan prepares for dinner by dismissing all his attendants but one, Kakoo Mall, who remains to 'toady' his highness, to swear the truth of every falsehood the great man tells, to supply him with an idea or a word whenever conversation does not flow glibly, and to be insulted, 'chaffed' and derided, *tour à tour*, as the ill-humour or joviality of his Chief prevail. The Ameer's quick glance has detected that we have nought but ale and cognac to offer him; that point settled, he assures his mind by feeling the smooth insides of our wine-glasses, by taking up the spoons, avoiding their handles, by producing brown facsimiles of his thumbs upon the white surface of the salt, by converting the mustard-pot into a scent-bottle, and by correcting any little irritation of the epidermis with our only corkscrews.

"'Will you take a glass of the water of life, Meer Sahab?'

"Perhaps, Mr. Bull, you expect our visitor to drink a few drops of brandy, as the French take *un petit verre d'absinthe pour ouvrir l'appetit.* If so, a quarter of an hour will convince you of your mistake.

"Ibrahim Khan hands his gold-hilted sabre to the Afghan servant—who receives it at a distance, as if it bit, with a sneering smile, for which he shall presently receive well-merited correction—sees it deposited in the corner of the tent, and then seating himself heavily upon the edge of the cot of honour opposite the dinner-table, he clutches a tumbler, blows warmly into it, polishes the damp interior with his pocket-handkerchief, and prepares to attack the liquid part of his meal.

"We must join him if you please. In Scinde men drink before, in England after, dinner. At home, the object, we say, is to pass time pleasantly over a glass of wine; here, they honestly avow, they drink to get drunk, and wonder what makes you do the same, disclaiming all intention of doing it. The Eastern practice is admirable for securing the object proposed to itself; every one knows that half a bottle upon an empty stomach does the duty of two emptied under converse circumstances. Moreover, the Scindians declare that alcohol before meals whets the appetite, enlivens the spirits, and facilitates digestion. Habit is everything. I should advise you, Mr. John Bull, to follow the Meer's example at humble distance; otherwise a portly old gentleman in a state of roaring intoxication, singing and speechifying, excited combativeness and general benevolence, may be the concluding scene of this feast of unreason.

"The dinner passes off rapidly. Ibrahim Khan eats quite as much as he drinks. Not contented with scooping up masses of boiled rice, hard

eggs, and unctuous stews, in his palm, now and then stripping a kabab-stick* with his fingers, and holding up a large bone to his mouth with both hands, he proposes after our example to practise the knife and fork. With these articles, the former in the left, the latter in the right fist, he attempts to dissect a roast fowl, which dances away from him, as if it had vitality, over the damask, to the tune of loud hor! hors! Again he tries —again he fails, although he prefaced the second attempt by a Bismillah: 'Heathen dog' (to Kakoo Mall), 'is the soul of thy father in this bit of carrion?' for which gross insult† the Hindoo mentally fines his lord a thousand rupees, to be cheated the first opportunity. At last, desperate by the failure of many efforts, he throws away the fork, transfers the knife to his right hand, and grasping with his left the animal's limbs, he tears it piecemeal with a facility which calls for a loud explosion of mirth.

"I never yet saw an Oriental laugh at himself so readily. Generally speaking, childlike, they are nervously and uncomfortably sensitive to ridicule of all kinds. Nothing offends them more lastingly than a caricature, be it the most good-natured. A writer of satire in Persia rarely dies an easy death; and the present race must be numbered amongst things that were, before a man could edit, at Teheran, a number of *Punch* and live through the day.

"Scindian cookery is, like the country and its native, a link between the Iranian and the Indian systems. Central Asia is pre-eminently the land of good living and of masterly *artistes*, men as truly great in their exquisite art as Paris or Naples ever produced: it teems with enjoyment to the philosophic *bon vivant*, who will apply his mind to naturalizing his palate. Amongst the Hindoos, the *matériel* of the *cuisine* is too limited, consequently there is a monotony in the succession of rice-dishes and vegetables: moreover, the bilious ghee enters into almost every preparation, the sweets are cloying, and the profuse spices annoying to the tasteful palate. In Scinde there are dawnings of culinary light, which would in a happier moral clime usher in a brilliant day. You have seldom eaten anything better—I will answer for the fact, Mr. Bull—than a *salmi* of black partridge, with a garnishing of stewed *bengans*, or egg-plants.

"The repast ends more abruptly than it began. The Scindian, as the boa-constrictor, is always torpid after his ample meal, and he holds to the apothegm of the Salernitan school—

'Post prandium est dormiendum.'

You may observe our guest's fat heavy eyelids winking and drooping with progressive somnolency as the time for his *siesta* draws nigh. He calls for a cup of lukewarm milk—the invariable and offensive conclusion to dinner here; apologizes for leaving us—he must go to his prayers and attend to his guest-house‡—promises a return to tea in the evening, calls for his horse, mounts it and retires.

* "Bits of roast meat with onion between, fastened together with a skewer."

† "Fowls are considered impure in the extreme by high-caste Hindoos."

‡ "The wealthy nobles in Scinde generally support an establishment called Mehman-Khana (guest-house), in which they receive and entertain poor travellers and strangers."

"Now that he has gone, perhaps you also, sir, may have 'letters to write.'

* * * * * *

"'Ibrahimoo was so full of wine,' remarks Hari Chand, 'with these eyes I saw him almost tumble over his animal. He go to pray! He went to prepare for the evening's work. As for his guest-house, it is called by all the poor around, "House of Hunger." Your honours, I hear, gave him only beer and brandy. You will see him presently return with a donkey's load of bottles. And I am told that he is going to bring his eldest boy. Ah, your honours must button up your pouches now!'

* * * * * *

"Here comes the Ameer with some additions to his former escort, Kakoo Mall; a little brown boy five or six years old, a minstrel, and a servant carrying many 'grey-beards.'

"In few parts of the world do you see prettier children than those of the higher class in Scinde. Their features are delicate and harmonious; the forehead is beautifully *bombé*; the full, rounded cheek shows almost olive-coloured by the side of the silky black curls; and there is an intelligence and a vivacity which you scarcely expect to see in their large, long, lustrous black eyes. Their forms are equal to their faces; for symmetry and finish they might serve as models to the well-provided Murillo or Correggio. And the simplicity of their dress—a skull-cap, a little silk frock like a night-gown, confined with a waist-shawl in which sticks the tiniest of daggers, and a pair of loose slippers—contrasts most advantageously with the dancing-dog costumes with which your good lady, Mr. Bull, invests her younger offspring, or the unsightly jackets and waistcoats conferred upon Billy when breeched. If you like their dress you will also admire their behaviour. The constant habit of society makes them companionable at an age when your progeny is fit for nothing but confinement in a loose box called a nursery. The boy here stands before his father, or sits with him when ordered, more staidly than one of your adults would do. He listens with uncommon gravity to the conversation of his seniors, answers pithily and respectfully when addressed, and never requires to be lectured upon the text, 'Little children are made to be seen and not heard.' At eight years of age he is master of the *usages*; he will receive you at the door in the absence of his progenitor, hand you to your proper seat in the room, converse with you, compliment you, call for pipes, offer you sweetmeats, invite you to dinner, and dismiss you without failing in a single point. As a boy he is a little man, and his sister in the harem is a little woman. This you may object to on the score of taste; say that it robs childhood of its chief charm, the natural, the innocent, and all that kind of thing. At any rate, you must own that it also preserves us from the very troublesome displays of the said charm in the form of pertness, selfishness, turbulence, and all the unlovely details comprehended in your 'naughtiness'—the Irish 'boldness.'

"Our admiration of their children is reciprocated by the Orientals. I have heard of a Chief travelling many miles to see the fair and flaxen hair

of a 'European baby;' and 'Beautiful as a white child' is almost a proverb amongst the dark-skinned Maharattas.

"We must treat Master Ibrahim—I beg his pardon, Meer Jan Mohammed Khan Talpur, as he sententiously names himself—with especial attention, as a mark of politeness to his father. We insist upon his sitting down—upon the highest seat, too—inquire with interest after his horse and his hawk, look at his dagger, and slip in a hope that he may be as brave a soldier as his father. But we must not tell him that he is a pretty boy, or ask him his age, or say anything about his brothers and sisters, otherwise we offend against the *convenances*. And when we wish him to be sent home—that venerable maxim,

'Maxima debetur puero reverentia,'

is still venerated in the East—we give him a trifling *tohfeh* (present), a pocket-pistol or a coloured print, and then he will feel that the object of his mission has been fulfilled. In Central Asia a child's visit is a mere present-trap.

"You admire the row of bottles displayed upon the table—a dozen at least of champagne and sherry, curaçoa and noyau, brandy and gin, soda-water and pale ale. You will wonder still more when you see Ibrahim Khan disposing of their contents recklessly, mixing them (after consumption) by tumblers full, intoxicating himself with each draught, and in each twenty minutes' interval becoming, by dint of pushing his cap off his brow, scratching his head, abusing his moonshee, and concentrating all the energies of mind and body upon his pipe, sober as judges are said to be.

"A faint 'twang-twang' draws your attention to the corner of the tent. As in the ages preceding Darius, so since his time the *soirée* of Oriental Cæsar, or Chief, never ended without sweet music.

"Remark the appearance of the performer. He is a dark, chocolate-coloured man with a ragged beard, an opium look, sharp, thin features, and a skin that appears never to have known ablution. A dirty, torn cloth wrapped round his temples acts as turban; the rest of the attire, a long shirt of green cotton and blue drawers, is in a state which may be designated 'disgusting.' In his hand is his *surando*, the instrument of his craft, a rude form of the violin, with four or five sheep-gut strings, which are made to discourse eloquent music by a short crooked bow that contains half the tail of a horse. He is preparing to perform, not in the attitude of a Paganini, but as we see in old Raphaels, and occasionally in the byways of Italy—the instrument resting upon his lap instead of his collar-bone. Before the preliminary scraping ends, whilst the Meer is reviling Kakoo Mall *sotto voce*, a word or two about the fellow and his race.

"The Langho, or, as he is politely and accurately termed, the Manganhar, or 'asker'*—they are the most peremptory and persevering of

* "To call a man 'beggar' does not sound polite in English, but it does in Scinde ears. An Oriental would generally prefer being under any kind of obligation to his superiors than lack connection with them."

beggars—is a particular caste in Scindi. Anciently all the great clans had their own minstrels, whose duty it was to preserve their tradition for recital on festival occasions, and to attend the Chief in battle, where they noted everything with an eagle's eye, praising those that fought, and raining showers of curses, taunts, and invectives upon those that fled. This part of their occupation is now gone. In the present day they subsist principally by the charity of the people, and by attending at the houses in which their professional services at marriages and other ceremonies are required. They are idle as well as fond of pleasure, dirty, immoral, and notoriously dishonest. *Largesse* to a minstrel being a gentlemanly way of wasting one's substance in Scinde, those that employ the 'asker' are provoked to liberality till either the will or the way fail. In the mean time he spends every pice, with all the recklessness of a Western *artiste*, in drinking, gambling, and the silliest ostentation. He is not expected to live long, and none knows what becomes of him in his old age.

"Our friend the Meer has, I am told by Hari Chand, suffered so much from these men's sneering encomiums upon his valour and conduct in the late war, that he once tried the experiment of paying them liberally to avoid his palace. Finding that the revenues of Persia would be inadequate to carry out the scheme, he has altered his tactics, and now supports half a dozen of these, on the express condition that they never allude to the battles of Meeanee or Dubbah in his presence.

"And now, as Ibrahim Khan looks tired of attempting to converse with our surly Afghans, and of outraging the feelings of his moonshee, we will lend an ear to Music—heavenly maid—as she springs upon us in grimly guise from the head of Aludo, the minstrel.

"The singing will commence with a favourite rhapsod theme—the murder of the great Lord Bahram, the ancestor of the Talpur Princess—by order of Sarfaraz, the Kalhora; and with the deadliest accuracy will it detail how an individual of lowly birth but brave, Shah Baharo, a Scindian, when ordered by the despot to do the deed, refused, saying, 'I will fight the Beloch like a man.' How Sarfaraz made light of Shah Baharo's chivalry and honour, asking, 'Where is Mohammed the Prophet of Allah, and where is Musaylimah the liar?'* How Shah Baraho responded with great temper and a prodigious quantity of good advice, the major part of which was *à propos* of everything; how Sarfaraz cozened and flattered till he found a willing bravo in Ismail Mombiyani the Scindian; how the said Ismail, being a one-handed man, cut down the valiant Bahram from behind with a sword which he held in his left hand, raised a little higher than usual, and drew down the murdered chief's shoulder; how Ismail, after the assassination, cut off Bahram's head; and, finally, how Sarfaraz looked at it, and gave utterance to unchristianlike sentiments.

"All the terrible minuteness of a French novel of the day or an Italian historical romance!

"The sounds that accompany are more remarkable than the words of

* "A false prophet, *i.e.* an unsuccessful one, contemporary with Mohammed. The phrase is a classical one amongst the Moslems: it is much used when drawing odious comparisons between man and man."

the song. Each fresh verse is ushered in by a loud howl so strikingly discordant that your every nerve starts at it, and so prolonged that anticipation wearies of looking forward to its close. To which follows the *aria*, a collection of sharp shatterings, in a key strained at least two notes above the *voce di petto*, which, nevertheless, must be forced up to the mark, falsetto being unknown here. And, lastly, the conclusion of the phrase—a descent into the regions of the *basso* till the voice dies away, vaguely growling—lost, as it were, and unable to merge from the depths into which it strayed. Then the howl, the chatterings, the soprano scream, and the growl over again. Half an hour of this work goes to the formation of a Scindian melody.

"Melody!

"Well, yes, melody! You see, sir, all around you are ecstatized, consequently there must be something to attract admiration in the performance. Of all the arts, Music is the most conventional. What do you think Orpheus would have thought of Thalberg—Thalberg of Orpheus? The tradition of all ancient people, Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and others, tell of minstrels who worked miracles by the voice, the guitar, the lute, and the lyre. The Music of the Greeks and Romans is beyond our reach; that of the Hindoo and the Persian is still in its old age,—much the same, I suppose, as it was when it began to exist. Accustomed to his own system, the Indian cannot derive the least pleasure from ours. The noisiness confuses him; his ear cannot detect a phrase, and he is ignorant of its harmony as he would be insensible to discord. He wonders greatly how it is that the European, so superior to him in arms and arts, can be so far behind in this one science, and he turns with eagerness to the strain familiar to his ear; not to the 'Hindostanee melodies,' which are occasionally composed in London, but to an honest, downright bit of barbarism such as we have just now heard.

"After my description, you will be astonished to hear that I could do anything but suffer during the endurance of the minstrel's song. At first all was pure torture. Presently the ear, in its despair, began to make friends with the least harsh sounds, as prisoners do with spiders or jailors. Then, as a note or two became familiar, the utter strangeness wore off, and a sensation of grotesque enjoyment, novel and unexplainable, struggled into existence. At last, when a few years had thoroughly broken my taste to bear what you have just heard, I could listen to it not only without the horror you experience, but also with something more like gratification than composure. Possibly I like it better for the disgust it provoked at first. So the Highlander learns to love his screaming, wheezing bagpipe, the German his putrescent *Sauerkraut*, the Frenchman *haut-goût* in game, the Italian his rancid olives, and all the world their snuff and cigars—things which at first they must, as they were human, have hated.

"The songs generally sung by these Eastern *jongleurs* are legends, ballads, certain erotic verses which are very much admired by every class, and mystical effusions which the learned enjoy, and which the unlearned, being utterly unable to comprehend them, listen to with the acutest sensations of pleasure. The Homer of Scinde is one Sayyid

Abd el Latif, a saintly bard, whose Risalo, or collection of distichs upon traditionary themes of the two passions, Love and War, has been set to different musical modes, and is, by the consenting voice of society, admitted to be a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, a bit of heaven on earth.

"I will translate one of the songs which Aludo sings—a short satirical effusion, directed against the descendants of that celebrated man by some Scindian poet, who appears fond of using the figure irony.

"AN ODE TO THE HOLY MEN OF BHIT.*

'Ye monks of Bhit, whose holy care
In fast and penance, wake and prayer!
Your lips and eyes bespeak a love
From low earth weaned to Heaven above!
Your hearts have rent all carnal ties,
Abjured all pomps and vanities!
Not mean will be your meed, I ken,
In Heaven's bright realms, ye rev'rend men!'

2.

'And yet, they say, those tuneful throats,
With prayers' stern chaunt, mix softer notes;
Those mouths will sometimes deign to sip
The honey-dew from maiden's lip;
And other juice than salt tear dyes
With purpling hues those heavy eyes.
Ah, ah! twice blest your lot, I ken,
Here and hereafter, rev'rend men!'

"You have a small musical snuff-box with you, Mr. John Bull; wind it up, put it in your pocket, and try the effects of a polka or a waltz.

"All are silent in a moment. They start, stare, peer about the room, and look very much scared by the strange sounds. In another minute they will run away from us adepts in the black art. You see how many miracles could be got out of a few such simple contrivances as a grind-organ, an electrical machine, or a magic lantern. Now produce the cause of astonishment whilst I attempt to explain the mechanism of the invention. The sight of something soothes them; their minds become, comparatively speaking, quiet; still they handle the box with constraint, as if it had the power of stinging as well as singing. All are vociferous in praise of the music, probably on account of the curiosity of the thing,

* "Bhit is a small town lying to the eastward of Hyderabad. The word in Scinde literally means a 'heap,' and is applied to the place because the holy Abd el Latif ordered his followers to throw up a mound of earth as a foundation for the habitations of men. The holy subjects of the Ode, although his descendants, have quite lost reputation amongst the Bards, because they ungenerously appropriated the hoards entrusted to their charge by the wife of the dethroned Kalhora prince. Perhaps, being very wealthy, they are become, as might be expected, very niggardly, and that is another cause of offence."

as a civilized audience applauds a sonata upon one string, at which it would yawn if performed upon four. Even the Minstrel declares with humble looks that the charm has fled his *Surando*, that his voice is become like to the crows. This, however, is his politeness, not his belief. In what part of the world, or at what epoch of the creation, did a painter, a musician, or a poet, ever own to himself that he is a dauber, a mar-music, or a poetaster?

"Ibrahim Khan will by no means refuse a 'dish a tea,' especially when offered to him during a short account of the Chinese Empire; the beardless state of the Celestials and the porcelain tower being topics which will at once rivet his attention. Orientals in their cups love to become inquisitive, scientific, theological, and metaphysical. But he qualifies the thin potation with quite an equal quantity of brandy, as in his heart of hearts he has compared the first sip to an infusion of senna disguised by sugar and milk. The Belochies, unlike their neighbours the Persians and Afghans, are not accustomed to the use of *Chahi*.*

* * * * * *

"'Meer Ibrahim Khan Talpur, listen! The meetings of this world are in the street of separation. And truly said the poet that the sweet draught of friendly union is ever followed by the bitter waters of parting. To-morrow we wander forth from these pleasant abodes, to return to Hyderabad. My friend, Jan Bool Sahib, is determined to feast his eyes upon the Edens of Larkhana and to dare the Jehannums of Shikarpur.'

"The Chief rises steadily, though intoxicated.

"'You are the King of the Franks. You are the best of the Nazarenes, and, by the blessed Prophet, you almost deserve to be a Moslem! Swear to me that you will presently return and gladden the glance of amity. What is life without the faces of those we love? Wah! wah! I have received you badly. There are no dancing-women in my villages. I would have seized a dozen of the ryots' wives, but Kakoo Mall said—didn't you, you scoundrel——?'

"'Certainly, great Chief!'

"'How can the Haiwans,† the Scindees, venture to show their blackened‡ faces in the presence of those exalted lords? If I have failed in anything, pardon me.'

"The tears stand in Ibrahim's eyes. No wonder. He has nearly finished six bottles. He grasps our hands at every comma; at every full stop vigorously embraces us. Yet he is not wholly maudlin. To water the tree of friendship, as he phrases it, he stuffs my cheroot-case into one pocket, and a wine-glass into the other. I must give him your musical box, Mr. Bull, and as an equivalent—I don't wish him to go home and laugh at our beards—I gently extract his best hunting-knife from his waistband and transfer it to my own, declaring that with that identical weapon will I cut the throat of a poetic image called Firak or Separation.

Tea."

†In Arabic, 'anything that hath life'—popularly used to signify a beast as ed to a human being, or a human being that resembles a beast."

Blackened, *bien entendu*, by certain unquenchable flames."

"Now the adieus become general. The minstrel raises his voice in fervent prayer; he has received five rupees and a bottle of bad gin. All the followers put their heads into the tent to bless us, and to see if we have anything more to give them. The Ameer, convinced that there are no more presents to be distributed, prepares to depart, accompanied by his secretary, when Hari Chand, determined upon a final scene, raises the tent-fly and precipitates himself into Kakoo Mall's arms."

APPENDIX E.

POLITICS.

RICHARD'S VIEWS UPON THEM, AND WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE—A SUBJECT TO BE CONTINUED IN THE FUTURE WORK, "LABOURS AND WISDOM OF RICHARD BURTON."

"AND now for a serious bit of moralizing, from gay to grave. The radical changes of the last five years in Paris deserve chronicling and deep study. The War and the Commune have made a new world. '*La nation la plus aimable la plus aimée et peut-être la moins aimante*,' has been translated, 'The light and joyous character may lie below, but there is a terrible hard upper crust of sulkiness and economy run mad—rage for lucre, and lust *pour la revanche*.' There is only the *ancienne noblesse*, the Faubourg St. Germain, the souls loyal to their King and to their Faith, who remain pure. So far, the Parisians are like the Irish Kelt,—a blathering, bumptious, bull-and-blunder loving race. The former have been converted in half a century by politics and polemics into a moping and melancholy brood. It is no longer the fashion in France to speak without an introduction. Men will sit side by side at *table d'hôte* in dead silence for a month; they travel twenty-four hours in the railway without opening the mouth; and if a loud laugh be heard in public, it is sure to come from some *triste Anglais*. Even the women, although they still fling the look of hate at a pretty toilette, seem to have abdicated the supremacy of the toilette. Once you never did, now you often see the absence of corsets upon figures that can't stand it. They are badly painted, and it is a sin to paint badly. They are *outrées* in their dress, and the neglect of these things is a bad sign in Paris. The middle and the lower classes, who used to be *a quatre épingles*, are *mal coiffées*, with their petticoats hanging below their dresses, as we were in the days of *les Anglaises pour rire*. We have learnt many things from our French friends, and amongst the *good* things, how to dress; but dress never made *our* women's beauty—it did that of the French.

"The theatres are clearing 27,000,000 of francs (1875), when during the palmiest days of the Empire they never exceeded 17,000,000. Except at the new Opera, the scenery and decorations are those of our penny gaffs. 'Les Italiens' bears the palm of dowdyism, and actors and actresses seem to have decayed with the decorations. The *cuisine*, except in special instances, has notably fallen off. The bottles are all 'kick,' the famous

bread and butter has lost caste. The *café au lait* is all chicory—maximum water, minimum beans. Mammonolatry is rampant, and the great problem of manufacture and depôt, of store and shop, is how to charge the most for the worst article. Economy has now become a vice instead of a virtue, and 1,852,000 souls manage to pay 12,280,000 francs in taxes per annum.

"It is impossible to pass a day in Paris without hearing and speaking politics. The French, I have said, are sulky, especially with the 'Perfidious,' because she has supplanted them in Egypt, where for so many years England had by a tacit convention supplied the material and France the personal. They question the wisdom of our last dodge. It is the first move in the coming Kriegspiel. I hate half-measures, and I would have bought the Canal wholly out and out, and put a fortress at each end, and taken a mild nominal toll to show my right. I would annex Egypt and protect Syria, occupy the Dardanelles, and after that let the whole world wrangle as much as it pleased. What is the use of having a Navy superior to all the united navies of the rest of the world, if we can't do this? The world will never be still till Constantinople returns to the old Byzantine kingdom; and we might put a Royalty there, say the Duke of Edinburgh, who, being married to the Czar's daughter, would unite the interests of Russia and England. Let the Turk live, but retire into private life; he is a good fellow there, and we can respect El Islam so long as he has nothing to butcher.

"Let Austria become a mighty empire,—nineteen million Slavs, eight million Germans, five million Hungarians. Let Italy be satisfied with her Unity and Freedom and Progress, and Prussia repose upon her Bismarck, and France keep quiet and look after her health. But as it is, the three Emperors may say to us, 'Gentlemen, you have got what you want; we will follow suit—look on, and don't spoil sport.' Taken *per se*, this Suez Canal measure is a patch of tinsel gold plastered upon the rags of foreign and continental policy which our ins and outs have kept us up during the last decade, whilst under-authorities are apparently told off to declare periodically that England has lost none of her prestige abroad. Listen to the average politician of the multitude.* I do not like the doings of my own party (I am a Conservative); and what irritates me more is, that little as *he* knows, there is sound truth in what he says.

"The fact is, that England has repudiated the grand old rule of aristocracy which carried her safely through the Titan wars of the early Buonaparte ages, whilst she has not accepted the strong repulsive arm of Democracy, which enabled the Federal to beat down the Confederate. She rejects equally the refined minority and the sturdy majority; she is neither hot nor cold; she sits between two stools, and we all know where that leads to.

"This Suez move would have been a homogeneous part of a strong policy—that is, a policy backed by two millions of soldiers, by a preponderating fleet of ironclads, and by a school of diplomatists, which has not been broken in to 'effacing' themselves. Of our politicians generally, the less said the soonest mended; but I have unbounded confidence in our

* Written in 1876.

Premier,* in our Navy, and the good heart, rough common sense, firmness, and *esprit de corps* of our British public. The next shake—and it will be heavy and soon—will give us the Euphrates Valley Railway, despite the cleverness of an Ignatieff. The first disaster will bring on a revival of the Militia Law, and I should not be surprised if we live to see ourselves revolve round again to a general conscription, and the 'do nothings' will eventually go to the wall. It is a pity to tie the hands of so long-sighted a Premier.

"Revenge is still the dream of Paris, and the dream is not of the wise. The three Emperors love the three Empires, and hate one another; the Government and the Lieges are blinded by jealousy; each wishes to be the first in the race, and to see the other two distanced. All are mounted upon a war footing *au piéd de guerre;* which means that they intend fighting, and Germany especially must fight or she is lost; to her peace is more ruinous than war. France is cutting her way up with the purse instead of the sword. The great Triad might alter the map of Europe. 'The sons of Hermann' would absorb Belgium and Holland; the Muscovite swallow Constantinople with its neighbouring appendages, and Austria *convey* ('the wise call it') the remainder of Turkey's Slavonic provinces. But they will do nothing of the kind. Germany has proved herself the natural guardian of the Eastern frontier of Europe.

"A Franco-Russian alliance is now, in 1876, in everybody's mouth. France is for the moment safely republican, with a chance of M. Thiers, the kingmaker, succeeding to the Presidency.† She casts the blame of the Communal excesses upon the Buonapartists, because she fears them; but she has clean forgotten Legitimists and Orleanists. As regards the Franco-Russian alliance, opinions follow two courses. The sensible and far-seeing, which (like councils of war) never fights, would unite with Russia and temporarily keep the peace. The majority of hot heads and Hotspurs would use it for another '*À Berlin!*' to attack Prussia from the east as well as the west.

"Yet, if the truth be told, France is far less ready for war than England. She can hardly raise 400,000 men to defend her own frontiers. We assisted at various reviews, and inspected many of the camps; we saw artillery, cavalry, and infantry equally unfit to face an educated enemy. Every order given by an officer was answered or questioned by a private, "Mais, ce n'est pas cela du tout, mon Capitaine." Guns, horses, and men were equally inefficient. True, the chassepot is being changed for the fusil Gras, the sword-bayonet is being supplanted by a neat triangular weapon unfit to cut cabbages and wood, and the six arms manufacturers of France are not wasting an hour. But after seeing the skirmishes and advances in line, one cannot help feeling certain that at this rate half a century will elapse before the Frenchman is ready to fight the Prussian. Meanwhile, every head of man, woman, and child here pay half a franc (fivepence sterling) per diem, and the municipality of Paris spends, I am told, an income inferior only to the six great Powers of Europe.

"The part of the Regal-Republican, Imperial-Republican Capital showing

* Lord Beaconsfield. † This was written in 1876.

least change is that Conservative quarter which may be called 'Anglo-American Paris.' This 'West End' is bounded north by the Boulevarts des Italiens and the Madeleine; south by the Rue Rivoli and the river (a mere ditch, but not so dirty as father Thames); east by the Rue Richelieu, the Palais Royal, and Véfour; west by the Embassy and the Chapel, with the Vendôme Column as a landmark. Here the northern and western barbarians have their King Plenipo, and their Consul, their chaplain and physician, their pet hotels, English (Meurice's), their club and library (Galignani's), their tavern (Byron's, famed for beer), their dentist, their pharmacies, and their shops labelled, 'English (or American) spoken here,'—which generally means, 'I'm a thief, you're a fool.' We can tell a compatriot a mile off—the men by their billycock hats and tweed suits, their open mouths, hats well at back of head, and red guide-books; the women by their wondrous dress and hats—for which there are special shops—their turned-up toes and noses, their manly strides, their taking men's arms, one on each side; and the glum faces of both sexes on the Sabbath, when the guide-book is exchanged for the Common Prayer-book and the Bible. In this region, where the snuffle of the Yankee mixes with the *h*aspirations of the Cockney, the really Parisianized Englishman is never seen, and if compelled to pass through it he hurries with muffled face in trembling haste, like Mahomet rushing down the demon-haunted defiles of El Hidjr.

"Milan is bravely raising a monument to Napoleon III., whilst the popular feeling of young Italy runs strong against the French. The main reasons appear to be the abstraction of Nice, and the domineering tone assumed by the late Empire. Moreover, 'the *peoples*' (Kossuth still lives at Turin) do not readily pardon their benefactors. Witness the aversion of Spain and Portugal for England since the Peninsular War. In the next campaign the general voice of the younger and more fiery sort, and of that solid power, the Left Centre, will compel the constitutional Government of Victor Emmanuel, despite all his prepossessions and prejudices, to side with Germany against France. This was written years ago, but it is, methinks, still true.

"I was astonished to find the Italianissimo feeling so rampant in Upper Italy, and the people so excited upon the subject, when their Government have set them an example of calmness, common sense, moderation, and constitutional spirit of compromise, which go far to redeem the character of the Latin race, even in this, the darkest day of its history. Because Dante made the Quarnero Gulf finish Italy, and because Petrarch established the Alps as the surroundings of his fair land, their new geographical politicians would absorb Trieste and Istria; and when Jove shall wax wroth, he will probably grant them their silly prayer.

"Trieste has a mixed population. North of Ponte Rosso is Germania, composed of the authorities, the employés, and a few wealthy merchants. They have a maniacal idea of Germanizing their little world, a mania which secures for them abundant trouble and ill-will, for eight millions cannot denationalize thirty-two millions. There are twelve thousand Italians at Trieste who speak a corrupted Venetian; eleven thousand of these are more or less poor, one thousand are perhaps too rich. However,

their civilization is all Roman, and they take a pride in it, whilst the *exaltés* and the Italianissimi hate their rulers like poison. In this they are joined by the mass of the wealthy and influential Israelites, who divide the commerce with the Greeks. The former subscribe handsomely to every Italian charity or movement; and periodically and anonymously memorialize the King of Italy. The lower class take a delight in throwing large squibs, here called by courtesy 'torpedoes,' amongst the unpatriotic petticoats who dare to throng the Austrian balls. The immediate suburbs, country, and villages are Slav, and even in the City some can barely speak Italian. This people detests all its fellow-citizens with an instinctive odium of race, and with a dim consciousness that it has been ousted from its own. Thus the population may be said to be triple. Politics are lively, and the Italianissimi thrive because the constitutional Government, which has taken the place of the old patriarchal despotism, is weak, acting as if it feared them. Austria of to-day is feeble and gentlemanly, and as such is scarcely a match for the actual Italy. Let us lay out a little map of politics immediately around our small corner of the world.

"Being devoted Austrians, we have many anxieties concerning the political health of this admirable country. Austria, once so famed for the astute management, the 'Politiké,' which kept in order the most heterogeneous of households between Bohemia and Dalmatia, and from Hungary to the Milanese, is suffering from a complication of complaints. The first is the economic: her deficit for 1877 is already laid at twenty-six millions of florins; she lives on paper, and she habitually outruns the constable. Secondly, are the *modus vivendi* with Hungary, the Convention, the Bank, and half a dozen other troubles, which result from the 'chilling dualism' of Count Beust (1867). The inevitable rivalry of a twofold instead of a threefold empire is now deepening to downright hostility. The Slavs complain that the crown of the Empire is being dragged through the mire by the 'Magyarists;' and on December 9th, the Vienna Chamber of Deputies heard for the first time a proposal to substitute Trialism for Dualism. Third, and last, is the Eastern Question, in which the poor invalid is distracted by three physicians proposing three several cures. Doctor Hungary wants only the integrity (!) of Turkey: alliance with England, war with Russia. Doctor Germany, backed by the Archduke Albert, and aided by the army, looks to alliance with Russia, and to the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina when Turkey falls to pieces. Lastly, Doctor Progressist, with the club of the Left, advocates the cold-water treatment, absolute passivity: no annexation, no occupation, no intervention. The triad division seems inveterate: even the Constitutionalist party must split into three—a Centrum, a Left, and a *Fortschritts partei*. Hence Prince Gortschakoff, not without truth, characterized this mosaic without coherence as 'no longer a State, but only a Government.'

"Austria, like England, is suffering from the manifold disorders and troubles that accompany a change of life. At home we have thrown over for ever the rule of Aristocracy; and we have not yet resigned ourselves to what must inevitably come—Democracy pure and simple. Accordingly, we sit between two stools, with the usual proverbial result. Austria, in 1848, sent to the Limbo of past things the respectable 'paternal' govern-

ment,' with its *carcere*, its *carcere duro*, and its *carcere durissimo;* and threatened to make sausage-meat of M. Ochsenhausen von Metternich. Constitutionalism, adopted by automatism, found the Austrians utterly unfit for freedom; and the last thirty years have only proved that constitutionalism may be more despotic than despotism. Austria has ever been the prey of minorities, German and Magyar. Her *Beamter* class has adopted the worst form of Latin *Bureaucratie*. Her Press has one great object in life, that of 'Germanizing' unwilling Slavs. Her fleet has lost Tegetthoff and Archduke Max. Her army, once the best drilled in Europe, and second to none in the *ingens magnitudo corporum*, has been reduced by short service to a host of beardless boys; and the marvels of the Uchatius gun will not prevent half the regiments being knocked up by a fortnight's work. But these are the inevitable evils of a transition system, and if Austria can only tide over her change of life, she will still enjoy a long, hearty, and happy old age.

"Hence Austro-Hungary is freely denounced as 'disturbing the European Areopagus.' Hence Paskievich declared in 1854 that the road to Stamboul leads through Vienna. Hence Fadajeff, the Panslavist, significantly points out that Europe contains forty millions of Slavs who are *not* under the White Czar. These ancient Scythians have hitherto shown very little wisdom. Instead of cultivating some general language,—for instance, the old Slavonic, which would have represented Latin,—they are elaborating half a dozen different local dialogues; and, at the last Slav Congress, the Pan-Slav Deputies, greatly to the delight of the Pan-Germanists, were obliged to harangue one another in German. If 'Trialism' be carried out in the teeth of Hungary, what and where can be the capital of the Jugo-Slavs—the Southern and Latin, as opposed to the Pravo-Slavs or orthodox? Where shall be the seat of its Houses? Prague is purely Czech, utterly distasteful to Slavonia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. Laibach in Krain is the only place comparatively central; but that means that all would combine to reject Laibach. Meanwhile the Slavs declare that they are treated as Helots, and that they will stand this treatment no longer.

"Austria will hardly declare war against Russia even at the bidding of the Turko-Hungarian alliance—even if menaced with her pet bugbear, the formation of a strong Slav kingdom, or kingdoms, on her south-eastern frontier. She is thoroughly awake to the danger threatened by her friends, that of falling into her four component parts, each obeying the law of gravitation—Styria, Upper and Lower, absorbing herself in Germany, and Dalmatia and Istria merging into Italy. She has made all her preparations for occupying Bosnia, which the Turks are abandoning, and for which it is generally believed they will not fight. Count Andrassy, the rebel of 1848, the Premier of 1876–78, will keep his own counsel and carry out his own plans. He has been unjustly charged with a vacillating and uncertain policy; as if a man who is being frantically pulled diametrically in four opposite directions were not obliged to stoop at times in order to conquer.

"Italy has of late made strong representations at Vienna against the possible occupation of Bosnia by Austria. She knows that the step would

for ever debar her from the possessions of Dalmatia; and that the old kingdom, the mother of Emperors, will never rest satisfied till her extensive seaboard is subtended by a proportionate interior. Italy would prefer to occupy Bosnia *in propriâ personâ;* but, that being hardly possible, she would leave it occupied, or, worst of all, occupied by the Turks. Italy is the deadliest enemy of Austria, and wears the dangerous aspect of a friend. Such is the present standpoint of the Empire,* and you see she is still, as she has been for years, a 'political necessity.' We, her well-wishers, can only say to her, in olden phrase, *Tu, felix Austria, nube,*—'Yea, marry, and take unto thyself the broad and fertile lands lying behind the Dinaric Alps.'

"Meanwhile, Italy, the rival sister of France, the recipient of many favours from her, and, *par conséquence,* her bitterest foe, bides her time, remains quiet as a church mouse, and, like the Scotchman's owl, thinks hard. She is at present the last, the only hope of Latinism. She has shown, since 1870, a prudence, a moderation, an amount of common sense, comparatively speaking, which have surprised the world. Ethnologists, who scoffed at 'Panlatinism,' were overhasty in determining that the game of the Latin race was 'up;' and that the three progressive families of the future are the English (including the German and the Anglo-American), the Slav, and the sons of the Flowery Land. The present standpoint of Italy is this. She has a treaty with Russia which makes her a spectator. She has returned an overwhelming majority of the progressists, who aim at converting her into a Republic; and Italy, classical and mediæval, has never attained her full development except under Republican rule. Meanwhile, her 'citizens and patriots' look forward to recovering Nice, where, in 1860, some 26,000 votes against 160 were polled in favour of annexation to France. She wants an Algeria, and would like to find it at Tunis, with Carthage for capital. And finally, she would fain round off her possessions by annexing from Austria the Trentine, the county of Gorizia, the peninsula of Istria, including the chief emporium, Trieste, and even the kingdom of Dalmatia.

"It was not a little amusing to note the expression of simple amazement with which the general Press of England acknowledged the discovery that Italy 'actually contemplates' this extension of territory. Would they be surprised to hear that such has been her object for the last six hundred years; that in her darkest hour she has never abandoned her claim; that during the last half-century she has urged it with all her might, and that at the present moment she is steadily labouring to the same end? We, who derive experience from the pages of history, firmly believe that the prize would even now be in her hands were it not for Prussia, who calculates upon the gravitation of the Austro-German race,

* "This was written at the end of 1876. It would be impossible to-day (1878) not to sympathize with and admire Austria and her brave army struggling single-handed and manfully in the great Bosnian and Herzegovinian difficulty, but when it is over her reward will be great. It is a large step in the right direction; but we, who want a great Austrian Empire, wish she had had all the nineteen million Slavs, not a part."

and who already speaks of Trieste as 'our future seaport.' But why, we ask, cannot Italy rest contented with Venice, which, after a century of neglect, might by liberal measures again become one of the principal commercial centres of Europe?

"Under Augustus the whole of Istria was annexed to the tenth region of Italy; the south-eastern limits being the Flumen Arsæ, the modern Arsa, that great gash in the Eastern flank beyond which began Liburnia. Hence Dante sang ('Inferno,' ix. 113-115)—

'Si come a Pola presso del Quarnaro
Che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna,
Fanno i sepolcri tutto 'l loco varo.'

Hence Petrarch (Sonnet cxiv.) declares of his Laura, whose praises he cannot waft all the world over—

'——udralo il bel paese,
Ch' Apennin parte, e 'l mar circonda e 'l Alpe.'

And who can forget the glorious verse of Alfieri, the first to discern Italy in the 'geographical expression' of the eighteenth century?—

'Giorno verrà, tornerà giorno in cui
Redivivi omai gli Itali staranno,
In campo armati,' etc., etc., etc.

"Italy bases her claim to the larger limit, upon geography, ethnology, and sentiment, as well as upon history. Only the most modest of patriots contend that the Isonzo river, the present boundary of Austria, was a capricious creation of Napoleon I. The more ambitious spirits demand the whole southern watershed of the Julian Alps; nor are they wanting who, by 'Alps' understanding the Dinaric chain, would thus include the whole kingdom of Dalmatia inherited from the Romans.

"Ethnologically, again, Istria declares herself Italian, not Austrian. Her 290,000 souls (round number) consist of 166,000 Latins to 109,000 Slavs, the latter a mongrel breed that emigrated between A.D. 800 and 1657; and a small residue of foreigners, especially Austro-German officials. The Italians are, it is true, confined to the inner towns and to the cities of the seaboard; still, these scattered centres cannot forget that to their noble blood Istria has owed all her civilization, all her progress, and all her glories in arts and arms. Lastly, 'sentiment,' as a factor of unknown power in the great sum of what constitutes 'politics,' is undervalued only by the ignorant vulgus. The Istrians are more Italian than the Italians. Since the first constitution of 1848, they have little to complain of the Government in theory, much in practice. Austria, after the fashion of Prussia, unwisely attempts to 'Germanize' her Italian subjects, who in Istria outnumber the Teutons by five to one. The true policy of Austria would be to Italianize the Italians, to Slavonize the Slavs, and to Magyarize the Hungarians; in other words, to elicit the good qualities of her four component races, instead of attempting to unrace them. And her first practical step should be to abolish all idea of 'Germanizing.' If she did not try for it, it might settle itself.

"The chief danger of Italy, at present, is wishing to go too fast. She

would run before she can walk steadily: she forgets the past; she ignores that her independence and unity were won for, and not by, her; that each defeat was to her a conquest. She had the greatest statesman in Europe, Cavour; who so disposed his game, opening it in 1854 with the Crimean War, and following it up with a seat for Piedmont amongst the Great Powers in the Congress of Paris, that it led by a mathematical certainty to Solferino in 1859, and to securing Rome for a capital in 1870. But 'milor Camillo' is dead, and Prince Bismarck, who rules in his stead, bluntly says, 'No one can doubt, even beyond the Alps, that an attack upon Trieste and Istria would meet the point of a sword which is not Austrian.' Italy must put her house in order before she can aspire to extend her grounds. Her income is insufficient for her expenses; her gold is paper; her currency is forced, and her heavy taxes breed general discontent. She has a noble estate for agriculture, but her peasants prefer the stocking to the stocks, the Funds, or the Bank. Her Civil Service is half paid, and compelled to pay itself. Her Custom-house duties are a scandal to a civilized power, and her post-office is a farce. Her army cannot compare, in fighting qualities, with that of Prussia, Austria, or even France. Her sailors are not tailors, but she cannot afford a first-rate armour-clad fleet; she was beaten at Lissa, and her seaboard would easily be blockaded by a great maritime power. Moreover, she has that dual Government at Rome, and a terrible skeleton in the cupboard,—her treatment of the Pope.

"The Liberal press and the 'indignation meetings' of Italy have been alternatively severe and sarcastic upon *entente cordiale* between the Vatican and the Seraglio. But the Papal logic is clear and sound. It says, 'The reverence of Constantine for the Keys transferred the seat of civil empire to the Byzantium, whereas Anti-Christ Russia founded the pseudo-throne of Saint Peter in the far north. We fought against the Moslem when he was an aggressor. Innocent XI., not to mention the crusader-Popes, preached the liberation of Vienna. Pius I. worked up to the Battle of Lepanto. But things are now changed. You, Bulgarian and Bosnian Catholics, have religious liberty, and you will have political liberty when you deserve it! Meanwhile, obey the Sultan, who has nothing to do with Christianity, and shun Anti-Christ—the Czar. Good logic, I say, cold and clear-drawn; but powerless to purge away the sentiments, the prejudices, and the passions of mankind.

"Italy drives the coach too fast. Patriotic Italians declare that England has no right to hold Malta. Cyprus was under Venice; *ergo*, they think it should be under Italy. The Trentine, the Southern Tyrol, Istria, and Dalmatia, are in the same conditions. The Latin kingdom has achieved a great position in Japan. She sends her travellers to explore New Guinea. She aims at being the most favoured nation in Egypt, where she lately received a severe *schiaffo*. The Italian national expedition landed in the dominions of the Khedive without having had the decency to call upon him in Cairo. You know how the Egyptian noticed the affront. Finally, she talks of herself as one of the Powers, ready to occupy the insurgent districts which the Porte cannot reduce. Such is the actual standpoint of United Italy.

"I will now sketch the state of Hungary, whose ambition threatens to make her aggressive, entitled, by the press of England, the 'backbone of the Austrian monarchy;' and praised for the 'superior political organization' with which she has crushed her Slav rivals.

"Since the days, now forgotten, when Prince Esterhazy first flashed, in London society, his diamond jacket upon the dazzled eyes of the 'upper ten thousand,' the name of Hungarian has been a passport to favour amongst us. We meet him in the shape of a Kinsky, an Erdödy, or a Hunyadi,—well born, well clad, and somewhat unlearned, except in the matter of modern languages. But he is a good rider, a keen sportsman, and a cool player for high stakes—qualities in one point (only) much resembling Charity. He looks like a gentleman in a drawing-room and in the hunting-field; he is quite at home at a fancy ball; he wears his frogged jacket, his tights and his tall boots, his silks, satins, and furs, with an air; his manners are courteous, cordial, and pleasant; in money matters he has none of the closeness of the cantankerous Prussian, none of the meanness of the Italian; and, lastly, he makes no secret of his sympathy with England, with the English, and with all their constitution-manias. What can you want more? You pronounce him a nice fellow, and all, woman especially, re-echo your words, 'He is *such* a gentleman!' and—he received the Prince of Wales so enthusiastically!

"But there is another side (politically speaking) to this fair point of view. The Hungarian is a Tartar with a coat of veneer and varnish. Hungary is, as regards civilization, simply the most backward country in Europe. Buda-Pest is almost purely German, the work of the Teutons, who, at the capital, do all the work; you hardly ever hear in the streets a word of Magyar, and the Magyars have only managed to raise its prices and its death-rate to somewhat double those of London. The cities, like historic Gran on the Danube, have attempts at public buildings and streets; in the country towns and villages the thoroughfares are left to Nature; the houses and huts, the rookeries and doggeries are planted higgledy-piggledy, wherever the tenants please; and they are filthier than any shanty in Galway or Cork, in Carinthia or Krain. The Ugrian or Ogre prairies have no roads, or rather they are all road; and the driver takes you across country when and where he wills. The peasantry are 'men on horseback'—in this matter preserving the customs of their Hun and Tartar ancestors. They speak a tongue of Turkish affinity, all their sympathies are with their blood-kinsmen the Turks, and they have toiled to deserve the savage title of 'white Turks,' lately conferred upon them by Europe.

"Fiume, the only seaport of Hungary, is a study of Hungarian nationality. The town is neatly built, well paved, and kept tolerably clean by Slav and Italian labour, the former doing the coarse, the latter the fine work. The port is, or rather is to be, bran-new. Because Austria chooses to provide a worse than useless, and frightfully expensive—in fact, ruinous—harbour for Trieste, whose anchoring roads were some of the best in Europe, therefore (admire the consequence) Hungary demands a similar folly for her emporium, Fiume, whose anchoring roads are still better. After throwing a few million of florins into the water, the works

are committed to the charge of the usual half-dozen men and boys; moreover, as the port is supposed to improve, so its shipping and its business fall off in far quicker ratio. Commerce cannot thrive amongst these reckless, feckless people. There is no spirit of enterprise, no union to make force, no public spirit; the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee are bustling New England centres in comparison with Fiume; and the latter, which might have become the emporium of the whole Dalmatian coast, and a dangerous rival to Trieste, is allowing her golden opportunity to pass away never to return. For when Dalmatia shall have been vitalized by the addition of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, her glorious natural basins —harbours that can hold all the navies of the world—will leave Fiume mighty little to do except what she does now, look pretty and sit in the sun.

"All Englishmen who have lived long amongst Hungarians remark the similarity of the Magyar and the southern Irish Catholic. Both are imaginative and poetical, rather in talk than in books; neither race ever yet composed poetry of the highest class. Both delight in music; but, as the 'Irish Melodies' are mostly Old English, so the favourites of Hungary are gypsy songs. Both have the 'gift of the gab' to any extent, while their eloquence is notably more flowery than fruity. Both are sharp and intelligent, affectionate and warm-hearted; easily angered and appeased, delighted with wit, and to be managed by a *bon mot;* superficial, indolent, sensitive, punctilious, jealous, quarrelsome, passionate, and full of fight. Both are ardent patriots, with an occasional notable exception of treachery; both are brilliant soldiers; the Hungarians, who formerly were only cavalry men, now form whole regiments of the Austrian Line. They are officered by the Germans, who will not learn the language, justly remarking, 'If we speak Magyar, we shall be condemned for ever to Magyar corps, and when the inevitable split takes place, where shall we then be?' Both are bold and skilful riders; and, as the expatriated Irish Catholic was declared by Louis Le Grand—an excellent authority upon such matters—to be 'one of the best gentlemen in Europe,' so Europe says the same of the Hungarian *haute volée.*

"As regards politics and finance, Buda-Pest is simply a modern and eastern copy of Dublin. The Hungarian magnate still lives like the Squireen and Buckeen of the late Mr. Charles Lever's 'earliest style;' he keeps open house, he is plundered by all hands, and no Galway landowner of the last generation was less fitted by nature and nurture to manage his own affairs. Hence he is drowned in debt, and the Jew usurer is virtually the owner of all those broad acres which bear so little. An 'Encumbered Estates Bill' would tell strange tales; but the sabre is readily drawn in Hungary, and the 'chosen people,' sensibly enough, content themselves with the meat of the oyster, leaving the shells to the owner.

"This riotous, rollicking style of private life finds its way into public affairs; and as a model of 'passionate politics,' the Hungarian is simply perfect. He has made himself hateful to the sober-sided German and to the dull Slav; both are dead sick of his *outrecuidance;* the former would be delighted to get rid of the selfish and short-sighted irrepressibles, who are ever bullying and threatening secession about a custom tax, or a bank, or a question of union. They are scandalized by seeing the academical

youth, the *jeunesse dorée* of Magyar universities, sympathizing with Turkish atrocities, declaring Turkey to be the defender of European civilization, *fackelzuging* the Turkish Consul, insulting the Russians, and sending a memorial sabre to a Sirdar Ekrem (Commander-in-Chief), whose line of march was marked by the fire-blackened walls of Giaour villages, and by the corpses of murdered Christians, men and women and babes. Could the Austro-Germans only shake off the bugbear of Panslavism, they would cut the cable, allow the ne'er-do-well Hungarian craft to drift away water-logged into hypostatic union with that big iron-clad the Turk; they would absorb the whole of Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Albania; they would cultivate the Slav nationality, and they would rely upon racial difference of dialect and religion to protect them against the real or imaginary designs of Russia. Prince Eugène of Savoy, in the last century, a man of wit, was of that opinion, and so are we.

"Hungary, indeed, is a tinder-box like Montenegro, and much more dangerous, because her supply of combustible is on a larger scale. The last bit of puerile folly has been to press for an Austrian military occupation of Servia; and why? Because an Austrian monitor, being in a part of the river where 'No thoroughfare' is put up, was fired upon with ball cartridges by a *schildwache* (sentinel) from the fort walls, and exploded, bungler that she was, one of her own shells. The Hungarians had been raving at the idea of 'occupation' in Bulgaria, but the moment they saw an opportunity of breaking the Treaty of Paris, they proposed doing so at once. By-the-by, now that Prince Wrede, a *persona ingrata*, is removed from Belgrade, you will hear no more of Servian outrages against Austria. To the 'Magyarists' we may trace most of the calumnies against the brave and unfortunate Servian soldiery—lies of the darkest dye, so eagerly swallowed by the philo-Turk members of the English Press, and danger of Hungary and her politics of passion. Russians and Turks might be safely put into the ring together, like 'Down-Easters' in a darkened room, and be allowed to fight it out till one cried, 'Enough!'

"If these views of Hungary and the Hungarians be true—and they are our views—you will considerably discount the valuation set upon them by the Turcophile Press. They were once a barrier against Tartar savagery, a Finnish race, invited by the Byzantine Emperors to act as a buffer against Mohammedanism. The three orders of Magyars—Magnates, Moderates, and Miserables—hate Russia for the sensible and far-seeing part which she played in 1848–49; all excitement is apt to spread; even so in a street dog-fight, every cur thinks itself bound to assist, and to bite and wrangle something or other, no matter what. And where, we may ask, is the power that can muzzle these Eastern ban-dogs? who shall take away the shillelaghs of these Oriental Paddies?

"A taste of Hungarian quality has been given by M. Vambéry in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. M. Vambéry was born in Hungary, of Israelitish German parents. Like the sons of Israel generally, he hates Russia, and he loves England, and probably he has good and weighty reasons both for his hate and for his love. He was daring enough to tell us, in his first book of travels, that after dinner with the Turkish Minister at Teheran—and a very good dinner it was—he just disguised himself as

a dervish, and travelled perfectly *incog.* for months and months under Russian eyes, partly through Russian territory. The Russians must have known every step taken by M. Vambéry. He saw only what he was allowed to do; and thus Mr. Schuyler, whose name has, we regret to say, been altered by the irreverent Turcophile to 'Squealer,' roundly declares that he never visited the places which he has so well described. You will therefore regard M. Vambéry's opinions upon the subject of Turkey with suspicion, and reserve all your respect for his invaluable publications upon the Turanian dialects, his *specialité.* Lieutenant Payer's book will disappoint you; its main merit is that of having been written by a Magyar.

"Do not believe these Ugrians to be 'the backbone of the Austrian Empire,' whatever they may be to its element of weakness, the Monarchy. And if you are driven to own that the Hungarians 'play the leading part in the events of Southern Europe,' understand that the chief end and aim of Magyarist policy is to ruin the Slavs. I am a strong Austrian, with a great admiration for the Hungarians, who are to me, personally and individually, most attractive; but this does not blind me to the disadvantages they, *en masse,* bring to Austria. *I believe the Slav to be the future race of Europe, even as I hold the Chinese to be the future race of the East.* In writing politics and history which may live after one is long forgotten, one must speak the truth, and bury repulsions and attractions.

"Were I Emperor of Austria, I should have the police organized on English principles. I should punish with death the first two or three cases of brutal crime. The people are excellent. It speaks highly for the independent Triestines that, with weak laws, and authorities that act as though they dreaded them, the worst crimes are only stabbing when drunk, and suicide; and the latter is entirely owing to the excitability of the climate and the utter throwing off of religion, whilst all moral disgrace or dread is removed by the applause conferred on the suicide, and sympathy with the surviving family—which last is good and noble. I have seen thousands accompanying a *felo de se* to the grave, with verses and laurel leaves and a band of music, as if he had done something gallant and brave. Indeed, one was considered very narrow-minded for not joining in his eulogy.

"They say that forty years ago Trieste was a charming place to live in; but that, with increase of trade, luxury and money flowed in and faith flowed out. Let us say that the population is 150,000, with suburbs; 20,000 are practical Catholics, 30,000 are freethinkers, and 90,000 are utterly indifferent. In fact, the national religion is dying out; and when that is so in a Catholic land, there is nothing to replace it except Socialism. After repeated outrages and torpedo-throwing, the Habeas Corpus would have been at once suspended in free England, and the French would have placed the City under martial law. The Empire-Kingdom does not, however, disfranchise the turbulent City by suppressing the local Diet till such time as the public expression of disloyal feeling shall have disappeared. A more manly policy would suit better. Trieste is also allowed to retain peculiar privileges. She is still a free port; her *octrois* are left to her for squandering and pillage, and are so heavy that

till lately the adjoining villages consumed sugar which came *viâ* Holland all round and through Europe. Trieste has three towns, as well as three races. The oldest is the Citta Vecchia, which dates before the days of Strabo. Filthy in the extreme, it is a focus of infection. Smallpox is rarely absent from it, and it swells the rate of mortality to the indecent figure of 40 to 50 per 1000 per annum; London being 22, and Madras 36. The climate is peculiar. It has three winds—the *Bora* (Boreas), the Baltic current, the winter wind, cold, dry, highly electrical, very exciting, and so violent that sometimes the quays have been roped, and some of the walls have iron rails let in to prevent people from being blown into the sea. And there have been some terrible accidents in my time. An English engineer has been blown from the quay into the hold of a ship (thirty feet). I saw him in the hospital, a mere jelly, but nothing more; he is well and at work. A cab and horse have been upset, and also a train. The summer wind is the Scirocco, straight from Africa, wet, warm, and debilitating; whilst the *contraste* means the two blowing together, and against each other, with all the disadvantages of both.

"Trieste is a political and coy personage, hotly woed by Italy and by Germany. The latter openly declares that she is part of the new Teutonic Empire, and that the eight millions or so of Austro-Germans ought to belong body and soul to the Fatherland. Meanwhile she is enjoyed by the Empire-Kingdom, greatly against the grain. A powerful rival is rising a few miles to the south, in the person of Croatian Fiume, which has long ago repented her of having cast her lot with Hungary. The Flanatic Bay of the ancients is magnificent, almost equalling the scenery of Naples. A French company is building a port, which will avoid much of the expense and some of the errors fatal to Trieste; and but for the inveterate backwardness of the people, the utter ignorance of what progress means, and the miserable local jealousies, Fiume, connected by a railway with Agram or Zagabria, might already have risen upon the decline of Trieste; but Fiume does not see her advantage, and we retain our supremacy.

"Beyond the Sinus Flanaticus begins the kingdom of Dalmatia, with a line of natural harbours between Zara and the Bocche di Cattaro, which are perhaps the finest in the European world. Unhappily, at present these ports have nothing to export or import. After long and careful consideration of the question, based upon the impartial hearing of both sides discussed, we have come to the conclusion, firstly, that the dualism of 1867 has not been successful; secondly, that Austria should have been a *Tyiregno*; thirdly, that H.I.M. Franz Josef might still be crowned King of Bohemia as well, and thus establish a nucleus about which the divided families of Slavs, especially the estimable Slovenes, the Wends who founded Venice, could and would group themselves. I am essentially Austrian by sympathy; but I do not like the Germans to chuckle when they tell me that the last great Slavonic Congress, which met in 1845, was compelled, after various failures, to make speeches in German; because the laughers ignore the fact that Panslavism is still rampant in Austria, and the clergy puff up the patriotic movement with all their might, and that schools and colleges are teaching the rising generation its rights as well as its wrongs. None but an inveterate theorist, who holds

that the Slav race is not to be the race of the future, would neglect the importance of a people constituting nearly half the total of Austro-Hungary—nineteen millions out of the thirty-four which remained after the cession of Venice in 1866.

"The evil action of this unfair dualism is now causing profound discontent. Dalmatia is the narrowest kingdom in Europe—300 miles long by 0 to 15 miles broad, the cypher representing the two spots where Turkey touches the sea. She is a face without a head; the latter would be Bosnia and the Herzegovina. She has a profusion of ports which have nothing to port, and a fine seafaring population ready for, and capable of, any amount of carrying trade, but condemned to be professors, custom-house officers, and fishers of sardines. Bosnia, with her unworked mines and forests, her unimproved flocks and herds, and her hundred other sources of neglected wealth, is the complement of, a political necessity to, Dalmatia. Some day she must become Dalmatian, and the sooner she connects herself with Austro-Hungary by a *plébiscite*, or some such civilized instrument, the better it will be for both. The only drawback to this movement in the far west of the Ottoman Empire is that it appears to be somewhat premature. Russia has her hands full in Eastern Asia, and Austria has for some time a hole in her pocket. No one knows how sick the famous Sick Man really is since his last attack of Russomania, following his chronic Russophobia*—an attack brought on by our own disgraceful (Liberal) abandonment of the Black Sea Treaties. None know, save those who have sat by his bedside, looked at his tongue, and have felt his pulse. He was breaking fast when he determined to risk a national bankruptcy. Finding the so-called 'tax of blood' too heavy, he was already talking of a Christian recruitment, which would have been the beginning of the end; and the paroxysm induced by sending a few thousand troops to ravage and lay waste his discontented outlying estates, has reduced him to the last gasp. For the rebellion, although premature, is a reality—it will not be put down by paper; it means to last till next spring, and when the fighting season comes it will call for the armed intervention of Europe.

"The integrity of the Ottoman Empire has been, since the days of Chatham, a fortieth article of faith to English statesmen; although since the publication of Macfarlane's 'Turkey and her Destiny,' every traveller from Mostar to Bussorah, from Candia to Circassia, has shown up the miserable misrule which oppresses those fair and fruitful regions. The British Cabinet till now has not opened its eyes to ask 'How long?' or has had originality enough or irreverence sufficient to pull down the old idol, and to propose a remedy for the present condition of things. The official mind was made up; there was no more to be said upon the subject. A Government that preferred peace and present prosperity to the discharge of an arduous and distasteful duty, laid down its law, determined to let sleeping dogs lie, till that little matter of the Turkish debt, the neatest thing done by the arch-enemy of the Ottoman, came like a thunderbolt and 'roused the spirit of the British Lion.'

* This was written January, 1876."

"Meanwhile the action of Austria has been sadly trammelled by the Dualism which she has brought upon herself. The German population of the Empire naturally dislikes being swamped by the new influx of Slavs, but it has not proved itself unpatriotic. The contrary is the case with the kingdom of Hungary—the five millions of Magyar who, strengthened by the position and the character of Count Andrassy, have opposed themselves with all their might to the development of Dalmatia. This is a mistake, because sooner or later Dalmatia will develop herself without them. The reason that Austro-German officers joining Hungarian regiments avoid as much as possible studying the language is that they fear not being allowed to exchange, and they do not see their way in case of a separation between the Empire and the Kingdom.

"The British philo-Turk, if any there be now, would characterize the absorption of Bosnia and Herzegovina—I would even add Montenegro and Albania, with the frontier of Greece—as a spoliation of Turkey. Let him prove that it is not a just and right retaliation for the centuries of injury which she has inflicted, which she still inflicts, and which she will ever inflict, upon the sacred causes of civilization and progress. If any casuist declare that the misrule of a Government, as in the case of Oude, does not justify the annexation by Powers professing faith in the development of man, in the religion of humanity; if he put forward that old saw, that 'the end does not justify the means,' let him be answered that Europe has duties which she owes to herself; that the first rule of conduct is her own safety, and that the second is the support of her co-religionists in Europe and Asia, throughout the Ottoman Empire. The Christian population equals, if not exceeds, the Mohammedan, and the evident hope with which it looks forward to emancipation from Islamism deserves the most careful consideration.

"For the last ten years the relations of Great Britain with Turkey have been peculiar and unsatisfactory. The Ottoman voice has openly said, 'The last Englishman who cared for us was Lord Palmerston. You will assist us if it be to your interest, no matter how we treat you, well or ill. You do not fight for an idea, like France. You will not fight for love of us, as in the days of Silistria and Eupatoria. We prefer an open enemy to a false friend. Go to! We have had enough of you.' And they showed their especial contempt by their treatment of English subjects in Turkey; the debts owed to them by the Turk remain unpaid, and in Syria our fellow-countrymen were the last to receive the compensation for the destruction of their property in the massacre of 1860.

"Again, the present is, if any, the moment for us to act, or to encourage action in others. The stride of the young Colossus is temporarily, not lastingly, stayed. In future times* *quien sabe?* (but God avert it!) we may be so hampered by civil disturbances between Capital and Labour, so trammelled by intestine troubles in Ireland, or so engaged in external war, that moral force only will not suffice to give our voice any weight in the European world. And the effect would be allowing Russia, a vigilant enemy of overpowering resolution, to annex Turkey in Europe without

* "I fear that the Future now threatens to be the Present (1893)."—I.B.

any attempt to preserve the last rag of balance of power by strengthening the hands of Austria.

"Again, there are thousands of our fellow-countrymen scattered over the surface of Turkey, and were England known to be incapacitated from using arms, yet having arms and money, it is to be feared that the first Russian gun fired from Constantinople would be the signal of a miserable butchery. But it will be said that the Sultan has begun the task of reform; his last rescript has been more favourable to the Rayyahs than anything ever issued by Turkey. I reply, it is easy to have dust thrown in our eyes provided we open them for the purpose. What have all the Hatts Shereef or Humayoun yet done for the Christian Turk? We must be made, after the image of David Urquhart, to believe in such pie-crust promises. Grant we that H.I.M. the Sultan is sincere, yet he cannot act himself, and there is no one to act for him. The Turkish official, and, for the matter of that, the unofficial, society is much like her army. The private is an excellent man, sober, honest, truthful, brave, and docile to a degree. Promote him, and he runs through the several grades of bad comparison, not *repenté*, but with an agility which surprises the slow northern mind. As a non-commissioned officer he is bad; higher he is worse; and command makes him worst. The same with the French peasant; give him a small *emploi*, a bit of gold lace, and he falls from an angel to a demon in a week, without stopping to look round.

"Now back to *notre premier amour*, Trieste. I associate with politicians and clever men all day, with open eyes and ears; and an occasional peep at a despatch makes one learn a great deal, and form strong opinions. I am neither philo-Turk nor Russ. I am John Bull to the backbone, with personal Austrian sympathies, and a strong leaning to all that is of Arab blood.

"This port was once a favourite with the British bird of passage, especially when embarking with the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd for Alexandria. But the Northerner did not approve of the line. He liked his beef and mutton in huge joints, not in slices and cutlets; he preferred his potatoes in their jackets to *pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel*; in fact, he grumbled about everything, and at Suez he transferred himself on board the P. and O. like one that had found a home. The stranger has also been put to flight by the hotel-managers. This city is one of the dearest in Europe. The shilling, the lira, and the franc have become the florin; but these gentlemen gild refined gold, and charge highly for the operation. There are three establishments which call themselves first-rate, and which Englishmen would consider decently comfortable. Unhappily, they belong to companies, not individuals, and they are farmed out to managers, who squeeze you as the tax-gatherer does the Rayyah. There are no tables of charges hung up in the rooms, so you pay according to length of purse, real or supposed. Thus the late Lord Dalling had a bill of £45 for two days, during which he never dined in the house, and the present Prince Ypsilante was plundered at the same time of 950 florins. It is said that he sent for the manager, and, after settling his account, warmly complimented him upon being the greatest rascal he had ever had to do with. So the late Lord Hertford, when paying off his

Parisian architect, politely regretted that he had never had *le déplaisir de sa connaissance.*

"All the world here is reading M. Charles Yriarte. That popular writer, the Ipsilon of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, who spent the winter of 1873-4 in Istria and Dalmatia, Montenegro and Herzegovina, published his trip in the illustrated journal, the *Tour du Monde*; and, the time being propitious, it was translated into Italian at Milan, with a variety of notes, taking the Italianissimo view of the matter, and converting a delightful tale of travel into a rabid wrangle of politics. The Austrian Government has shown a want of knowledge of human nature, put the book *à l'index*, confiscating every copy found in the libraries; consequently we are all devouring it *en cachette.*"

[Here we change from Central Europe to the massacre at Jeddah in 1858 (the source of the official wigging), and the cause of cholera.]

"In 1858 there was a cruel, cowardly massacre of the few Europeans and Christians, including the English and French Consuls, which was revenged by the French with two bombardments and a fine of 2,241,016 francs. It arose from our suppression of the slave-trade, and jealousy at finding that the Europeans, whose exports and imports are worth about £3,000,000, were absorbing the commerce; moreover, these two feelings still exist. Our present Vice-Consul, Mr. Wylde, is a man well fitted to the post, which is anything but a pleasant one. His open-hearted, straightforward, and fearless ways of dealing with the natives succeed perfectly. He knows what the native disposition is, and how to treat it, whilst he is of a joyous temperament and quite insensible to any danger. Still (as he laughingly remarked to me one day) it would doubtless be much more comfortable if the morning and evening *shell* (instead of gun) were fired into the town; and, joking apart, every passing Man-of-war ought to have orders to look in *en passant*, just to call on the authorities, and to see what the delightful natives have been up to since the last ship passed. Some day the Wali Pasha of the Hejaz may be a fanatical hater of Europeans, the Kaimmakám of Jeddah may be a weak-minded, good-intentioned man who cannot keep things in order, or intestine troubles may draw away the troops; and these visits are more necessary in places where perpetual orders from home necessitate an interference with the slave-trade, which the Arabs are ever ready to resist. There ought to be cruisers perpetually visiting and reporting upon the condition of all the outlying little ports, where at present British subjects are unfairly left to take care of themselves.

"How Cholera spreads—The Jeddah Massacre of 1858.

"One must read 'Une Mission au Hedjaz Arabie,' par Dr. Buez (Paris: Masson, 1873, Académie de Médécine), which treats of the epidemics which the Hajj engenders,—the focus of infection for Egypt, the Mediterranean, and consequently for Europe. At any rate, one may note the nine conclusions.

"1. Arabia, and especially El Hejaz, with its pure air, does not originate the morbid elements which express themselves in dysentery and typhus, cholera and plague. Small-pox, however, in certain places is always to be dreaded.

"2. Cholera is at present the special genesis of India.

"3. Steamers, though on the whole beneficial to the general health of the pilgrims, produce new sanitary conditions, and aid greatly in propagating the choleraic element, thus becoming a permanent and, at times, a real danger to Europe. The same is the case with railroads, but to a much less extent.

"4. All the great outbreaks in the Hejaz, notably that of 1865, when five hundred *per diem* died at Mecca during the Hajj, were imported, indirectly or directly, from India, and then spread over the civilized world.

"5. The problem of preserving Egypt, Syria, the Levant, and Europe from cholera is to be resolved only through the strictest surveillance, by competent men, over pilgrims bound from India to the Hejaz, and to Egypt from the Red Sea ports—Jeddah, Rais, Rabegh, Yambu, Lîth, Gonfodah, Jisán, Hodaydah, Lohayah, Mocha, etc.

"6. The question is complicated by the existence of choleraic *foci*, which may be termed secondary and local, as opposed to primitive or original, where the epidemic has lingered, and possibly has incubated till again exasperated by occult conditions—telluric, atmospheric, or hygienic. This fact demands increased measures of surveillance. They may not be thoroughly satisfactory, but because we cannot close all the doors we need not leave all the largest open.

"7. At the period of embarking from the Red Sea ports, where *bakshish* is the key to most consciences, the local Health Office and the member of the Sanitary Council annually sent from Stamboul after the International Conference of 1866 should be assisted by a special commission of European physicians, who could, moreover, modify and improve the different 'Passenger Acts.'

"8. 'Long Desert,' a march of twenty-one days, is the best of *cordon sanitaires*, alone able to 'purge' infected caravans.

"9. *Ergo*, when the Hejaz is attacked by cholera the sea-road should be peremptorily closed to all pilgrims, an operation whose difficulties have been greatly and needlessly exaggerated; nor should it be reopened till after at least one pilgrimage season has passed away without accident.

"To these wise conclusions I would add a truth. All quarantinary measures are unpopular with Moslems, who regard them as inventions of the evil one, or, as the vulgar say, 'flying in the face of Providence.' Moreover, at Mecca it is every man's interest to conceal the outbreak; and there is always a danger of the earliest cases finding their way to Jeddah before the existence of cholera is suspected at the port. Indeed, clean bills have been given under such circumstances. Evidently, the only remedy for this evil is to make the special sanitary commission of European physicians meet annually at Mecca.

"Now, if such great meteoric changes can be effected by a mere riband of water let into the sand, what will happen when we submerge a great part of the African Sáhara (whose eastern limits are unknown), and thereby

create a sea, perhaps, bigger than the Mediterranean? We cannot calculate the possible amount of climatic modification which such a new offset of the Atlantic might induce; and some clever men think that the Sáhara Sea is likely to affect many parts of the Mediterranean basin, and even the whole southern seaboard of Europe, with changes which may be deleterious in the extreme. The scirocco from Africa is the summer wind *par excellence* of the 'White Sea,' as the Arabs call it, blowing through half the year, and that half the most dangerous—if we submerge the desert, say with a foot or two of water upon rotting vegetation, what will its effect be upon the world's health?

"A new Passenger Act is, I believe, about to appear; let us hope that it will abate one part of the nuisance. At present we can never feel safe on board these crowded cattle-pens. An epidemic might break out any moment; in case of shipwreck all would be lost; and even if the screw were injured, or the main shaft were to break, hundreds on board would die of starvation.

"Each ship should be compelled to carry a condensing apparatus and cooking-ranges, calculated to accommodate the pilgrims; while one passenger per two tons (registered) should be the maximum of freightage. Before departure, the devotees ought to be severally and carefully inspected by the Port Surgeons; at Aden the health officer should take them in charge; and in case of infectious disease having appeared on the voyage, they should be quarantined at Perim or at the Kumarán Islands, off Lohayya. No one after a certain age should be allowed to embark—the Korán allows him to send a substitute; and the same is the case with the infirm and with invalids. Each person should prove that he carries at least four hundred rupees in ready money, and that he has left with his family sufficient to support it according to its station: such is the absolute order of the Hanafi school, to which all these Bengalis belong. On arriving at Jeddah, all should take out passports from her Majesty's Consulate, paying a fee of one rupee per head, and the same for *visas* after return: the French and the Dutch charge a dollar. Proclamations in Hindostani and Persian should be issued at the several Presidencies, and be published in the local papers every year before the annual preparations for the pilgrimage begin. I am certain that all sensible Hindí Moslems would be grateful for a measure relieving them from exorbitant charities, and from the reproach that Hindustan is the 'basest of kingdoms;' whilst we should only be doing our duty,—a little late, it is true, but better now than neglecting till the evil shall have become inveterate. That everlasting incuriousness and *laissez-aller* of the Anglo-Indian are the only reasons why precautions were not taken twenty-five years ago.

The Massacre.

"I took some trouble to investigate the causes which led to the horrible massacre of June 15, 1858. This is far from being an old tale of times which will not return; it is an example of what may occur any day in the present excited state of the Moslem world. Moreover, the conditions under which it occurred are precisely those of the present moment, and

an ugly symptom has just appeared.* The village *moplah* (Malabar Moslem), who murdered Mr. Conolly, has been allowed to escape from surveillance at Jeddah, to embark at Líth, and probably to return to India *viâ* Makalla in Hadramant. But as popular memory in England is short upon such subjects, it is necessary to give a *résumé* of the facts.

"The innovation of appointing European Consuls to Jeddah, the 'Gate of the Holy City,' was resented by the Moslems, both on the grounds of religion and of private interests, especially when protected foreign subjects began to absorb the greater parts of the commerce. Several *ballons d'essai* were launched. In 1848 an attempt was made to assassinate, near the Medinah Gate, M. Fulgence Fresnel, the famous Arabist, who was often consulted upon questions of casuistry by the D.D.'s of Mecca. The criminal was saved by a certain Abdullah Muhtásib, a Fellah of Lower Egypt, who began life as a baker, and who rose to be farmer of the *octroi* and Chief of the Police; thus being able to bribe and bully *à discretion*. In 1849, Mr. Consul Ogilvie was openly insulted in the bazar, and obtained no redress. During my first visit to Jeddah, Mr. Consul Cole had avoided all troubles by his firmness and conciliatory manners; but, after his departure, the so-called 'War of the Sherífs' (1854) suggested a grand opportunity for despoiling the Christians. Abdullah Muhtásib again appeared as the villain of the play. He was, however, arrested, and exiled to Masáwwah by the *Wali* of the Hejaz, Namik Pasha.

"In 1856 Abdullah Muhtásib returned triumphant from his exile, and the Sepoy war of 1857 once more offered him a tempting opportunity. Actively assisted by his son, he brought into the plot the Kadi (Abd el Kadir Effendi), the Sayyid el Amúli, the Shaykh Bagafur, Abdullah Bakarum, and the wealthy merchant Yusuf Banaji. Presently, in June, 1858, during the height of the pilgrimage, it became known that Captain Pullen, H.M.S. *Cyclops*, intended to carry off the *Irania*, an English ship upon which Turkish colours had been hoisted. Abdullah Muhtásib and his friends met at the Custom-house *café*, and sat, *en permanence*, to direct the issue of their conspiracy. At two p.m. on June 15, the ship was worked out, the boats of the *Cyclops* left, and the coast was clear.

"Violent harangues in the bazar roused the cry of 'Death to the Infidel!' The plot burst like a barrel of gunpowder, and at six p.m. the massacre began. The Sayyid el Amúli took charge of Mr. Page, whom he beheaded with his own hand; the body was thrown into the streets to be hacked to pieces by the mob; the house was plundered, and the flagstaff was torn up. M. Sabatier, however, is in error when he reports that the English dragoman and *kawwás* were murdered: one died lately, and the other, a very old man, is still living.

"Meanwhile, two bands of ruffians attacked the other objects of their hate. One rushed to the French Consulate, and broke in the doors when they were closed by the *kawwás*. Madame Eveillard was first stabbed, and then her husband was cut down, despite the heroic defence of the daughter, Mdlle. Elsie, who, after seizing one of the chief murderers by the beard, and severely biting his arm, was wounded by a yataghan in the

* This was written in 1876.

face. She and the lady's-maid, saved by the tardy arrival of the *kaimmakám* (commandant) and two Government *kawwáses*, were taken from the blood-bespattered home to a Turkish house. Monsieur Emérat,* the Chancellor, after bravely fighting for fifteen minutes, was preserved in the same way, and, sabred in three places, was led by his faithful Algerian, Haji Mahommed, to the quarters of Hasan Bey, commanding the artillery. M. de Lesseps was, therefore, misinformed about Mdlle. Eveillard saving herself by drawing the cushions of the divan over her body, and by simulating death whilst the murderers slashed at her legs. He says nothing of the *kaimmakám*, and he attributes the honour of saving the two lives to a negro boy and the old Algerine soldier.† The flagstaff was torn down, the tricolour trampled upon, and the Consulate given over to plunder.

"The other band rushed to the house of Sabá Mascondi, the richest of the Greek merchants, and therefore the most obnoxious of all the Christians. My husband well remembers this amiable and inoffensive man. He had been repeatedly warned, but he refused to believe a massacre possible till he and his party, some twenty men, mostly from Lemnos, met one evening. At length, when it was reported that the Consulates were being pillaged, three of them went out to inquire. Meanwhile the armed mob rushed in, and instantly cut down eight; the rest jumping out of the windows, and flying over the terraces and down the street, to reach the sea. Poor Sabá veiled his head, and also tried to escape. M. Sabatier heard two accounts of his death: one was that he was killed in the house of the English dragoman (an error); the other, that he was recognized in his rude disguise by the son of Abdullah Muhtásib, who blew out his brains with a pistol. This is a fact.

"The French Consul-General also relates that the *Cyclops*, anchored only three miles off, perceiving a tumult in the town, armed her boats and sent them to find out the cause; that the crews were fired upon, and that they returned, without further action, to their ship. It is hard to believe this. A few shells thrown into Jeddah would have cleared every street in half an hour. No justification was wanted for resenting so gross an insult, and instant measures might have saved some unhappy lives. But in those days we were still under the glamour of that most unfortunate Crimean War, and modern England does not, as a rule, encourage her officers to incur any manner of responsibility.

"The first act of retribution was on the early morning of July 25, when the *Cyclops*, at the distance of twenty-five hundred yards, bombarded Jeddah for two hours. This was repeated till noon on the 26th, when the new Governor-General, Namik Pasha, arrived. The people, of course, evacuated the town; a few houses were injured, a minaret was knocked crooked, and some fifteen boats were destroyed.

"Presently France, who, whatever may have been her sins of omission

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* His grandson was Chancellier at Trieste in 1888.—I. B.

† "See 'Lettres, Journal, et Documents,' vol. ii. pp. 298–300. He rates the mob at five thousand, and writes dramatically. The cushions of a divan do not form an *espèce de tombeau*, where a woman can be *ensevelie vivante*. M. de Lesseps says that he had the details from the chief actors of the drama, but I prefer M. Sabatier's account."

and commission, has ever shown a noble jealousy of her national honour determined not to be played with after this fashion; and she sent, not a 'person of rank,' but M. Sabatier, the fittest head and hand for the work. The inapt and treacherous politic of the Porte on this occasion bears a fraternal resemblance to her manœuvres adopted after the massacre of Damascus (1860), with this difference: at Beyrout there was no Sabatier, but there was a certain trickster of the first order, Fuad Pasha, whose reckless ambition had caused the catastrophe. The Sultan appointed, as his Commissioner, one Ismail Pasha, who hastened off to the Hejaz, and, in concert with the feeble and negligent Namik Pasha, put to death half a dozen poor devils, complied a voluminous *Mazbatah* (*procès verbale*), and hurried back to Constantinople with thirty-nine 'compromised' individuals. Heavy bribes had induced him to estimate the damage done to Christian property at twenty thousand francs. '*Il était difficile de faire associer les consuls de France et d'Angleterre à meilleur marché*,' is M. Sabatier's only comment upon this part of the proceeding.

"As Ismail Pasha persisted in conversation with his two fellow-Commissioners, that his part of the work had been thoroughly done, and that he was expected at Stamboul, M. Sabatier and Captain Pullen, R.N., set out in the *Cyclops*, with the English and French flags flying together on the mainmast, and reached Jeddah on October 12th, 1859. Here they found Commodore Seymour with the *Pelorus* (twenty-one guns); the corvette *Assaye* (ten guns); and the *Chesapeake* (fifty-one guns) expected. Five days afterwards, Namik Pasha arrived from Mecca; and, as the Turkish Commissioner had admitted that all the local authorities were accessories to the murder, M. Sabatier proceeded to examine all witnesses, Moslems as well as Christians. Even he, accustomed for long years to the abstruse chicanery of the East, must have been surprised to hear the Turkish authorities laying the blame upon Captain Pullen; as if a mere question of maritime and international law could have borne such fruits. Even he, so well inured to the contempt of European intelligence—which is an article of faith with all Orientals—must have been startled, as well as shocked, to see the abominable Abdullah Muhtásib sitting side by side with Hasan Bey, the wretched commandant of artillery, when the Consulate of France was still a mere shell, and the walls were bespattered with the blood of his fellow-countrymen.

"It would be tedious to relate how bravely and how well M. Sabatier did his duty. Briefly, in January, 1859, M. Tricoult, *capitaine de frégate*, appeared upon the stage, and a few hours brought the authorities to their senses. The miserable Ismail Pasha lost his head on 'Raven's Isle,' within sight of Jeddah; Abdullah Muhtásib and the Sayyid el Amúli on the Custom-house square (January 21th, 1859). The fine for the losses of the Christians amounted to 2,241,016 francs, of which 500,000 were paid to the Eveillard family, 100,000 to M. Emérat, and 100,000 to Sabá Mascondi's relatives.

"The Jeddah massacre was made the stalking-horse to bring down slave-trading in the Red Sea, which had already been abolished theoretically (1885) under the effects of the Crimean War. In June, 1869, vizierial letters were addressed especially to the Hejaz, without any effect beyond causing a disturbance; they were essentially dead letters, worth only their

weight of spoiled paper. This is not the place for so extensive a subject. I will only state that the traffic still flourishes at Jeddah; that the market, till lately, was under the eyes of the British Consulate; that on representation it was removed a few yards off; that the Turkish authorities, even if they wished, are unable to stop or even to hinder it; and that the only remedy is armed intervention, serious and continued,—in fact, a 'Coffin Squadron,' like that of the Persian Gulf, stationed in the Red Sea, with 'slave approvers' all around the coast of Arabia. I need hardly say that we should demand the right of search, and that a Consul-General or Slave Commissioner, with a sufficient staff and salary, the use of a gunboat, and a roving commission, should be appointed to the Red Sea, independently of the Consul-General of Egypt, and in lieu of the trading Consul of Jeddah.

"M. Sabatier on the occasion omitted only one step, probably because he judged that the hour to take it had not struck. He should have insisted upon Mecca being opened to the world, and upon all travellers being protected there, as they are at Jerusalem and other 'Holy Cities.' It is high time that these obsolete obstructions to the march of civilization should everywhere be swept away; the world will endure them no longer. Mecca is not only a great centre of religion and commerce; it is also the prime source of political intrigues, the very nest where plans of conquest and schemes of revenge upon the Infidel are hatched; and, as I have before said, the focus whence cholera is dispersed over the West. Shall a misplaced sentiment of tolerating intolerance allow her to work in the dark against humanity? Allah forbid it!

[We now change to India.]

"I suppose no one has any idea (and certainly no foreigner has) of the amount of diplomacy or the responsibility incurred by the Viceroy of India. The India House may well be quoted as 'the focus of politics for nearly all Asia, and the storehouse of romance of all the East.' It has to regulate our relations with all the neighbouring foreign Powers *beyond* the limits of Hindustan, and with the four hundred and sixty dependent Princes and Chiefs within our own Indian Empire.

"I inspected the cotton-mills. It is evident that India must become a manufacturing country, or it can no longer defend its teeming millions from famine. When this great work shall have been done, Great Britain, with one foot on Hindustan and the other in China, will command the cotton and wool manufactures of the world, and be the greatest producing power ever known.

"We now know, even at home, that India is not a country, but a continent. It contains as many races as the whole of Europe: here we have the Jangali, or wild men; the Dravidians, or old Turanian immigration; the pure Aryans from Persia, as the Nágar Brahman; the vast variety of mixed breeds between Dravidian and Aryan, such as the Telinga Brahman; and, besides these four great families, a number of intrusive peoples—Christians from Chaldea and Portugal; Jews, white and black; Rohillas ('hill-people') from the Afghan mountains; Sidis (Wásáwáhili)

from Zanzibar; and Arabs, pure or mixed, the latter showing its type in the Mapillahs (Moplahs) of Malabar. After all, in Europe there are only three: the great Slav race, occupying the eastern half of the continent; the Scandinavo-Teuton; and the Græco-Latin races. Europe also speaks three great forms of language; here we have the three, Semitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic, or Turanian, with some thirty modifications of the Prakrit, which, in the hands of the literati, became, like the modern Greek spoken at Athens, the Sanskrit, or finished speech. It was the same with the *Latina Rustica*, not the language of Virgil and Cicero, but the quaint country tongues which branched off into the neo-Latin family.

"Again, the climate of India has a far wider range than that of Europe, even if we throw into the latter Iceland and Spitzbergen. The west regions of the mighty Himalayas, the 'Homes of Snow,' represent the Polar regions; and we run through the temperates into the tropical, or rather the equinoctial, about Ceylon. And what a richness and diversity of productions in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral worlds, compared with the poor produce of the temperate regions! What untold wealth still hidden in the soil, and awaiting the skill and energy of the nineteenth century! What a grand field for exploration and discovery! Dr. de Marchesetti, a young Italian botanist from Trieste, assures us that, the fungi, one of the most interesting families of plants, have hardly been studied at all. And how much remains for us to learn! For instance, no sword-cutter in Europe can tell you anything about the steel which makes the far-famed Khorásáni blades, miscalled 'Damascus;' and the dismantiferous regions between the valleys of the Ganges and the Krishna are in great part unexplored ground.

"On the other hand, the Kharekwasla Tank and the noble dam, built by Mr. Joyner, C.E., are well worth visiting, both on account of the intrinsic excellence of the work, and the great consequences to which such works must lead. It not only supplies the 'Monsoon Capital' of the Bombay Presidency, but it will diffuse life and plenty over some ninety linear miles of now waste ground. Travelling from Poonah to Hyderabad, you remark that the land at this season is mostly fit only for the traditional dragon and wild ass; it is, like Sind, a cross between an oven and a dust-bin. Yet where the smallest rill flows, all is life and verdure; the emerald-green topes, and the leek-green paddy fields, are a repose to the sight, a 'coolness to the eye,' as the Arabs say; and you hasten to plunge that hot and weary organ into the damp lush vegetation of orchard and field and kitchen-garden. The first step will be to supply water, as Mr. Joyner is doing; the second, to regulate its use. Here the golden fluid is wasted in a way which would scandalize the Arab, the Egyptian, the Sindi, and the 'Heathen Chinee.'

"And this leads us to notice another popular error which has gained possession of the British brain. Certain statistics, which may be correct, have taught it that India is an overcrowded land, and that its population per square mile, exceeding that of England, approaches that of Belgium. This, as with all statistics, is both true and untrue. Parts of Bengal, for instance, teem with human life; and as native wars are no more, and

famines are to be turned, regardless of expense, into plenty, or rather profusion, the peasantry will end, in Kafir phrase, with 'eating one another up.' For note that the true cause of Indian famines is concealed from England. There is plenty of provision. There is an abundance of transport. But the people are so penniless that when grain rises one penny a pound, they must live on wild roots or starve.

"The statement that India is overcrowded is utterly misleading as regards the whole of India. Throughout the peninsula the lands are of three kinds, not including the jungles and forests, which cannot be touched without danger of diminishing the rain-supply. There are the fertile, as Gujerat; the wholly desert, mostly sandy and stony tracks; and the half-desert, which grows luxuriant crops only during the rains. And the latter are so extensive that with irrigation they would support at least treble the actual number of inhabitants.

"India, then, has more than one string to her bow: she will dispose of her increasing millions in three ways. Firstly, she will keep them at home and feed them by irrigation, which costs much, gives slow profits, but ends by being the best of investments. Secondly, she will export them to our other colonies, where labour is so much wanted, and where, as free hands, they will take the place of our old friend, the 'a'mighty nigger.' Sind, I need hardly tell you, calls aloud for them, and can offer the richest of soils. Thirdly, she will retrench her useless expenditure; abolish a host of local Governors who should be Secretaries; of Commanders-in-Chief who should be Major-Generals; and of Members of Council whose chief work is to spoil foolscap. Lastly, she will become a manufacturing country. She has coal and iron; she breeds millions of human beings, hireable at sixpence a day; her men can mine, and her women and children can work at *la petite industrie*. Despite the 'mildew' with which mildewed Manchester, *pace* Mr. E. Ashworth, is attempting to inoculate India; despite the timidity of statesmen, and despite the jealousy of the manufacturing mob, which wishes to buy dirt-cheap from India, and to make her pay 100 per cent. for working her own produce, we have a conviction, as we have before said, that Indian manufactures will succeed; and that Great Britain, with one foot on Hindustan and another in China, whose three hundred millions work at threepence a day, will command the wool and cotton markets of the world, and will become the greatest producing power that the globe ever bore.

"Lanauli is a place of some importance, being the locomotive station at the head of the Bhore Ghát, whilst the site upon the edge of the Sahyadri Range renders it tolerably healthy for the Europeans. Consequently, where a few huts formerly rose, the place now contains some two hundred pale faces. I saw with immense satisfaction fifty-three men of the New Railway Volunteer Corps, which numbers a total of one hundred and fourteen, being drilled by a red-coated sergeant, under the eye of Captain Buckley. This is truly a patriotic movement, and one which may prove far more important than we expect in these days, when the native powers have armies far exceeding our own in numbers. There is hardly an 'Indian officer' who does not expect another 'Sepoy Mutiny'

within ten years, and yet we do little to prepare for it. Were I Viceroy, every station should have its cannon-armed and casemated place of refuge.

"Shere Ali Khan is an ill-conditioned Prince—proud, coarse, and violent. Yet there is something to be noted on the side of this little Highland chief. His hostility dates from those early days when, perhaps, we deserved scant friendship. During the Sepoy Mutiny he urged the invasion of the Punjaub upon his wise old father, Dost Mohammed Khan, whom a Russian paper reports on the throne, although he has been dead for years. The masterly inactivity which Lord Lawrence still dares to recommend, did not prevent that Viceroy acknowledging the claims of Afzal Khan, the brother who had deprecated the Punjaub invasion. Shere Ali had a pet grievance against Lord Mayo, and he was especially hurt by Lord Northcote refusing to pay his subsidy—'tribute,' the wise would call it—with the desired regularity. His relations with the present Viceroy need hardly be noticed. The truth is that a policy of alternate do-nothing, bullying, and cajoling have persuaded him firmly that he holds the road to India; that the keys of the treasure-house are in his hands. Hence he persistently refused to receive the Káshgar mission; 'their blood be upon their own heads if they come to Cabul!' Hence he admitted no English representatives, and he hardly permitted the *Wakeel*, or resident Agent of her Majesty's Government, to address him in Durbar. That he despises us, we cannot fail to see; nor less can we fail to feel that we have not forced him to respect us. We might have withdrawn that phantom of a *Wakeel*; we might also have withdrawn his subsidy or tribute, a lakh of rupees *per mensem*, till his manners improved; or, better still, we might have reserved it for his successor. But a high-principled Viceroy objected that such proceedings would be a 'premium upon rebellion.'

"That unhappy mission has placed us between the horns of an ugly dilemma. If we do not fight, we offend public opinion at home and abroad, in England and in India. If we do fight, we play Russia's own game. Although never committed to paper, there was an implied agreement between the two great Europe-Asiatic Powers that our Asiatic army should not be employed in European wars. The policy of the moment thought fit to throw a new weight into the scale; and Russia's comment must have been something of this nature: 'Oh! you will employ your Sepoys in Europe, will you? All right; meanwhile you shall have enough to do with them in India!' Whatever alarmists told the world, Russia has hitherto meddled mighty little with our Eastern Empire. Now, however, times have changed, and we may look out for squalls. Our Imperial 'Bakht,' our conquering star, our unbroken good luck, may yet be our shield and our defender. Not the less this Afghan war threatens to be the beginning of serious, nay, of fatal troubles, which may shake our Indian Empire to its very foundation. Behind it stand General Scindia and the Nawab of Hyderabad,—now the great Moslem power, the Delhi of the Peninsula. Behind all, terrible and menacing as the Spirit of the Storm which appeared to Da Gama, rises that frightful phantom, a starving population reduced to the lowest expression of life by the exorbitant expenditure of our rule.

"I would willingly point a moral with the state of the Sepoy army, now reduced to a host of Irregulars; with the cost of a march *à Cabul* against an enemy whose improved weapons have been supplied by ourselves as well as by Russia; with the Russian claim to wage aggressive and non-official war, even as we did in Turkey; with the effect which our intense sensitiveness to every step taken by Russia must exercise upon the Sultan and his Ministers; and lastly, with the possible results to England, which under the workings of a Free Trade, the reverse of free, threatens to become a Macclesfield on a very large scale. Is the prophecy of the Koh-i-noor to be fulfilled after all, and a ridiculed superstition to become a reality?

"THE NIZAM DIAMOND—THE DIAMOND IN INDIA.

"It would be unpardonable to quit Golconda without a word concerning the precious stone which, in the seventeenth century, made its name a household word throughout Europe; and also without noticing the great diamond whose unauspicious name, Bala (little) Koh-i-noor, I would alter to 'The Nizam.' Not a little peculiar it is that professional books like Mr. Lewis Lieulafait's 'Diamonds and Precious Stones' (London: Blackie, 1874), which record the life, the titles, the weight, the scale, the size, and the shape of all the historic stones, have utterly ignored one of the most remarkable. Mr. Harry Emanuel does not neglect even the Násik diamond, which fetched only £30,000: we must, by-the-by, convert for intelligibility his 'Mahratta of Peshawur' into the 'Peshwá of the Maharattas.'

"The history of the Nizam diamond is simple enough; like the Abaïté, and unlike the Koh-i-noor, its discovery cost at most a heartache, and did not lose a drop of man's blood. About half a century ago it was accidentally found by a Hindú *sonár* (goldsmith) at Narkola, a village about twenty miles east of Shamsábád, the latter lying some fourteen miles south-west of the Lion City, on the road to Maktal. It had been buried in an earthen pipkin (*Koti* or *Abkhorah*), which suggests, possibly, that it had been stolen, and was being carried for sale to Mysore or Coorg. The wretched finder placed it upon a stone, and struck it with another upon the apex of the pyramid. This violence broke it into three pieces, of which the largest represents about half. With the glass model in hand it is easy to restore the original octohedron. The discovery came to the ears of the celebrated Diwan (Minister) Rajah Chandú Lál, a friend of General Fraser, who governed the country as Premier for the term of forty-two years. He took it very properly from the *sonár*, before it underwent further ill-treatment, and deposited it amongst his master's crown jewels. Lately Messrs. Aratoon, of Madras, offered to cut it for three lakhs of rupees, a modest sum, considering the responsibility and the labour such operations involve; but the figure was considered exorbitant. A M. Jansen of Amsterdam, who died about a twelvemonth ago, volunteered to place it in the hands of Messrs. Costa, who certainly did not improve its big brother. This offer was also naturally enough declined. Let me hope, however, that it will not be cloven into a plate or flat slab *more Indico*.

"The stone is said to be of the finest water. An outline of the model gives a maximum length of 1 inch 10·25 lines, and 1 inch 2 lines for the greatest breadth, with comfortable thickness throughout. The face is slightly convex, and the cleavage plane, produced by the fracture, is nearly flat, with a curious slope or groove beginning at the apex. The general appearance is an imperfect oval, with only one projection which will require the saw. It is not unlike a Chinese woman's foot without the toes, and it will easily cut into a splendid brilliant, larger and more valuable than the present Koh-i-noor.

"I can hardly wonder at this stone being ignored in England and in India, when little is known about it at Hyderabad. No one could tell me its weight in grains or carats. The highest authority in the land vaguely said 'about two ounces or three hundred carats.'* The blacksmith who made the mould was brought to us, and the rascal showed a bit of wood shaped much like a clove of orange. Finally, I was driven to accept the statement of Mr. Briggs (i. 117): 'Almost all the finest jewels in India have been gradually collected at Hyderabad, and have fallen into the Nizam's possession, and are considered State property. *One uncut diamond alone of three hundred and seventy-five carats is valued at thirty lakhs of rupees*, and has been mortgaged for half that money.'

"Let us now estimate the value of the Nizam diamond. For uncut stones we square the weight ($375 \times 375 = 140{,}625$) and multiply the product by £2, which gives a sum of £281,250. For cut stones the process is the same, only the multiplier is raised from £2 to £8. Thus, supposing a loss of 75 carats, which would reduce 375 to 300 ($300 \times 300 = 90{,}000 \times$ £8), we obtain a total value of £720,000.

"Allow me briefly to compare the Nizam diamond (uncut 375 carats, cut 370) with the historic stones of the world. The list usually begins with the Pitt or Regent, the first cut in Europe. When the extraneous matter was removed in unusual quantities, it was reduced to 136⅜ carats, valued from £141,058 to £160,000. The famous or infamous Koh-i-noor originally gauged 900 carats; it was successively reduced to 279 or 280 (Tavernier) and to 186¼ (= £276,768) when exhibited in Hyde Park; its last treatment has left it at 162½ carats. Then we have the Grand Duke's or Austrian, of 139½ carats (= £153,682); the Orloff or Russian (rose cut) of 195 (193?) carats; and the Abaïté, poetically called the 'Estrella do Sul' (Star of the South), weighing 120 carats. The 'Stone of the Great Mogul,' mentioned by Tavernier, is probably that now called

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* "Our diamond weights are as follows:—

16 parts = 1 (diamond) grain = ¼ grain, troy.
4 diamond grains = 1 carat = 3⅛ (3·174 grains, troy).

"The Indian weights are:—

1 Dhan = 15·32 grains, troy, in round numbers half a grain.
4 Dhary = 1 Rati = 1¼ grains, troy.
8 Rati = 1 Masha = 18 ,, ,,
12 Mashas = 1 Tola = 180 grains troy.

"The 'ounces' in the text probably represents 'tolas,' certainly not troy ounces of 24 grains."

the Daryá-i-noor: it weighs 279$\frac{9}{16}$ carats, and graces the treasury of the Shah. The nearest approach to 'The Nizam' is the Mattan or Laudah diamond of 376 carats. Experts agree to ignore the Braganza, whose 1680 carats are calculated to be worth £5,644,800: the stone is kept with a silly mystery which makes men suspect that it is a white topaz.

"And now to notice the diamond diggings of India, and especially of Golconda, their ancient history and their modern state. I will begin by stating my conclusions. Diamonds have been found in the Ganges Valley: they are still washed as far north as Sambalpúr, and in the Majnodi, an influent of the Mahanadi, on the Upper Narbada (Nerbudda), on the line of the Godaveri and on the whole course of the Krishna. The extreme points would range between Masulipatam and the Ganges Valley; the more limited area gives a depth from north to south of some 5° (= three hundred direct geographical miles), beginning north from the Central Provinces and south from the Western Ghâts, a breadth averaging about the same extent, and a superficies of ninety thousand miles. A considerable part of this vast space is, I need hardly say, almost unexplored, and the sooner we prospect it the better. The curious reader will find the limits laid down in the 'General Sketch,' etc., of British India, by G. B. Greenough, F.R.S.

"The history of the diamond in India begins with the Maharabhâta (B.C. 2100). The Koh-i-noor is supposed to have belonged to King Vikramaditya (B.C. 56), and to a succession of Moslem princes (A.D. 1306), till it fell into the hands of the Christians. Henry Lord's 'Discovery of the Banian Religion' quaintly relates how 'Shuddery' (Sudra), the third son of Pourvus (Purusha), 'findeth a mine of diamonds,' and engenders a race of miners—this is going back with a witness, *teste* Menu. At what period India invented the cutting of the stone we are yet unable to find out; the more civilized Greeks and Romans ignored, it is suspected, the steel wheel. The Indian diamond was first made famous in Europe by the French jeweller, Jean Baptiste Tavernier (born 1605, died 1689), who made six journeys to the Peninsula as a purchaser of what he calls the Iri (*hira*).

"Tavernier's travels are especially interesting to diamond-diggers, because he visited the two extreme points, north and south. He began with 'Raulconda,' in the Carnatic, some five days south of Golconda (Hyderabad), and eight or nine marches from Vizapore (*hodie* Bijapur). In 1665 the diggings were some two hundred years old, and they still employed sixty thousand hands. The traveller's description of the sandy earth, full of rocks, and 'covered with coppice-wood, nearly similar to the environs of Fontainebleau,' is perfectly applicable to the Nizam's country about Hyderabad. The diamond veins ranged from half an inch to an inch in thickness, and the precious gangue was hooked out with iron rods. Some of the stones were valued at two thousand, and even at sixteen thousand crowns, and the steel wheel was used for cutting. He then passed on to the Ganee diggings, which the Persians call Coulour (*hod.* Burkalún), also belonging to the King of Golconda. They lay upon the river separating the capital from Bijapur. This must be the Bhima influent of the Krishna, and the old jeweller notices the 'corracles' which

are still in use. The discovery began about A.D. 1565 with a peasant finding a stone gauging twenty-five carats. Here, we are told, appeared the Koh-i-noor (nine hundred carats), which 'Mirzimolas,' or 'Mirgimola,' the 'Captain of the Mogols,' presented to the Emperor Aurungzeb. The sixty thousand hands used to dig to the depth of ten, twelve, or fourteen feet, *but as soon as they meet with water there is no hope of success.* Tavernier then records the fact that the king closed perforce half a dozen diggings between 'Coulour and Raulconda, because for thirty or forty years the yield of black and yellow had given rise to frauds.' The Frenchman's last visit was to 'Soumelpore' (Sambalpur), 'a town of Bengala, on the river Gowel,' a northern affluent of the Mahanadi. The season for washing the diamantiferous land began in early February, when the waters ran clear; other authors make it extend from November to the rainy season; and the eight thousand hands extended their operations to fifty *kos* up-stream. Gold and the finest diamonds in India—locally called 'Brahmans'—were found in the river-bed and at the mouth of the various feeders.

"So far Tavernier. In 1688 and 1728 the well-known Captain Hamilton ('New Account,' etc.), in his twenty-ninth chapter, treating of 'Maderass, or China-Patam,' describes the diamond mines, evidently those of Partiál in the Northern Circars, as being distant a week's journey from Fort St. George; and he records the fact that the Pitt diamond was there brought to light.

"The precious stone was practically limited to Hindustan and Borneo before A.D. 1728, when diggings were opened in Brazil. At first the new produce was rejected by the public, till it found out that many Indian stones from the New World were sent to Goa, and thence were exported to Europe. Still the general view was not wholly wrong. The specific gravity of the diamond averages 3·6, and the difference of oxide in the crystallized or allotropic carbon does not exceed a third place of decimals. This, however, makes all the difference in lustre; and, even in England, we have lately found out that a small brilliant of perfect water, hung to the ear, for instance, is far more effective than a stone much superior in size but inferior in quality. The public, perhaps, do not remember that as far back as 1868 my study of the formations which bear the Brazilian diamonds enabled me to forecast that the gem would be found in a variety of places where its existence had never been suspected. Thus, to mention no others, they were washed in the Cudgegong river, near Rylston, New South Wales; the Australian Diamond Company failed, however, probably by bad management, to pay its expenses. It has been otherwise with the South African diggings, which began with the Vaal river; the stones are inferior even to those of the Brazil, yet they have reduced the value of the latter by one-third. When another great revolution or other political trouble shall occur, the diamond will recover its old market price.

"'The diamond mines of Golconda,' says Mr. Briggs (ch. vi.), 'derive their name from being in the kingdom of Golconda, and not from being near the Fort. They are at the village of Purteeali (Partiál), near Condapilly, about one hundred and fifty miles from Hyderabad, on the road to

Masulipatam.* The property of them was reserved by the late Nizam when he ceded the Northern Circars to the English Government. They are superficial excavations not extending ten or twelve feet deep in any part. For some years past the working of them has been discontinued, and there is no tradition of their having ever produced very valuable stones.'

"This *résumé* is so full of errors that we cannot but suspect that they conceal some design. The historian must have known that the Pitt diamond, one of the finest and most perfect of its kind, was produced at Gáni Partiál, and that the Koh-i-noor came from the so-called 'Golconda mines.' Again, Partiál, on the north bank of the Krishna, some fifty miles from the Bay of Bengal, is only one of many diggings in the vast area which I have before laid down, some being still worked, and the others prematurely, we must believe, abandoned.

"The student will do well to consult that valuable volume, the 'Geological Papers on Western India' (Bombay, 1857), edited by my old friend, Dr. Henry J. Carter. Here he will find detailed modern notices of a multitude of mines. John Malcolmson, F.R.S. (p. 6), treats of the diggings at 'Chinon on the Pennar,' and the Cuddapah mines (p. 6). Of the latter Captain Newbold says ('Geological Notes,' p. 375), 'The diamond is found in the gravel beds of the Cuddapah district below the *Regur*,' the black, tenacious, and fertile soils of Central and Southern India. The same scientific officer, who died too early for his fame, describes (p. 67) the yield of Mullavelly (or Malavilly), north-west of Ellore, as 'occurring in a bed of gravel, composed chiefly of rolled pebbles of quartz, sandstone, chert, ferruginous jasper, conglomerate, sandstone, and Kankar, lying in a stratum of dark mould about a foot thick.' Both these geologists inferred the identity of the sandstone of Central with that of Southern India from the existence of the diamond at Weiragad, a town about eighty miles south-east of the capital. Malcolmson declared that the 'celebrated diamond mines of Partel (Partiál), Bangnapilly, and Panna, occurring in the great sandstone formations of Northern India, as well as the limestones and schists associated with them, exhibit from the latitude of Madras to the banks of the Ganges the same characters, and are broken up or elevated by granite on trap rocks, in no respect differing in mineralogical characters or in geological relations.'

"The Rev. Messrs. S. Hislop and R. Hunter, who visited and described the Nagpur mines, object to this assertion, and endeavour to prove that the 'diamond sandstone of the Southern Maharatta country is a con-

* "Mr. Maclean kindly drew my attention to the Treaty with the Nizam (November 12th, 1766), which cedes to the E. I. Company 'the five Circars or Provinces of Ellour (Ellore, north of Masulipatam), Rajahmondra Siccacole (or Chicacole on the coast), and Moortizanuggur or Gunton.' The four first named were added to the French dominions by De Bussy. 'These Circars,' we read, 'include territory extending along the coast from the mouths of the Kistna (Krishna) northward to near Ganjour, and stretching some distance inland.' Article No. 11 of the same Treaty runs thus: 'The Hon'ble E. I. Company, in consideration of their diamond mines, with the villages appertaining thereto, having been always dependent on H. H. the Nizam's Government, do hereby agree that the same shall remain in possession now also.'"

glomerate, reposing upon the arenaceous beds, which have *never* yielded the precious stone, nor are there any data to prove that the conglomerate derived most of its materials from that source.' Dr. Heyne contributed an excellent description of the mines of Southern India, especially those of Bangnapilly (p. 689); of Ovalumpilly, six miles from Cuddapah (p. 691); and of others in the Ellore district. This experienced geologist concludes, 'All the diamond mines which I have seen can be considered as nothing else than alluvial soil.' Major Franklin ('Geological Translation,' second series, vol. iii. part i.), who visited the mines of Pannah in Bandelkhand, before Victor Jacquemont's day, makes the diamond sandstone, between the Narbada (Nerbudda) and the Ganges, belong to the 'New Red'—apparently an error. Others have described the diggings east of Nagpur (Central Provinces) as having been opened in a matrix of lateritic grit. Dr. Carter ('Summary of the Geology of India,' pp. 686–691) connects the 'diamond conglomerate' with the Oolitic series and its *débris*, and he offers (p. 688) a useful tabular view of the strata in the mines of Bangnapilly, described by Voysey, and Pannah or Punna, by Franklin and Jacquemont. The most important conclusion is their invariable connection with sandstone.

"Dr. Carter's volume quotes largely from the writings of Mr. Voysey (*Journal As. Soc.*, Bengal, second Report on the Government of Hyderabad), a geologist who maintained the growth of the diamond as others do of gold: he declared that he could prove in alluvial soil the recrystallization of amethysts, zeolites, and felspar. During his last journey from Nagpur to Calcutta he visited the diamond washings of 'Sumbhulpore,' in the Mahanadi valley, and he describes the gems as being 'sought for in the sand and gravel of the river,' the latter consisting of pebbles of clay slate, flinty slate, jasper and jaspery ironstone of all sizes, from an inch to a foot in diameter.

"We possess fortunately a modern description of the diggings, which, I have said, were visited successively by Major Franklin and by Victor Jacquemont. M. Louis Rousselet ('L'Inde des Rajahs,' Paris, Hachette, 1857), in his splendid volume (pp. 440, 443), gives an illustration and an account of the world-famous mines of Pannah, the Pannasca of Ptolemy (?), a little kingdom of eastern Bandelkhand erected in 1809. The Rajah sent a *Jemadar* (officer) to show him the diggings, which are about twenty minutes' walk from the town. The site is a small plateau covered with pebble-heaps; and, at the foot of a rise somewhat higher than usual, yawns the pit, about twelve or fifteen or twenty feet in diameter (about one hundred and eighty feet deep). It is pierced in alluvial grounds, divided into horizontal strata, *débris* of gneiss and carbonates, averaging thirteen metres. At the bottom is the diamond-rock, a mixture of silex and quartz, in a gangue of red earth (clay?). The naked miners descend by an inclined plane, and work knee-deep in water, which the *noria*, or Persian wheel, turned by four bullocks, is insufficient to drain; they heap the muddy mixture into small baskets, which are drawn up by ropes, whilst a few are carried by coolies. The dirt is placed upon stone slabs, sheltered by a shed; the produce is carefully washed, and the silicious residuum is transferred to a marble table for examination. The workmen,

each with his overseer, examine the stones one by one, throwing back the refuse into a basket; it is a work of skill on the part of both men, as it must be done with a certain rapidity, and the rough diamond is not easily distinguished from the silex, quartz, jasper, hornstone (corundum), etc.

"Tradition reports that the first diamonds of fabulous size were thus found, and the system of pits was perpetuated. When one is exhausted it is filled up and another is opened hard by—a deplorable system, as one hundred cubic metres must be displaced to examine one, and around each well a surface of twenty times the area is rendered useless. Moreover, much time is lost by the imperfect way of sinking the shaft, which sometimes does not strike the stone.

"This diamond stratum extends more than twenty kilometres to the north-east of Pannah. The most important diggings are those of the capital, of Myra, Etawa, Kamariya, Brijpur, and Baraghari. The mean annual produce ranges between £40,000 and £60,000—a trifling sum, as the stones are the most prized in the world, and sell for a high price in the country. They are pure and full of fire; the colour varies from the purest white to black, with the intermediate shades—milky, rose, yellow, green, and brown. Some have been found reaching twenty carats, and the Myra mine yielded one of eighty-three, which belongs to the crown jewels of the Mogul. Of course, the real produce must be taken at double the official estimate, despite all precautions; such is the case everywhere. The Rajah has established an approximate average amount, and when this descends too low, he seizes one of the supposed defaulters and beheads him or confiscates his goods. He sells his diamonds directly to Allahabad and Benares, and of late years he has established ateliers for cutting. These are the usual kind, horizontal wheels of steel worked by the foot.

"Evidently here we have a primitive style, which has not varied since diamond-working began. Good pumps are required to drain the wet pits. Instead of sinking a succession of shafts, tunnels should be run along the veins of diamond-bearing rocks. Magnifying-glasses and European superintendence would improve the washing. I need hardly say that the yield would double in the hands of Brazilians or South Africans.

"The precious stone is still brought for sale from the nearer valley of the Krishna to Hyderabad. It occurs, I was assured, in a white conglomerate of lime locally called *gar-kâ-pathar*, which must be broken up and washed. As it is found in a region of crystalline rocks, common sense would suggest tracing up the material to the places where it may have been formed; but this is never done. During our week's visit I was consulted by two Parsee merchants concerning the rudimentary tests of scratching and specific gravity. In fact, at Golconda, where the finest gems used to be worked, no one, strange to say, can now recognize a rough diamond.

"The 'Highlands of the Brazil' (ii. 113) has given a detailed list of the various stones associated with the gem; and specimens of the *cascalho*, or diamond gravel, the *tauá*, the *canga*, etc., have been sent to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mr. Swinton. It is advisable to remark that this association has everywhere been recognized. In Borneo we are

told that 'the diamond is known by the presence of sundry small flints.' The gem-yielding pebble-conglomerate of India, not usually a breccia, as was proved by Franklin, Newbold, and Aytoun (*loc. cit.*, p. 386), contains quartz and various quartzose formations; garnet, corundum, epidote, and Lydian stone; chalcedony and carnelian; jasper of red, brown, bluish, and black hues; and hornstone, a kind of felspar, whilst 'green quartz indicates the presence of the best stones.' Fossil chert is yielded by the limestone, and the highly ferruginous and crystalline sandstone produces micaceous iron ores, small globular stones (pisoliths?), and almost invariably fragments of iron oxide. Finally, there are generally traces of gold, and sometimes of platinum. At Hyderabad I was assured that such was the case on the Krishna river; but none of my informants had any personal knowledge of washing. Finally, Dr. Carter's 'Geological Papers' convinced me that the sandstones of the diamond area will be found to resemble the *itacolumite*—quartzose mica slate or laminated granular quartz, of Brazilian 'Minas Geraes.'

"These considerations convince me that diamond-digging in India generally, and especially in Golconda (the territory of Hyderabad), has been prematurely abandoned. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the machinery for draining wet mines was not what it is now; and the imperfect appliances led to the general belief that all the deposits were purely superficial. Doubtless some were in the alluvial soil of the most recent rocks; but M. Rosselet's account shows that deep digging may still be practised to advantage. Voysey also saw the 'sandstone breccia' (diamond conglomerate?) of Southern India 'under fifty feet of sandstone, clay, slate, and slaty limestone.' The Brazilian miners ('Highlands,' ii. 121) have only lately learned to descend one hundred and eighty feet; and they find some of their best stones at the lowest horizon. The Vaal River and other South-African washings, opened in 1868, soon reached sixty feet.

"Immediately about the Golconda Fort the rocks, almost wholly syenitic and granitic, supply only quartz, chalcedony, carnelian, and amethyst; but we had heard of chance diamonds being picked up by the accolents of the Krishna river, and Sir Salar Jung, with his usual liberality, proposed laying a *dâk* for us to Raichor. He was ready, in fact, to meet a wanderer's wishes in every possible way. I presently, however, learned from good authority that only crystalline rocks, like those which we had seen in the Golconda tombs, are produced by this central section of the Krishna, and that *itacolumite* must be sought elsewhere. Evidently the precious stones have been rolled down from some unknown distance; and to follow the 'spoor' demanded more time than I could command.

"It would be wasting paper to insist upon the benefits of reviving the ancient industry. But India is slow, deadly slow. In her present impoverished state she wants an energetic cultivation of every branch of industry. She does nothing; worse still, she rages against those who advise her to be up and doing. There is a fatal lethargy in her air. England administered like Anglo-India would be bankrupt in a week. And, locally speaking, diamond-working is a necessity. Hyderabad is

not a rich country, and her trade is well-nigh *nil*. But she has coal that wants only a market; and if to the 'black diamond' she can add the white diamond, her future prospects are not to be despised. The first step is, of course, that of 'prospecting,' of systematically reconnoitring the ground, with the aid of a few experienced hands imported from the Brazil and South Africa. If the search be successful, a company or companies would soon be found to do the rest. For me it will be glory enough to have restored the time-honoured 'mines of Golconda.'

"We left at the week's end the country of 'our Faithful Ally,' greatly pleased with the courtesy and hospitality which seem to be its natural growth. And I have a conviction that, despite the inevitable retrograde party of all native states, the *codini* of the East, the warlike Zemindars, the 'dissolute vagabonds,' the 'Pathan bravos,' and the 'cut-throats and assassins' of the Press, this realm has become, since 1859, the 'greatest Mohammedan power in India.'

"The return journey to Bombay gave time for other reflections. At present our 'enormous dependency, India, the most populous and important that ever belonged to a nation, and conferring a higher prestige on the ruling race than has ever been conferred by any other subject people'—as the judicial Trollope has it—is, has been, and, under present circumstances, ever will be, somewhat neglected by the general public of England. No home Britisher can interest himself even moderately in such a colony; it is too distant, and it can hardly be brought nearer by local parliaments and similar institutions. Although 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' we are not yet prepared to grant, what eventually must be granted, Representative Government. We are therefore driven to seek some other course.

"Again, at Hyderabad, as in India generally, we are living upon a volcano which may or may not slumber for years. See how of late all soldiers have come round to the same opinion concerning the 'scientific frontier.' All, in fact, are tacitly agreed to treat our Empire in India like an army; with supports, reserves, with outposts, vedettes, and similar martial appliances. The remedies hitherto proposed for the natural disaffection of the great native powers, kept as they are in a state of *quasi*-tutelage, appear to be mere quackeries, likely to do harm rather than good. For instance, to make the energetic Indian prince more powerful within his own jurisdiction would be simply to arm him against ourselves.

"But why not at once admit a certain number of seats in the House of Lords? Of those who claim salutes of twenty-one guns, there are, besides four foreigners, three Indian princes, the Nizam, the Gaikwár, and the rulers of Mysore, who all happen at present to be minors. Amongst those honoured by nineteen guns we find Scindhia, Holkar, and Udepúr; whilst Jaipúr, with twelve others, has seventeen guns. Of course, it would be necessary to limit the number to six or seven, but the hope of eventually rising to the dignity should not be withheld from Chiefs of lower grade.

"Nothing would tend more directly to conciliate the princes of India, and to make them our firm friends, than to admit them to the highest dignity of the Empire—to a House where they would doubtless hasten to sit; where they would learn their true interests, and where they would

find themselves raised to a real, instead of a false equality with the ruling race.

"Mr. Sowerby addressed a letter (April 25th, Broach) to the *Times of India*, entering into a discussion with me on the Diamonds of Golconda, to which I replied as follows :—

"'THE UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF INDIA.

"'To the Editor of the *Times of India*.

"'Sir,—Amidst the hurry and worry of departure, I failed to find a spare moment for noticing the valuable communication dated Broach, April 25th, and bearing the name of your distinguished correspondent Mr. Sowerby. The calm and quiet of my present home, the "Minerva," allow me leisure *à discretion*, and perhaps some of your readers may not be unwilling to see how much may be said on the other side.

"'The Madras Government would have done better to send a few experienced diamond-diggers to the Cuddapah country, instead of "driving the unfortunate diamond-seekers away from the fields;" but we have already heard something concerning the modicum of wisdom with which the world, even in Madras, is governed. Of course, untrained prospecting and ignorant working end, as a rule, in "the most abject poverty, wretchedness, and starvation." Thus we explain the Spanish proverb, "A silver-mine means misery, a gold-mine ruin." The "Garimpeiro," or pick-and-pan adventurer in the Brazil, could hardly keep himself alive on manioc and tobacco, where the wealthy English companies, which took his place, filled their coffers. With the diamond the same is the case, and hence I have been able to draw up a "rose-tinted" account of the diggings in Minas Geraes. Capital and skilled labour succeed where the desultory attempts of untaught men breed nothing but failure. My "projects" are simply to place the true state of the case before the English capitalist, and to enlist the sympathies of individuals and of the public; it would be a profligate waste of labour to attack the *vis inertiæ* of the Indian Government, and bepreach the caste whose *dharma* it is to work the machine. It is hardly possible to believe that, whilst the diamond has been found in spots scattered over the enormous area, say, of five hundred direct geographical miles in depth, bounded north by the Mahanadi and south by the Krishna, the mineral resources of vast and almost unexplored tracts, like the highlands of Orissa, should continue to be neglected. And, although an attempt to revive the diamond-mines of Sambalpore resulted, I am told, in failure, my advice would be to begin with the oldest diggings, which, as Tavernier shows, were systematically abandoned after reaching the depth of a few feet, because the owners ignored the art of pumping. Even if the deserted spots be so worked out as not to yield a single gem, they will make an excellent practical study of the formations in which the stone may be expected to occur elsewhere. My principal difficulty will be the utter unfamiliarity with the subject which belongs to the class whose interests are most concerned. The first attempt brings me the following answer: "I will give my opinion of the undertaking when I have studied

the details; but Golconda is an ungodly place to invite the British capitalist to." As regards preliminaries, a friend, whose touching modesty induces me to withhold his name, writes to me: "The success in finding minerals and gems to the east of the Ghâts is simply a question of prospecting; and the more prospectors the merrier. Why, there must be now ferreting in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, little short of half a million of skilled hands. Geologists are valuable only so far as they indicate formations likely to prove fertile; the real work must be done by prospectors."

"'I am far from thinking, with Mr. Sowerby, that, in a hopeful matter like this, of development of wealth, "native rulers will always take their cue from the paramount power," however rigidly our official seal is affixed to the mineral treasures lying dormant in the land. One of the commonplaces of the theoretical English writer is the exceeding Conservatism of the East: practically I have found the reverse. True, the Bombay "Kumbi" rejected the ridiculous windmills by which the late Dr. Buist proposed to abolish the cheap and all-sufficient water-wheel; and thus he incurred the vehement displeasure of that *perfervidum ingenium*, who had, they said, a monetary interest in the matter. But show the Hindú and Hindí (Moslem) that the novelty will pay or will save money, and they will adopt it as readily as almost any nationality known to me. What nonsense has been written and read about the failure of Indian railways, because nothing could persuade the Brahmin to ride side by side with the pariah! The truth is, caste remains powerful as long as it pays; in the inverse condition it is a name, and nothing more.

"'But practically it is very little matter whether the Government of H.H. the Nizam take or take not the cue from the groovy and torpid rule which distinguishes British India in this section of the nineteenth century, That it will grant free and liberal concessions I am persuaded. Still, after all, the diamond-diggings in the Krishna Valley, though far-famed for their produce in days gone by, are a mere line of trenches compared with the depths of field which lies behind them.

"'Upon the subject of iron-making in India, Mr. Sowerby and I must agree to differ. Of course, stone may be too rich for smelting purposes; my travels have shown me mountains of iron, in the United States and in South America, which are, perforce, neglected for poorer ores. But the common charcoal-smelted metal of the Brazil is preferred by the English mining companies—for instance, at São João d'El Rei—to stampers or the best English steel; and I fail to see why the same should not be the case in India, when replanting of trees shall become the rule, and when the woods and forests shall be properly managed. In my former letter, however, I alluded especially to sword-blades and other costly articles, in which the least thing thought of is the value of the raw material. Mr. Sowerby asserts, "Not a single attempt has been made to manufacture arms in India on a European scale and on European principles, but it has ended in financial failure." Yet, further on, we are told that a "native smith of Salem makes the best of hog-spears and hunting-knives." European principles, I presume, mean the use of coal, whilst the native preferred charcoal. And why should the Brazil succeed so admirably with

its thousands of little Catalan furnaces, and India fail? Evidently the quality of the fuel is, in both cases, the vital condition of success.

"'The specimens of Hyderabad coal shown to me at the Nizam's capital were of thicker formation and of superior quality to the "brown coal of Southern Austria," which is more lignite. And yet the latter pays, even for steamers, when mixed with a certain proportion of Cardiff. There *is* a demand for coal almost throughout the ancient kingdom of Golconda, where the land has been ruthlessly disforested; and there should, methinks, be little difficulty in inducing the people to abolish in its favour the use of "gober" and other fuels to which their poverty drives them. Here the only want is evidently cheap and easy transport; and with this object I proposed Mr. Worsley's "wooden idea."

"'Your distinguished correspondent throws undue stress, it appears to me, upon the fact that these cheapest of tramways have been known in England for centuries, and have been supplanted by light iron rails. Because the latter are found cheapest in England, *argal*, as the grave-digger said, they should be adopted in India. But the mine-owners in the Brazil, where wood is hard and abundant as in India, still work with wooden rails; and in both countries the state of the thoroughfares, especially beyond the main lines of traffic, is like that of England two hundred years ago.

"'Upon this subject the modest friend before quoted writes to me as follows:—"I shall be much obliged if you will give me all the information you can about Worsley's wooden railways. I have five hundred acres of excellent timber at a point of the Tasmanian north-west coast, three hundred and fifty miles from Melbourne. I am within two miles of a shipping-place, and I shall have to make five miles of tramway with wooden rails, *as is always done in this neighbourhood*" (italics mine); "but the ordinary flanged wheels are used, and they drub the rails horribly. I understand your description of the rails, but I cannot gather from your letter to the *Times of India* what sort of wheels Mr. Cayley Worsley proposes to use. Could you send me a plan, or tell me where to get one?"

"'Mr. Worsley supplied me with a sketch-design of his invention or modification, but as it contains novelties perhaps unknown to Mr. Sowerby, whilst allowing me to put the public in possession of the outline of his scheme, he naturally enough insisted upon the details and the plan being kept secret. I have therefore referred my valued correspondent to the inventor himself, whose private residence is No. 62, Belgrave Road, London.

"'Finally, when Mr. Sowerby roundly asserts "it is rather too late in the day to teach us anything new in making cheap tramways," I presume that he has seen or has read about the "Pioneer," lately invented by my friend Mr. John Hadden, C.E., and exhibited during last December at Mr. Lee Smith's office, No. 6, Westminster Chambers, and the "Economical," belonging to Mr. Russell Shaw. If not, he would do well to master the subject, and then he will probably conclude with me that what has been done in tramways (as in other matters) is a very small part of what remains to be done.

"'Yours, etc.,

"'R. F. BURTON.

"'Aden, at Sea, May 18th, 1876.'

"A Peep into the Future of North-Western India.

"I would fain enter a vehement protest against the spirit and the manner in which the relative positions of Great Britain and Russia are treated by Englishmen, and I hope to show the immense detriment to which this treatment has subjected, and still subjects, our prestige and our good name.

"We were lately asked by an educated native of Bombay if the Russians are not ready to throw fifty lakhs of men—five hundred thousand bayonets!—upon British India; and not a few of the lower classes, Mussulmans all, had told me that the 'Moskoff' is about to attack the Punjáb.

"Men now just middle age, whose youth saw the virulent attack of Russophobia which in 1838–39 led to the Afghan War, the severest shake, next to the Sepoy Mutiny, which our Indian Empire has ever endured, find it difficult, with the proverbial difficulty of mastering new ideas after the tenth lustre, to appreciate the complete change in the positions of the two great rival Powers. As early as 1791, Russia prepared to invade India from Orenburg, *viâ* Ashur, Ata, and Asterabad, 'the line of least resistance,' Meshhed, Herat, and Kandahar.

"Let us suppose that in 1835 she had taken heart of grace and resolved to follow in the footsteps of Nadir Shah. The road to Delhi lay completely open to her. She had only to point to India, the 'traditional plunder-ground of Central Asia,' and all the rugged robber-hordes, from the Sutlej to the mouths of the Euphrates, would have rushed to the 'loot' like wolves and vultures to the quarry, and Persia was only waiting to see the offensive action taken. Afghanistan was ever ready to renew the pleasant scenes of Paniput. The whole line of the Indus, Mooltan, Bahawulpore, and Sind, under the Talpúr Amirs, would have hurried to the flank attack. The direct line lay through the dominions of our good friend and bitterest enemy, Runjeet Singh, whose gallant heart was broken by the easy successes of the British in Afghanistan, where he flattered himself they had fallen into his trap. With the Punjáb would have sided Cashmere, Nepaul, and even Bhootan; in fact, the whole region south, and possibly north, of the Himalayan range.

"But Russia did not take the opportunity, which means she had other things to do; and that cautious, far-seeing Power saw no advantage in a raid like the 'Chapáo' of Nadir Shah. Now the conditions of our frontier are completely changed. From the modest line of the Sutlej and the great North-western Desert, we have occupied a thousand miles of the Indus frontier, extending from Peshawar to the sea; the Punjáb is ours; Cashmere, Nepaul, and Bhootan exist on sufferance; they may be ours at any moment we please.

"Persia might still join Russia, but we have operated more than once with fatal effect upon her vulnerable heel, the Gulf. Her strength has been wasted by famine; her exchequer is empty; and the chivalry of the Desert, her Iliyát or Bedawi, have been crushed by the contact of a so-called Regular Army. The Afghans would still flock to enrol under the banners of the North, but they would be met by their hereditary foe, the Sikh. How secure we are upon this point may be judged by the way in

which the military authorities have dismantled the whole Indian fortress. Our native army has been converted into an irregular machine, which could not meet even the Abyssinians without sending for reinforcements of officers to Madras and Calcutta.

"The hare-hearted Sepoy—undoubtedly the worst soldier in Asia—has been reduced to eight European officers per regiment, with all the combatants mounted, so as to secure their being swept away by the first fire.

"We have no army in England beyond what is required for police purposes; nor shall we have one until the Britons, still happily separated from the total world, determine, by a general conscription, to march with the rest of Europe, and to exchange a small standing army for a national force. And whilst we literally hold India with eighty thousand white faces, we freely allow the Native Powers to levy and to drill troops in numbers exceeding our own. Evidently our authorities are very sure of their affair. Possibly they rely upon the fact that the game is no longer worth the candle; that India, that golden land, has been squeezed till no more is to be got out of her. 'Poor India, every hair of her head is numbered!' said a mercantile traveller, when I explained to him the figures on the date trees; and, certainly, between the Abkari (excise) and the salt-tax, we have thoroughly emptied the pockets of the breechless population.

"But, happily, things are gradually getting to the worst, and we may fairly hope that they will surely mend. Presently we shall take a lesson from Russia, who manages her trans-Caucasian provinces by a mixture of foreign and native *employés*. Nothing more offends the patriotic Russian than to doubt that he is wholly European; and yet to the dash of Asiatic blood he owes many of his highest national gifts,—his facility in acquiring languages; his devotion to his Emperors, the 'Shadows of Bog upon Earth;' his subtle and persistent policy; his love of conquest and military glory; and his fatalistic calmness under fire.

"We shall remedy the chronic discontent of a pauper population by opening up new sources of wealth in reproductive works, in manufactures and mines. At present India is administered for the benefit of England, or rather, of the English trading classes, who must supply the public offices with paper and sealing-wax, and the soldiers and sepoys with broadcloth and ducks. The National Religion of England will become the State Church in India, and we shall cease to foster and encourage, by a fatuous and absurd toleration, the fanaticism of Pagan idolatry. We shall borrow from Russia another lesson of economy, by substituting military law and rule for the pseudo-constitutionalism with which we, like Portugal, have afflicted India; we shall relieve our great colony, or rather conquest, of such an incubus as Presidency Governors and Commanders-in-Chief, Members of Council and Chief Justices. We shall reserve High Courts and similar preserves for lawyers' game; but we shall confine them to the various capitals, where wealthy natives may play at law, and ruin themselves *à discretion*.

"With this money, now profligately wasted upon civil establishments, we shall maintain an efficient Native Army, which will deliver us from the feeble politic of 'purpose and no power.' At home a general conscription,

or a revival of the Militia Act, will give us a force, between actives and reserves, of two millions of men. The first serious 'shake' in the East or the West will show us that our national existence depends upon this measure, or rather that the alternative will be subsiding into the position of Belgium and Holland. And finally, when Russia begins her railway from Tabriz to Teheran and Baghdad, we shall check her by the Euphrates Valley Line, at present our principal Colonial want. And thus the 'Ikbal,' or good fortune, which apparently departed with the defunct East India Company, will be inherited by the Imperial Rule.

"The Government of the Company, it must be remembered, was aristocratic,—an aristocracy of bales and barrels, if you please, but still, to a certain extent, a rule of honour. Its successor acts upon the latest and most modern rules of political economy; it buys its labour in the cheapest market, and it demands only a fair day and a half's work for a fair day's wage. It notably borrowed from China its system of competitive examinations, which examine all least worth examining,—that is, the memory and the receptivity, not the moral and physical value of its Mandarins. Some day, perhaps, we shall see a return of the well-abused system of patronage, whose evils can so easily be checked by the administration of proper tests, and by provisional appointments to be confirmed only after a sufficient period of practical trial.

"To an Englishman who has at heart the honour and interests of his native land, nothing is more offensive than the low standing taken by our writers in treating of the Central Asian Question, and the tone of despondency which contrasts so disparagingly with the high grounds assumed by the Russians. England accepted as a kind of boon the creation of a neutral zone,—a string of independent semi-barbarian States, separating the frontiers of the two great Asiatic Powers. Russia, with the moderation engendered by her intense vigour and vitality, throws this sop to Cerberus, perfectly certain that the measure is merely temporary, whilst the powerful war party which looks upon the Cesarewitch as its head, openly expresses its scorn and disgust. We are told by our Pundits that 'all we want is rest—rest from foreign wars, rest from political disturbance.' We want nothing of the kind: our only want is, *de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*

"We are assured that we are conservative, not aggressive; whereas our rivals are aggressive, not conservative; in other words, that they are young and active and strong, while we are old and stiff and weak. We are advised to push forward, because any check upon our frontier would raise a host of enemies in our troubled rear,—which means that our position in India is more or less precarious. We are informed in the same breath that Russia has certainly not contemplated anything like an invasion of India; and yet we are advised to take the strongest steps in order to secure ourselves from invasion.

"A curious comment, by the way, upon the first dictum is the tone of the young Grand Duke Nicholas' letters, published by Miss Fanny Lear, in which he considers an appointment to the Caucasus as the first step of a Russian march upon India. Again, we read the alarming sentence, 'If there was danger to British India from the attitude and possible designs

of Russia twenty-eight years ago, that danger must be increased a hundredfold at the present day.' Furthermore, we are threatened with the 'moral leverage' which Russia, by menacing India, can bring to bear upon us in Europe; and with the chronic conflagration which would result from the mere contiguity of a rival European Power; in other words, we are told that Russia can make India too hot to hold us,—as if we could not make, by means of China, Turkestan too hot to hold Russia. Her troops are ever moving on resistless as fate, whilst we are thoroughly alarmed by their advance: that is, Russia swoops like the hawk, while we cower like the pigeon.

"Hence, the perpetual reports of new invasion-routes from the North which fill our Press, the old Buroghil Pass being the latest 'fad.' And hence the trembling anxiety with which the Anglo-Indian eye was fixed upon the late Amir el-Muminin, Ya'akub Khan of Kashgar, as if a struggling little Moslem Prince, who would assuredly be crushed between the rival Colossi, Russia and China, held the destinies of British India in his weakling hand. Hence the exaggerated importance attached to what is called the 'Indian situation,' to the 'Russian glacis' on the north-east of Persia, and to the strategic approach from the south-eastern corner of Persia, 'which is so stealthily, but steadily progressing.' And hence, finally, the forcible feeble stand which we are making about the independence of villainous Bokhara, and the inviolability of pauper Merv—a village which once numbered a million of souls.

"This tone of excited despondency, this symptom of weakness and violence, has travelled far, and has already done great damage to our name. It has thoroughly complicated our relations with Afghanistan. As may be proved by any old map, that turbulent land of robber-chiefs has gained enormously, both in territory and in population, by our intervention. Yet Shere Ali Khan sulks and pouts because Lord Lawrence acknowledged his elder brother, the friendly Afzul Khan; because Lord Mayo did not anticipate his every wish, and because Lord Northbrook did not pay his subsidy—'tribute' I would rather call it—with all the regularity he desired. Hence he refused the Kashgar Mission, under pretext of being unable to protect the members,—'Their blood be upon their own heads if they come to Cabul!' Hence he will admit no English resident Agent; and the native *Aakil-i-Sarkar-i-Angriz* is hardly permitted to address him in Durbar. The fact is, this miserable Highland Chief believes, and has been taught by us to believe, that he holds 'the road to the English.' He is convinced that he has only to offer aid to the Russians in order to drive us out of India. That he hates us, we know: during the Sepoy Mutiny he urged in vain his wise old father, Dost Mohammed, to invade the Punjáb—a measure deprecated by Afzul Khan. That he despises us, we cannot fail to see; and not less can we fail to feel that our policy has given him a right to despise us.*

"What, then, should we do in this matter? The 'repose of strength' is liable to be interpreted by the Oriental as supineness; moderation means fear; and 'compromise,' the basis of public and private life in England,

* All this was written two years before the late Afghan War began."

has no synonym in the East. *De l'audace*, etc., is the only rule of conduct in the Afghan hills. At the first opportunity—and any day may bring one—we should break openly with Shere Ali; tread boldly upon the coat-tail which he is trailing for a fight; withdraw that phantom of a Native Agent, and offer the subsidy, a lakh *per mensem*, to the successor who promises us his friendship and his confidence. The latter measure has been characterized as a premium on rebellion. *Sit*, so be it!

"We have nothing to fear from the Afghan chief, most of whose subjects would right willingly exchange his barbarous sway for our civilized rule. We have nothing to hope from him; he would take, Afghan-like, our money with one hand, and stab us with the other. Here, if anywhere, are the time and place to assume the tone and position of a 'dominant race.' We have talked too long and too loudly about 'our fellow-subjects in India' and our 'Afghan allies;' let us now change the terms for 'conquered races' here, and for 'paid partisans' there.

"Curious to say, the latest form of Russophobia was developed by our grand national blunder, the great artillery duel in the corner of the Black Sea, which history will call the 'Crimean War.' After nearly incurring national bankruptcy by our rabid hostility to Napoleon I., we were cozened by Napoleon III. into an alliance, whose sole object was to give his house a status amongst the old and aristocratic dynasties of Europe. But, to do the latter justice, he proposed to take upon himself the chief onus of the campaign.

"It was Lord Palmerston—the statesman who saddled us with the Fenian imbroglio; the man who, believing about as much as Epicurus, never missed a Sunday morning service; the Irishman who knew the English public better than it knew itself—that rejected the Frenchman's offer to send the army, whilst England supplied the fleet. Thus, upon the obsolete principle that one Englishman can beat three *Mossoos or Johnny Crapauds*, we were allowed to contribute a mere contingent. Thus we were condemned to play, as is commonly said, second fiddle, without the least hope of rising in the world; whilst the want of ability amongst our superior officers, the normal English deficiency of organization, and a few miserable blunders, glorious like the Balaclava Charge, and inglorious like the run from the Mamelon, duly printed abroad throughout the civilized world, combined to form an ample 'vengeance for Waterloo.'

"The world has not yet learned that we entered half-hearted into that war; that we were thoroughly ashamed of our Turkish allies and of their cause; that many of our leading statesmen determined upon not abasing Russia; that Cronstadt was allowed to exclude us from St. Petersburg, when the late Captain Cole's turret-ship would have set the fortress at defiance; that Kars was given over to starvation because the Russians refused to make peace without a set-off for the southern half of Sebastopol, evacuated after a resistance of eighteen months; that Napoleon insisted on coming to terms with Russia, because his Crimean army was mutinous, and he had won his point; and lastly, that our allies' ignoble jealousy confined us to a game at long bowls in the Crimea, when, with the assistance of the Turks, the Kurds, and the Persians, we might easily have driven Russia once more behind and beyond the Caucasus.

"All this, and more, we have been told by the late Lord Strangford, in the two volumes of his pleasant works published some years ago by the Viscountess, whose late gigantic charitable undertakings in Bulgaria must be the envy and admiration of every woman. But, in determining that Russia had gained by the war as much as Great Britain lost, my clever friend was not so happy as in the rest of his judgments; in fact, he neglected one great item in the account which determined the balance in our favour. The Crimean War prevented the march of the Russian empire southwards,—the general rule of northern conquest. It compelled her to go and grow eastward.

"This necessity of growth in the Northern Giant is treated by our writers with a luxury of explanation. It is attributed to a steadfast political purpose; to the preponderating impulse of irresponsible military ambition thirsting for distinction; to a traditional creed of the Empire, which aims at augmented power in Europe through extension in Asia; to obeying the natural law of increase; and to all these causes combined.

"For the anthropologist, one amply suffices. The body politic, like the individual, must grow to attain full development; and 'earth-hunger,' as it is called, characterizes all young peoples in the lusty prime of life. At present the only great conquering races are the Slav, especially Russia, and the English, especially the Anglo-Americans. The former conquer by invasion, the latter by occupation and colonization.

"Why Great Britain, at the present moment of her history, has turned her sword into a ploughshare, is apparently little understood by the mass of foreign writers. The truth is, we are still in a period of reaction. During the first quarter of the present century we meddled with—and often, it must be confessed, we muddled—European affairs which least concerned an insular people.

"About 1850 the counter-action set in with peculiar violence. Lord Palmerston was rebuked by the Crown for his officious interference in continental matters. Mr. Cobden was at the summit of his fame. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was to inaugurate the reign of peace and good will amongst men, and international commerce was to cement the union of the Pan-European family. The Frenchman would never invade us. If he attempted so obsolete a step, our touching and charitable reception of him would melt the heart of the bearded Zouave and the Sapeur, to whom nothing is sacred. The army should be turned into a body of navvies; the navy was to be converted into police-ships and emigrant-ships. Posterity will marvel at this peace mania, and perhaps will sneer at the part which the peacemakers took in precipitating the Russian War of 1853. It reads like a tale of Bedlam, but it is not the less true. The secondary symptoms of the dread malady still ferment in the national constitution, and possibly we may not escape without tertiaries. But the perfect cure must come at last.

"About 1863, when Russia had recovered from the fatigues of the Crimean campaign, her 'manifest destiny' began to show itself in what we vaguely term 'Central Asia.' It is not my purpose to trace her steps. England, and especially India, looked on uneasily, although a 'large portion' of the thinking public, including the optimist class of Anglo-

Indian politicians to a man, declared in favour of the Russian advance.' And no wonder. The actual civilization of the Russian Empire may not yet be of the highest order, yet it is long centuries in advance of the reckless barbarism which characterizes the Great Horde and the Usbeg Khanats. Whilst annexing the barren steppes, the eastern shores of the Caspian, the lands about the Aral, and the noble valleys of the Oxus and the Jaxartes, Russia's mission was *terram aperire gentibus.* She opened military roads and proposed railways; she built forts and meditated canals. She rendered the country passable to the traveller and to the trader. The European had no longer to fear being plundered or reduced to slavery, or being foully murdered. She enlisted sundry marauding tribes; she had made them disciplined soldiers and peaceful subjects, whilst many 'bad neighbours' were converted by example into 'good neighbours.'

"Again, the dash of Eastern blood in the veins of Russia enabled her to curb the fanatic spirit of her new lieges. Her enemies had predicted that she had disturbed a hornet's nest; that her lines were now cast in unpleasant places, amongst the most violent and bigoted of Mohammedan races. Even our latest writers dwell upon the prospects of an anti-Russian *Jehád*, or Holy War.

"But Russia is the only European Power which can successfully abate the evil; and we must seek the reason of her success in her despotic rule, the only regimen which the Oriental understands. She knows how to handle her Sáyyids and her Súfis; she 'grasps her nettle,' and this is the only treatment to which the ecclesiastical throat, priest or parson, Mullah or Brahmin, unconditionally submits.

"We, on the contrary, with our excess of toleration and *penchant* for liberty, too often degenerating into licence, make the natives subjected to our rule far more bigoted than they were when we first conquered them. Formerly, the Hindú would allow the 'Mlenchha' to drink out of his metal pot, which only required scouring to become pure once more; now he pours the water into a double leaf, or into the European's hand. Twenty-five years ago, when entering the mosques or mausolea, we removed our hats and wore our boots; now the Moslems insist upon our conforming to a practice which, in our case, means degradation. At Jeddah, the guardians of Eve's tomb only laugh when a terrier runs in and out of the doors; after a few years of British rule they would object to admitting not only the terrier, but the terrier's master. In her early relations with Persia, the Russian was as fanatical as the Persian, till the murder of an envoy taught him the more prudent way of dealing with Moslems. We have notably failed in this matter, and I should be sorry to see the experiment tried elsewhere.

"Some six years after Russia's first decided move eastwards (1869), she abandoned the direct Persian line, and adopted the new plan of turning her friend's flank by annexing the Bulkan or Krasnovdsk Bay, and exploring the northern valley of the Atrek river, the road popularly known as the 'Atók,' or hill-skirt. Thereupon the alarmist openly denounced the annexation of the eastern coast of the Caspian, and the subjugation of the Turkomans, as a 'violation of treaty.' The good sense of the

public refused to be scared. What sympathy, indeed, could England have with wretched Khiva, whose main industry was kidnapping Russians and enslaving Persians? What with hateful Bokhara, the very focus and head-quarters of Islamitic fanaticism; the city of barbarians, whose murderous chief, Nasr Allah, had foully put to death Stoddart and Conolly? Could we forget that, unable to reach this double-dyed assassin, despite the proverbial length of her arm, England was compelled to leave the slaughter of her envoys unavenged, to sit down and cry like an impotent crone?

"Again, the public saw no objection to the two great Powers, Russia and England, dividing between them the Empire of the East. Not a few of us were put to shame by the importance attached to establishing a craven 'neutral zone' of independent native states. The 'friendly partition of Asia, leaving no intermediate zone,' was the favourite idea of the Russian Press and of the public, especially the powerful and influential war party, or party of progress. Here, again, we took theoretically lower grounds than Russia. We were afraid to meet her; she did not fear to meet us. After all, the prize, such as it is, will fall to the better man: *detur digniori* will be the verdict of the world. If we can win the day, let us do so; if we cannot, let us cease to accumulate futile obstacles in the path of those who deserve to win.

"And we shall gain little or nothing by the strong flanking position secured by the reoccupation of the open country of Shaul, of Kandahar, and even of Herat. Men are ever hankering after Herat and its 'stupendous earthworks.' A still better line of outlying frontier, namely, Khelat, Quetta, and Jelalabad, would avail us as little. Wanting an army, English or native, we shall be driven to moral influence, to sympathy and moral support, to moral disapprobation—a pretentiously feeble tactic without the *gros bataillons* to give it *vis*. So the late Macgregor Laird defined moral influence in West Africa as a 68-pounder worked by British seamen.

"Our present policy must be a lively trust in the chapter of accidents, and looking forward to the day when we can place two millions of bayonets in the field. Russia has internal dangers of her own. She works cheaply; her invasions of Khiva cost her, we are told, £70,000, whilst we paid £15,000,000 for our occupation of Afghanistan. Still capitalists are beginning to inquire curiously about her budget, and she refuses to satisfy their curiosity. 'Russians' fell two per cent. in one day during last autumn. and a chilling report pronounced them to be 'shaky.' The fact is, a portion of the English Press has so long been preaching the doctrine of repudiation, that the world of debtors begins to lend its ear to the charmer: there are so many nations which can afford to *payer les Anglais*. South America may be pronounced to be 'going,' Turkey to be 'gone;' and the influence of such failures on a gigantic scale, especially when they extend to Europe and to England,—where at the present moment nothing is safe beyond ground-rents, railways, and three per cents.,—must sooner or later weigh upon Russia. Even she cannot go to war without the sinews of war; even her ingenuity will be puzzled to make *la guerre nourrir la guerre* amongst the impecunious peoples of Central Asia.

"But our highest prospect of happy deliverance from this terrible northern rival is still to be noticed; and that so little attention has been paid to it by our writers is not a little astonishing to the student. In Russia it must have caused a vast amount of anxious thought; and it readily explains the cautious system of her approaches, parallels, and encroachments in the East: her provisional system of indirect until ready for direct rule over her new conquests; her strategic lines of observation and demonstration; and her carefully disposed apparatus of supports, reserves, and bases of operations. *Nolens volens*, will-we nill-we, Russia must eventually absorb Kashgar; she must meet China face to face, and then her serious troubles begin.

"The dash of Tartar blood in Russian veins establishes a remote cousinhood with China. There is something of physical, and more of moral, likeness between the two peoples. Both are equally sturdy, hardy, frugal, energetic, persistent, aggressive, and brave in facing death. Both have a national speech, a peculiar alphabet, and, to go no further, a religion which distinguishes them from the rest of the world. Both are animated by the sturdy vigour of a newly awakened civilization. During the war of 1842 we facetiously said that it was rank murder to attack the Chinese troops with any missiles but oranges. Presently the Ever-Victorious Army, led by Gordon, one of England's noblest and best neglected sons, showed the might that was slumbering in a nation of three hundred millions.

"And now China is preparing herself, with that slow but terrible stedfastness of purpose which distinguishes her, to exercise her influence upon the civilized world,—upon the other three-fourths which compose the sum of humanity. After a hundred checks and defeats she has utterly annihilated the intrusive Mohammedan schism which attempted to establish its independence in Yunnan. She will do the same in Kashgar, although the dilatoriness of her proceedings, unintelligible to the Western mind, tends to create a false feeling of security. She is building a fleet and is rolling her own plates. Her army is being drilled by Europeans; the men are armed with Remingtons, and she has six manufactories for breech-loading rifles. Securely cautious of her coming strength, she declines all little wars with England and France till another dozen years or so shall enable her to meet her enemies on terms which, forecasted in 1842, would have appeared the very madness of prophecy.

"Such is the nation which is fated to contend with Russia for the glorious empire of Central Asia. This is the Power which our Press and its teachers have agreed to ignore. In the coming struggle we shall see the direct result of the Crimean War, and then, perhaps, we may reap the reward of sacrifice and losses which hitherto have added little to our honour or to our power.

> 'Now whether he kill Cassio,
> Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
> Every way makes my gain.'

"When we were at Jeddah I addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* a letter upon the 'Partition of Turkey.' This paper had not pronounced itself in January, 1876, as decidedly as in January, 1877, so the missive was

published on March 7th, with the heading only changed to 'The Future of Turkey.' I did not then know that the Duke of Wellington had put forth exactly the same views upon the critical point, the main question, What is to become of Constantinople? nor could I forecast that Mr. Grant Duff, who probably glances, like other men, at the *Daily Telegraph*, would see in a dream what I saw when wide awake,—the Kingdom of Byzantium revived.

"During the last two years and a half of war and massacre, which must have cost the lives of a million human beings, the situation has shifted, but the truth remains untouched. Still the Sick Man's constitution is breaking up fast; and the political doctors and patent drugs have done him no good. What peace he now enjoys is accompanied neither by honour nor by honours. Instead of removing proud flesh and amputating gangrened limbs, the rough surgeons have cut into the very vitals of the patient. They should have pruned the tree; they preferred to bark it. Under such circumstanees vitality is impossible. With acephalous governments and dynastic demoralization, diminished states and autonomous provinces, to say nothing of utter impecuniosity and of a paper money that threatens to be cheaper than assignats, ruin is a mere matter of time.

"Resolved to maintain the 'integrity of Turkey,' the doctors have disintegrated it. Turkey has become, not 'a scattered Empire like England,' but a mere 'geographical expression,' as was the Italy of the past. And now the Sick, or rather the Dying Man, has only to look forward to financial ruin, to Russification, to the reign of dementia, to spoliation, to partition—

'The dull grey close and apathetic end.'

"During the last quarter of a century the preservation of the putrid Power has cost us forty thousand lives and four hundred millions sterling. We are not likely to spend much more.

"The first letter was written, it will be remembered, under the reign of Abd el Aziz, the suicided and 'forbicated' Vitellius, when the troubles began at Podgorizza. In those days (1875–76) the general reader knew nothing of Dalmatia, Servia, and the Herzegovina, beyond what he had learnt from our late friends Gardner Wilkinson, Alexander Paton, Miss Muir Mackenzie (the late Lady Sebright), and from the present Viscountess Strangford. Mr. Arthur Evans had not published either his brilliant book or his still more brilliant letters in the *Manchester Examiner*. The older writers did indeed bring out the fact, afterwards ignored by a host of 'Our Correspondents,' that the Turk of the Slav Provinces has not one drop of Turkish blood in his veins, that he cannot speak a word of Turkish, and that he detests the Turk, especially the Effendi from Constantinople, with the bitterest hate; witness the murdering of two Pashas, Mehemet Ali and Sa'ad ed Din, by the Albanians in September, 1878. Even the dress of the Slav 'Turk,' his big turban, his tight jacket, and his bag breeches, are those of old Slavonia, and contrast strongly with the flowing robes of the Osmanli, whom you insult by calling a 'Toork,' *i.e.* a wild wanderer, a nomad. He is by blood a cousin of the

Russian Slavo-Finn, an element which peoples nearly half of the great Empire, which forms thirty-four out of seventy-one millions. In creed he is simply a renegade Christian, an Islamized Paulicean or Bogomil, with all the malignant animosity of a renegade, with a horror and an abomination of the creed which he abandoned. Hence the tenacity and fury which he displayed at Plevna and the Balkan Passes, where Russian met Russian, where heretical Jugo-Slav struggled with orthodox Slavo-Finn. This is the true history of the 'gentle and gallant Turk,' as far as the Bosniac element is concerned. And that element supplied Turkey with one hundred thousand of her best Regulars.

"Like most outsiders, I cannot see the difficulty of settling the Eastern Question (*malè pereat!*), but I thoroughly see the danger of leaving it, as at present, half settled. Of course, the distribution of the spoil and the Turkish debt favour the conservation of Turkey. But although the *haute politique* makes all kinds of delays, ambiguities, considerations, and mysteries, the eye of common sense can detect none. As regards matters of finance, if the Powers that profit by annexation will only guarantee, as in fairness they should, the liabilities of Turkey, one prop of the rotten old pile is at once knocked away. And even total loss is better than this chronic state of irritation now afflicting the European system; this disturbance of trade and industry; this fool's paradise of the gaming-table; this armed peace, which has many of the evils and little of the good that war brings.

"Our great diplomatic triumph in the second half of the nineteenth century has removed from us the fatal necessity of propping up 'Turkism' in Europe. The late occupation of Bosnia by the Austrians shows what are the Bosniacs and their Beys. Savage and brutal as Krevosjes or Cimariots, they have all the Moslem vices, none of the simple and noble virtues which distinguish their peasant co-religionists in Caramania, Anatolia, and other parts of Asia Minor, where the Faithful number three to one. Their bullying tyranny was exasperated for many a generation by the conviction that, despite numerical inferiority of one to three (3,380,000 to 9,500,000), theirs was the ruling class; and that the *Mudir*, the *Wali*, the Ministry, and the Sultan himself would invariably support their iniquities, unless compelled by the Great Powers of Europe to do simple justice under threat of war. His temper was not improved by the aggravating presence of the Kafir; and his habit of carrying weapons enabled him to gratify every whim by a stab of the ready yataghan. He had never heard of the classical policy embodied in Sultan Selim's will—*Farriku baynhumá wa Sallitu alayhumá* ('Breed dissensions between them both, Moslems and Christians, and rule them both'). Selim El-Fátih (the conqueror) left a will, you see, like Peter Velika, and their merits were, being the expressions of hereditary racial thoughts, like Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers. Yet he recognized the working of this obsolete Machiavelism as it still prevails throughout the Turkish Empire. Whenever a dispute arises between the rival religions about a field, a woman, or a boy whose face has been slapped, the Nazarene applies officially to the Pasha. The Pasha lends an attentive ear to the complaint, quotes all the Hatts Sherif, Humayoon, and so forth, and exhorts the

petitioner to remember that under a Constitutional Government (Heaven save the mark!) men of all faiths are equal. When the Mussulman proffers his counter-complaint, the same Pasha swears by his beard that no earthly power can make the Infidel take rank with True Believers. This was the tactic that caused the Syrian massacre of 1860. My theory stands proved by the fact that in the outlying villages and hamlets, where no Turks were, the Mohammedan peasants fought against the emissaries from Damascus, in defence of their Christian neighbours.

"Austria has at length adopted the course prescribed to her many years ago. Prince Eugène was the first name of note that advised the Holy Roman Empire to abandon her worse than useless Italian conquests, and to bring her weight to bear upon the Ottoman. Bosnia and the Herzegovina are in these days political necessaries to her; and the visit of the Emperor to Dalmatia was the beginning of the present policy. It would have been carried out two years ago, only circumstances then tied the hands of Count Andrassy, who throughout the affair has shown himself a statesman. Without the inner regions the stout Dalmatian kingdom cannot hold in the world the rank which it deserves to hold. The country of Diocletian, the mother of Emperors, was the narrowest realm of Europe, a mere masque, a face without a head. She had the finest ports in the Mediterranean and the noblest maritime population, while she had nothing to import, nothing to export, nothing to transport. Meanwhile the barbarous and exclusive policy of the Porte cut off the interior from the outer world. The precious metals, the 'Dalmatic gold,' famed by the Romans, silver, copper, iron, and coal remained undug, and the timber, the cattle, and the wool never saw the sea. Building was confined to forts; entrenchments took the place of roads, and whenever a traveller passed through the country he carried his life in his hand.

"But things are now changed. After an occupation which has been a campaign costing some four thousand lives, Austria, by the mandate of Europe, has pacified Bosnia and the Herzegovina. She has taken the first step towards becoming a great Slav power. These modern Sarmatians and Scythians are divided by ethnologists into a multitude of races, Slovaks, Slovenes, and so forth. I know only two halves. The majority would be the Northern (Russo-Orthodox), the minority the Southern (Jugo-Slavs) and Catholics. Here religion, not race, draws a hard-and-fast line. Dual empire has now become virtually a *Triregno*, as she would have been but for Count Beust, so much more distinguished as an Ambassador than a Minister. The conquest of Bosnia, for such it is, puts an end to Dualism; the Slav will now have his rights. Austria may lose her 'better half,' Hungary, which threatens to renew the scandals of 1849. The land of the Magyar, once the *Antemurale Christianitatis*, the outlying bulwark of Christendom, has now become a country of white Turks, of 'Ogres,' as Mr. Freeman calls them, of Ugro-Altaics, more Turkish than the Turks. There is nothing to prevent her becoming a great Jugo-Slav power, ever extending herself to the south-eastward till she meets the Greek. Thus she will halve with Russia the Slav world. By cultivating the Christian populations on the Lower Danube, and by a league with Old Bulgaria (Servia, Roumania, Roumelia, etc.), added

to Bosnia, she would invest the Muscovite rival to the south and the south-west, while Germany hems it in to the west and north-west. Indeed, Russia declares that such a union, forming a state of siege impossible to endure, would be a calamity second only to the restoration of the Polish kingdom.

"Here, then, has begun the distribution of the Dying Man's estate. The characteristic of the situation is its purely provisional nature. No one is satisfied as matters now stand. All are, without exception, claimants, and urgent claimants, for something more than 'administrative autonomy,' either municipal or provincial. The 'rebellious principalities,' Montenegro and Servia, have enlarged their boundaries at the expense of Bulgaria; but both want more, and will have more. The new 'tributary principality' of Bulgaria Proper, as I suppose we must call her, will not be satisfied with quasi-independence. As soon as she is strong enough she will fight again, and, unless amalgamated with the 'Servian accession,' she will insist upon becoming Russian. Meanwhile the Russians have not withdrawn their armies, and they are justified in not doing so as long as Austria holds Bosnia and England holds Cyprus. Eastern Roumelia, which is Southern Bulgaria, will obtain her freedom only by uniting with Bulgaria Proper and Russia.

"By the way, I must notice the notable injustice of the European Press, that expects the wretched Bulgarians, who have been treated like wild beasts for the last five hundred years, to show all the virtues of freemen. There is an old prejudice against them since Pushkin sang—

> 'Be a Pole, or be a Russian,
> Frenchman, Austrian, or Hungarian,
> Englishman, or Dane, or Prussian,
> Anything but base Bulgarian.'

Nothing can palliate their 'atrocities;' but what horrors have they not to revenge? We all remember Lord Macaulay's answer when the Jews were taunted with preferring low and immoral callings. But fair play in English politics threatens to be a thing of the past. At least, the Bulgarians have as yet enjoyed very little of our boasted national quality. And Bulgaria literally has been what Turkey will be, broken up, distributed into Roumania, Servia, and Roumelia. She is in the world (without knowing it), a Southern Poland.

"Another sturdy claimant is Greece, not including her neighbour and old congener Albania. The writings of Messrs. Gladstone and Freeman have told the public of Turco-Græcia's wrongs. Since 1872, when her independence was recognized, she has been shut up in the barren Morea and the rocky deserts north of the financial world as a turf-defaulter; and the massacre of Marathon is better known to our generation than the battle of Marathon. But she now begins to see the error of her ways. She makes roads, she proposes to pay her debt, and she puts down brigandage. She behaved with exemplary patience during the Russo-Turkish War; and we must excuse the irritability which presses for the proposed concession—a miserable slice. But her turn will come. Her manifest destiny is to divide with Austria the broad lands between Albania and the Despoto Dagh, the Rhodope range. Meanwhile, Albania—classic

land of ruffians, hemmed in by Montenegro, Servia, and Greece—clamours for self-rule. Let her take it and supply bath-men to Byzantium.

"So much for Turkey in Europe. In Asia, Turkey has lost her most valuable possessions: Kars, the great base of military operations; and Batoum, the port which commands the Bosphorus. The Russians intend to run their fine harbour against Trebizond, and to divert as much as they can of the caravan-trade that enriches the latter. Hence their obstinacy in the matter of that 'interesting tribe,' the Lazes. The Muscovite wants nothing more at present in Western Asia, and it was a second masterly stroke of policy, our pledging ourselves to defend that which needs no defence. The Russian has nothing to do with the bleak and barren mountains of Armenia, which must also count amongst the rebellious provinces; and they are sturdy fellows, the men of Adana, of Old Cilicia. Nor is she tempted by the rocky wastes of Kurdistan, where every brigand 'subject' would want waiting upon by a soldier. She may assist and laugh till she cries at the pleasant spectacle of Mrs. Britannia performing the part of 'Reform by Moral Force,' and proposing an honest gendarmerie, just tribunals, and tax-gathering publicans turned to saints. If England were 'doctrinary' she would either let the task severely alone or she would appoint to every *wilayat* (province) a 'Resident,' after the fashion of British India. But compromise is her specific, her panacea for home use. She will do neither this nor that; she will use *mezzi termini* (half-measures), rely on the rule of thumb, and in fact meddle and muddle her position between the two stools. Liberal measures of reform have been freely promised, but that stale trick now deceives nobody. It is very well to command, but what is the use where none obey? Europe has had so much dust of this kind thrown into her eyes, that she now endures the process without writhing. And the Turk virtually says, 'Pay us, and we will give ear to you; no loan, no reforms.' Which means, if you do not pay him he won't reform; and if you do pay him, he will do ditto. The truth is, he can't reform, and if he could he wouldn't. When Turkey assented to the proceedings of the Berlin Congress, the credulous dreamed that she intended to keep her treaty engagements. Not she! When Turkey promises, suspect a lie; when she swears, be sure of a lie. What to her are treaties, save things to be broken? Talk of a treaty between a dog and its fleas!

"Our beloved Syria and Palestine must also be drawn from the vampire claws of Turkey—this daughter of chaos. The Holy Land for many past centuries has not enjoyed a gleam of prosperity, except when connected with, or, rather, when placed under, Egypt. It was a miserable and mistaken policy of Lord Palmerston in 1840, which, arresting the progress of Mohammed Ali Pasha, made England the cat's-paw of Russia. The old Bāsh-Buzzuk of Cavala, as Sultan of Turkey, would have given fresh life to the obsolete and effete, the battered and broken empire of the barbarian; and his ambition was, naturally enough, dreaded by the northern pretenders to Constantinople. Let one sentence suffice to show the difference of development between the two Pashaliks. Syria has not one made port, Egypt has three; Egypt has a dozen railways, Syria boasts of only one carriageable road—the Beyrout-Damascus—and that one French. Of

late years many efforts have been made to restore the Israelites to their own; and there is, I believe, a project of the kind—financial, not sentimental—actually in hand. The idea is to obtain the consent and the subscriptions of the Jews in every part of the world, and to purchase the tract between Dan and Beersheba by means of a loan to the Porte. Jerusalem cannot, in the present state of Europe, become the exclusive possession of any one European Power. But already the land has been almost all bought up by the Jews, and the City—like its holy sisters, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safet—now virtually belongs to them.

"Moreover, Syria is fated to become in a few years most important to England. The Euphrates Valley Line, under the surveillance of the Duke of Sutherland, has at last fallen into shape. Instead of a Levantine port, Alexandretta, Tripoli, or Tyre, and the great river for termini, it will set out from Constantinople and pass, *viâ* Baghdad, to Persia and India. This great highway—the only means of consolidating Turkey in Asia Minor—has hitherto been delayed only by the activity of Muscovite agents, and by the systematic self-effacement of our own. Before many years are past a branch of the main trunk-line will connect it with the Syrian coast opposite Cyprus. Baalbak and Palmyra are not yet 'played out.' These main stations, on the first and best of the many 'overlands,' will presently hear the whistle of the railway, and in the evening of their days they will again be made happy. The Euphrates Valley system will be to the Suez Canal what the 'Egyptian Bosphorus' has been to the Cape of Good Hope.

"And then we shall recognize the full value of Cyprus. After the melancholy policy of the pedagogue-demagogue in 1862, that restored the ruined Corfu, where some few years ago there was a popular tumult in favour of bringing back the old masters, England must secure ports and stations for her ironclads. The marvellous excitement caused by our last scrap of annexation shows the way the popular wind blows. Such a cackling over such a very small egg! We do not wish to make the Mediterranean an English lake, but we object to its being a French lake or a Russian lake, like the Black and Caspian Seas. Candia and Mitylene would certainly not oppose the hoisting of the Union Jack. Of course, those possessions will at first be unpopular—they will cost money, soldiers will die of fever, and officers will grumble. The Turks, after making the noble islands howling wildernesses, will propose to raise loans upon their 'surplus revenues.' But British gold will drain these homes of fever, ports will be laid out, and population will be introduced. We are not justified in failing where the Crusaders and the Knights succeeded so grandly.

"The destiny of Turkey in Africa is equally manifest. France, who has by no means abandoned her claim to 'hegemony,' would add, if she pleased, to her Algerine provinces the fair lands of Tunis as far east as the plains of Jafara, where the southern bend of the coast ends in the Gulf of Sidra. The limits are roughly east long. (G.) 8° to 12°, a linear length of two hundred and forty direct geographical miles. Already there is a report that the offer has been made to her, despite the active opposition of Italy. This latter might be contented with Tripoli, as far as the eastern

shore of the Gulf of Sidra. But, since her emancipation, she has shown a turbulent spirit, which threatens the peace of Europe. I lately met a young Italian diplomatist, who would hardly speak to an Englishman because we hold Malta as our *haupt-piquet*. The occupation of Cyprus was a severe blow: the three standards in St. Mark's Square, Venice, represent Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. 'Unredeemed Italy' means an Italy 'free from Etna to Trieste.' It represents, I have shown, amongst the moderates, the annexation of the Trentino, the duchy of Gorizia, and the peninsula of Istria. The immoderates add the whole of Dalmatia and part of Albania; in fact, wherever the Roman '*regiones*' reached.

"I say 'Tripoli as far as East Sidra,' the knob projecting into the Mediterranean eastward of Sidra, and including Barca and the Cyrenaic, should be added to Egypt, which would thus be prolonged from east long. (G.) 24° to 20°, also about two hundred and forty direct geographical miles. Grennah, of Old Cyrene, has a noble port, lying at a short distance south-east of Malta, and this will be the terminus of a future railway, connecting the glorious lands lying along the Mediterranean with the Nile Valley. By this line passenger-traffic shall escape the sea-voyage between Malta and Egypt, whilst the Cairo-Sioot, prolonged to Cosseir, will save the mortification of the Suez Gulf.

"As regards Egypt, we were only beginning to take into consideration the grand results brought about by the great Mohammed Ali Pasha and his family. We want from her nothing but the free right of transit and transport; we are resolved that the highway of the nations shall not be barricaded. We may eventually be compelled to annex her, but that measure is still distant, although lately advocated in England, and feared in France. Meanwhile, we might be a little kinder to her. Whilst the Turks are allowed freely to repudiate their debts, poor Egypt must pay her usurious Christian creditors the uttermost farthing. The Powers of Europe unwisely and wickedly compelled her to take part in the last Russo-Turkish campaign. We have hitherto refused to set her free from the immense 'benevolences' and other douceurs, heavier than any tribute, which perpetually find their way into the Seraglio, and into the ministerial pockets at Stamboul; and now that all the family income is mortgaged, the head of the house will still be obliged to hold his position by bribery. Surely the absolute independence or annexation of Egypt has now become a necessity.

"Remains the real 'bone of contention'—Constantinople. Europe has generally assumed that, with this queen of the Golden Horn added to her dominions, the great Muscovite power would become irresistible; men and statesmen have made it an article of faith. I am far from believing in such results; at the same time, it would be unwise to allow Russia the chance. The problem to be worked out is this: How, when the Eastern half of Europe is almost wholly Slav, to exclude the Slav from Stamboul—to create another island like Roumania, breaking the Slavonic flood? Practically it was solved many years ago. Volney narrowly escaped the Bastille for advocating a Franco-Russian coalition against Turkey. When the Emperor Joseph I. of Austria had shaken the equilibrium of Europe by his alliance with Catharine II., the great traveller saw

the political necessity of his project, namely, a Christian State having command of the Bosphorus. The Duke of Wellington, as has been told, recommended it in the same words, and the Russians have never refused to accept the measure. What says the Turk himself? 'For Turkey, Roumelia is the Past, Anatolia is the Future.' Pleasant prospect, by-the-by, for poor Anatolia! And what say his serfs? 'Avoid the Turk if you can; for either he eats you out of very love, or in his rage he tears you to pieces.'

"I would abolish the very name of Constantinople, whose hateful sound reminds us of religious cruelty and hypocrisy. Let us substitute a kingdom or principality of Byzantium,—a Hanse town mediatized by Europe. Her territory would extend northwards, through Eastern Roumelia, to the Balkans, and westwards to Rhodope, a fair and fertile country, somewhat larger than increased Servia. Protected by the Great Powers, she would be governed by a prince chosen from amongst the ruling families of Europe. She would be neither Greek, nor Bulgarian, nor Jewish, nor Armenian, nor Roumelian, nor Frank, but something of all. The Hellene would make her illustrious by his political aptitude and literary gifts; the Israelite and the Armenian would enrich her by banking and commerce; the Bulgarian and the Roumelian would be her hewers of wood and drawers of water; and, finally, the Frank would connect her with the civilization of the West. I know nothing in Europe which shows a finer combination of intellect and labour than this would be. No stronger dyke could be opposed to the Muscovite flood.

"Turkey would thus be confined to Asia Minor proper, with Broussa or Koniah, the old Iconium, for a capital. Her new frontier, bordering on Russia and Persia, would remain untouched, and southwards she would be barred by a line drawn from Alexandretta, *viâ* Aleppo, to the Euphrates. She would thus cease to be an incubus on Europe, especially on South-Eastern Europe, whose 'neutral armaments' must last till relieved of her hideous presence. Thus the evil effects of her extended influence, which exists by acting upon the hates and fears of her neighbours, would presently be abated, leaving behind them the battle and the wrack. Thus her hopeless misgovernment and her inveterate maladministration would at once be confined within comparatively narrow limits. The old and venerable kingdoms, the Syria of the Seleucidæ, for instance, which her iron heel has trodden and trampled into wastes and deserts; where ruins are the sole remnants of a glorious and memorious past; where even hope, man's last delusion, can hardly cheer the prospect of the future, would soon recover a prosperity now all but forgotten. Christendom would once more be free from the deadening presence of that Mohammedan Mongol, whose hateful boast it ever was that—

> 'Where once the Sultan's horse has trod,
> Grass neither grows, nor shrub, nor tree.'

Ay, truly quoth Mazeppa—

> 'The year before
> A Turkish army had marched o'er;
> And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
> The verdure flies the bloody sod.'

"'This is a mere spoliation of Turkey,' I hear some one cry. Well, yes; the Osmanli rose to empire by spoiling others, and it is now his turn to be spoiled. What he won by the sword he must keep by the sword, or the sword will snatch it from him. His presence in Europe is in these days an anachronism; it might be tolerated for good, certainly not for evil. He is fit only for Asia Minor, where, untrammelled by rival Plenipotentiaries and unscrupulous Ambassadors, he can throw off the tights that embarrass his limbs, and become once more the 'man on horseback.' There, at least, he can clean abolish his *Irádes*, his *Tanzimát*, and other bastard forms of constitutionalism, which, combined with so-called reforms, have destroyed the old forms without substituting anything new; which have weakened his material powers, spoiled his temper, and debased his character. There he can revert to those mediæval institutions that made the race what it was; to the eternal '*non possumus*,' to the 'Pacha of many Tales,' to the slave and the concubine, to the eunuch and the mute, to the bowstring, the bastinado, and the bag for the light o' love. There *la gent qui porte le turban* may cultivate its mixture of childishness and senile cunning; its levity of mind, cloaked by solemn garb and mien; its mental indolence, with spasmodic efforts by way of change; and its conscious weakness warring with overweening arrogance. But Europe will no longer bear in her bosom this survival of the Unfittest. *Apage Sathanas!* Return, Tartar, to that Tartary whence thou camest. These are the words of St. Louis, and they shall be heard."

[He also wrote later on—]

"THE PARTITION OF TURKEY.

"The curious are beginning to ask, Do statesmen, politicians, and Foreign Offices really wish to settle the so-called 'Eastern Question'? Does the trade hesitate to take it in hand from the dread vision of half its occupation gone? And yet what a host of evils such *fainéance* breeds! Take, for instance, the last miserable move, known to politics as the 'Cession of Dulcigno,' a paltry village on the wild Albanian shore. It kept the fleets of Europe at bay for a couple of months; it kept the whole of South-eastern Europe in 'hot water;' it kept newspapers in news while starving trade; and it supplied history with an episode the most comical, the most absurd. Of the Turk we may say (with Spenser)—

'That his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca.'

He has adhered to his traditional policy—procrastination, promising, non-performance. 'The friendly concert of the Great Powers' has been sorely tried, strained to breaking point. Bulgaria, 'one and indivisible,' has been arming and drilling instead of tilling and earing. Greece has made it the business of her national life to raise a loan and an army of 60,000 men. Albania has, perhaps, fared the worst. The Porte encouraged her to resist the so-called 'will of Europe,' and to oppose with all her might the transfer of Albanians to Montenegrins. Then the Porte executed the normal manœuvre *volte face;* commanded, or pretended to command, her to give up her property; and made a happy despatch of her recusant

chiefs—by means of the usual cup of coffee. The turbulent mountain region is now between two stools; she is neither Turkish nor Albanian, she is lost to the Porte without having gained her independence; and, like the Libanus in the past, she has become one of the 'tinder-boxes' of the West. Meanwhile the work of the European world has suffered, and still suffers, from an armed peace which has many of the evils and none of the good which war brings.

"When I last wrote (1879) the Turco-Russian campaign of two years, which must have cost the lives of a million human beings, had dragged itself to its weary end. It left the Sick Man weaker and more prostrated than ever—even the political doctors with their patent drugs could do no good to a constitution fast breaking up. The short respite from his sufferings called peace was not a 'peace with honour.' Resolved to maintain the 'integrity of Turkey,' the rough surgeons dismembered, disintegrated her. She was, before that treatment, a 'scattered Empire like England;' after it she became a 'geographical expression,' as was the Italy of the eighteenth century. Virtually she lost all her European provinces, except Roumelia, which took the peculiarly inconsequent title of Eastern Bulgaria. Dynastic demoralization and despotic government; diminished territory and autonomous provinces; national bankruptcy, with confusion of finance, unpaid debts, and a paper money which caused disturbances wherever it circulated, have made the Sick Man a dying man; and, instead of soothing and syruping his last moments, the greedy heirs standing by his bedside are wrangling and recriminating and calling one another names over the approaching distribution of his property.

"The 'future of Turkey' was virtually settled in 1816, when 'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington' proposed to the great Muscovite Empire the mediatization of Constantinople. Russia saw how great a boon this step would be to her. She may look forward to absorbing the Queen of the Bosphorus after half a century; in the present state of things she knows that the superb possession would be a well-nigh unmitigated evil. It would cut her Empire in two: and the southern would only injure the sounder and sturdier northern half. The *status quo* she knew to be equally detrimental; autocratic governments must obey popular will; and an ebullition of national rage may at any moment force on a campaign like that of 1877–78. She wants rest; and she wishes to recruit her finances, to reorganize her armies, and to settle conclusions with the Tartars and the Chinese. In fact, peace in Europe, but not an armed peace, is a desideratum to her, and she can obtain it only when Constantinople becomes a free town. She knew this half a century ago, and she knows it still.

"Meanwhile, the partition of Turkey has been going on merrily. In the war brought on mainly by our old enemy Rashíd Pasha, the 'rebellious Principalities,' Montenegro and Servia, have enlarged their boundaries; but both want more, and both will have more. For the characteristic of the actual 'situation' is its purely provisional nature. No one is satisfied as matters now stand; all are without exception claimants, and urgent claimants, for something more than 'administrative autonomy,' either

municipal or provincial. The new 'tributary principality' of Bulgaria Proper, as I suppose we must call her, will not be satisfied with *quasi* independence. She has spent the last two years in preparations for a campaign; in buying arms and in drilling under Russian officers. She waits only for Greece to begin the game; whilst Greece says, 'Gentlemen of Bulgaria, fire first.' It is the old story of the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan. Eastern Roumelia, which is Southern Bulgaria, cannot be satisfied with her rank as a mere province, even under a nominal Christian Governor whose ministry rules. She must conquer her freedom; and she will conquer it by uniting with Bulgaria Proper, and by throwing herself into the arms of Russia, if we compel her to commit this act of political suicide.

"Greece, that progressive little kingdom, which has been so much and so unjustly abused by the sentimentalists of England, behaved with exemplary patience during the Russo-Turkish War. She allowed herself to be cajoled by promise after promise, and now she finds that—

> 'In native swords and native ranks,
> The only hope of freedom dwells.'

Action, in fact, is thrust upon her. The two Conferences of Berlin promised her a thin slice of enslaved Greece, which she thankfully accepted as an earnest of more. It would weary the reader to recount the miserable subterfuges and tergiversation of Turkey, who alternately presents the bittock to her lips and withdraws it, proposing impossible conditions. In this mean matter politics are complicated by something like personal spite and racial hatred. The Turk makes it a *pundonor* not to yield to the Greek; he would keep for his own use the right of robbery and rape, kidnapping and murdering. The Greek will bear no more the hateful yoke.

"The former declares with perfect untruth that the transfer of Janina, Larissa, and other places would be the loss of a commanding strategic line. The Greek asserts that he must also have Epirus, Thessaly, and even Thrace, because the whole country is Greek in language, manners, and religion. And a fresh complication has sprung up. Greece has been making, for her, immense sacrifices, and an army of 30,000 to 40,000 men will soon eat up a State whose population is 1,500,000, and whose revenue of £3,600,000, with a deficit of half a million and a debt of eighteen millions; it would hardly keep her in bread and cheese. Every day costs her more money than she can afford; the business of everyday life is at a standstill.

"Austria has at length adopted the course prescribed to her in the last century by the soldier and statesman, Prince Eugène of Savoy, who advised her to abandon her worse than useless Italian conquests, and to bring her weight to bear upon the Turk. After an 'occupation,' which was a campaign costing some 4000 lives, she has established herself in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which are geographical necessities to the 'Kingdom of Dalmatia,' the old 'Mother of Emperors.' Here she has done, despite her enemies, excellent work. A traveller writes to me, 'The improvements effected in the new protectorate during the last two

years must be seen to be believed. The military roads extending from Brood on the Sava to Serajevo, and from Serajevo through Herzegovina, by Mostar, to the mouth of the Narenta, do infinite honour to the Engineer Department, and, considering the immense outlay of the Imperial Treasury, to the forethought and generosity of the Government. A capable police has been organized, and district courts and schools have been established throughout the length and breadth of the land. I found perfect order and tranquillity prevailing everywhere, and well will it be for the best interests, social and political, of the people, the farther Austrian rule is extended and the longer it is perpetuated.'

"Austria took formal charge of the Ottoman in South-Eastern Europe at the Congress of Berlin—a step enthusiastically hailed by a statesman as 'glad tidings of great joy.' The Emperor's journey to Dalmatia (1876) was the beginning of that policy, and we have still to see the results of the Imperial round of visits in the summer of 1880. It is understood that the attitude of England has revived the league known as the Dreikaiserbund, and that Germany and Austria are united in the determination that the other third should not profit exclusively by annexing Turkish territory. When the war breaks out, and it may break out at any moment, Austria cannot remain passive. Under pain of retrograding she must advance. Adrianople will become necessary to the Dual Empire when Greece enlarges herself; when Bulgaria shall conquer her independence, the course of events must carry Austria forward to Salonica. There is nothing to prevent her becoming a great Jugo-Slav (South Slavonic) power, the mainstay of the Catholic Slavs, as Russia is of the Northern or orthodox. By cultivating the Christian populations on the Lower Danube, and by a league with 'Old Bulgaria' (Servia, Roumania, Roumelia, etc.), she would invest the Muscovite rival to the south and the south-west, while Germany hems him in to the west and the north-west. Russia declares that such a union, forming a state of siege impossible to endure, would be a calamity second only to the restoration of the kingdom of Poland.

"Austria has two opponents who will serve only to force her forwards. The Land of the Magyar has become a country of 'white Turks,' of 'ogres,' as Mr. Freeman calls them, more Ottoman than the Ottomans. Kossuth's lately published volumes explain the reason why; but the ambitions and the passions of 1848, which brought about the unnatural and abominable union, cannot outlast a second generation. The other rival is Italy, whose statesmen view, with a curious mixture of rage and spite, the aggrandizement of a quondam master. Since Italia became *una*, her politicians have shown a turbulent spirit which menaces the peace of Europe. *Italia Irredenta*, an old idea, but an expression apparently coined in 1878, means much. The *Redenta* represents an 'Italy free from Etna to Trieste.' The Moderates would be satisfied with annexing the Trentino, the duchy of Gorizia, and the peninsula of Istria. The 'Immoderates' add all Dalmatia and part of Albania; in fact, wherever the Roman *regiones* extended. But Trieste will not be Italian. Mr. Disraeli said, 'The port of Trieste is not a mere Austrian port; it belongs to the German Confederation; and an attack on Trieste is not an attack on Austria

alone, but also on Germany.' The managing man, *par excellence*, of Europe has as openly declared that if the Italians attempt to march upon the Vice-Queen of the Adriatic, they will meet a sword-point which is not Austrian. Italy might do better than to lay out her income upon 'bloated armaments,' a disproportionate army which she is still increasing, and colossal ironclads, which any torpedo-cockboat may blow up. She is one of the poorest of nations, in the very richest of soils; her agriculture has progressed little beyond that of the 'Georgics;' her railroads are a disgrace; so is her post-office; her finances suffer from the good old practice of converting a stocking into a bank; and her business is injured by her over-'cuteness' and greed of gain. She is no longer the charming country of the early nineteenth century. Freedom has taught her all the roughness, but little of the virtue of the Northerner. Honesty seems to be at its lowest ebb. The knife is king. Whatever Italy has of genius, energy, and 'go-ahead' is now devoted to warlike preparations, and to dreams of conquest. The awaking will be bitter.

"So much for Turkey in Europe, where, despite Mr. Redhouse, she can hardly be said to exist. In Asia, or rather Asia Minor, her future home, she has lost her most valuable possessions—Kars, the great base of military operations, and Batoum, the rival of Trebizonde, and the port that commands the Bosphorus. The Muscovite really requires nothing more in Western Asia; and it was a masterly stroke of policy our pledging ourselves to protect what wants no protection. It is again the Dean's—

> 'When nothing's left to need defence
> They build a magazine.'

But here again Russia is being forced forward. She has nothing to do with the bleak and barren mountains of Armenia, an Asiatic Scotland; but the cries of the unfortunate Christians, though peremptorily suppressed in the Turkish papers, are exciting legitimate Muscovite sympathies. It is the old story of the 'Bulgarian atrocities.' Armenia, when I last wrote, was a 'rebellious province,' and she was to be put down by slipping at her the Kurd bloodhound. This race of bandits, fanatical as it is ferocious, has perpetrated every horror under the sun; and the complication of a hunger-year has made the desolate Christians ready to accept any rule. And now they are attacking in force Persia, the neighbour and ally of Russia, so as to compel the latter to remove.

"The 'reform by moral force,' the honest gendarmie, the just tribunals, and the tax-gathering publicans turned to saints, all these choice projects of a future for Asia Minor have turned out, as might have been expected, the merest visions, baseless as a mirage. If England were *doctrinaire*, she would either let the task severely alone or she would appoint to every government (*vilayet*) of Turkey a British 'Resident,' after the fashion of Anglo-India. But compromise is her specific; it is a panacea for home use, and, *ergo*, it is a panacea everywhere. She has done neither this nor that; she has adopted *mezzi termini* (half-measures); she has again applied the rule of thumb; she has 'meddled and muddled' once more. How perfectly she has failed is known to every newspaper reader.

"A number of English officers, mostly ignorant of the languages and customs of the East, have been made Consuls and Vice-Consuls in Asia Minor. Turkey, on her side, has sent Englishmen, with high official rank in her armies, to inspect provinces, to inquire into abuses, and to send in long reports for instant pigeon-holing. This is again mere dust thrown in the general eyes. As Sultan of Turkey, the old Bāsh-Buzzuk of Cavala would have given new life to the battered and broken empire of the 'unspeakable;' and, naturally enough, his ambition was dreaded by the northern pretenders to Constantinople. Let one sentence suffice to show the difference of development between the two. Syria has not one made harbour; Egypt has three. Egypt has a dozen railroads; Syria boasts only of one carriageable highway, and that is French property. But Palestine grows in importance every year. Mr. Laurence Oliphant has surveyed the land of Gilead, the eastern frontier; and, supported by the Israelitish capitalists of Europe, he proposes to restore that part of Judæa to her old owners. Captain Cameron, equally well backed, has virtually begun the Euphrates Valley line, despite the adverse forecasts of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Jerusalem, it is true, cannot, in the present state of Europe, become the exclusive possession of any European Power. But already almost all the land around has been bought up by the Jews, and the Sacred City, like her holy sisters, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safet, may be said to belong to them. The sooner Syria is made over to Egypt the better.

"Then we shall recognize the full value of Cyprus. The marvellous excitement, caused at home and abroad, by this latest scrap of annexation shows the way the popular wind blows—the reaction of the melancholy policy which restored and ruined Corfu. We do not wish to make the Mediterranean an 'English lake;' but it is, and ever will be, our highway to India and to Indo-China; and we reasonably object to its becoming a French lake or a Russian lake. And England wants secure ports and stations for her guardhouses, the ironclads. Candia and Mitylene would not oppose the hoisting of the Union Jack. These acquisitions must be unpopular at first—they will cost money, and men will die of fever. The Turks, who occupied three centuries of misrule in making the noble islands howling wildernesses, will clamour as they now do for the 'surplus revenues' produced by British blood and gold. Rome was not built in a day, nor will Cyprus be restored in a week. But our energy and industry must at last prevail. We will clean out harbours, raise cities, and drain away malaria. We are not justified in failing where our crusading ancestors succeeded so grandly.

"As regards Egypt we are beginning only now to appreciate the grand results brought about by the great high-minded Ali Pasha and his successors. We want from her nothing but the free right of transit and transport; but we are resolved that the great highway of nations shall not be barricaded by her or by others. Meanwhile, the absolute independence of Egypt has become a necessity. Her connection with Turkey is an unmixed and unmitigated evil. She wants all her hands; and yet she was compelled to send a large contingent to the last Russo-Turkish campaign. When the Turks are freely allowed wholesale 'repudiation,' the Nile

Valley must pay her usurious creditors the uttermost farthing of a public debt individually contracted. She wants all her money, and she should, in common justice, be freed from her heavy tribute, and from the heavier benevolences and *douceurs* which perpetually find their way to the Seraglio, or rather into ministerial pockets. And Egypt is at present, despite the rose-water reports of officials, who take a personal pride in writing, not the truth but what is wished to be the truth, far from comfortable. Abyssinia has placed her between the horns of a dilemma. She must either grant or not grant a port to the barbarous and bloodthirsty Nestorians called Christians. In the former case, the only imports will be arms and ammunition, especially the latter, for Johannes, the Emperor, has thousands of breech-loaders, but no cartridges. In the latter case she will be in a state of chronic war with her turbulent neighbour, who is ever threatening her inland frontier.

"And Egypt has lately offended the moral sense of Europe by a peculiarly retrograde Mohammedan measure—the systematic revival of the import slave-trade. England has a manner of convention with her for suppressing it; but the provisions of 1877 should be made more stringent. She has now reached that point of civilization when she can afford to proclaim a total abolition of compulsory labour, the full and immediate emancipation of the 'chattel.' Slaves and eunuchs, the latter denounced by Islamism, are mere articles of luxury for pashas and beys. I will not deny that when the infamous revival of trade in human beings was brought to their notice, her Ministry addressed a circular letter to the *Mudirs* or provincial Governors, and appointed a director for its suppression. But this, again, was the Eastern trick of *poudre aux yeux*. The director went up the Nile, and the slaves came down the Red Sea. Then the director, having apparently done enough for a rose-water report, retired to his winter quarters at Cairo, and the slaves returned to the Nile. Meanwhile the Ministry, whilst permitting this shameful traffic, has systematically neglected the gold and silver placers discovered on the Midian coast, and evidently extending far southwards; in fact, the old Ophir and Havilah. In Turkish Arabia (the *vilayet* province of Yemen, near Sana'a), a new digging has been discovered, and, with true Oriental exaggeration, has been proclaimed 'one of the richest in the world.' But in the hands of the Turkish Government even a diamond-mine, a Golconda, would be a losing affair; it can be worked with profit only by European heads and hands. Meanwhile Egypt must recover her prestige by abolishing slavery and by exploiting her mineral wealth.

"To conclude. Poets are sometimes prophets; and we have a specimen in the forecast of Camoens, which dates from the year of grace 1572—

> 'Those fierce projectiles, of our days the work,
> Murderous engines, dire artilleries,
> Against Byzantine walls, where dwells the Turk,
> Should long ago have belcht their batteries.'
> Oh, hurl it back, in forest caves to lurk,
> Where Caspian crests and steppes of Scythia freeze,
> That Turkish ogre-progeny multiplied
> By potent Europe's policy and pride.'

"What also wrote Torquato Tasso, only a few years after Camoens?

'For if the Christian Princes ever strive
To win fair Greece out of the tyrant's hands,
And those usurping Ismaelites deprive
Of woeful Thrace, which now captived stands;
You must from realms and sea the Turks forth drive,
As Godfrey chased them from Judah's lands,' etc.

Amen, and so be it!

"R. F. B.

"Trieste."

APPENDIX F.

LETTERS ON THE JEDDAH MASSACRE, AND CHOLERA—HIS WARNING TO THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH CALLED DOWN A REPRIMAND ON HIM.

"To the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, London.

"Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that on the 1st of December, 1856, I addressed to you a letter which I hope has been duly received. On the 2nd instant, in company with Lieutenant Speke, I left Bombay Harbour, on board the H.E.I.Company's ship of war *Elphinstone* (Captain Frushard, I.N., commanding), *en route* to East Africa. I have little to report that may be interesting to geographers; but perhaps some account of political affairs in the Red Sea may be deemed worthy to be transmitted by you to the Court of Directors or to the Foreign Office.

"As regards the Expedition, copies of directions and a memorandum on instruments and observations for our guidance have come to hand. For observations, Lieutenant Speke and I must depend upon our own exertions, neither serjeants nor native students being procurable at the Bombay Observatory. The case of instruments and the mountain barometer have not been forwarded, but may still find us at Zanzibar. Meanwhile I have obtained from the Commanding Engineer, Bombay, one six-inch sextant, one five and a half ditto, two prismatic compasses, five thermometers (of which two are B.P.), a patent log, taper, protractors, stands, etc.; also two pocket chronometers from the Observatory, duly rated; and Dr. Buist, secretary Bombay Geographical Society, has obliged me with a mountain barometer and various instructions about points of interest. Lieutenant Speke has been recommended by the local Government to the Government of India for duty in East Africa, and the services of Dr. Steinhaüser, who is most desirous to join us, have been applied for from the Medical Board, Bombay. I have strong hopes that both these officers will be allowed to accompany me, and that the Royal Geographical Society will use their efforts to that effect.

"By the subjoined detailed account of preliminary expenses at Bombay, it will be seen that I have expended £70 out of £250 for which I was permitted to draw.

"Although, as before mentioned, the survey of Eastern Intertropical Africa has for the moment been deferred, the necessity still exists. Even in the latest editions of Horsburgh, the mass of matter relative to Zanzibar

is borrowed from the observations of Captain Bissel, who navigated the coast in H.M.'s ships *Leopard* and *Orestes*, about A.D. 1799. Little is known of the great current which, setting periodically from and to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, sweeps round the Eastern Horn of Africa. The reefs are still formidable to navigators; and before these seas can be safely traversed by steamers from the Cape, as is now proposed, considerable additions must be made to Captain Owen's survey in A.D. 1823–24. Finally, operations on the coast will form the best introduction to the geographical treasures of the interior.

"The H.E.I. Company's surveying brig *Tigris* will shortly be out of dock, where she has been undergoing a thorough repair, and if fitted up with a round-house on the quarter-deck would answer the purpose well. She might be equipped in a couple of months, and despatched to her ground before the south-west monsoon sets in, or be usefully employed in observing at Zanzibar instead of lying idle in Bombay Harbour. On former surveys of the Arabian and African Coasts, a small tender of from thirty to forty tons has always been granted, as otherwise operations are much crippled in boisterous weather and exposed on inhospitable shores. Should no other vessel be available, one of the smallest of the new pilot schooners now unemployed at Bombay might be directed to wait upon the *Tigris*. Lieutenant H. G. Fraser, I.N., has volunteered for duty upon the African coast, and I have the honour to transmit his letter. Nothing more would be required were some junior officer of the Indian navy stationed at Zanzibar for the purpose of registering tidal, barometric, and thermometric observations, in order that something of the meteorology of this unknown region may be accurately investigated.

"When passing through Aden I was informed that the blockade of the Somali Coast had been raised without compensation for the losses sustained on my last journey. This step appears, politically speaking, a mistake. In the case of the *Mary Ann* brig, plundered near Berberah in A.D. 1825, due compensation was demanded and obtained. Even in India, an officer travelling through the states not under British rule can, if he be plundered, require an equivalent for his property. This is, indeed, our chief protection—semi-barbarians and savages part with money less willingly than with life. If it be determined for social reasons at Aden that the blockade should cease and mutton become cheap, a certain percentage could be paid upon the exports of Berberah till such time as our losses, which, including those of Government, amount to £1380, are made good.

"From Harar news has reached Aden that the Amir Abubakr, dying during the last year of chronic consumption, has been succeeded by a cousin, one Abd el Rahman, a bigoted Moslem, and a violent hater of the Gallas. His success in feud and foray, however, has not prevented the wild tribes from hemming him in, and unless fortune interferes, the city must fall into their hands. The rumour prevalent at Cairo, namely, that Harar had been besieged and taken by Mr. Bell, now serving under 'Theodorus, Emperor of Ethiopia' (the chief Cássái), appears premature. At Aden I met in exile Sharmarkay bin Ali Salih, formerly Governor of Zayla. He has been ejected in favour of a Dankali chief by the Ottoman

authorities of Yemen—a circumstance the more to be regretted as he has ever been a firm friend to our interests.

"The present defenceless state of Berberah still invites our presence. The eastern coast of the Red Sea is almost entirely under the Porte. On the western shore, Cosseir is Egyptian; Masáwwah, Sawakin, and Zayla, Turkish; and Berberah, the best port of all, unoccupied. I have frequently advocated the establishment of a British agency at this place, and venture to do so at once. This step would tend to increase trade, to obviate accidents in case of shipwreck, and materially assist in civilizing the Somal of the interior. The Government of Bombay has doubtless preserved copies of my reports, plans, and estimates concerning the proposed agency, and I would request the Royal Geographical Society to inquire into a project peculiarly fitted to promote their views of exploration in the Eastern Horn of Africa. Finally, this move would checkmate any ambitious projects in the Red Sea. The Suez Canal may be said to have commenced. It appears impossible that the work should pay in a commercial sense. Politically it may, if at least its object be, as announced by the Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, at the Société de Géographie, to 'throw open the road of India to the Mediterranean coasting trade, to democratize commerce and navigation.' The first effect of the highway would be, as that learned traveller justly remarks, to open a passage through Egypt to the speronari and feluccas of the Levant, the light infantry of a more regular force.

"The next step should be to provide ourselves with a more efficient naval force at Aden, the head-quarters of the Red Sea squadron. I may briefly quote, as a proof of the necessity for protection, the number of British *protégés* in the neighbouring ports, and the present value of the Jeddah trade.

"Mocha now contains about twenty-five English subjects, the principal merchants in the place. At Masáwwah, besides a few French and Americans, there are from sixteen to twenty British *protégés*, who trade with the interior, especially for mules required at the Mauritius and our other colonies. Hodaydah has from fifty to sixty, and Jeddah, besides its dozen resident merchants, annually witnesses the transit of some hundreds of British-protected subjects, who flock to the Haj for commerce and for devotion.

"The chief emporium of the Red Sea trade for centuries past has been Jeddah, the port of Meccah. The custom-house reports of 1856 were kindly furnished to me by Captain Frushard, I.N. (now commanding the H.E.I.C.'s sloop of war *Elphinstone*), an old and experienced officer, lately employed in blockading Berberah, and who made himself instrumental in quelling certain recent attempts upon Turkish supremacy in Western Arabia. According to these documents, thirty-five ships of English build (square-rigged) arrived at and left Jeddah between the end of September and April, from and for various places in the East, China, Batavia, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, the Malabar coast, the Persian Gulf, and Eastern Africa. Nearly all carried our colours, and were protected, or supposed to be protected, by a British register: only five had on board a European captain or sailing master, the rest being commanded and officered by

Arabs and Indians. Their cargoes from India and the Eastern regions are rice, sugar, piece goods, planking, pepper, and pilgrims; from Persia, dates, tobacco, and raw silk; and from the Mozambique, ivory, gold dust, and similar costly articles. These imports in 1856 are valued at £160,000. The exports for the year, consisting of a little coffee and spice for purchase of imports, amounts, per returns, to £120,000. In addition to these square-rigged ships, the number of country vessels, open boats, bungalows, and others, from the Persian Gulf and the Indian coasts, amounts to 900, importing £550,000, and exporting about £400,000. I may remark, that to all these sums at least one-third should be added, as speculation abounds, and books are kept by triple entry in the Holy Land.

"The next port in importance to Jeddah is Hodaydah, where vessels touch on their way northward, land piece and other goods, and call on the return passage to fill with coffee. As the head-quarters of the Yemen Pashalik, it has reduced Mocha, formerly the great coffee mart, to insignificance, and the vicinity of Aden, a free port, has drawn off much of the stream of trade from both these ancient emporia. On the African coast of the Red Sea, Sawakin, opposite Jeddah, is a mere slave mart, and Masáwwah, opposite Hodaydah, still trades in pearls, gold dust, ivory, and mules.

"But if the value of the Red Sea traffic calls, in the present posture of events, for increased means of protection, the slave-trade has equal claims to our attention. At Aden energetic efforts have been made to suppress it. It is, however, still carried on by her country boats from Sawakin, Tajarrah, Zayla, and the Somali coast; a single cargo sometimes consisting of two hundred head gathered from the interior, and exported to Jeddah and the small ports lying north and south of it. The trade is, I believe, principally in the hands of Arab merchants at Jeddah and Hodaydah, and resident foreigners, principally Indian Moslems, who claim our protection in case of disturbances, and consequently carry on a thriving business. Our present squadron in the Red Sea consisting of only two sailing-vessels, the country boats in the African ports have only to wait till they see the ship pass up or down, and then, knowing the passage—a matter of a day—to be clear, to lodge the slaves at their destination. During the past year, this trade was much injured by the revolt of the Arabs against the Turks, and the constant presence of the *Elphinstone*, whose reported object was to seize all vessels carrying slaves. The effect was principally moral. Although the instructions for the guidance of the Commander enjoined him to carry out the wishes of the Home and Indian Governments for the suppression of slavery, yet there being no published treaty between the Imperial Government and the Porte sanctioning to us the right of search in Turkish bottoms, his interference would not have been supported by the Ottoman local authorities. It may be well to state, that after a Firman had been published in the Hejaz and Yemen abolishing the trade, the Turkish Governments of Jeddah and Hodaydah declared that the English Commander might do as he pleased, but that they declined making any written request for his assistance. For its present increased duties, for the suppression of the slave-trade, for the protection of British subjects, and for the watching over Turkish and English interests in the Red Sea,

the Aden Squadron is no longer sufficient. During the last two years it has numbered two sailing-vessels—the *Elphinstone*, a sloop of war, carrying twelve 32-pounders and two 12-pounders; and the *Mahi*, a schooner armed with one pivot gun, 32-pounder, and two 12-pounders. Nor would it be benefited by even a considerable increase of sailing-vessels. It is well known that, as the prevailing winds inside the sea are favourable for proceeding upwards from September to April, so on the return, during those months, they are strongly adverse. A fast ship, like the *Elphinstone*, requires thirty days on the downward voyage to do the work of four. Outside the sea, during those months, the current sets inward from the Indian Ocean, and a ship, in event of very light winds falling, has been detained a whole week in sight of Aden. From April to September, on the contrary, the winds set down the Red Sea frequently with violence, the current inside the sea also turns towards the Indian Ocean, and outside the south-west monsoon is blowing. Finally, sailing-ships draw too much water. In the last year the *Elphinstone* kept the Arabs away from Jeddah till the meanness of the Sherif Abd el Muttalib had caused his downfall. But her great depth (about from 14·6 to 15 feet) prevented her approaching the shore at Hodaydah near enough to have injured the insurgents, who, unaware of the fact, delayed their attack upon the town till famine and a consequent pestilence dispersed them. With little increase of present expenditure, the Red Sea might be effectually commanded. Two screw-steamers, small enough to enter every harbour, and to work steadily amongst the banks on either shore, and yet large enough to be made useful in conveying English political officers of rank and native princes, when necessary, would amply suffice. A vessel of the class of H.M.'s gun-boat *Flying Fish*, drawing at most nine feet of water, and carrying four 32-pounders of 25 cwt. each, as broadside, and two 32-pounders of 25 cwt. each, as pivot guns, would probably be that selected. The crews would consist of fewer men than those at present required, and means would easily be devised for increasing the accommodation of officers and men, and for securing their health and comfort during cruises that might last two months in a hot and dangerous climate.

"By means of two such steamers we shall, I believe, be prepared for any contingencies which may arise in the Red Sea; and if to this squadron be added an allowance for interpreters and a slave approver in each harbour—in fact, a few of the precautions practised by the West African Squadron—the slave-trade in the Red Sea will soon have received its death-blow, and Eastern Africa its regeneration at our hands.

"I have, etc., etc.,

"R. F. BURTON,

"Commanding East African Expedition.

"H.E.I.C. Sloop of War *Elphinstone*,

"15th December, 1856."

THE OFFICIAL "JUDICIOUS" (?) REPLY.

No. 961 of 1857.

From H. L. Anderson, Esquire, Secretary to Government, Bombay, to Captain R. F. Burton, 18th Regiment Bombay N.I.

"Dated the 23rd July, 1857.

"Sir,—With reference to your letter, dated the 15th December, 1856, to the address of the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of London, communicating your views on affairs in the Red Sea, and commenting on the political measures of the Government of India, I am directed by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council to state, your want of discretion, and due respect for the authorities to whom you are subordinate, has been regarded with displeasure by Government.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"(Signed) H. L. ANDERSON,

"Secretary to Government.

"Bombay Castle, 23rd July, 1857."

[Richard received by same post as above letter the account of the Massacre at Jeddah.]

(Extracts from the *Telegraph Courier*, Overland Summary, Bombay, August 4, 1858.)

"On the 30th of June, a massacre of nearly all the Christians took place at Jeddah on the Red Sea. Amongst the victims were Mr. Page, the British Consul, and the French Consul and his lady. Altogether the Arabs succeeded in slaughtering about twenty-five.

"H.M. steamship *Cyclops* was there at the time, and the captain landed with a boat's crew, and attempted to bring off some of the survivors, but he was compelled to retreat, not without having killed a number of the Arabs. The next day, however, he succeeded in rescuing the few remaining Christians, and conveyed them to Suez.

"Amongst those who were fortunate enough to escape was the daughter of the French Consul; and this she succeeded in doing through the fidelity of a native, after she had killed two men with her own hands, and been severely wounded in the encounter. Telegraphic despatches were transmitted to England and France, and the *Cyclops* is waiting orders at Suez. As it was apprehended that the news from Jeddah might excite the Arab population of Suez to the commission of similar outrages, H.B.M.'s Vice-Consul at that place applied to the Pasha of Egypt for assistance, which was immediately afforded by the landing of five hundred Turkish soldiers, under the orders of the Pasha of Suez."

"Unyanyembe, Central Africa, 24th June, 1858.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your official letter, No. 961 of 1857, conveying to me the displeasure of the Government in consequence of my having communicated certain views on political affairs in the Red Sea to the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

"The paper in question was as is directly stated, and it was sent for transmission to the Board of Directors, or the Foreign Office, not for publication. I beg to express my regret that it should have contained any passage offensive to the authorities to whom I am subordinate; and to assure the Right Honourable the Governor in Council that nothing was further from my intentions than to displease a Government to whose kind consideration I have been, and am still, so much indebted.

"In conclusion, I have the honour to remind you that I have received no reply to my official letter, sent from Zanzibar, urging our claims upon the Somal for the plunder of our property.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"RICHARD F. BURTON,

"Commanding East African Expedition.

"To the Secretary to Government, Bombay."

No. 2845 of 1857. Political Department.

From H. L. Anderson, Esq., Secretary to Government of Bombay, to Captain R. F. Burton, Commanding E. A. Expedition, Zanzibar.

"Dated 13th June, 1857.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 26th April last, soliciting compensation on behalf of yourself and other members of the late Somalee Expedition, for losses sustained by you and them.

"2. In reply, I am desired to inform you, that under the opinion copied in the margin, expressed by the late Governor-General of India, the Right Honourable the Governor in Council cannot accede to the application now preferred.

"Having regard to the conduct of the Expedition, his Lordship cannot think that the officers who composed it have any just claims on the Government for their personal losses."

"I have, etc.,

"(Signed) H. L. ANDERSON,

"Secretary to Government."

END OF FIRST CORRESPONDENCE.

[Here begins the Speke and Rigby cabal.]

SECOND CORRESPONDENCE.

"India Office, E.C., November 8th, 1859.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for India in Council to forward for your information, copy of a letter addressed by Captain Rigby, her Majesty's Consul and Agent at Zanzibar, to the Government of Bombay, respecting the non-payment of certain persons hired by you to accompany the Expedition under your command into Equatorial Africa, and to request that you will furnish me with any observations which you may have to make upon the statements contained in that letter.

"Sir Charles Wood especially desires to be informed why you took no steps to bring the services of the men who accompanied you, and your obligations to them, to the notice of the Bombay Government.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"(Signed) T. COSMO MELVILL.

"Captain R. Burton."

No. 70 of 1859. Political Department.

From Captain C. P. Rigby, her Majesty's Consul and British Agent, Zanzibar, to H. L. Anderson, Esquire, Secretary to Government, Bombay.

"Zanzibar, July 15th, 1859.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report, for the information of the Right Honourable the Governor in Council, the following circumstances connected with the late East African Expedition under the command of Captain Burton.

"2. Upon the return of Captain Burton to Zanzibar in March last, from the interior of Africa, he stated that, from the funds supplied him by the Royal Geographical Society for the expenses of the Expedition, he had only a sufficient sum left to defray the passage of himself and Captain Speke to England, and in consequence the persons who accompanied the Expedition from here, viz. the Kafila Bashi, the Belooch sepoys, and the porters, received nothing whatever from him on their return.

"3. On quitting Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, the Expedition was accompanied by a party of Belooch soldiers, consisting of a Jemadar and twelve armed men. I understand they were promised a monthly salary of five dollars each; they remained with the Expedition for twenty months, and as they received nothing from Captain Burton beyond a few dollars each before starting, his Highness the Sultan has generously distributed amongst them the sum of two thousand three hundred (2300) dollars.

"4. The head clerk of the Custom House here, a Banian, by name Ramjee, procured ten men, who accompanied the Expedition as porters.

They were promised five dollars each per mensem, and received pay for six months, viz. thirty dollars each before starting for the interior. They were absent for twenty months, during three of which the Banian Ramjee states that they did not accompany the Expedition. He now claims eleven months' pay for each of these men, as they have not been paid anything beyond the advance before starting.

"5. The head clerk also states that, after the Expedition left Zanzibar, he sent two men to Captain Burton with supplies, one of whom was absent with the Expedition seventeen months, and received nothing whatever; the other, he states, was absent fifteen months, and received six months' pay, the pay for the remaining nine months being still due to him. Thus his claim amounts to the following sum :—

	Dollars.
Ten men for eleven months, at five dollars per man per month	550
One man for seventeen " " "	85
One man for nine " " "	45
Total	680

"6. These men were slaves, belonging to 'deewans,' or petty chiefs, on the opposite mainland. They travel far into the interior to collect and carry down ivory to the coast, and are absent frequently for the space of two or three years. When hired out, the pay they receive is equally divided between the slave and the master. Captain Speke informs me, that when these men were hired, it was agreed that one-half of their hire should be paid to the men, and the other half to Ramjee on account of their owners. When Ramjee asked Captain Burton for their pay, on his return here, he declined to give him anything, saying that they had received thirty dollars each on starting, and that he could have bought them for a less sum.

"7. The Kafila Bashi, or chief Arab, who accompanied the Expedition, by name Said bin Salem, was twenty-two months with Captain Burton. He states that on the first journey to Pangany and Usumbara, he received fifty (50) dollars from Captain Burton; and that before starting on the last Expedition, to discover the Great Lake, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton presented him with five hundred dollars on behalf of Government for the maintenance of his family during his absence. He states that he did not stipulate for any monthly pay, as Colonel Hamerton told him that if he escorted the gentlemen to the Great Lake in the interior, and brought them in safety back to Zanzibar, he would be handsomely rewarded, and both Captain Speke and Mr. Apothecary Frost inform me that Colonel Hamerton frequently promised Said bin Salem that he should receive a thousand dollars and a gold watch if the Expedition were successful.

"8. As it appeared to me that Colonel Hamerton had received no authority from Government to defray any part of the expenses of this Expedition, and probably made these promises, thinking that if the exploration of the unknown interior were successful a great national object would be attained, and that the chief man who conducted the Expedition would be liberally rewarded, and as Captain Burton had been furnished

with funds to defray the expenses, I told him that I did not feel authorized to make any payment without the previous sanction of Government, and Said bin Salem has therefore received nothing whatever since his return.

"9. Said bin Salem also states, that on the return of the Expedition from Lake Tanganyika, seventy (70) natives of the country were engaged as porters, and accompanied the Expedition for three months; and that on arriving at a place called 'Kootoo,' a few days' journey from the sea-coast, Captain Burton wished them to diverge from the correct route to the coast opposite Zanzibar, to accompany him south to Keelwa; but they refused to do so, saying that none of their people ever dared to venture to Keelwa, where the chief slave-trade on the east coast is carried on. No doubt their fears were well grounded. These men received nothing in payment for their three months' journey, and, as no white man had ever penetrated into their country previously, I fear that any future traveller will meet with much inconvenience in consequence of these poor people not having been paid.

"10. As I considered that my duty connected with the late Expedition was limited to affording it all the aid and support in my power, I have felt very reluctant to interfere with anything connected with the non-payment of these men; but Said bin Salem and Ramjee having appealed to me, and Captain Speke, since his departure from Zanzibar, having written me two private letters, pointing out so forcibly the claims of these men, the hardships they endured, and the fidelity and perseverance they showed, conducting them safely through unexplored countries, and stating also that the agreements with them were entered into at the British Consulate, and that they considered they were serving the British Government, that I deem it my duty to bring their claims to the notice of Government; for I feel that if these men remain unpaid, after all they have endured in the service of British officers, our name for good faith in these countries will suffer, and that any future traveller wishing to further explore the interesting countries of the interior will find no persons willing to accompany them from Zanzibar, or the opposite mainland.

"11. As there was no British agent at Zanzibar for thirteen months after the death of Colonel Hamerton, the Expedition was entirely dependent on Luddah Damha, the Custom-master here, for money and supplies. He advanced considerable sums of money without any security, forwarding all requisite supplies, and, Captain Speke says, afforded the Expedition every assistance in the most handsome manner. Should Government, therefore, be pleased to present him with a shawl, or some small mark of satisfaction, I am confident he is fully deserving of it, and it would gratify a very worthy man to find that his assistance to the Expedition is acknowledged.

"I have, etc.,

"(Signed) C. P. RIGBY, Captain,

"H.M.'s Consul and British Agent, Zanzibar."

"East India United Service Club, St. James's Square,
"November 11th, 1859.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your official letter, dated the 8th of November, 1859, forwarding for my information copy of a letter, addressed by Captain Rigby, her Majesty's Consul and Agent at Zanzibar, to the Government of Bombay, respecting the non-payment of certain persons hired by me to accompany the Expedition under my command into Equatorial Africa, and apprising me that Sir C. Wood especially desires to be informed why I took no steps to bring the services of the men who accompanied me, and my obligations to them, to the notice of the Bombay Government.

"In reply to Sir Charles Wood, I have the honour to state that, as the men alluded to rendered me no service, and as I felt in no way obliged to them, I would not report favourably of them. The Kafilah Bashi, the *Jemadar*, and the Beloch were servants of H.H. Sayyid Majid, in his pay and under his command. They were not hired by me, but by the late Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, H.M.'s Consul and H.E.I.C.'s Agent at Zanzibar, and they marched under the Arab flag. On return to Zanzibar, I reported them as undeserving of reward to Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton's successor, Colonel Rigby, and after return to England, when my accounts were sent in to the Royal Geographical Society, I appended a memorandum, that as those persons had deserved no reward, no reward had been applied for.

"Before proceeding to reply to Captain Rigby's letter, paragraph by paragraph, I would briefly premise with the following remarks :—

"Being ordered to report myself to Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, and having been placed under his direction, I admitted his friendly interference, and allowed him to apply to H.H. the Sultan for a guide and an escort. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton offered to defray, from public funds, which he understood to be at his disposal, certain expenses of the Expedition, and he promised, as reward to the guide and escort, sums of money, to which, had I been unfettered, I should have objected as exorbitant. But in all cases the promises made by the late Consul were purely conditional, depending entirely upon the satisfactory conduct of those employed. These facts are wholly omitted in Captain Rigby's reports.

"2. Captain Rigby appears to mean that the Kafila Bashi, the Beloch sepoys, and the porters received nothing whatever on my return to Zanzibar, in March last, from the interior of Africa because the funds supplied to me by the Royal Geographical Society for the expenditure of the Expedition, had been exhausted, besides the sum of one thousand pounds (£1000) granted by the Foreign Office. I had expended from my own private resources nearly fourteen hundred pounds (£1400), and I was ready to expend more had the expenditure been called for. But, though prepared on these occasions to reward liberally for good service, I cannot see the necessity, or rather I see the unadvisability, of offering a premium to notorious misconduct. This was fully explained by me to Captain Rigby on my return to Zanzibar.

"3. Captain Rigby '*understands*' that the party of Beloch sepoys, con-

sisting of a *Jemadar* and twelve armed men, were promised a monthly salary of five dollars each. This was not the case. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton advanced to the *Jemadar* twenty-five, and to each sepoy twenty dollars for an outfit; he agreed that I should provide them with daily rations, and he promised them an ample reward from the public funds in case of good behaviour. These men deserved nothing; I ignore their 'fidelity' and 'perseverance,' and I assert that if I passed safely through an unexplored country, it was in no wise by their efforts. On hearing of Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton's death, they mutinied in a body. At the Tanganyika Lake they refused to escort me during the period of navigation, a month of danger and difficulty. When Captain Speke proposed to explore the Nyanza Lake, they would not march without a present of a hundred dollars' worth of cloth. On every possible occasion they clamoured for *bakshish*, which, under pain of endangering the success of the Expedition, could not always be withheld. They were often warned by me that they were forfeiting all hopes of a future reward, and, indeed, they ended by thinking so themselves. They returned to Zanzibar with a number of slaves, purchased by them with money procured from the Expedition. I would not present either guide or escort to the Consul; but I did not think it my duty to oppose a large reward, said to be 2300 dollars, given to them by H.H. the Sultan, and I reported his liberality and other acts of kindness to the Bombay Government on my arrival at Aden. This fact will, I trust, exonerate me from any charge of wishing to suppress my obligations.

"4. The Banyan Ramjee, head clerk of the Custom House, did not, as is stated by Captain Rigby, procure me ten (10) men who accompanied the Expedition as porters; nor were these men, as is asserted (in par. 6), 'slaves belonging to deewans or petty chiefs on the opposite mainland.' It is a notorious fact that these men were private slaves, belonging to the Banyan Ramjee, who hired them to me direct, and received from me as their pay, for six months, thirty dollars each; a sum for which, as I told him, he might have bought them in the bazaar. At the end of six months I was obliged to dismiss these slaves, who, as is usually the case with the slaves of Indian subjects at Zanzibar, were mutinous in the extreme. At the same time, I supplied them with cloth, to enable them to rejoin their patron. On my return from the Tanganyika Lake, they requested leave to accompany me back to Zanzibar, which I permitted, with the express warning that they were not to consider themselves re-engaged. The Banyan, their proprietor, had, in fact, sent them on a trading trip into the interior under my escort, and I found them the most troublesome of the party. When Ramjee applied for additional pay, after my return to Zanzibar, I told him that I had engaged them for six months; that I had dismissed them at the end of six months, as was left optional to me; and that he had already received an unusual sum for their services. This conversation appears in a distorted form and improperly represented in the concluding sentence of Captain Rigby's 6th paragraph.

"5 and 6. With respect to the two men sent on with supplies after the Expedition had left Zanzibar, they were not paid, on account of the prodigious disappearance of the goods entrusted to their charge, as I am prepared to prove from the original journals in my possession. They were

dismissed with their comrades, and never afterwards, to the best of my remembrance, did a day's work.

"7 and 8. The Kafilah Bashi received from me for the first journey to Usumbara fifty (50) dollars. Before my departure in the second Expedition he was presented by Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton with five hundred (500) dollars, almost double what he had expected. He was also promised, in case of good conduct, a gold watch, and an ample reward, which, however, was to be left to the discretion of his employers. I could not recommend him through Captain Rigby to the Government for remuneration. His only object seemed to be that of wasting our resources and of collecting slaves in return for the heavy presents made to the native chiefs by the Expedition, and the consequence of his carelessness or dishonesty was, that the expenditure on the whole march, until we had learnt sufficient to supervise him, was inordinate. When the Kafilah Bashi at last refused to accompany Captain Speke to the Nyanza Lake, he was warned that he also was forfeiting all claim to future reward, and when I mentioned this circumstance to Captain Rigby at Zanzibar, he then agreed with me that the 500 dollars originally advanced were sufficient.

"9. With regard to the statement of Said bin Salim concerning the non-payment of the seventy-three porters, I have to remark that it was mainly owing to his own fault. The men did not refuse to accompany me because I wished to diverge from the 'correct route,' nor was I so unreasonable as to expect them to venture into the jaws of the slave-trade. Several caravans that had accompanied us on the down-march, as well as the porters attached to the Expedition, were persuaded by the slaves of Ramjee (because Zanzibar was a nearer way to their homes) not to make Kilwa. The pretext of the porters was simply that they would be obliged to march back for three days. An extra remuneration was offered to them; they refused it, and left in a body. Shortly before their departure Captain Speke proposed to pay them for their services, but being convinced that they might be prevented from desertion, I did not judge it advisable by paying them, to do what would be virtually dismissing them. After they had proceeded a few miles, Said bin Salim was sent to recall them, on conditions which they would have accepted; he delayed, lost time, and ended by declaring that he could not travel without his dinner. Another party was instantly sent; they also loitered on the way, and thus the porters reached the coast and dispersed. Before their departure I rewarded the Kirangozi, or chief man of the caravan, who had behaved well in exhorting his followers to remain with us. I was delayed in a most unhealthy region for the arrival of some down porters, who consented to carry our goods to the coast; and to prove to them that money was not my object, I paid the newly engaged gang as if they had marched the whole way. Their willingness to accompany me is the best proof that I had not lost the confidence of the people. Finally, on arrival at the coast, I inquired concerning those porters who had deserted us, and was informed by the Diwan and headman of the village that they had returned to their homes in the interior, after a stay of a few days on the seaboard. This was a regrettable occurrence, but such events are common on the slave-path in Eastern Africa, and the established custom of the Arabs and

other merchants, whom I had consulted upon the subject before leaving the interior, is not to encourage desertion by paying part of the hire, or by settling for porterage before arriving at the coasts. Of the seven gangs of porters engaged on this journey, *only one*, an unusually small proportion, left me without being fully satisfied.

"10. That Said bin Salim, and Ramjee, the Banyan, should have appealed to Captain Rigby, according to the fashion of Orientals, after my departure from Zanzibar, for claims which they should have advanced when I refused to admit them, I am not astonished. But I must express my expreme surprise that Captain Speke should have written two private letters, forcibly pointing out the claims of these men to Captain Rigby, without having communicated the circumstance in any way to me, the chief of the Expedition. I have been in continued correspondence with that officer since my departure from Zanzibar, and until this moment I have been impressed with the conviction that Captain Speke's opinion as to the claims of the guide and escort above alluded to was identical with my own.

"11. With respect to the last paragraph of Captain Rigby's letter, proposing that a shawl or some small mark of satisfaction should be presented by Government to Ladha Damha, the Custom-master at Zanzibar, for his assistance to the Expedition, I distinctly deny the gratuitous assertions that I was entirely dependent on him for money and supplies; that he advanced considerable sums of money without any security; that he forwarded all requisite supplies, or, as Captain Speke affirms, that he afforded the Expedition every assistance in the most handsome manner. Before quitting Zanzibar for inner Africa, I settled all accounts with him, and left a small balance in his hands, and I gave, for all subsequent supplies, an order upon Messrs. Forbes, my agent in Bombay. He, like the other Hindus at Zanzibar, utterly neglected me after the death of Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton; and Captain Rigby has probably seen some of the letters of complaint which were sent by me from the interior. In fact, my principal merit in having conducted the Expedition to a successful issue is in having contended against the utter neglect of the Hindus at Zanzibar (who had promised to Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, in return for his many good offices, their interest and assistance), and against the carelessness and dishonesty, the mutinous spirit, and the active opposition of the guide and escort.

"I admit that I was careful that these men should suffer for their misconduct. On the other hand, I was equally determined that those who did their duty should be adequately rewarded—a fact which nowhere appears in Captain Rigby's letter. The Portuguese servants, the negro gun-carriers, the several African gangs of porters, with their leaders, and all other claimants, were fully satisfied. The bills drawn in the interior, from the Arab merchants, were duly paid at Zanzibar, and on departure I left orders that if anything had been neglected it should be forwarded to me in Europe. I regret that Captain Rigby, without thoroughly ascertaining the merits of the case (which he evidently has not done), should not have permitted me to record any remarks which I might wish to offer before making it a matter of appeal to the Bombay Government.

"Finally, I venture to hope that Captain Rigby has forwarded the complaints of those who have appealed to him without endorsing their validity; and I trust that these observations upon the statements were based upon no foundation of fact.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"R. F. BURTON,

"Bombay Army."

4.

"India Office, E.C., 14th January, 1860.

"Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for India in Council, to inform you that, having taken into consideration the explanations afforded by you in your letter of the 11th of November, together with the information on the same subject furnished by Captain Speke, he is of opinion that it was your duty, knowing, as you did, that demands for wages, on the part of certain Belochs and others who accompanied you into Equatorial Africa, existed against you, not to have left Zanzibar without bringing these claims before the Consul there, with a view to their being adjudicated on their own merits, the more especially as the men had been originally engaged through the intervention or the influence of the British authorities, whom, therefore, it was your duty to satisfy before leaving the country. Had this course been followed, the character of the British Government would not have suffered, and the adjustment of the dispute would, in all probability, have been effected at a comparatively small outlay.

"Your letter, and that of Captain Speke, will be forwarded to the Government of Bombay, with whom it will rest to determine whether you shall be held pecuniarily responsible for the amount which has been paid in liquidation of the claims against you.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) J. COSMO MELVILL."

5.

"January, 1860.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your official letter of the 14th of January, 1860.

"In reply, I have the honour to observe that, not having been favoured with a copy of the information on the same subject furnished to you by Captain Speke, I am not in a position to understand on what grounds the Secretary of State for India in Council should have arrived at so unexpected a decision as regards the alleged non-payment of certain claims made by certain persons sent with me into the African interior.

"I have the honour to observe that I did not know that demands for wages existed against me on the part of those persons, and that I believed I had satisfactorily explained the circumstance of their dismissal without payment in my official letter of the 11th of November, 1859.

"Although impaired health and its consequence prevented me from proceeding in an official form to the adjudication of the supposed claims

in the presence of the Consular authority, I represented the whole question to Captain Rigby, who, had he then—at that time—deemed it his duty to interfere, might have insisted upon adjudicating the affair with me, or with Captain Speke, before we left Zanzibar.

"I have the honour to remark that the character of the British Government has *not*, and cannot (in my humble opinion) have suffered in any way by my withholding a purely conditional reward when forfeited by gross neglect and misconduct; and I venture to suggest that by encouraging such abuses serious obstacles will be thrown in the way of future exploration, and that the liberality of the British Government will be more esteemed by the native than its character for sound sense.

"In conclusion, I venture to express my surprise, that all my labours and long services in the cause of African Exploration should have won for me no other reward than the prospect of being mulcted in a pecuniary liability incurred by my late lamented friend, Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, and settled without reference to me by his successor, Captain Rigby.

"I have the honour, etc., etc.,

"RICHARD F. BURTON,

"Capt. Bombay Army.

"The Under-Secretary of State for India."

6.

"14, St. James's Square, London,

"16th January, 1861.

"Sir,—I have been indebted to the kindness and consideration of my friend Dr. Shaw, for a sight of your letter addressed to him the 10th of October last from Zanzibar. I shall not attempt to characterize it in the terms that best befit it. To do so, indeed, I should be compelled to resort to language 'vile' and unseemly as your own. Nor can there be any necessity for this. A person who could act as you have acted must be held by every one to be beneath the notice of any honourable man. You have addressed a virulent attack on me, to a quarter in which you had hoped it would prove deeply injurious to me; and this not in the discharge of any public duty, but for the gratification of a long-standing private pique. You sent me no copy of this attack, you gave me no opportunity of meeting it; the slander was propagated, as slanders generally are, in secret and behind my back. You took a method of disseminating it which made the ordinary mode of dealing with such libels impossible, while your distance from England puts you in a position to be perfectly secure from any consequence of a nature personal to yourself. Such being the case, there remains to me but one manner of treating your letter, and that is with the contempt it merits. My qualifications as a traveller are, I hope, sufficiently established to render your criticisms innocuous, and the medals of the English and French Geographical Societies may console me for the non-appreciation of my labours by so eminent an authority as yourself. As regards my method of dealing with the natives, the complete success of all my explorations, except that which

started under the auspices of Brigadier Coghlan, will perhaps be accepted as a better criterion of its correctness than the carpings of the wretched sycophants whom you make to pander to your malignity at Zanzibar. Where the question between us is one of personal veracity, I can hardly think that your statements will have much weight with those who are aware of the cognomen acquired by you at Addiscombe, and which, to judge from your letter now under notice, I think you most entirely, richly deserve. I have only to add, in conclusion, that I shall forward a copy of this letter to Dr. Shaw, as well as to my publishers, and to Government—you mention your intention of writing to them—and that I shall at all times, in all companies, even in print if it suits me, use the same freedom in discussing your character and conduct that you have presumed to exercise in discussing mine.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"RICHARD F. BURTON.

"Captain C. P. Rigby."

7.

"India Office, 21st April, 1860.

"Sir,—I am directed by Sir Charles Wood to inform you that your letter of the 12th ultimo having been considered by him in Council, he cannot, with reference to the circumstances under which the expedition into Central Africa under your charge was undertaken, comply with your request to be reimbursed the amount of expenditure incurred by you over and above the Government allowance of £1000.

"I am, etc.,
"J. COSMO MELVILL.

"Captain R. Burton, 14, St. James's Square."

8.

[Here there was evidently another letter received during Richard's nine months' absence in N. America, but I have not yet found it amongst his papers.]

(In answer to J. Cosmo Melvill's letter.)

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your official letter of the 18th of July, 1861, with enclosure.

"I am wholly at a loss to understand what may be the 'circumstances' ('under which the expedition into Central Africa under my charge was undertaken') that have prevented the Secretary of State for India in Council complying with my request to be refunded. Captain Speke and I have received the medals of the Geographical Societies of England and France for that expedition, and the Royal Geographical Society of London has officially expressed its opinion of the economy with which it was conducted by me.

"I can but conclude that the representations, or rather the misrepre-

sentations of those whose interest it has been to prolong my absence from Zanzibar, have led to a conclusion by which I feel deeply aggrieved—namely, the non-recognition of my services by the Secretary of State for India in Council. And I venture to express a hope that when the Civil proceedings which are now being instituted by me against Captain (local Lieut.-Colonel) Rigby, British Consul at Zanzibar, come on for trial, this correspondence may be adduced to show how successfully this officer has exerted his malice against me.

"R. F. BURTON."

APPENDIX G.

DESCRIPTION OF AFRICAN CHARACTER—THE RAW MATERIAL IN 1856–59.

"THE East African, like other barbarians, is a strange mixture of good and evil: by the nature of barbarous society, however, the good element has not, whilst the evil has, been carefully cultured.

"As a rule, the civilized or highest type of man owns the sway of intellect, of reason; the semi-civilized—as are still the great nations of the East—are guided by sentiment and propensity in a degree incomprehensible to more advanced races; and the barbarian is the slave of impulse, passion, and instinct, faintly modified by sentiment, but ignorant of intellectual discipline. He appears, therefore, to the civilized man a paralogic being,—a mere mass of contradictions; his ways are not our ways, his reason is not our reason. He deduces effects from causes which we ignore; he compasses his ends by contrivances which we cannot comprehend; and his artifices and polity excite, by their shallowness and 'inconsequence,' our surprise and our contempt. Like that Hindú race that has puzzled the plain-witted Englishman for the century closing with the massacres of Delhi and Cawnpore, he is calculated to perplex those who make conscience an instinct which elevates man to the highest ground of human intelligence. He is at once very good-tempered and hard-hearted, combative and cautious; kind at one moment, cruel, pitiless, and violent at another; sociable and unaffectionate; superstitious and grossly irreverent; brave and cowardly, servile and oppressive; obstinate, yet fickle and fond of changes; with points of honour, but without a trace of honesty in word or in deed; a lover of life, though addicted to suicide; covetous and parsimonious, yet thoughtless and improvident; somewhat conscious of inferiority, withal unimprovable. In fact, he appears an embryo of the two superior races. He is inferior to the active-minded and objective, and analytic and perceptive European, and to the ideal and subjective, the synthetic and reflective Asiatic. He partakes largely of the worst characteristics of the lower Oriental types—stagnation of mind, indolence of body, moral deficiency, superstition, and childish passion; hence the Egyptians aptly termed the Berbers and negroes the 'perverse race of Kush.'

"The main characteristic of this people is the selfishness which the civilized man strives to conceal, because publishing it would obstruct its

gratification. The barbarian, on the other hand, displays his inordinate egotism openly and recklessly; his every action discloses those unworthy traits which in more polished races chiefly appear on public occasions, when each man thinks solely of self-gratification. Gratitude with him is not even a sense of prospective favours; he looks upon a benefit as the weakness of his benefactor and as his own strength; consequently, he will not recognize even the hand that feeds him. He will, perhaps, lament for a night the death of a parent or of a child, but the morrow will find him thoroughly comforted. The name of hospitality, except for interested motives, is unknown to him. 'What will you give me?' is his first question. To a stranger entering a village the worst hut is assigned, and, if he complains, the answer is that he can find encamping ground outside. Instead of treating him like a guest, which the Arab Bedouin would hold to be a point of pride, of honour, his host compels him to pay and prepay every article, otherwise he might starve in the midst of plenty. Nothing, in fact, renders the stranger's life safe in this land, except the timid shrinking of the natives from the 'hot-mouthed weapon' and the necessity of trade, which induces the chiefs to restrain the atrocities of their subjects. To travellers the African is, of course, less civil than to merchants, from whom he expects to gain something. He will refuse a mouthful of water out of his abundance to a man dying of thirst; utterly unsympathizing, he will not stretch out a hand to save another's goods, though worth thousands of dollars. Of his own property, if a ragged cloth or a lame slave be lost, his violent excitement is ridiculous to behold. His egotism renders him parsimonious even in self-gratification; the wretched curs, which he loves as much as his children, seldom receive a mouthful of food, and the sight of an Arab's ass feeding on grain elicits a prolonged 'Hi! hi!' of extreme surprise. He is exceedingly improvident, taking no thought for the morrow—not from faith, but rather from carelessness as to what may betide him; yet so greedy of gain is he that he will refuse information about a country or about the direction of a path without a present of beads. He also invariably demands prepayment: no one keeps a promise or adheres to an agreement, and, if credit be demanded for an hour, his answer would be, 'There is nothing in my hand.' Yet even greed of gain cannot overcome the levity and laxity of his mind. Despite his best interests, he will indulge the mania for desertion caused by that mischievous love of change and whimsical desire for novelty that characterize the European sailor. Nor can even lucre prevail against the ingrained indolence of the race—an indolence the more hopeless as it is the growth of the climate. In these temperate and abundant lands Nature has cursed mankind with the abundance of her gifts; his wants still await creation, and he is contented with such necessaries as roots and herbs, game, and a few handfuls of grain—consequently improvement has no hold upon him.

"In this stage of society truth is no virtue. The 'mixture of a lie' may 'add to pleasure' amongst Europeans; in Africa it enters where neither pleasure nor profit can arise from the deception. If a Mnyamwezi guide informs the traveller that the stage is short, he may make up his mind for a long and weary march, and *vice versâ*. Of course, falsehood is used

as a defence by the weak and oppressed; but beyond that, the African desires to be lied to, and one of his proverbs is, "'Tis better to be deceived than to be undeceived.' The European thus qualifies the assertion—

> 'For sure the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat.'

Like the generality of barbarous races, the East Africans are wilful, headstrong, and undisciplinable; in point of stubbornness and restiveness they resemble the lower animals. If they cannot obtain the very article of barter upon which they have set their mind, they will carry home things useless to them; any attempt at bargaining is settled by the seller turning his back, and they ask according to their wants and wishes, without regard to the value of goods. Grumbling and dissatisfied, they never do business without a grievance. Revenge is a ruling passion, as the many rancorous fratricidal wars that have prevailed between kindred clans, even for a generation, prove. Retaliation and vengeance are, in fact, their great agents of moral control. Judged by the test of death, the East African is a hard-hearted man, who seems to ignore all the charities of father, son, and brother. A tear is rarely shed, except by the women, for departed parent, relative, or friend, and the voice of the mourner is seldom heard in their abodes. It is most painful to witness the complete inhumanity with which a porter seized with small-pox is allowed by his friends, comrades, and brethren to fall behind in the jungle, with several days' life in him. No inducement—even beads—can persuade a soul to attend him. Every village will drive him from its doors; no one will risk taking, at any price, death into his bosom. If strong enough, the sufferer builds a little bough-hut away from the camp, and, provided with his rations—a pound of grain and a gourdful of water—he quietly expects his doom,—to feed the hyæna and the raven of the wild. The people are remarkable for the readiness with which they yield to fits of sudden fury; on these occasions they will, like children, vent their rage upon any object, animate or inanimate, that presents itself. Their temper is characterized by a nervous, futile impatience; under delay or disappointment they become madmen. In their own country, where such displays are safe, they are remarkable for a presumptuousness and a violence of manner which elsewhere disappear. As the Arabs say, there they are lions, here they become curs. Their squabbling and clamour pass description; they are never happy except when in dispute. After a rapid plunge into excitement, the brawlers alternately advance and recede, pointing the finger of threat, howling and screaming, cursing and using terms of insult which an inferior ingenuity—not want of will—causes to fall short of the Asiatic's model vituperation. After abusing each other to their fill, both 'parties' usually burst into a loud laugh or a burst of sobs. Their tears lie high: they weep like Goanese. After a cuff, a man will cover his face with his hands and cry as if his heart would break. More furious shrews than the women are nowhere met with. Here it is a great truth that 'the tongues of women cannot be governed.' They work off excitement by scolding, and they weep little compared with the men. Both sexes delight in 'argument,' which here, as elsewhere, means two fools talking foolishly.

They will weary out of patience the most loquacious of the Arabs. This development is characteristic of the East African race, and '*maneno mareſu!*'—long words!—will occur as a useless reproof half a dozen times in the course of a single conversation. When drunk, the East African is easily irritated; with the screams and excited gestures of a maniac he strides about, frantically flourishing his spear and agitating his bow, probably with notched arrow; the spear-point and the arrow-head are often brought perilously near, but rarely allowed to draw blood. The real combat is by pushing, pulling hair, and slapping with a will, and a pair thus engaged require to be torn asunder by half a dozen friends. The settled tribes are, for the most part, feeble and unwarlike barbarians; even the bravest East African, though, like all men, a combative entity, has a valour tempered by discretion and cooled by a high development of cautiousness. His tactics are of the Fabian order: he loves surprises and safe ambuscades; and in common frays and forays the loss of one per cent. justifies a *sauve qui peut*. This people, childlike, is ever in extremes. A man will hang himself from a rafter in his tent, and kick away from under him the large wooden mortar upon which he has stood at the beginning of the operation, with as much *sang-froid* as an Anglo-Saxon in the gloomy month of November; yet he regards annihilation, as all savages do, with loathing and ineffable horror. 'He fears death,' to quote Bacon, 'as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.' The African mind must change radically before it can 'think upon death, and find it the least of all evils.' All the thoughts of these negroids are connected with this life. 'Ah!' they exclaim, 'it is bad to die; to leave off eating and drinking; to wear a fine cloth!' As in the negro race generally, their destructiveness is prominent; a slave never breaks a thing without an instinctive laugh of pleasure; and however careful he may be of his own life, he does not value that of another, even of a relative, at the price of a goat. During fires in the town of Zanzibar, the blacks have been seen adding fuel, and singing and dancing, wild with delight. On such occasions they are shot down by the Arabs like dogs.

"It is difficult to explain the state of society in which the civilized 'social evil' is not recognized as an evil. In the economy of the affections and the intercourse between the sexes, reappears that rude stage of society in which ethics were new to the mind of now enlightened man. Marriage with these people, as amongst all barbarians, and even the lower classes of civilized races, is a mere affair of buying and selling. A man must marry because it is necessary to his comfort; consequently the woman becomes a marketable commodity. Her father demands for her as many cows, cloths, and brasswire bracelets as the suitor can afford. He thus virtually sells her, and she belongs to the buyer, ranking with his other live stock. The husband may sell his wife, or, if she be taken from him by another man, he claims her value, which is ruled by what she would fetch in the slave-market. A strong inducement to marriage amongst the Africans, as with the poor in Europe, is the prospective benefit to be derived from an adult family; a large progeny enriches them. The African, like all barbarians, and, indeed, semi-civilized people,

ignores the dowry by which, inverting nature's order, the wife buys the husband, instead of the husband buying the wife. Marriage, which is an epoch amongst Christians, and an event with Moslems, is with these people an incident of frequent recurrence. Polygamy is unlimited, and the chiefs pride themselves upon the number of their wives, varying from twelve to three hundred. It is no disgrace for an unmarried woman to become a mother of a family; after marriage there is somewhat less laxity. The mgoni, or adulterer, if detected, is punishable by a fine of cattle, or, if poor and weak, he is sold into slavery. Husbands seldom, however, resort to such severities; the offence, which is considered to be against vested property, being held to be lighter than petty larceny. Under the influence of jealousy, murders and mutilations have been committed; but they are rare and exceptional. Divorce is readily effected by turning the spouse out of doors, and the children become the father's property. Attachment to home is powerful in the African race; but it regards rather the comforts and pleasures of the house, and the unity of relations and friends, than the fondness of the family. Husband, wife, and children have through life divided interests, and live together with scant appearance of affection. Love of offspring can have but little power amongst a people who have no preventive for illegitimacy, and whose progeny may be sold at any time. The children appear undemonstrative and unaffectionate, as those of the Somal. Some attachment to their mothers breaks out, not in outward indications, but by surprise, as it were. 'Mámá! mámá!'—'Mother! mother!'—is a common exclamation in fear or wonder. When childhood is passed, the father and son become natural enemies, after the manner of wild beasts. Yet they are a sociable race, and the sudden loss of relatives sometimes, but rarely, leads from grief to hypochondria and insanity, resulting from the inability of their minds to bear any unusual strain. It is probable that a little learning would make them mad, like the Widad, or priest of the Somal, who, after mastering the reading of the Koran, becomes unfit for any exertion of judgment or common sense. To this over-development of sociability must be ascribed the anxiety always shown to shift, evade, or answer blame. The 'ukosa,' or transgression, is never accepted; any number of words will be wasted in proving the worse the better cause. Hence also the favourite phrase, 'Mbáyá we!'—'Thou art bad!'—a pet mode of reproof which sounds simple and uneffective to European ears.

"The social position of the women—the unerring test of progress towards civilization—is not so high in East Africa as amongst the more highly organized tribes of the South. Few of the country own the rule of female chiefs. The people, especially the Wanyamwezi, consult their wives; but the opinion of a brother or a friend usually prevail over that of a woman.

"The deficiency of the East African in constructive power has already been remarked. Contented with his haystack or beehive hut, his hemisphere of boughs, or his hide-acting tent, he hates, and has a truly savage horror of stone walls. He has the conception of the 'Madeleine,' but he has never been enabled to be delivered of it. Many Wanyamwezi, when visiting Zanzibar, cannot be prevailed upon to enter a house.

"The East African is greedy and voracious. He seems, however, to prefer light and frequent to a few regular and copious meals. Even the civilized Kisawahili has no terms to express the breakfast, dinner, and supper of other languages. Like most barbarians, the East African can exist and work with a small quantity of food; but he is unaccustomed, and therefore unable, to bear thirst. The daily ration of a porter is one kubabah (= 1·5 lbs.) of grain. He can, with the assistance of edible herbs and roots, which he is skilful in discovering in the least likely places, eke out this allowance for several days, though generally, upon the barbarian's impulsive principles of mortgaging the future for the present, he recklessly consumes his stores. With him the grand end of life is eating. His love of feeding is inferior only to his propensity for intoxication. He drinks till he can no longer stand, lies down to sleep, and awakes to drink again. Drinking-bouts are solemn things, to which the most important business must yield precedence. They celebrate with beer every event—the traveller's return, the birth of a child, and the death of an elephant. A labourer will not work unless beer is provided for him. The highest order rejoice in drink, and pride themselves upon powers of imbibing. The proper diet for a king is much beer and little meat. If a Wanyamwezi be asked, after eating, whether he is hungry, he will reply 'Yea,' meaning that he is not drunk. Intoxication excuses crime in these lands. The East African, when in his cups, must issue from his hut to sing, dance, or quarrel, and the frequent and terrible outrages which occur on these occasions are passed over on the plea that he has drunk beer. The favourite hour for drinking is after dawn—a time as distasteful to the European as agreeable to the African and Asiatic. This might be proved by a host of quotations from the poets, Arab, Persian, and Hindu. The civilized man avoids early potations, because they incapacitate him for necessary labour, and he attempts to relieve the headache caused by stimulants. The barbarian and the semi-civilized, on the other hand, prefer them, because they relieve the tedium of his monotonous day; and they cherish the headache because they can sleep the longer, and, when they awake, they have something to think of. The habit, once acquired, is never broken; it attaches itself to the heartstrings of the idle and unoccupied barbarian.

"In morality, according to the more extended sense of the word, the East African is markedly deficient. He has no benevolence, but little veneration—the negro race is ever irreverent—and, though his cranium rises high in the region of firmness, his futility prevents his being firm. The outlines of law are faintly traced upon his heart. The authoritative standard of morality fixed by a revelation is in him represented by a vague and varying custom, derived traditionally from his ancestors; he follows in their track for old-sake's sake. The accusing conscience is unknown to him. His only fear after committing a treacherous murder is that of being haunted by the angry ghost of the dead; he robs as one doing a good deed, and he begs as if it were his calling. His depravity is of the grossest: intrigue fills up all the moments not devoted to intoxication.

"The want of veneration produces a savage rudeness in the East African. The body politic consists of two great members—masters and

slaves. Ignoring distinction of society, he treats all men, except his chief, as his equals. He has no rules for visiting: if the door be open, he enters a stranger's house uninvited; his harsh, barking voice is ever the loudest; he is never happy except when hearing himself speak; his address is imperious, his demeanour is rough and peremptory, and his look bold. He deposits his unwashed person, in his greasy and tattered goatskin or cloth, upon rug or bedding, disdaining to stand for a moment, and he always chooses the best place in the room. When travelling, he will push forward to secure the most comfortable hut: the chief of a caravan may sleep in rain or dew, but, if he attempts to dislodge his porters, they lie down with the settled purpose of mules—as the Arabs say, they 'have no shame.' The curiosity of these people is at times most troublesome. A stranger must be stared at; total apathy is the only remedy: if the victim lose his temper, or attempt to dislodge them, he will find it like disturbing a swarm of bees. They will come for miles to 'sow gapeseed:' if the tent-fly be closed, they will peer and peep from below, complaining loudly against the occupant, and, if further prevented, they may proceed to violence. On the road hosts of idlers, especially women, boys, and girls—will follow the caravan for hours; it is a truly offensive spectacle—these uncouth figures, running at a 'gymnastic pace,' half clothed except with grease, with pendant bosoms shaking in the air, and cries that resemble the howls of beasts more than any effort of human articulation. This offensive ignorance of the first principles of social intercourse has been fostered in the races most visited by the Arabs, whose national tendency, like the Italian and the Greek, is ever and essentially republican. When strangers first appeared in the country they were received with respect and deference. They soon, however, lost this vantage-ground: they sat and chatted with the people, exchanged pleasantries, and suffered slights, till the Africans found themselves on an equality with their visitors. The evil has become inveterate, and no greater contrast can be imagined than that between the manners of an Indian ryot and an East African Mshenzi.

"In intellect the East African is sterile and incult, apparently unprogressive and unfit for change. Like the uncivilized generally, he observes well, but he can deduce nothing profitable from his perceptions. His intelligence is surprising when compared with that of an uneducated English peasant; but it has a narrow bound, beyond which apparently no man may pass. Like the Asiatic, in fact, he is stationary, but at a much lower level. Devotedly fond of music, his love of tune has invented nothing but whistling and the whistle: his instruments are all borrowed from the coast people. He delights in singing, yet he has no metrical songs: he contents himself with improvising a few words without sense or rhyme, and repeats them till they nauseate: the long, drawling recitative generally ends in 'Ah! ha!' or some such strongly nasalized sound. Like the Somal, he has tunes appropriated to particular occasions, as the elephant-hunt or the harvest-home. When mourning, the love of music assumes a peculiar form: women weeping or sobbing, especially after chastisement, will break into a protracted threne or dirge, every period of which concludes with its own particular groan or wail: after venting

a little distress in a natural sound, the long, long improvisation, in the highest falsetto key, continues as before. As in Europe the 'laughing-song' is an imitation of hilarity somewhat distressing to the spirits of the audience, so the 'weeping-song' of the African only tends to risibility. His wonderful loquacity and volubility of tongue have produced no tales, poetry, nor display of eloquence; though, like most barbarians, somewhat sententious, he will content himself with squabbling with his companions, or with repeating some meaningless word in every different tone of voice during the weary length of a day's march. His language is highly artificial and musical: the reader will have observed that the names which occur often consist entirely of liquids and vowels, that consonants are unknown at the end of a word, and that they never are double except at the beginning. Yet the idea of a syllabarium seems not to have occurred to the negroid mind. Finally, though the East African delights in the dance, and is an excellent timist—a thousand heels striking the ground simultaneously sound like one—his performance is as uncouth as perhaps was ever devised by man. He delights in a joke, which manages him like a Neapolitan; yet his efforts in wit are of the feeblest that can be conceived.

"'Use savages justly and graciously, with sufficient guard nevertheless.' They must be held as foes; and the prudent stranger will never put himself in their power, especially where life is concerned. The safety of a caravan will often depend upon the barbarian's fear of beginning the fray: if the onset takes place, the numbers, the fierce looks, the violent gestures, and the confidence of the assailants upon their own ground will probably prevail.

"They may be managed as the Indian saw directs, by a judicious mixture of the *Narm* and *Garm*—the soft and hot. Thus the old traders remarked in Guinea, that the best way to treat a black man was to hold out one hand to shake with him, while the other is doubled ready to knock him down. In trading with, or even when dwelling amongst these people, all display of wealth must be avoided. A man who would purchase the smallest article avoids showing anything beyond its equivalent.

"Much of this moral degradation must be attributed to the working, through centuries, of the slave-trade: the tribes are no longer as nature made them; and from their connection with strangers they have derived nothing but corruption. Though of savage and barbarous type, they have been varnished with the semi-civilization of trade and commerce, which sits ridiculously upon their minds as a rich garment would upon their persons.

"Nature, in these regions really sublime or beautiful, more often terrible and desolate, with the gloomy forest, the impervious jungle, the tangled hill, and the dread uniform waste tenanted by deadly inhabitants, arouses in his mind a sensation of utter feebleness, a vague and nameless awe. Untaught to recommend himself for protection to a Superior Being, he addresses himself directly to the objects of his reverence and awe: he prostrates himself before the sentiment within him, hoping to propitiate it as he would satisfy a fellow-man. The grand mysteries of life and death,

to him unrevealed and unexplained, the want of a true interpretation of the admirable phenomena of creation, and the vagaries and misconceptions of his own degraded imagination, awaken in him ideas of horror, and people the invisible world with ghost and goblin, demon and spectrum, the incarnations, as it were, of his own childish fears. Deepened by the dread of destruction, ever strong in the barbarian breast, his terror causes him to look with suspicion upon all around him: 'How,' inquires the dying African, 'can I alone be ill when others are well, unless I have been bewitched?'

"Some missionaries have detected in the habit, which prevails throughout Eastern and Western Africa, of burying slaves with the deceased, of carrying provisions to graves, and of lighting fires on cold nights near the last resting-places of the departed, a continuation of relations between the quick and the dead which points to a belief in a future state of existence. The wish is father to that thought: the doctrine of the soul, of immortality, belongs to a superior order of mind, to a more advanced stage of society. The belief, as its operations show, is in presentity, materialism, not in futurity, spiritualism.

"When the savage and the barbarian are asked what has become of the 'old people' (their ancestors), they only smile and reply, 'They are ended.' It proves the inferior organization of the race. Some races have decided that man hath a future, since even Indian corn is vivified and rises again. The East African has created of his fears a ghost which never attains the perfect form of a soul.

"The East African's *Credenda* are based upon two main articles. The first is demonology, or rather, the spectra of the dead; the second, witchcraft or black magic. Few, and only the tribes adjacent to the maritime regions, have derived from El Islam a faint conception of the One Supreme.

"He has not, like the Kafir, a holiday at the epoch of new moon: like the Moslem, however, on first seeing it, he raises and claps his hands in token of obeisance. In his Fetish hut upon the ground, or suspended from the roof, are handfuls of grain and small pots full of beer, placed there to propitiate the ghosts, and to defend the crops from injury.

"The African temperament has strong susceptibilities, combined with what appears to be a weakness of brain, and great excitability of the nervous system, as is proved by the prevalence of epilepsy, convulsions, and hysteric disease.

"The negroid is, therefore, peculiarly liable to the epidemical mania called 'Phantasmata,' which, according to history, has at times of great mental agitation and popular disturbance broken out in different parts of Europe, and which, even in this our day, forms the basework of 'revivals.'

"Salim bin Rashíd, a half-caste merchant, well known at Zanzibar, avers, and his companions bear witness to his words, that on one occasion, when travelling northwards from Unyanyembe, the possession occurred to himself. During the night two female slaves, his companions, of whom one was a child, fell, without apparent cause, into fits which denote the approach of a spirit. Simultaneously, the master became as

one intoxicated; a dark mass, material, not spiritual, entered the tent, and he felt himself pulled and pushed by a number of black figures, whom he had never seen before. He called aloud to his companions and slaves, who, vainly attempting to enter the tent, threw it down, and presently found him in a state of stupor, from which he did not recover till the morning. The same merchant circumstantially related, and called witnesses to prove, that a small slave-boy, who was produced on the occasion, had been frequently carried off by possession even when confined in a windowless room, with a heavy door carefully bolted and padlocked. Next morning the victim was not found, although the chamber remained closed. A few days afterwards he was met in the jungle, wandering absently like an idiot, and with speech too incoherent to explain what had happened to him.

"For ordeal the people of Usumbara thrust a red-hot hatchet into the mouth of the accused. Among the south-eastern tribes a heated iron spike, driven into some tender part of the person, is twice struck with a log of wood. The Wazaramo dip the hand into boiling water, the Waganda into seething oil, and the Wazegura prick the ear with the stiffest bristle of a gnu's tail. The Wakwafi have an ordeal of meat that chokes the guilty. The Wanyamwezi pound with water between two stones, and infuse a poisonous bark called 'Mwavi:' it is first administered by the *Mganga* to a hen, who, for the nonce, represents the suspected. If, however, all parties be not satisfied with such trial, it is duly adhibited to the accused.

"The *Mganga* (medicine man) aids his tribe by magical arts in wars, by catching a bee, reciting over it certain incantations, and loosing it in the direction of the foe, when the insect will instantly summon an army of its fellows and disperse a host, however numerous. This belief well illustrates the easy passage of the natural into the supernatural. The land being full of swarms, and man's body being wholly exposed, many a caravan has been dispersed like chaff before the wind by a bevy of swarming bees. Similarly, in South Africa the magician kicks an ant-hill and starts wasps which put the enemy to flight. And in the Books of the Hebrews we read that the hornet sent before the children of Israel against the Amorite was more terrible than sword or bow (Joshua xxiv.).

"On the coast and in the island of Zanzibar the slaves are of two kinds —the *Muwallid* or domestic, born in captivity, and the wild slave imported from the interior.

"In the former case the slave is treated as one of the family, because the master's comfort depends upon the man being contented; often also his sister occupies the dignified position of concubine to the head of the house. These slaves vary greatly in conduct.

"The Arabs spoil them by kinder usage; few employ the stick, the *salib*, or cross—a forked pole to which the neck and ankles are lashed—and the *makantale*, or stocks, for fear or desertion. Yet the slave, if dissatisfied, silently leaves the house, lets himself to another master, and returns after perhaps two years' absence as if nothing had occurred. Thus he combines the advantages of freedom and slavery.

"Full-grown serfs are bought for predial purposes; they continue

indocile, and alter little by domestication. When not used by the master they are left to plunder or let themselves out for food and raiment, and when dead they are cast into the sea or into the nearest pit. These men are the scourge of society; no one is safe from their violence; and to preserve a garden or an orchard from the depredations of the half-starved wretches, a guard of musketeers would be required. They are never armed, yet, as has been recounted, they have caused at Zanzibar servile wars, deadly and lasting as those of ancient Rome.

"Arabs declare that the barbarians are improved by captivity—a partial theory open to doubt. The *servum pecus* retain in thraldom that wildness and obstinacy which distinguish the people and the lower animals of their native lands; they are trapped, but not tamed; they become captives, but not civilized. However trained, they are probably the worst servants in the world; a slave-household is a model of discomfort.

"The old definition of a slave still holds good—'an animal that eats as much and does as little as possible.' A whole gang will barely do the work of a single servant. He must deceive, for fraud and foxship are his force; when detected in some prodigious act of rascality, he pathetically pleads, 'Am I not a slave?' He will run away from the semblance of danger; yet on a journey he will tie his pipe to a leaky keg of gunpowder, and smoke it in that position rather than take the trouble to undo it. A slave belonging to Musa, the Indian merchant at Kazeh, unwilling to rise and fetch a pipe, opened the pan of his musket, filled it with tobacco and fire, and beginning to inhale it from the muzzle blew out his brains. Growing confident and impudent from the knowledge of how far he may safely go, the slave presumes to the utmost. He steals instinctively, like a magpie: a case is quoted in which the gold spangles were stripped from an officer's sword-belt whilst dining with the Prince of Zanzibar.

"The brutishness of negroid nature is brought out by the cheap and readily attainable pleasures of semi-civilization. Whenever on moonlight nights the tapping of the tomtom responds to the vile squeaking of the fife, it is impossible to keep either male or female slave within doors. All rendezvous at the place, and, having howled and danced themselves into happiness, conclude with a singularly disorderly scene.

"The negroid slaves greatly improve by exportation: they lose much of the surliness and violence which distinguish them at Zanzibar, and are disciplined into a kind of respect for superiors.

"In the present day the Persians and other Asiatics are careful, when bound on distant or dangerous journeys, to mix white servants with black slaves; they hold the African to be full of strange caprices, and to be ever at heart a treacherous and bloodthirsty barbarian.

"According to the Arabs there is another servile republic about Gulwen, near Brava. Travellers speak with horror of the rudeness, violence, and cruelty of these self-emancipated slaves; they are said to be more dangerous even than the Somal, who for wanton mischief and malice can be compared with nothing but the naughtiest schoolboys in England.

"The serviles at Zanzibar have played their Arab masters some notable tricks. Many a severe lord has perished by the hand of a slave. Several have lost their eyes by the dagger's point during sleep. Curious tales are

told of ingenious servile conspiracy. Mohammed bin Sayf, a Zanzibar Arab, remarkable for household discipline, was brought to grief by Kombo, his slave, who stole a basket of nutmegs from the Prince, and, hiding them in his master's house, denounced him of theft. Fahl bin Nasr, a travelling merchant, when passing through Ugogo, nearly lost his life in consequence of a slave having privily informed the people that his patron had been killing crocodiles and preserving their fat for poison. In both these cases the slaves were not punished; they had acted, it was believed, according to the true instincts of servile nature, and chastisement would have caused desertion, not improvement.

"Prices of slaves range from six feet of unbleached domestics, or a few pounds of grain in time of famine, to seventy dollars, equal to £15. The slaves are cheapest in the interior, on account of the frequency of desertion: about Unyamwezi they are dearer, and most expensive in the island of Zanzibar.

"At Zanzibar the price of a boy under puberty is from fifteen to thirty dollars. A youth till the age of fifteen is worth a little less. A man in the prime of life, from twenty-five to forty, fetches from thirteen to twenty dollars; after that age he may be bought from ten to thirteen. Educated slaves, fitted for the work of factors, are sold from twenty-five to seventy dollars and at fancy prices. The price of females is everywhere about one-third higher than that of males. At Zanzibar the *ushur*, or custom-dues, vary according to the race of the slave: the Wahiao, Wangindo, and other serviles imported from Kilwa pay one dollar per head, from the Mrima or maritime regions two dollars, and from Unyamwezi, Ujiji, and the rest of the interior three dollars. At the central depôt, Unyanyembe, where slaves are considered neither cheap nor dear, the value of a boy ranges between eight and ten *doti*, or double cloths; a youth, from nine to eleven; a man in prime, from five to ten, and past his prime from four to six. In some parts of the interior men are dearer than children under puberty. In the cheapest places, as in Karagwah and Urori, a boy costs three *shukkahs* of cloth, and three *fundo* or thirty strings of coral beads; a youth, from ten to fifteen *fundo*; a man in prime, from eight to ten; and no one will purchase an old man. These general notes must not, however, be applied to particular tribes: as with ivory and other valuable commodities, the amount and the description of the circulating medium vary at almost every march.

"The average of yearly import into the island of Zanzibar was fourteen thousand head of slaves, the extremes being nine thousand and twenty thousand. The loss by mortality and desertion is thirty per cent. per annum; thus, the whole gang must be renewed between the third and fourth year.

"By a stretch of power slavery might readily be abolished in the island of Zanzibar, and in due time, after the first confusion, the measure would doubtless be found as profitable as it is now unpalatable to the landed proprietors and to the commercial body. A 'sentimental squadron,' like the West African, would easily, by means of steam, prevent any regular exportation to the Asiatic continent. But these measures would deal only with effects, leaving the causes in full vigour; they would strike at the

bole and branches, the root retaining sufficient vitality to resume its functions as soon as relieved of the pressure from without. Neither treaty nor fleet would avail permanently to arrest the course of slavery upon the seaboard, much less would it act in the far realms of the interior. At present the African will not work; the purchase of predial slaves to till the harvest for him, is the great aim of his life. When a more extensive intercourse with the maritime regions shall beget wants which compel the barbarian, now contented with doing nothing and having nothing, to that individual exertion and that mutual dependency which render serfdom a moral impossibility in the more advanced stages of human society—when man, now valueless except to himself, shall become more precious by his labour than by his sale, in fact an article so expensive that strangers cannot afford to buy him—then we may expect to witness the extinction of the evil. Thus, and thus only, can 'Rachel, still weeping for her children,' in the evening of her days, be made happy.

"Meanwhile, the philanthropist, who after sowing the good seed has sense and patience to consign the gathering of the crop to posterity, will hear with pleasure that the extinction of slavery would be hailed with delight by the great mass throughout the length and breadth of Eastern Africa. This people, 'robbed and spoiled' by their oppressors, who are legionary, call themselves 'the meat,' and the slave-dealers 'the knife:' they hate and fear their own demon Moloch, but they lack unanimity to free their necks from his yoke. Africa still 'lies in her blood,' but the progress of human society, and the straiter bonds which unite man with man, shall eventually rescue her from her old pitiable fate."

APPENDIX H.

REPORT AFTER GOING TO SEARCH FOR PALMER.

"It is said to be generally believed in official quarters that the whole of the troops forming the army of occupation in Egypt will have been withdrawn by the end of the financial year (Daily Papers).

"'Many will consider the following statement sensational and exaggerated, while it is distinctly, confessedly realistic. There is no second opinion upon the subject amongst foreigners in Egypt, whatever Egyptians may say, not think. When the last English soldier leaves Alexandria, the last European had better embark with him. Shortly after the final eclipse of our Redcoats and our Bluejackets the Nile Valley will witness a human hurricane which its lively annals have not yet chronicled. As we are here so here we must perforce rest. It is our second conquest of the glorious land which—all know—was offered in gift to England some years before its final fall. We honestly declined the "Protectorate," or whatever it may be called. Now, the tyranny of circumstance forces—nay! has forced—it upon us.'

"These lines were written in early 1883, and time has brought with it no change. Our occupation of Egypt is compulsory as ever. We only have made matters worse by those 'extra-parliamentary utterances,' those pledges for withdrawal which have kept the Nile Valley in a state of chronic excitement. As for our newly raised 'Army' and Police force, these men would be the first to turn upon Europeans and to rend them.

"A few words concerning the voyage.

"Nothing can be pleasanter, if aught of the kind can please, than a steamer-trip from Trieste to Alexandria. This, too, despite the *visages patibulaires* of a First Class which should travel Second Class, of a Second which ever intrudes into the domains and dominions of a First Class, and despite the terrible infantry which makes an irritable Italian exclaim aloud, '*Sancte Herode ora pro nobis!*' The weather is sometimes perfect even in gloomy November, boisterous December, and roaring January. The scene-shifting of the five days, which may be six, is ever various and ever picturesque. The first, which begins at noon, is the Trieste-Dalmatian, showing the many-featured and historic shores of Trieste, vice-queen of the Adriatic and the Istrian coasts, which want only a secret something to make them thoroughly classical and Italian. It ends as morning rises

splendid over the snowy crest and the bold seafront of the Dinarian Alps; and forenoon and afternoon are spent in gazing at the grey archipelago sharply thrown out from the Mediterranean blue; the rock-stuck Pomo; 'piscous' Sant' Andrea; romantic Lissa, whose Egypto-Greek art-remains make the fortune of the Spalato Museum; Cazza, the 'spoon' with bulging handle and bowl; broken Lagosta; the Sabbion cello Promontory, tossed and towering in azure air; and Pelagosa, the last remnant of a volcanic rim where lightning is deadly and where wind-storms are unknown.

"No. 2, the Albanian-Corfu day, opens with a near prospect of the grand and grandly named Akrokeraunian (Cimariot) Rocks. Whatever gales, Tramontana or Scirocco, may roar outside, the basin of Korkyra, forty-eight hours from Trieste and seventy-two from Alexandria, is a haven of rest tranquil as a dry dock. We have time to land and to note that transfer from England to Greece has by no means ruined the city, and to hear Mr. Gladstone roundly abused for what was done by Lord Palmerston.

"At Corfu we shipped for Egypt 245 Arnauts, the sweepings of the Albanian hills. These men, who were popularly described as 'Bathmen (Hammámjís) in Stambul and Pharaohs in Cairo,' are now returning to Nile-land, whence they were expelled by Said Pasha. We know them a mile off by their broad brows and long straight uncombed locks; their cats' moustachios and peaky chins; their felt caps and 'shaggy capotes;' their foul *fustanella*-kilts, girt with leather-belts for the nonce void of weapons; their archaic leggings (*knemides*) and their barbarous hide-sandals, the Slav *upanke*. These savages would doubtless train to good light infantry; but they are engaged as police. Set a thief to catch a thief may be true, but when the latter is caught how does the former occupy himself?

"Six hours beyond Corfu we draw inshore, but not too near on account of a lately found shoal, the deposit of a supposed submarine volcano. Hard by us to port a tall white precipice, Leucatos, in inverted bow-window-shape, breaks the seaward front of Leukadia Island, *alias* Sta. Maura; and a long red streak shows 'Sappho's Leap.' Like Abel, whose slaughter-place is near Damascus, the poetess must have contained more 'curious juice' than a school of whales. A narrow strait separates Leukadia from Theaki (Ithaca), and we see distinctly the cause why Ulysses could not rest from travel. A double lump of grey-red limestone patched with dwarf evergreens, a few olives, and fewer cypresses; here and there a slip of field-slope no larger than a courtyard; sundry windmills on the hill-tops and rude tenements on the lower levels; a road gashed on the scaur-side leading to a 'port,' that consists of a covelet and one house and the general look of a place fit only for convicts, could have offered few charms to the crafty one who had seen the manners of many men and their cities. Cefalonia, the opposite feature, shows more fertility, because we see her landward face, and her tall cones Georgio and Elato, which make sunset about three p.m., condense the vapours and water her with 'Scotch mist.'

"Then comes the Zante-Morea day, the fair island fronted by the Skopo

block with its white-walled monastery. Its huge old citadel overhanging the town, which stretches herself lazily upon the sunny slope, is still desert; not so the inner valley, 'O Kampos,' bounded by a hill-range which Zantiotes compare with the Jura line. On the fronting mainland south of grey Cape Glarenza (Clarence?) rises the once doughty pile Kastro Tornesi. Leaving the Zante-Channel we run near enough to distinguish the features of Pylus Bay, now Navarino ('of the Avars'), with its natural breakwater, Sphacteria, *hodie* Sphagia, Island, where the Spartans were made captives. Then Methone (Modon) Port and Town, sister of Pylus,* whence the Mekhitaris Fathers spread through Upper Italy and Lower Austria; Cervera Islet, with its lighthouse; and Matapan, where Southern Europe ends. A very bad name has this terminal point, Tænorum, the Matapan (forehead) amongst Moderns as amongst Ancients, despite the good auspices of Poseidon, Herakles, and Orion. A western indraught through the Sicilian and Gibraltar Straits or the return current of the same blows up high side-seas. The Corinth cut is intended for a cure, but will it ever be cut? Dim in haze beyond Matapan we see the long outlines of Malta or St. Angelo Promontory, distinguished only by a hermitage which is never vacant.

"Despite frequent disillusions we open our eyes at the sight of Cerigo and Cerigotto. What dull, commonplace, miserable lumps of limestone to represent poetic Cythera! Did Greek fancy go mad when it chose such a home for lovely Cytheræa? During the night we run by Candia, Crete, a huge front of calcareous wall, with green-flecked sides and copings snow-powdered and mist-feathered. The last land we shall see (thirty-six hours from Corfu) is the Gavdo or Gozzo Islet, distinguished only by its French lighthouse. And now patience after Gavdo day (No. 4); we shall have nothing in view but air and water, and look forward to Alexandria on the morrow.

"At length a passenger, with eyes glued to his binoculars, screams that he sees *le Phare* or Eunostus light. All crowd around him, striving to see as much. Presently it stands up distinct, a white thimble-top capping the sheet of indigo. Running in we note the effects of the bombardment. Far to starboard rise the Marabút works, all knocked to pieces. Meks, over the bow, shows as much light through it as the shell of bulbous palace which it guarded: only one high flank now stands upright. Eastward lie the battered mainland batteries, between the harbour and Mareotis, the lake basin which we attempted, and this time failed, to flood. On the seaward side of the port are the works of Ras el-Tín, the headland (not 'of figs,' but) of clay, where rude potteries were once made. The walls are smashed, the big guns point wildly in all directions, and a white patch upon the tall light-tower marks where one of the heaviest bolts struck. The interior was found in fragments, but the sailors soon rigged up the apparatus. Further east Adda stands disconsolate, a series of breaches. Towered Fort Pharos, traditional site of the World's Wonder,

* "Mekhitar the Armenian, nat. 1676 at Sebastia in ancient Media, est. a congregation confirmed by Clement IX. in 1712, and ob. in the island of S. Lazzaro, Venice, 1749. The Mekhitarists have educational establishments in Paris, Vienna and Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Trieste, etc."

at the heel of the Alexandrian sock, also shows huge chasms in the masonry. Picnics visit the ruins, but the artists of the various 'Illustrateds' have made the scene perfectly familiar to us. There has, however, been treasure-trove among the *débris*, such as stones with hieroglyphs, and a Latin inscription built up in the ashlar.

"A good result of this 'knocking about' will be to abolish the Alexandrian bar, which has kept thousands of tall ships rolling in the dangerous offing through livelong nights. The City of Zu'l-Karnayn (Alexander of the Two Horns) has built for herself a fine house, neglecting only the doorway, even as Balzac forgot only his villa staircase. The object of retaining the obstacle was to prevent the entrance of a fleet in war-time—incredible; but such was the policy of modern Egypt's short-sighted sons! The Bughaz, or Central Passage, flanked by Corvette Passage east, and west by Marabút Passage, is the main line, marked by buoys invisible at night—hence the delays. The scattered reefs of coralline must be blown up and the fragments removed, otherwise bad will wax worse. The work should be entrusted to an English contractor of repute, say Sir G. Elliot: a host of Levantines, Greeks and others, are proposing to do the job cheaply and badly. I heard £40,000 as the inadequate sum proposed.

"Very gay and lively is the glorious new Harbour, where warships of all nations, even Turkish, are alive with martial sounds. Steamers are puffing in and out, tugs are plying, and small craft under sail and oar are dotting the broad expanse. Three transports embark homeward-bound. The much-abused hospital ship *Carthage*, a whited sepulchre, lies apart, sulking as it were. Colliers and merchantmen line the landing-places, and even the Dry Dock is at work. Near the inner Mole stand the old Egyptian men-of-war, suggesting Greenwich pensioners; the sooner they are sold and broken up for building material the better. Presently appears the ubiquitous Cook's boat, as we learn from white calico letters sewn upon raiment red as the mediæval Headsman's. We surrender at discretion, leave a card at the custom-house, and take carriage at the Marina or quay.

"The burnings begin at once in the Darb el-Gumruk (Custom-house Street). A 'house of refreshment' was fired by the mob because frequented by the hated Frank, and the flames spread, but not far. Reaching the Darb Ras el-Tín, which connects the sea-palace with the main square, the ruins show in force, and extend in lines and patches through the Place to the walls that defend the city on the south and east.

"The Place des Consuls, or de Mahomet Ali, now shows its third phase. That of utter bareness and barrenness was described by the Pilgrim in 1852.* Then came the polished epoch of tall trees, round tanks and flower-plots, heavy chains, band-stand, and gravelled walks, which attracted hosts of nursery-maids and their sallow charges. The Great Old Man of Cavala still sits his bronze steed, but since 1882 he looks upon a Fair, a Kermesse, or rather a brand-new mining city in the Far West, set in a framework of ruins, an unburied Pompeii.

"On the west side of the square the huge Okem (Wakálat) Gharbi and its large *café* have bodily disappeared. Its northern neighbour, the

* Richard Burton whilst preparing for Mecca.—I. B.

Palazzo Zizinia, is reduced to a mere shell eight feet high. The northern houses between the main square and the old or eastern harbour are burnt in blocks, but the Club and Penasson's Library show no damage: the English church also escaped; and, as a rule, little harm was done to places of worship, Giaour or Moslem. More 'loot' was to be had out of the laity. The fire began, they say, with the English and French Consulates, a kind of poetic justice for the *Condominium*. At the east end of the square the large building labelled 'Tribunal and Police Office' is wholly unhurt, and the Redcoats on guard are good to see. The long block to the south of the square, and dividing it from Place Sainte Cathérine, formerly the fine property of Prince Ibrahim Pasha, displays the typical scene of destruction. The bases have been piled up to clear the thoroughfares. The midway heights show shells of painted and papered chambers, with here and there a scorched chair or bedstead still standing on the airy edge of the precipice; there are *débris* of archways and balconies, charred timbers and fragments of furniture, windows, doors, and shutters; iron work curiously twisted by the fire, toasted inscriptions and blistered advertisements, and fallen blocks of limestone burnt to lime. The sky-line of broken and blackened wall forms points and pinnacles of chimney and coping, thrown well out by the gold and azure of sun and air; many of these frets have fallen, and the first high wind after the first heavy rains will bring down showers of stones upon workmen's heads. The latter, however, are few. Little or nothing has been done, or will be done, till 'indemnity' is forthcoming. But—

'Wait; my faith is large—in Fire,'

as in Time. Cities gain by being burnt. Several companies have submitted plans for rebuilding; and now the only want is a Town-architect to regulate the façades, and to see that the masonry is good and solid. Only let him avoid arcades which shelter damp and Greek coffee-houses.

"A stroll through the Place des Consuls shows a parallel line of board-booths along the northern and southern faces. Gaps were left where men caught red-handed had been carefully shot and carelessly buried. Now tables are spread, and people dine merrily over the dead. This is essentially Egyptian, the mummy at the feast. The booths supply everything, from a needle to a ready-made suit: the staples, however, are bad liquor and worse women. The names mostly appeal to the fighting class; for instance, 'Admiral Seymour's Bazar,' 'Crocforde's,' 'Duke of Connaught's Rest,' and the 'Hole in the Wall.' Here and there are Birrerie, generally next door to the coiffeur's; καφφενεῖα, *a cucina economica alla Triestina*, and unclean card-tables, domino-tables, and billiard-tables. The number of tobacco-shops is a study.

"During my thirty years' experience I never saw Alexandria look so picturesque or so happy. The magic word INDEMNITY has much to do with her high spirits, and the indemnistists jauntily fixed their figure somewhere between four and five millions sterling. Life swarms and surges through the burnt thoroughfares. All are bustling about, busy as bees, except those who are eating and drinking, smoking and fighting. It is a *Pays de Cocagne*, where money seems to be a drug. About mid-September, 1882, not a carriage was to be seen; before the year ended they

were everywhere; and the 'bus, a new introduction, heralds the advent of the tramway. Donkey-boys, never more free and easy than now, group, grin, and chatter at every corner. Cheeky shoeblacks, here the unerring test of well-doing, assail you like swarms of Nile-flies. The Redcoats give points of light, and riders in brown with M.P. (military police) on the arm afford a sense of security. The topboot-and-revolver period of invasion soon passed away, but the military tailor soon came well to the fore; and not a few uniforms reminded old hands of a Volunteer Review in London after the Crimean War.

"Alexandria is ordered to be in bed before twelve, but she enjoys her evenings. The Café Paradiso offers a hall full of billiard-tables ('balyards far unfit'), like bagatelle-boards, and music in the normal shape of a masculine and feminine Austrian band. The demoiselles-violinists are bound by contract to the best of behaviour during engagements. In descending scale is the Café Bel Ain, and a host of estaminets, groggeries, and beereries, till you touch bottom at depôts for Greek dancing and native music. Of the Teatro Rossini the less we say the better. The Theatre Zizinia opened with an Anglo-American troupe, distinguished by *Le Cabinet infernal*, *Le Negre Paganini*, and *Le Jolly Coons, excentriques et high Kickers*. It finally rose to *Madame Angot* in Italian.

"Standing before the ruins, we ponder over the events of June and July 11th, which confounded all 'old Egyptians'—myself included. The universal belief was that Alexandria had everything to fear, not from her Moslems, but from her mean white Christians—Italians, Greeks, and Levantines. Numerically they had the advantage, and all were more or less armed with long pistols and longer knives.

"How then came they to show such utter poltroonery? The only explanation is that they were surprised, scared, demoralized, by the soldiery and the murderous police taking part with a mob, dastardly, fanatic, and bloodthirsty as it was in the days of Hypatia. Whenever and wherever a knot of Europeans combined to defend themselves against the *canaille*, they fled like a flock of sheep. It is well to note and remember the fact, especially in the country parts of Egypt, where bad days may still be coming. Men who run are rarely merciful; after order was restored they would be cruel as they were cowardly. It was a sight to see their hangdog looks when they learnt that Arábi and Co. were not to be *sus. per coll.*, or even shot.*

"For the English garrison of Alexandria much remained to be done. Of two thousand men (round numbers), four were buried per diem, at the yearly rate of 1460, and at an expense of £20,000, against £3200 per mensem. This excessive mortality of last autumn did not extend to the officers. The men died because fed with over-driven beef where mutton should have been preferred, and the horses were killed by rations of heating oats, where the natives use only cooling barley. The chief scourge, enteric fever, was attributed to 'bad water,' for which I should read 'strong waters.' It was the same in the time of Abercrombie. Men

* Native Christians mingled with Moslems are generally cowardly. They do not unite to make a stand; if they did, they would never be attacked.—I. B.

of both services might be seen at midday 'half-seas over' amongst the poison-selling booths. A Maltese lately convicted of 'hocussing' (vending drugged coffee) was let off without a flogging—*pour encourager les autres*. It is to be feared that in a land where the rod only is respected, we shall govern too little, and thus distinguish ourselves from our French 'friends' who govern too much. The prime want was a Soldiers' Home in addition to canteens, where good liquor is to be bought. Men must leave their barracks for change of air and scene, but they should be ordered to walk about in knots, not singly, and they should be under agreement to drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee in the booths.

"The Police has been another serious consideration. The new 'Gendarmerie,' as it was called, consisted of a mongrel lot—jödelling Swiss, chestnut-sellers from Friuli, veteran soldiers from Dalmatia and Bosnia, Albanian shepherd-brigands, and a scatter of cosmopolitan mongrels. Far better to raise a brigade of three thousand 'Bobbies,' officered, drilled, and dressed (with due modification) after our London fashion. These men, who would not speak a word of any language but English, should be stationed in the port and capital, with detachments, relieved every quarter, at the six important towns, Damanhúr and Tantah, Zagázíg and Mansúrah, Port Said and Suez. Those who object forget that Swiss and Italians, Dalmatians and Arnauts, are as ignorant of Arabic as Englishmen are. The difference is, the latter are to be trusted; the former proved that they were not: some mutinied, others deserted, and all were dismissed.

"The environs of Alexandria had escaped any damage. The fair gardens and villas on 'the Canal' are as they were. Sídi Gábir was presently altered for better and for worse. The race-course served only to tether mules: the grand stand stood nodding to its fall, and 'Effendina's' palace and outhouses afforded shelter to the 18th Royal Irish. The fane of the old Maroccan Saint looks fresher and more flourishing than before. On the other side of the city the Boulevard de Ramleh suffered severely as its neighbours, Sherif Pasha and Tewfík* Streets: the station however remains, and the rails were not injured. As we issue from the land-fortifications we see them still crested by sand-bags. At that ticklish time, when Alexandria was left defended by few men and fewer cannon, Arábi might have attacked, and, aided by the half-cowed mob inside, might have driven us to extremes. Fortunately for Egypt, nothing less heroic than this hero. Ramleh, the 'Sand-heap' suburb, had nothing to complain of save the felling of trees and the plundering of gardens. The only changes we note there are the field-works near the water-tower thrown up to exchange long shots with the Rebels at Kafr Dawár. Here Abercrombie had his head-quarters before he was carried dying into the nearest mosque. Also the gypsy-like Bedawi who claimed the land have struck their foul black tents; and it will be the fault of the Ramleyites if the mean thieves are allowed to return.

"Leaving picturesque Alexandria behind us, we take the rail to Cairo. This, the main artery as well as the minor veins, so far from progressing under English management, of late years has distinctly retrograded. The

* "The word should be Taufík, but we have adopted an ugly Gallicism derived from Turkish, in which it would be pronounced Tewfík."

rails are looser, the carriages dirtier, the *employés* less civil and obliging; the prices higher and the danger greater than under Egyptian direction. All that can be said for this trunk line is that it appears somewhat less risky than its dependents. One of Egypt's latest curses is the rule of superannuated Anglo-Indian officials, who, with some notable exceptions, draw large salaries for doing little work. Their early training is worse than useless, as we saw in the Crimea, where Sepoy officers were sent to command Turks, *because*, forsooth, they had commanded Hindí Moslems and Hindú Pagans. For the Egyptian services I should prefer to these seniors, juveniles, even clerks, fresh and direct from England.

"The main interest of the railway-trip is the aspect of Kafr Dawár, the 'village of tent-encampments,' which I last saw in the guise of a sleepy little hamlet-station. The outer and inner lines of Rebel-earthworks, with rude batteries commanding the iron road, and resting upon Lake Mareotis and the Mahmudiyah Canal, contrast with the heap of beehive huts and the white villas embosomed in tree-mottes. The framework of the picture is a glorious sky and a flat fatiguing to the eyes as the South American Pampas. The reason for our declining this line of attack is obvious: the land is a bog, cut moreover by deep ditches and drains. Here Arábi made his first fatal mistake. Instead of keeping his half-disciplined troops well in hand, and cuddling their courage for the decisive day, he separated them and allowed detachments to be beaten in detail. But he had neglected the studies of a military college, and his staff did not contain a single officer versed in strategic science. It was a child playing against a master of chess. May the British Army enjoy few such easy triumphs; similar Algerian victories spoilt the French soldiers for European service.

"The main stations, Damanhúr, Kafr Zayyát, and Tantah, all made themselves infamous in the late Rebellion. The 'mild Fellah' and his milder wife tied the limbs of murdered Franks to dogs' tails, poured petroleum upon the poor brutes, and set them on fire. These horrors have sunk a great gulf between native and stranger which will not be bridged over during this generation. One regrets not to see a detachment of Redcoats, or at least a body of British policemen, holding fortified barracks in these three old centres of furious bigotry. The jails of Tantah were long crammed, but the contents were paupers, not rich culprits.

"The villages improve as we approach the capital, and square houses take the place of round African clay huts. The land is the same everywhere—a virgin-mother younger only than the hills. Black ants, brown ants, and white ants crawl over her ample bosom, come and go, are born to work and fight and die, but the Nile flows and floods for ever.

"Cairo promises ruins, but shows none beyond the railway-station. Nizr el-Kahfreh, the city of (planet) Mars, is still rejoicing over her narrow escape: she was saved one day before death by the gallant march of the British cavalry: the mean foreigners jealously suggest the 'horseman of St. George,' which is the golden sovereign. She is gay as Alexandria. The Shubra road that showed in 1879–80 some half-dozen *shandrídans* is now a line of Arab riders and neat equipages, of uniforms, ununiforms, and of Parisian toilettes. Dinner-parties are the rule; balls are

in prospect; Giroflé Giroflá is rehearsing at the Opera-house, and even that abomination the grind-organ has found his way into the city of the Mamelukes.

"Yet good old 'Shepherd's' is half-empty, and the New Hotel quasi-desert. Despite bogus lists and vamped-up reports this year will be, touristically speaking, a failure. And tourists are right. The tone of the population is disagreeable; the situation is unpleasant if not dangerous. Next season will be a success, on two conditions—the absence of cholera, and the non-withdrawal of the occupying army. But Cairo has suffered greatly in the loss of Lord Dufferin. It takes away one's breath (so rare is the sight) to see the right man in the right place; to miss the square peg in the round hole; to meet, for instance, General Feilding (a Hapsburg) at the Austro-Hungarian manœuvres, and to find Earl Dufferin sent to Egypt. The diplomat is a host in himself. His personal experience of 'the East' began nearly a quarter-century ago, when he organized the Libanus. He is a hard and conscientious worker; he has a priest's will with the 'courage of his opinions,' and he owns the gift of common sense which does not always characterize his profession. With one reservation (to err is human) we may hold *primâ facie* that what Lord Dufferin determines is right will be rightly done. If he fail it will be from being ordered to attempt the impossible, to make an England of Egypt. Meanwhile we ardently wish he would abate the plague of locust-strangers that flock to batten upon the land. They are reviving all the conditions which led to the late troubles; and they will lead to a repetition of the drama with only the part of Arábi left out.

"One of Cairo's marvellous escapes is the unique Bulak Museum. It was offered for sale to a commercial house, *they say;* but here we must now believe little of what we see and less of what we hear. The old station-house is rebuilt, and may now be pronounced safe. MM. Maspero and Brugsch Bey are doing their best, but slowly: they want more assistance, which means money; and their revised catalogue will not be ready for this season. Their recovery of the old Pharaohs reads a lesson not only to the antiquary but to the political. How little the Egyptian has changed from what he was under the Double Crown may be seen in Brugsch Bey's report. The Fellah women ran bare-headed and dishevelled along the Nile-banks, keening the death-cry, as it were, for their husbands or brothers, when they heard that the mummies of their olden kings were being boated down stream by the French. The corpses were pickled some three thousand years ago, but what is that in the land of Kemi?

"Sunday, November 12th, corresponded with the first Muharram A.H. 1300. No Moslem, however, could or would tell me whether A.H. 1299 was, or 1300 is to be, the *Annus Mirabilis* of Mohammedanism; even the comet had complicated the question by living too long. The popular expectation was a general uprising of the Moslem world, which, however, shows no sign; a kind of 'Battle of Armageddon;' the universal conquest of El-Islam and a general preparation for the end of time (*Akhir el-Zamán*), which is to follow in the fourteenth century. The superstitious noted a terrible omen. The Mahmal-litter, in which

Rogers Bey finds a survival of the Covenant-ark (why not go back to Osiris?), was torn off its dromedary by a telegraph wire opposite the British camp, Suez, and (horrible to relate!) was mended by a Káfir, Mr. Campbell, engineer to the Compagnie Khédiviale.

"We wished the compliments of the season, *Kull' ám antum bi'l-Khayr!* (may every year find you fair!), to all our Egyptian friends who were not in durance or under surveillance. Every second man seemed to be in trouble, and with rare exceptions none from Caliph to churl would have come out with clean hands. Even the little black and whity-brown Beys, who haunted English dames and demoiselles at Shepherd's, found it advisable to make themselves 'scarce.' A very few words will resume the long story. Political imbecility, financial mismanagement, and the greed of bourgeois-shareholders raised up a powerful party against Europeans, and it found a fitting leader in Arábi, the Fellah-pasha. The Porte, hoping once more to conduct into shrunken and impoverished Constantinople a Nile flowing *lire* and piastres, resolved that the Khedivial family should, in Napoleonic phrase, 'cease to reign.' Grand old Mohammed Ali was to be succeeded by a mere Pasha, or general, removable at will and retainable only whilst douceurs, *avances*, and tributes were regular. Hence the scandalous gift of the Medjidiah decoration to a palpable rebel. But the Fellah is *né malin*. He countered the Turkish project by transferring his allegiance from a 'Caliph' (successor), whose claims rest upon no legal base, to the Sherif (Prince) of Meccah, the lineal descendant of the Apostle of Allah, whose right to succeed, if he choose to assert it, is indefeasible. How England was left to hack at, and lastly to cut, the Gordian knot need hardly be told.

"Finishing my work at the capital, I 'hardened my heart' to face the dangers of the Cairo-Suez railway. It is reported that the old direct line *viâ* the Desert, where Burckhardt saw ostriches in 1816, will be relaid, and that a section of twenty-one miles is almost ready. Despite the expense and the waste of coin in carrying water, at the rate of three waggons to one full of passengers, our occupation will require this move. Nor must we forget the artesian wells, of which the old Olympiodorus thus speaks when describing the Lybian waste: 'In this oasis the people used to scoop out excavations one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet deep, when jets of pure water rose in tall columns.'

"At the still Burnt Station we found a trainful of half-uniformed peasants, bearing bag and baggage, including Remingtons. They will be mustered to the tune of ten thousand at Suez, and sent to the Sudan or Upper Nile Provinces with the view of putting down the long-standing insurrection. They look already beaten, and I do not envy the man who is to command. The Arch-enemy is the Mahdí, the 'False Prophet' of the European Press, a title which describes exactly enough what he is not. D'Herbelot has told the world that the twelfth Imam, or Antistes, the lineal blood-descendant of the Apostle of Allah and the legal religious head of El-Islam, was born in A.H. 255 (= A.D. 868), was named Abu 'l-Kásim Mohammed, and assumed the style of El-Mahdí, or the Director, *i.e.* in the path of the True Faith. He mysteriously disappeared (probably murdered) under the rule of the Abbaside, El Mohtade, the four-

teenth of the Baghdad House. Hence his title El-Mutabattan—the Concealed; but of the many *Redivivi* noticed in history, he declared that he would return before the Last Day and lead a reformed Islamism to universal dominion in preparation for certain other Second Comings. Consequently every great political heave of Mohammedanism, in Africa as in Asia, has thrown up and still throws up one or more Mahdís. Of the latest 'Director' I could learn little, save that he is an inspired Carpenter: Cairo ignored even his real name. 'Mohammed Ahmed' of Dongola means nothing. Great men, religious or laical, always on promotion prefix to their own names 'Mohammed' or some variant. Thus Tewfík is Mohammed Tewfík, and Arábi is Ahmed Arábi. This Mahdí will, probably, like most of his predecessors, meet his death at the hands of his fanatical and infuriated mob of followers. Meanwhile, despite recurring reports of his being beaten, he is still formidable, and he will give trouble during the coming winter. The one only remedy will be an English expedition—costly, but not so costly as doing nothing.

"We detrained at Zagázíg after two hours and a half of dusting, which seemed to begin the process of burying alive. The modern town is the successor of Bubastis, Pi-Pasht, city of Pasht, Isis with the tabby-cat's head. Its position—a central point where roads, railways, and canals meet—has made it a Cottonopolis, and its factories, with tall stacks and huge warehouses, have entitled it the 'Manchester of Egypt.' It is the military key of the Delta; Napoleon Buonaparte, at the beginning of the century, drew his base from Bilbays to Sálihíyah, and the Arabists intended to do the same.

"I passed a day in the house of my friend M. Vetter, for the purpose of consulting with Mr. Charles Clarke, Chef des Télégraphes. He had been the managing man during my two expeditions to the Gold Lands of Midian; and his topographical and linguistic knowledge had enabled him to render the army valuable service during the late campaign. His house was carefully looted by English soldiers, who may have thought it belonged to some employé of M. de Lesseps, and by Indian sepoys, who tore up his wife's dresses to adorn their turbans, and his comfortable rooms were still bare and desolate. He had been invited to join the Palmer Expedition, but although on friendly terms with the powerful Bedawin chief, Sulayman Pasha El-Abázeh, he had declined. The game was not worth the candle. On my next visit I hope to find Mr. Clarke travelling Director of Telegraphs, a post which will suit him and which he will suit down to the ground. As yet he has received only the barren honour of a C.M.G., and H.H. the Khedive has shirked conferring any distinction to show that Mr. Clarke acted in his interest.

"The Zagázites showed a peculiar, independent, free-and-easy bearing, and the resident Europeans, who lately begged two English officers in uniform to walk through the town, do not hold themselves safe without the protection of a detachment, British soldiers or policemen. For many reasons this should be granted to them. The adjoining villagers absolutely refuse to believe that Arábi has been fairly beaten: his defeat and capture are known in Southern Syria, but not within cannon-shot of Tel el-Kebír. Here, too, the Fellahs are ready to rise again at any given moment. They

differ in blood from the inhabitants of the Nile Valley proper, but they are no improvement upon their neighbours.

"Prodigious is the iteration of books concerning the 'poor down-trodden Fellah,' serving sentimentality to contrast him with his Pharaohs, the Pashas and Beys who oppress him and his. This philanthropic and most ignorant twaddle began (not honestly) with the French invasion, endured through the age of Lane and Gardner Wilkinson, and is repeated in the old stock phrases by the latest writers, Baron de Mahortié and Dicey. Foreigners mostly know the city folk; their 'manners and customs of the modern Egyptians' should be called the 'manners and customs of Cairo.' Ask Mr. Charles Clarke of Zagázíg, or Mr. Curzon Tompson of Cairo, men who, never holding high official positions, could study the Fellah in his own home. They will confirm my statement that there is nowhere a more dogged and determined, turbulent and refractory, furious and fanatical, cruel and bloodthirsty race than these clowns of the 'Black Land.' Compared with them the 'finest pisantry' are a weak and violent race; nor do they produce, like the Felláhin, typical and remarkable men. This generation has seen the Mufattish, a son of the soil, who could hold his own against the ablest financiers of Europe, and who had amassed millions of money, when one fine night he was tumbled into the Nile. It has produced Arábi the Reb., who, despite his notorious want of physical pluck, has graved his name upon the memorial tablets of his native valley. Aided by the weakness of his opponents, he placed the captor between the horns of an exceptional dilemma. If put to death he would have become a *Shahíd* or martyr. If allowed to live, even in exile, it was because the Káfir feared to slay him, and because it will soon be found advisable to recall him.

"A few words concerning the early career of this modern Prætorian may be acceptable; his later career is known to all. Arábi, not Ourabi, and mispronounced Arăby, probably an echo of 'Araby the blest,' is neither a Frenchman, nor a Spaniard, nor an Irishman, nor a green-turban'd Sayyid. His father, an honest Fellah, ploughed the old paternal fields about Kafr el-Taur ('Bull village'), between Tantah and Birkat el-Saba', stations on the Alexandria-Cairo railway. His mother, who has been interviewed by more than one Englishwoman, and who is now living at El-Hurríyyah ('Liberty'), her son's proprietary village near Zagázig, sent her three boys as volunteers to serve and die for Said Pasha. This remarkable step, for the Egyptian parent invariably did and does the reverse, attracted the ruler's attention to the lads. He placed them in the military college, and he was heard to say, according to his widow, an honest Anglophobe, that he expected great things from Arábi.

"But Arábi preferred studying theology, which means bigotry, at El-Azhar, the University-mosque of Cairo, where professors are numbered by hundreds, and pupils by thousands. He had risen to be *Kaimmakám* (Major), when his patron died. Ismail Khedive would have nothing to do with him: 'the man,' he said, 'has the eye of a *Hayyeh*' (snake). So he was kept on outpost duty till circumstances brought him to the fore, especially on February 1st, 1881, when his Azhar training proved peculiarly valuable. In 1882 he became the pivot of the situation. His

right was that of being, after a fashion, the representative man; his claim was having posed before Egypt, England, and Europe as the Leader of the National Party.

"Returning to the Fellah, I would note that this race stands aloof from and above all its neighbours. As hair, features, and figure prove, the Nilote is of African not of Asiatic provenance, partly white-washed by foreign innervation. Mr. Lane dubbed him an 'Arab,' and derived him from the invading soldiery of Amru and other early Moslem conquerors, a handful whose nationality would be at once absorbed, would disappear in the next generation. You have only to place the Bedawi by the side of the Fellah, and the fallacy of the theory becomes palpable. The Fellah's half-brother is the Copt, who has kept his blood freer from 'miscegenation.' Both are perforce peculiar peoples. The climate of the Nile Valley allows no foreign-born to be viable; in its media neither Greek nor Roman, Persian, Turk, nor Circassian, German, Italian, Frenchman, nor Englishman, can permanently increase and multiply. It has thus an atmosphere of perfect conservatism. From the days of the monuments and of Herodotus, the Fellah has altered little but his faith: he preserves all the good and every bad and bitter quality of his forbears.

"The Home Press, when commenting upon the bloodshed and arson of June 11th, asked with wonder, how these 'lambs had suddenly turned wolves?' Lambs, indeed! why, no fighting ram is more obstinate and pugnacious, or less open to pity and mercy, than an Egyptian Fellah. And if the men are brutal and barbarous, the women are, if possible, worse; as mostly happens in hot damp climates, their morals are abominable, and, as Mr. Lane and the 'Arabian Nights' show, their modes of murdering are unutterably horrible. The account of these bestial beings, promenading the streets of Alexandria with the legs and arms of slaughtered Europeans, borne like flags on long staves, should open eyes that can be opened.

"The morbid philanthropy and the mawkish humanitarianism of modern days have created a theoretical, an ideal, Fellah; the factual man would start to see his own portrait. They must deserve compassion who have anything to do with him. There is hardly a European in Egypt who has frequented the villages as a sportsman or antiquary without being assaulted by the villagers, while several of my friends have been nearly killed. The peasants also act as their own police and 'ministers of high justice,' trying and punishing all criminal cases within their mud walls. If man or woman break the law, especially that of *Rasm*, or immemorial custom, the offence is kept from the guardians of society—policemen and magistrates, the worst robbers in the land. If certain 'commandments' be violated, he, she, or it, is carefully tied and trussed up, gagged, and thrown into the Great River. Father Nilus could tell more tales of murder than all the streams in the United Kingdom.

"Among the Fellah's good qualities we must not neglect his persistence and his bravery. A drive to the Pyramids will show you troops of half-naked urchins running a mile in the forlorn hope of a copper; and in this point the boy is the father of the man. The adult will be bastinado'd within an inch of his life before he pays his lawful rent, and his wife

praises him as she dresses his wounds. Under Sesostris, who invented the phalanx, the Fellah-soldier overran the nearer East. Under Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pashas he beat the Arabs at Bissel and the Turks at Nezíb. Even a Moltke could not then save the Ottoman, and the late General Jochmus told me that he escaped defeat, when commanding the Tartar cavalry, only by systematically declining battle with Ibrahim Pasha and his Nilotic armies.

"The dogged pluck of the gunners at the Alexandrian forts and at Tel el-Kebir proves, that the stock has not degenerated; the easy final defeat is readily explained. There was treachery in the air, and the best and bravest men will not stand firm when they suspect that their right-hand, or left-hand neighbours, have been paid to leave them in the lurch. Had the rebels been disciplined, and led by English or French Officers, there would have been a very different tale. As a rule the sight of blood does not excite or terrify the Egyptian; it only makes him an 'uglier customer.'

"Such is the Fellah, the peculiar growth of long centuries. There are races, says M. Gambetta bluntly and truly, which want the rule of the rod. 'The green wand,' declares the Arab proverb, 'is from the trees of Paradise.' The abolition of the Kurbáj, or cowhide, had something to do with the late movement. The hill-peasant must either be beaten or beat; be tyrannized over or tyrannize: in the latter case, like the beggar on horseback, he beats to the death. Here it is no mercy to spare the stick; all forbearance is attributed to the ignoblest motive, craven fear; and the fancy that he is 'funked' makes even the coward brave. It is bad to bastinado, but it is better than to hang and shoot.

"From Zagázíg to Suez is one of the most rickety and dangerous bits of railway travelled over by Europeans. I have seen a single train catch fire twice in one day. You are pretty sure to be told of one which, a few hours ago, 'derailed' and made the hapless passengers pass a cold and hungry night in the waste. The only interest of the dangerous line is the casualty of running through the theatre of our latest campaign. War which, they say, teaches the British Public its geography, also brings into prominence and ennobles names known only to a local peasantry. Such are Kassásín, a lock-bridge over the Sweetwater Canal; Tel el-Mahútah, a mean ground-swell, where the Campaign and Mr. Neville have brought to life certain marvellous Pharaohnic remains; Mahsamah, an outpost station on the edge of Wady Tumilát, southern limit of the Land of Goshen; and Tel el-Kebír, which minor poets are invited to pronounce Keb-eer, not Kee-ber. The latter in 1878 was a mean village, distinguished only by tumble-down cavalry barracks of the Khedivial age, the Age of Modern Ruins. The name 'great mound' (Tel) alludes to a rubbish-heap which was removed for building-ground. There is a brother-hamlet, Tel el-Sagher (Little-mound) hard by, and it has suffered sorely in the maps.

"Amongst other *on dits* the papers report that Sir Garnet Wolseley, before leaving London and Richmond, not only determined mid-September as the term of the campaign, but also, placing his finger upon Tel el-Kebír, predicted that the decisive action would be fought there. Is this possible?

The rebels intended their field-works to be a simple outpost, a first line of trenches dug in the desert; the main defence was to be near Zagázíg, where the hoe'd and irrigated ground, cut by a network of small canals, would have been ugly to cross, as that about Kafr Dawár. But with an inconsequence, which denoted all their actions, Arábi and his Arábists wholly neglected to lay out a second line. Thus the battle was fought at the outer and provisional trenches, on open ground, with gentle rises and falls, where half-disciplined and unofficered men had no chance against regular troops, and the admirable arrangements of their General.

"Messrs. Cook, who took charge of the Commander-in-Chief and the head-quarter staff on their homeward journey—right sensibly they ignored those twin pests, the Courier and the Dragoman—and who will personally conduct the future Princes of the West to the 'Morning-Land,' soon advertised a 'trip to Tel el-Kebír,' where a large Dahabíyeh-barge, moored in the Sweetwater Canal, acted hotel. Here sundry sight-seers 'detrain,' each provided with Major Ardagh's 'lithographic sketch showing the attack.' They may find donkeys, but they prefer a four miles' trudge, over sand and gravel, in the November sun, hotter than an August semi-sun in England, to the British right, where the Highlanders attacked. The battle-field was long unpleasant; the dead might have been buried deeper; and the Bedawi took to 'resurrecting' the Egyptians for loot. Spoils presently disappeared and mementoes became rare, chiefly confined to water-bottles and old hats, bundles of cartridges, and fragments of weapons and missiles.

"A shaky stretch of twenty-six miles places us at ill-fated Ismailíyeh. When I first saw the pretty station in 1869, it boasted a delicious climate, combining the perfume of flowers and trees with the ozone and the 'champagne air' of the Desert. In 1878 the Ismailíyeh Canal, carrying Nile-water which sank into the loose gravelly ground, had bred dangerous malaria-fevers; and now the place is pestilential, hardly inhabitable. Worse still, no one knows what manner of sanitation it requires.

"Here the 'great engineer,' as our scribes will style M. F. de Lesseps, a retired Consul, innocent of all engineering but the amateur's, did us, unconsciously and right unwillingly, the best of good turns. His open patronizing of the arch-rebel, his phrasing, his posing, and his promises of immunity from attack, kept the Canal open, although all arrangements had been made for closing it. This is not to be done by shovelling in earth and sand, which can be shovelled out almost as fast. The best way is to lash together two or three ships or dredgers and simply to scuttle them: the obstruction would require blowing up, and even dynamite wastes valuable time. During future troubles merchant-craft should be convoyed with all precaution up and down the line, each convoy headed and followed by a gunboat. But the real want is a second waterway running parallel with the present. The cost need hardly exceed one-third of the first; and the lessons of the past will make the work easy as well as economical. This subject would require an article for itself: it has already appeared before the public, rather unpleasantly, and it will appear again. The pompous claim to monopoly of the Isthmus, the preposterous demands for millions, and the general tone of the Gallic chanticleers,

followed by a loud gobbling from the bubbly-jock of Stamboul, rather amused than offended England. But it is no laughing matter, and some measure is the more necessary as the days of the Euphrates Valley Railway are either done or have not yet dawned. With the Russian at Kars, ready to march ten thousand men down south, we should be building a road for the especial benefit of the invader. Ten years ago it would have served to check the enemy; now it can only facilitate his attack. Not that we have any cause for alarm in the final result, whatever the Russophobe may think or say. Chinese armies, led by English officers, will occupy Moscow before the Muscovite reaches Calcutta.

"From Ismailíyeh we enter the wilderness; we are already in Arabia Deserta. The features are familiar, but they are ever fresh and they never pall. On our left, beyond the bush-green, rushy line of the *rigolle*, lies the chain of indigo-coloured lakelets, Timsah and the 'Waters of Marah;' and ships upraised by refraction course over the dry land. To our right rise the cliffy prolongations of Cairo's Jebel Mukattam, fading away into the distance-dwarfened mounds of Jebel Atákah and Abú Diráj beyond Suez. The broken plain around us, uniformly tawny as a lion's fell, dons ethereal tints as day is about to die, and borrows from the evening skies every colour of the rainbow. It has none of the charms of earthly landscape, grassy hill and wooded dale and park-like plain. All its beauties are reflected from the air and are assimilated till they become its own. No rose can be rosier than its blush-tints; no verdure delicater than its green glazing, the blend of chrome with lilac and cobalt; no yellow more golden than its foreground, no Tyrian purple more gorgeous than its middle distances; no azure more soothing and gracious than what clothes its horizon; no shift of scenery more pronounced than its rippling of alternate light and shade, flushing and paling under the acuter angles of the slanting sun-rays. Presently the giant grey shadow, or wall of night, rises slowly in the east; the blazonry of evening waxes faint and wan in the west, and without a shade of 'gloaming;' for here night comes on with a single stride, earth looks old and pallid and cold—*alt, kalt und ungestalt*—the spectre of her former self. Then follows the final transformation scene. The mysterious Zodiacal light, a pyramid whose base is the region of the setting sun, and whose apex towers towards the zenith, stands distinctly out of the black-blue velvety darkness, made visible by the golden lamps of star, planet, and constellation.

'—Contentez-vous mes yeux
Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle!'

"Poor Suez is the sole exception to the general rule of gaiety and merry-making in Egypt. She is actually in the throes of house-changing. She knows that the flitting must be done, but she has no heart to do it. This will be her third remove: even as Heroöpolis on the Bitter Lakes shifted to Arsinoë and Arsinoë migrated to Suez, so Suez must transfer herself to the New Docks—Waghorntown. She must rebuild herself, hotel and inns, Consulates and offices, agencies and counting-houses, leaving the present tenement to Egyptian officials and native population. The causeway run out to the New Harbour, has so swallowed the bays on either

side of it, like the Alexandrian Heptastadium, that even light-draft steamers find shoal water, and in a few years there will be dry ground where the wave still rolls. Mediæval Suez, like Sandwich, will presently become an inland town.

"And yet another change for the worse awaits her. We shall in a few years land from Malta at Gurnah, the famous old Cyrene south-east of the island which did *not* shelter St. Paul. Lying near the north-eastern shore of the Sidra Gulf (Syrtis Major), with a safe port distant ten miles, it was famous in Roman days as the Capital of the Cyreniaca, one of the granaries of the Empire; and the splendour of its ruins shows a high degree of civilization. Through this ancient land, Pentapolis, where there are no mechanical difficulties, a railroad will carry us to Alexandria. We shall then run up *viâ* Cairo to Keneh, turn eastward, and embark at El-Kusayr (Cosseir). This line, proposed about a decade ago, is sure to be built. It will spare us the mortification of the disagreeable and dangerous Suez-gulf, which is ever too stormy or too still; moreover, it will be a gain of three clear days, and in this section of the nineteenth century the shortest line surely wins. I say nothing about the proposed 'Jordan Canal,' which proposes to deluge half the 'Holy Land,' beyond an expression of admiration that men in their senses can be induced to listen to it. The next move will be for the Man in the Moon to apply for a railway.

"And Suez has been for some time *en petite sante!* She has suffered from Dengué fever, which she calls *Abú rukab*, or 'Father of Knees,' because those articulations make themselves prominently felt. The complaint, unpleasant though not perilous, used to rage in Syrian Bayrút, and of late years Cairo suffered from it severely. The locally learned attribute its origin to impure drinking-water; if so, Suez has to blame herself for not cleaning her Canal. Perhaps her constitutional delicacy has prevented, during the Rebellion, her normal display of uproarious temper. All 'old Egyptians' were notably deceived in their forecasts about Suez as about Alexandria. The so-called National Movement never made head here, and yet with certain remarkable exceptions Englishmen and Europeans showed the normal poltroonery. It moves laughter to hear of men armed to the teeth sneaking home at night to find all the world peacefully asleep. It would be invidious to mention the names of those who manfully stood their ground, and who won the respect of the natives whilst the runaways fell into the utmost contempt. But it is to be hoped that their services in keeping the peace will be duly recognized by either Government.

"Before Suez can settle down in her fourth home she has hard work to do. The apparently solid masonry of the north and south basins in the French Docks is being washed away by mètres: the walls resemble the bombarded Alexandrian Forts; and here we have another fine study of modern ruins compared with the ancient which were built with the express purpose of defying Time. The only remedy will be to fill up both areas and fit them for building-ground. There is already space enough to begin with; but Suez No. 4 must have room to grow. The Harbour of the future will be formed, like Port Saíd, by the broad space between the Canal piers, where dredging and deepening are the only things needful.

It is to be hoped that modern Suez will be laid out on a regular plan and with due attention to drainage. Moria Pasha should look to this.

"The Suez Caravanserai, whose cloistered court has received so many generations of Thelemi monks, is now occupationless as Othello—

'A dismal hostel in a dismal land.'

Like the Town, it must fare south with bag and baggage, and the fine old building will become warehouses—possibly an *usine* when the gold mines of Midian come to be worked. For some years, however, it will accommodate travellers to 'Sinai,' Petra, and long Desert. Moreover, there is now no climate in Lower Egypt like that of 'Suez the Sanitarium;' it has none of the wet reeking heat of Alexandria, or the raw rheumatic damp of Cairo, which tree-planting, street-flooding, and irrigation have so soon changed from good to bad. It is a treat to breathe the ozoned air of Gulf and Desert, a sensation *sui generis* like the flavour of Nile-water. Those who seek the Cairo-climate of 1852 must find it at Thebes or at Philæ.

"At the Suez Hôtel I found Colonel (now Sir Charles) Warren and his party. They had lately arrived from Ismailíyeh, whither they had been driven by the illness of one of the subalterns; a fiery march of a hundred and twenty miles without water had caused a sunstroke. Here, too, were Mr. and Miss Charrington, and Messieurs Gill and Houndle, and Captain Stephenson of H.M.S. *Carysfort* occasionally put in an appearance. Having all one and the same occupation and preoccupation, we discussed the chances *pro* and *con* most anxiously. The general conclusion was that the deaths were 'not proven.' At the same time the cumulative circumstantial evidence was strong against hope of saving life; also the negative proof that of the many Bedawi witnesses daily examined not one could state that he had heard of a survivor. And yet there was still a bare chance. For some weeks a white man had been reported to be wandering about the wilderness. At Ghazzah (Gaza), the turbulent, half-Bedawi town in Southern Syria, a Fellah, Mohammed bin Khaysh, had mentioned the rumour to some Christian acquaintances as lately as November 10th. He refused to communicate with the Rev. Mr. Schapira, the Church Missionary there stationed; but his story appeared credible enough. The white man, looking *talkhán* (sick and sorry), had fallen in with a wandering tribe (name not specified) near El-'Akabah, and had accosted one of them, saying after Arab-fashion, '*Ana fi 'irzak*'—'I am under thy protection!' When the search became hot, the white man, who may have been the dragoman or the servant, was carried inland, but where, deponent could not specify. Also at Ghazzah an English-made gun had been brought in, showing direct communication with the plunderers.

"And here it may be well to note that the original and universally accepted account of the murder was a mere fabrication. It stated that the captives 'had been led by the Governor of Nakhil' (the Fort El-Nakhl, midway between Suez and El-'Akabah) 'to the edge of a precipice, and had there been offered the alternative of throwing themselves over or of being shot. Professor Palmer covered his eyes with his hand and leapt, and Messieurs Gill and Charrington chose the other alternative,

and were shot.' This romance, which utterly ignored the two servants, dragoman and cook, was the invention of some 'Own Correspondent,' telegraphed from Cairo on October 26th. Being of the category circumstantial and picturesque, it at once found its way into the newspapers of the civilized world; and it caused sore doubts to rise in the minds of all experts. No wonder that Colonel Warren was displeased by the publication of the silly tale.

"The next account appeared in El-Ahrám (*Les Pyramides*) of November 8th. The details were literally correct; it mentioned the guide Abú Sufih; the attack in the Wady Sadr; the destruction of the whole party, including the servants, and the disappearance of the £3000 in gold. I had hoped to see the extract reprinted by the *Egyptian Gazette*, but *Le Phare* had been beforehand, and professional sensitiveness left the public in ignorance.

"Mr. Walter Besant, in his biographical sketch of Professor Palmer (*Athenæum*, November 11th) preceding his detailed memoir, declared that he would be grateful for any information likely to make it more complete. I therefore make no apology for intruding my few personal reminiscences upon the reader.

"On July 11, 1870, when we were in summer quarters at Bludán, Anti-Libanus, I suddenly found two Englishmen camping with a gypsy-tent below the garden. These were Palmer and C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, brown and sunburnt by travel in the service of the 'Sinai Survey Expedition' led by Captain (now Sir Charles) Wilson. They proved the most pleasant of companions during a trip to Ba'albak, to the sources of the Litani (*not* Leontes), and to the unvisited crests of the northern Lebanon. We parted at the Cedars, promising ourselves to meet again, and we did live and travel together often afterwards. How little we thought that within four years one would find a grave at Jerusalem, the victim of its fatal climate; and that the other would return to seek death on the scene of his old labours!

"Of Palmer I remarked that he was a born linguist, a rarity among all races except, perhaps, the Armenian. He had the linguistic instinct, an insight which required only to hear or to be shown a tongue. He mastered it as a musical genius learns an instrument; he picked up words, sentences, and idioms like a clever child with the least possible study of grammar and syntax. The truth is, he was *supra grammaticans*. During his energetic winter wanderings he had collected a whole vocabulary of Bedawi words, and he evidently revelled, like the late Percy Smythe, Lord Strangford, in his exceptional power of appreciating dialectic differences. He read and wrote Arabic like English, and he took delight in surprising the people by out-of-the-way phrases, by peculiar forms of blessing and unblessing, and by the rhymed prose of the 'Thousand Nights and a Night.' He kept also for times of need a vocabulary which terrified the superstitious: this served his turn amongst the vagrant bandits of Petra and the Nejeb, or South Country. He then knew something of Hindostani, which he afterwards cultivated, and which assisted him in so mastering the Romani (Gypsy) dialect, that he printed metrical translations in Mr. Leland's volume. Although he had learned Persian in London and at Cambridge,

he spoke it as well as I could, and he had acquired the pure Shirázi twang. Lamenting his ignorance of German and the Scandinavian tongues, which he mastered at a later period, he proposed to devote three years to Arabia, Persia, and Egypt. *Diis aliter visum!* His last volume, 'Hindūstānī, Persian, and Arabic,' one of 'Trübner's Collection of Simplified Grammars,' a series which will suffer by his loss, lies before me; and I note with sorrow that his translation of Háfiz, a taste for which he had carefully trained himself, will lack the delicate final touches.

"Returning to England in the summer of 1870, Palmer published his valuable reports, memoirs, and papers in the organ of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He also printed, in two volumes (Bell and Daldy, 1871), 'The Desert of the Exodus,' a popular account of his two walking journeys, in company with Tyrwhitt-Drake, and without dragoman or servants, which occupied parts of 1869 and 1870. He had not then learnt that the so-called 'Sinai' is simply a modern forgery, dating probably after the second century A.D.; that the Jewish nation never knew where the true 'Mountain of the Law' was; that it is differently placed by St. Paul and his contemporary Josephus, who describes it after the fashion of Sinbad the Sailor; that the first Mount Sinai (Jebel Sarbál) was invented by the Copts, the second (Jebel Musa) by the Greeks, the third (also Jebel Musa) by the Moslems, and the fourth (Jebel Safsáfeh) by Dr. Robinson the American; that the Exodists would naturally travel by the present Haj highway from Suez to El-'Akabah; and that learned Jews now incline to the belief that the real Tor Síná lay somewhere in the Tíh Desert north of the great Pilgrimage-line. Jebel Aráif has, as far as we know, the strongest claims. Moreover, Palmer insisted upon translating, with the vulgar, 'Tíh' by 'Wilderness of *the* Wanderings,' when it means a wilderness where man may wander. Much friendly banter upon these points passed between us as often as we met in Syria and London, and, finally, he seemed to agree in opinion with me. I may note that his details concerning the Bedawi of the 'Phárán Peninsula,' as it is called by my late friend, Dr. Charles Beke, require copious revision; and it is to be hoped that Colonel Warren will correct them and supply the deficiencies.

"Professor Palmer spent twelve years in England, chiefly at Cambridge, working most energetically the professional, literary, and especially the Oriental veins. His friends lamented that he devoted so much valuable time to what Sir W. Jones calls the 'avenues and porticoes of learning,' dictionaries and vocabularies, grammars and manuals, instead of cultivating his high gifts of fancy and imagination. Yet he found time for a spirited metrical version of the Arab poet Buhá El Dín of Egypt, for a romantic life of Harún El-Rashíd, and for the charming 'Song of the Reed,' a title redolent of Persian mysticism. His Biography told his various gifts, as a traveller, a professor, a University lecturer and examiner, an improvisatore and rhymer, a barrister, an actor, a conjurer and thought-reader, a draughtsman and caricaturist, a writer of many books, and lastly, a politician and journalist.

"About the end of last June, when the troubles in Egypt became serious, 'The Palmer' resolved to make practical use of his linguistic studies, and

gallantly volunteered to take part in putting down the rebellion. His project was to dissuade the Bedawi from attacking the Suez Canal, to collect camels for transport, and to raise the Wild Men of the Tîh against the Rebels. He was duly warned, I believe, that in case of capture he would be treated as a prisoner of war, perhaps as a spy; but no consideration of personal danger had any weight with his gallant spirit.

"The brave heart landed at Jaffa in the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's. During his few days of preparation he became immensely popular; three months afterwards I found every one full of his praises. Mr. Besant is right: 'Perhaps it would not be too much to assert that he had no business or private relations with any man who did not straightway become his friend.' He engaged a dragoman, a Christian pupil of the American College, Bayrût; and as servant a young Jew of Jaffa, who, by-the-by, has left a large family utterly destitute. He then visited the Rev. Mr. Schapira at Ghazzah, and set out by 'Short Desert,' as older travellers called it, for Suez. An obituary article in the *Academy* (November 18th) declares that he 'turned back a Bedawy invasion of the Suez Canal.' I could hear nothing of this exploit on the spot. He might, and perhaps he would, have done it had he had the opportunity; but he also had grossly exaggerated in his own mind the numbers and the importance of the Tîh tribes. For his thousands we must read hundreds.

"On August 1st Shaykh Abdullah El Shámi (the Syrian) met at Suez his future companions, Captain Gill and Lieutenant Charrington, R.N. The former was a well-known and admirable traveller, who had spent the last winter studying Arabic in North Africa, and who had already done good service by cutting the telegraphic wires connecting Egypt with Syria. The latter was a young officer of great promise, burning to win his spurs. And now the fatal series of mistakes seems to have begun. I cannot but think that, after so many quiet, peaceful years in England, the laborious Desert march through the fiery heats of July must have affected, to a certain extent, Palmer's strong clear brain.

"Before entering the Arabian wastes, strangers always hire and pay a *Ghafir*—guide and protector. He ought to be a powerful chief, who can defend his 'guests' by the prestige of his name, and if necessary by the number of his matchlocks. Palmer may have preserved some sentimental reminiscences of his Bedawi friends and acquaintances; and may even have trusted to the exploded prestige of 'bread and salt.' The old chivalrous idea has gradually weakened till it has well-nigh died out. It may linger amongst the highest and noblest clans of the Anazeh, but it no longer extends beyond El-Nejd. The partial modification consists of feeding the Bedawi every day; otherwise, if you plead *Nahnu málihín!* ('We are salt-fellows'), they rejoin, 'The salt is not in my belly.' The great majority of these 'sons of 'Antar,' who '*have* ceased to be gentlemen,' ignore or rather deride the rococo practice of their forefathers. And there are scoundrels who will offer you a bowl with one hand and stab you with the other.

"Palmer engaged as his *Ghafir* one Matr (Abú) Nassár, so named after his son; his family name is Abú Saffh. The man is not, and never was, a 'Bedouin Sheik,' but a mere hirer of camels to pilgrims and

travellers. He had quarrelled with, and parted from, his kinsmen the Lahiyát, to take refuge with the Dabbúr, a clan or sub-tribe of the Huwaytát. This Matr, moreover, was judged by those who knew him best to be light-headed and half-witted. His proceedings with Colonel Warren and his conduct on board the *Carysfort*, where he was detained for his own safety, confirm the suspicion. Yet he and his nephew—the camel-men do not count—were the only defence of an expedition which carried, amongst other valuables, the sum of £3000 in gold. Travellers in Bedawi-land never even name the noble metal, and the venerable Arab proverb says, '*Ikhfi zahab-ak, wa mazhab-ak wa Zihâb-ak*'—'Hide thy gold, thy God-faith, and thy goings forth.' It has been asserted that the Englishmen had no firearms. This is an absurdity at first sight, and it is disproved by the gun produced at Ghazzah.

"The ill-starred party left Suez on August 8th, and passed the first night upon the sea-sands. On the 9th they marched *viâ* 'Moses' Wells' to the Wady Kahabín, and next day, leaving their luggage in the rear, they entered the Wady Sadr, which heads near El-Nakhl. On the right jaw of this fiumara rises the Tel el-Sadr, *alias* Tel Bishr, the 'Barn Hill' of our Hydrographic Charts, a broken tabular block within sight of the Suez Hotel.

"About midnight on August 10th, the expedition was surprised by a large body of the Terábín, or Bedawi of the Tíh, who trade with Ghazzah, and the Huwaytát, a mongrel tribe of Egypto-Arabs who are settled upon the Nile banks, nomads in the 'Sinaitic' peninsula and semi-nomads in the Land of Midian.* Palmer, they say, was the only one of the little party who fired and wounded a Bedawin in the foot.

"I pass rapidly over the deplorable scene which followed the attack. Palmer, seeing the extreme danger, expostulated with the horde of hired assassins; but all his sympathetic faculty, his appeals to Arab honour and superstition, his threats, his denunciations, and the gift of eloquence which had so often prevailed with the Wild Men, were unheeded. As vainly, Matr covered his *protégés* with his *'abá* (cloak), thus making them part of his own family. On the evening of August 11th, the captives were led, according to the general voice of the Bedawi informants, to the high bank of the Wady Sadr, where it receives another and a smaller fiumara yet unnamed. Here they were slaughtered in cold blood and thrown down the height. The object of not burying the bodies, according to Bedawi practice, was the dread lest they should afterwards be discovered by means known to the Frank. It was thought safer to leave them to the birds and beasts of the wilderness. Moreover, the first rain-torrent would sweep away all traces of the foul deed.

"And here let me note that on this occasion the Bedawi behaved as Bedawi never behaved before. The Wild Men will attack strangers for the smallest inducement. They will plunder their captives, strip, beat, and even wound them. They will shoot the enemy when maddened by fight; but their almost superstitious terror of the *Dam*, or *Thár* (Vendetta,

* "I spent some months amongst the Huwaytát, and have described them in three volumes ('The Gold Mines of Midian,' 1878, and 'Midian Revisited,' 1880), besides a number of detached papers."

blood-feud) prevents their taking life in cold blood. Nor have I ever heard of their keeping prisoners for a whole day and then deliberately massacring them after the fury of battle had cooled down. The whole conduct of the crime evidently suggests the far-seeing iniquity of civilized men; nor is it hard to divine whence came the suggestion.

"The evil report soon spread far and wide, and the public mind grew more and more excited. This mishap was the only black spot in the bright roll of continued successes. Colonel Warren, R.E., was directed to conduct the search for the missing expedition. He does not speak Arabic, nor had he any personal acquaintance with the Terábín and the Huwaytát. But he had taken a notable part in the Palestine Exploration, which necessarily brought him into frequent and familiar contact with the Bedawi. He is a man of unusual energy and tenacity, and he has shown great tact and *savoir faire* in his dealings with the Wild Men. After a preliminary visit to Tor, in company with Mr. Consul West, on September 6th, he had some hopes of rescuing the captives, and he took the properest measures to secure success. In company with Lieutenants Burton and Haynes, and provided with an escort of some hundred and fifty friendly Bedawi, by the chiefs Salám El-Shadíd of Cairo and Musá Nasr of Tir, he scoured the Desert in all directions and made some important captures, which will lead to satisfactory results. On October 23rd he reached the reported scene of the murders; but it was too late to find the remains of his countrymen. The expected rain-torrent had swept them away. He picked up a truss belonging to Palmer—no conclusive proof of death; a traveller would carry more than one article of the kind. A sock bearing Captain Gill's name, and containing the fragment of a foot, seemed to forbid hope in this case. Lieutenant Charrington's overalls, marked 'Bombay,' and a caoutchouc tobacco-pouch, showed clear evidence of plunder, but nothing more. The other articles found in the neighbourhood were torn books, letters, and papers. All were temporarily deposited in the Egyptian fort El-Nakhl, whose garrison at first turned out to attack the search-party. Of the burial in Westminster Abbey nothing need be said.

"That all the culprits, even those still at large, will eventually be surrendered I have no doubt. It is a mere question of time. And until justice is thoroughly done there will be no safety for English or European travellers in the 'Sinaitic' Peninsula. No more hanging will be required, but all concerned in the foul deed should undergo imprisonment *in terrorem* at Cairo. But it is sad to punish these poor tools when the guiding hands escape even blame.

"Of my proceedings after leaving Suez I need say nothing: they were disconnected with Egypt. Let me briefly resume the results of my three weeks' observations.

"The occupation of the Nile Valley has been thrust upon us by *force majeure*—the force of events. France was similarly circumstanced with respect to Tunis, Italy will be in the case of Tripoli: the rotten old fabric of the Porte is surely though slowly falling to pieces, and the fragments are being fitted into their right places.

"What form our Protectorate of the Nile Valley will eventually assume

has not yet been determined; but if we can only come to a decision, the Public may rest assured that our tenure of the Nile Valley will be a success. At present it is not, and by the very condition of things it cannot be. Egypt hardly deserves a 'caravan government;' what it wants is stability, repose, and the training of a child to the way it should go. The unnatural excitement of looking forward to a complete change, which will mean anarchy, disorder, and violence, is doing immense and lasting damage. It interferes with revenue, *the* difficulty of the present hour, a problem which seems to be puzzling even the experienced Sir Evelyn Baring. With diminished floating power and the millstone of debt ever weighing him down, his friends can only wish him well out of the scrape.

"The first to be considered are the sons of the soil. They have the strongest right to fair play, and they should at least share the goods of which the stranger has once more spoiled them. The ring of foreigners, who would exclude all except their own small cliques, must be broken up, and the monopoly of highly paid employments be exchanged for free selection and for competition amongst Egyptian candidates. But this is a work of time. 'Egypt for the Egyptians' as much as you please; but at present the Egyptians must be trained for Egypt. Meanwhile the supervision of imperial questions, matters of finance, and those involving income and outcome, the magistracy and the Police, cannot but remain under English surveillance.

"The *Condominium*, or Joint Control, has done in its day excellent work, but its work and day are alike done. It has tabulated the resources of the Nile Valley, and has introduced order into the chaos of native revenue. Moreover, during the last few centuries the Fellah has never been so happy or so well-to-do as under its administration. But a rule by the representatives of only two great creditors, to the neglect of all others, was an invidious measure irritating the rest of Europe. Nor would it be possible to govern by means of a board: the more votes the more discord. The old *Condominium* must be modified to suit a permanent Protectorate.

"Modern Egypt has suffered severely from the *latifundia* which, according to Pliny, *perdidere Italiam*. What Egypt especially requires is the maintenance of that class of peasant proprietors to which she owed all her ancient prosperity. This is the institution for which the Gracchi 'sedition'd' in vain; which modern Italy has attempted in Apulia; which Russia holds in view, and which Ireland must and *will* have—the only Land Act that can ever satisfy her. The most fertile of countries has been sorely injured by the absorption of small properties into immense Khedivial domains, monopolizing one-fifth of the area, and into the large tracts belonging to 'the Pashas.' The sooner these model 'landed estates' are redistributed the better. However, as a trip to the Helwán les Bains will show, there is still a large proportion of waste ground—Nile mud buried in shallow sand-sheets—which can be fertilized by canals drawn from up-stream. The Great Valley can still support ten millions, and even more when a system of damming shall be applied to her river. In the mean time all attention should be given to the Cadastre,

or Revenue Survey, which wants a radical reform. The dawdling, feckless system of General Stone would have carried it well into the twentieth century. Better pension off 'hard bargains' than pay and retain them as standing obstructions.

"Egypt no longer wants the disproportionate armies and fleets with which Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pashas conquered their neighbours. But she must have a small body of Regulars—not less than ten thousand—to defend her against Abyssinian raids, and to protect her Equatorial Provinces, where (Chinese) Gordon (Pasha) did such noble work. As regards the harbour on the Red Sea, proposed for the acceptance of the 'king of kings,' Johannes, I may say that the measure is theoretically good and practically evil. The port would serve only for the importation of arms and ammunition, and would make the troublesome 'Highlanders of Æthiopia,' ever a nest of hornets, more dangerous than at any time of their turbid history. As it is, the Egyptians cannot fight in the mountains nor the Abyssinians in the plains, a consideration which tends to keeping the peace. But the breech-loader and the magazine-gun, when provided with cartridges, will wholly change the condition of the Æthiopian. It is to be hoped that the Egyptian army of the future, composed of Fellahs and negroes from the Súdán, and officered by Englishmen and natives, will be built on the lines of the old East India Company's force, a return to which is one of the crying wants of India. The management may safely be left in the experienced hands of (Val.) Baker Pasha, unless he has to work in the chains of home orders.

"And as with the army, so with the Egyptian fleet—a mere show, an article of luxury, costly moreover as it was useless. The country wants only a few heavily armed gunboats to guard her African coast, to put down the slave-export, and to prevent Arab piracy. Subsidized lines of steamers, the more the better, suffice to connect her with Asia as well as with Africa. The old dódderiñg Egyptian men-o'-war which rot in Alexandria and Suez harbours, melancholy remnants of past power, may be carted away as soon as possible.

"Part of the duty of the Police force will be to suppress that cruelty to animals which is one of Egypt's many abominations. The want of some active measure has long been felt, and during the last ten years a succession of *dilettanti* has attempted to take the matter in hand. The Khedive has been interviewed; a Princess or two has been secured as patroness, and even subscription-lists have been opened. But the work is too serious, too continuous, for amateurs. Here we require an experienced delegate from the parent society in London, who, in concert with a local committee, will lay down the lines of work, and will determine what ought not to be done as well as what ought to be done. But the 'sinews of war' must also be forthcoming; and they can readily be supplied by military and naval economies.

"Lastly of the slave, who, theoretically free, is as much a bondsman as ever. Egypt yielded with her usual good grace, the moment serious pressure was brought to bear upon her. This is her way, the way of the universal East. She grants every demand, and takes especial care that nothing be granted. Pashas were appointed to issue certificates of

freedom and to inquire into the case of runaways, whom the masters invariably denounced to the police as criminals, and proved their crimes by false witnesses—a drug in the market. As soon as the first excitement was over, a reaction set in and action slumbered; this was all the Government wanted. The one thing needful is still needed—a standing mixed committee of Europeans and Egyptians, presided over by a responsible English official. Its duties will be to make the abolition of slavery generally known throughout the length of the land, and to see that emancipation is fairly worked. As for that other abomination, the neutral, penalty of death should be unflinchingly inflicted upon those with whom it originates. All their names are well known, yet it causes us no surprise that the law has been and still is impudently broken, while the law-breakers have invariably escaped punishment.

"Egypt is now virtually independent of Turkey: during the court-martial of the Rebels not an allusion was made to the 'Suzerain.' It is unfair that she should continue to transmit money which is wanted for public works and internal improvements, because the so-called Tribute has been mortgaged to Frankish creditors of Turkey. The Porte is still rich enough to pay her debts, and, if she chooses again to be bankrupt, shareholders must put up with the losses which, for a high consideration, they have so long risked. Egypt now expects a complete disruption of the injurious tie: the living land must no longer be bound, in Mezentiaes-fashion, to the Ottoman corpse. She will have a fair field, and favour enough, under an English Protectorate if we only govern like men, not like Philanthropes and Humanitarians.

"RICHARD F. BURTON."

APPENDIX I.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS AND OF SCHOLARS ON THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

"To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Sir,—Your correspondent 'Sigma' has forgotten the considerable number of 'students' who will buy Captain Burton's translation as the only literal one, needing it to help them in what has become necessary to many—a masterly knowledge of Egyptian Arabic. The so-called 'Arabian Nights' are about the only written halfway house between the literary Arabic and the colloquial Arabic, both of which they need, and need introductions to. I venture to say that its largest use will be as a grown-up school book, and that it is not coarser than the classics in which we soak all our boys' minds at school.

"ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

"September 14th, 1885."

The *Bat*, September 29th, 1885.

"Captain Burton, in his way, renders a gigantic service to all students of literature who are not profound Orientalists, and to many who are, by giving them a literal, honest, and accurate translation of the 'Arabian Nights.'

"The blatant buffoons who have spoken of Captain Burton's work indifferently only show their own ignorance of the literature of the East. Captain Burton's work is well worth the price he charges for it to students of Eastern literatures and Eastern manners, and Eastern customs; but the misguided lunatic who invests in it in the hope of getting hold of a good thing, in the Holywell Street sense of the term, will find indeed that the fool and his money are soon parted."

Morning Advertiser, September 15th.

"There is one work not entered in the publishers' announcements of 'new books,' though for years scholars and others have looked forward to it with an eagerness which has left far behind the ordinary curiosity

which is bestowed on the greatest of contributions to current literature, and to-day the new fortunate possessors are examining it with an interest proportionate to the long toil which has been bestowed on its preparation. We refer to Captain Burton's 'Arabian Nights.' Hitherto all the editions have been imperfect, and more or less colourless versions of the original. They throw a flood of light on hundreds of features of Oriental life on which the student has failed to be informed. But the work only a few limited students can ever see, and is simply priceless to any one thus interested in the subject, and may be regarded as marking an era in the annals of Oriental translation. Burton writes: 'Many a time and oft, after the day's journey was over, I gathered the Arabs around me and read or recited these tales to them, until the tears trickled down their cheeks and they rolled on the sand in uncontrollable delight. Nor was it only in Arabia that the immortal "Nights" did me such notable service. I found the wildlings of Somali-land equally amenable to their discipline; no one was deaf to the charm, and the two women workers of my caravan on its way to Harar were incontinently dubbed by my men Shehrazade and Deenarzade.'"

The *Lincoln Gazette*, October 10th, 1885.

"Captain Burton's first volume in sombre black and dazzling gold—the livery of the Abassides—made its appearance three weeks ago, and divided attention with the newly discovered star. It is the first volume of ten, the set issued solely to subscribers. And already, as in the case of Mr. Payne's edition, there has been a scramble to secure it, and it is no longer to be had for love or money. The fact is, it fills a void; the world has been waiting for this *chef d'œuvre*, and all lovers of the 'Arabian Nights' wonder how they have got on without it."

The *Lincoln Gazette*, October 10th, 1885.

"Another speciality of Captain Burton's edition is the notes. He is celebrated for sowing the bottom of his pages with curiously illuminating remarks, and he has here carried out his custom in a way to astonish. He tells us that those who peruse his notes in addition to those of Lane would be complete proficients in the knowledge of Oriental practices and customs. Lane begins with Islam, from Creation to the present day, and has deservedly won for his notes the honour of a separate reprint. Captain Burton's object in his annotations is to treat of subjects which are completely concealed from the multitude. They are utterly and entirely esoteric, and deal with matters of which books usually know nothing. Indeed, he has been assured by an Indian officer who had been forty years in the East, that he was entirely ignorant of the matters revealed in these notes. Without these marvellous elucidations, the 'Arabian Nights' would remain only half understood, but by their aid we may know as much of the Moslems as the Moslems know of themselves."

Whitehall Review, September 17th, 1885.

"The publication of the first volume of Captain Burton's translation of the 'Alf Layla' enriches the world of Oriental investigation with a monument of labour and scholarship and of research. The book is advisedly, and even inevitably, printed for private circulation, and is intended, as Captain Burton says in his preface, only for the eyes of such persons as are seriously students of Oriental life and manners, and are desirous of making a more complete acquaintance with the great masterpieces of Eastern literature than has hitherto been possible, except to finished Arabic scholars. In the name of the whole world of Oriental scholarship, we offer our heartfelt thanks and congratulations to Captain Burton upon the appearance of this first volume; and we look forward with the keenest interest for its successors."

Nottingham Journal, September 19th, 1885.

"To scholars and men who have sufficient love of the soul of these sweet stories to discern the form in its true proportions, the new edition will be welcome. From an Oriental point of view the work is masterly to a degree. The quatrains and couplets, reading like verses from Elizabethan mantels, and forming a perfect rosary of Eastern love, the constant succession of brilliant pictures, and the pleasure of meeting again our dear old friend Shahrázád, all these combine to give a unique charm and interest to this 'perfect expositor' of the mediæval Moslem mind."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, Am Hof, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

Academy, October 3rd, 1885.

"The real question is whether a word-for-word version of the 'Arabian Nights,' executed with peculiar literary vigour, exact scholarship, and rare insight into Oriental modes of thought and feeling can, under any shadow of pretence, be ignored."

Lincoln Gazette, November 2nd, 1885.

"In announcing the issue of the first volume of Captain Burton's long-expected edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' the *Standard* reminds its readers that the book is printed for subscribers only, and is sold at a price which is not likely to be paid by any save the scholars and students for whose instruction it is intended. Many of those who know the ordinary epitome prepared for the nursery and drawing-room have little idea of the nature of the original. Galland's abridgment was a mere shadow of the Arabic. Even the editions of Lane, and Habricht, and Torrens, and Payne, represented but imperfectly the great corpus of Eastern folklore, which Captain Burton has undertaken to render into English. To Captain Burton the preparation of these volumes must have been a labour of love. He began

them in conjunction with his friend, Steinhaüser, soon after his return from the Mecca pilgrimage, more than thirty years ago, and he has been doing something to them ever since. In no other work of the same nature is Eastern life so vividly portrayed. We see the Arab knight, his prowess and his passion for adventure, his love and his revenge, the craft of his wives and the hypocrisy of his priests, as plainly as if we had lived among them. Gilded palaces, charming women, lovely gardens, caves full of jewels, and exquisite repasts, captivate the senses and give variety to the panorama which is passing before our eyes. Indeed there is a tinge of melancholy pervading the preface in which the Editor refers to his 'unsuccessful professional life,' and to the knowledge of which his country has cared so little to avail itself. When the great explorer discovered the African lakes he was a captain. He is a captain still. No University has thought fit to make him a Doctor; and while knighthoods have been distributed with a profusion which has gone far to lower the value of these distinctions, the foremost of English travellers and the greatest of European Arabists is still untitled.* Even in the recent Egyptian troubles—which are referred to somewhat bitterly—his wisdom was not utilized, though after the death of Major Morrice, there was not an English official in the camps before Suakin capable of speaking Arabic. On this scandal, and on the ignorance of Oriental customs which was everywhere displayed, Captain Burton is deservedly severe.

"There is only one 'Arabian Nights' in the world, and only one Captain Burton. The general tone of the London Press has been distinctly favourable, the *Standard* leading the way and other journals following suit. The 'Thousand Nights and a Night' offers a complete picture of Eastern peoples. But the English reader must be prepared to find that the manners of Arabs and Moslems differ from his own. Eastern people look at things from a more natural and primitive point of view, and they say what they think with the unrestraint of children. At times their plain speaking is formidable; it is their nature to be downright, and to be communicative on subjects about which the Saxon is shy or silent, and it must be remembered that the separation of the sexes adds considerably to this freedom of expression.

"It is only knowledge that knows how to observe; and it is satisfactory that Captain Burton's amazing insight into Eastern peculiarities has been put to its best use in giving a true idea of the people of the Sun and a veritable version of their book of books. The labour expended on this edition has been enormous. The work could only have been completed by the most excessive and pertinacious application. All the same we are told it has been 'a labour of love,' a task that has brought its exceeding great reward. There is only one regret, the circulation is limited. We cannot help hoping, at some future time, a selection may be made from the ten volumes. If the public cannot have the whole work, at least it might have a part, and not be entirely shut out from a masterpiece unparalleled."

* This was written some weeks before the author was made a K.C.M.G.

Home News, September 18th, 1885.

"Captain Burton has begun to issue the volumes of his subscription translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' and its fortunate possessors will now be able to realize the full flavour of Oriental feeling. They will now have the great storehouse of Eastern folklore opened to them, and Captain Burton's minute acquaintance with Eastern life makes his comments invaluable. In this respect, as well as in the freeness of the translation, the version will be distinguished from its many predecessors. Captain Burton's preface, it may be observed, bears traces of soreness at official neglect. Indeed it seems curious that his services could not have been utilized in the Soudan, when the want of competent Arabic scholars was so severely felt."

Daily Exchange, September 19th, 1883.

"The first volume of Captain Burton's 'Thousand Nights and a Night,' printed at Benares by the Kamashastra Society, for private subscribers only, has been delivered to the latter. If the other nine portions equal the first, English literature will be the richer by a work the like of which is rare. The English is strong and vitally idiomatic. It is the English of Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor, the English of Robert Browning, with a curiously varied admixture of modern colloquial phraseology. I confess that I was not prepared, familiar as I was with Captain Burton's other work, to find so perfect a command of clear and vigorous style on the part of the great traveller and Oriental scholar. I must say that the tone of the work is singularly robust and healthy. What a treasurehouse Captain Burton has opened! Until he turned the key we knew little or nothing of the 'Nights,' and the notes which he has added to the work have a value that is simply unique."

Standard, September 12th.

"The first volume of Captain Burton's long-expected edition of the 'Arabian Nights' was issued yesterday to those who are in a position to avail themselves of the wealth of learning contained in this monumental labour of the famous Eastern traveller. The book is printed for subscribers only, and is sold at a price which is not likely to be paid by any save the scholars and students for whose instruction it is intended.

"Moreover, no previous editor—not even Lane himself—had a tithe of Captain Burton's acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Moslem East. Hence, not unfrequently, they made ludicrous blunders, and in no instance did they supply anything like the explanatory notes which have added so greatly to the value of this issue of 'Alf Laylah wa Laylah.'

"On the other hand, apart from the language, the general tone of the 'Nights' is exceptionally high and pure. The devotional fervour, as Captain Burton justly claims, often rises to the boiling point of fanaticism, and the pathos is sweet and deep, genuine and tender, simple and true.

Its life—strong, splendid, and multitudinous—is everywhere flavoured with that unaffected pessimism and constitutional melancholy which strikes deepest root under the brightest skies. The Kazi administers poetical justice with exemplary impartiality; and so healthy is the morale that at times we descry vistas of a transcendental morality—the morality of Socrates and Plato.

"In no other work is Eastern life so vividly pourtrayed. This work, illuminated with notes so full of learning, should give the nation an opportunity for wiping away that reproach of neglect which Captain Burton seems to feel more keenly than he cares to express."

St. James's Gazette, September 12th.

"One of the most important translations to which a great English scholar has ever devoted himself is now in the press. For three decades Captain Burton has been more or less engaged on his translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' the latest of the many versions of that extraordinary story which has been made into English, the only one at all worthy of a great original."

South Eastern Herald, October 31st.

"At Mr. Quaritch's trade sale the other day, Captain Burton made an interesting speech regarding the 'Thousand and One Nights,' of which the gist was to show that his translation performs a double office. It is not only a faithful and racy version of the true original, but it also represents a better text than any which has been hitherto accessible in print or manuscript. He, in fact, produced for his own use, and by collation of the existing materials, a careful, critical recension of the original; and his rendering may, therefore, claim to stand towards the 'Alf Laylah' in the same manner as the Latin version of Plato, by Marsilius Ficinus, towards the Greek text."

Morning Advertiser.

"Captain Burton, thirty-three years ago, went in the disguise of an Indian pilgrim to Mecca and Al-Medinah, and no one capable of giving the world the result of his experience has so minute, so exhaustive a knowledge of Arab and Oriental life generally. Hence the work now begun—only a limited number of students can ever see—which is simply priceless to any one who concerns himself with such subjects, and may be regarded as marking an era in the annals of Oriental translation."

Whitehall Review, October 29th, 1885.

"The second volume of Captain Burton's translation of the 'Arabian Nights' has just been issued to the subscribers, who had already become impatient for a second instalment of this great and fascinating contribution to literature. The new volume is, if possible, of even greater

interest than the first. It contains the whole of the fantastic semi-chivalrous story of King Omar Bin al-Nu'uman and his sons Sharrkan and Zau al-Makan, a knowledge of which has hitherto been confined chiefly to Oriental scholars, as Lane only admitted an episode from it into his version of 'Alif Laila.' Some of Sharrkan's adventures will remind students of other Eastern stories of some of the adventures recorded of the hero of Persian romance, Hatim Taï. As usual, Captain Burton's notes are rich, varied, and copious, of the greatest service to all serious students of Arabic manners and customs, and of Oriental life in general."

Montreal Daily Herald, September 21st, 1885.

"Captain Burton has translated the 'Arabian Nights,' but will only publish it for private distribution. A correspondent says that 'all these years we have been reading Lane's turgid emasculated selections we have been kept in the dark as to their singular beauty and vitally human strength. I have been amazed at the "Nights" as Englished by Captain Burton in strong, vital, picturesque prose. The stories, instead of being pieces of wild extravagance, unreal and theatrically tinselly, with the limelight instead of daylight, and paste instead of diamonds, are full of abounding life.'"

"JEHU JUNIOR," *Vanity Fair*, October 24th, 1885.

"As a bold, astute traveller, courting danger, despising hardship, and compelling fortune, Captain Burton has few equals; as a master of Oriental languages, manners, and customs he has none. He is still very young, very vigorous, very full of anecdote and playful humour, and, what is remarkable in a linguist, he has not disdained even his own mother tongue, which he handles with a precision and a power that few can approach. He has recently crowned his literary labours by the most complete, laborious, uncompromising, and perfect translation of that collection of stories known to us as the 'Arabian Nights,' but more correctly called 'A Thousand Nights and a Night.' He is a wonderful

Morning Post, January 19th, 1886.

"Everything comes to him who waits—even the long-promised, eagerly expected 'Plain and Literal Translation of the Arabian Nights,' by Richard F. Burton. It is a whole quarter of a century since this translation of one of the most famous books of the world was contemplated, and we are told it is the natural outcome of the well-known pilgrimage to Medinah and Mecca. Of Captain Burton's fitness for the task who can doubt? It was during that celebrated journey to the Tomb of the Prophet that he proved himself to be an Arab—indeed, he says, in a previous state of existence he was a Bedouin. Did he not for months at a stretch lead the life of a Son of the Faithful, eat, drink, sleep, dress,

speak, pray, like his brother devotees, the sharpest eyes failing to pierce his disguise? He knows the ways of Eastern men—and women—as he does the society of London or Trieste. How completely at home he is with his adopted brethren he showed at Cairo, when, to the amazement of some English friends who were looking on at the noisy devotions of some 'howling' Dervishes, he suddenly joined the shouting, gesticulating circle, and behaved as if to the manner born. He has qualified as a 'howler,' he holds a diploma as a master Dervish, and he can initiate disciples. Clearly, to use a phrase of Arabian story, it was decreed by Allah from the beginning—and fate and fortune have arranged—that Captain Burton should be the one of all others to confer upon his countrymen the boon of the genuine unsophisticated 'Thousand Nights and a Night.' In the whole of our literature no book is more widely known. It is spread broadcast like the Bible, Bunyan, and Shakespeare: yet although it is in every house, and every soul in the kingdom knows something about it, nobody knows it as it really exists. We have only had what translators have chosen to give—selected, diluted, and abridged transcripts. And of late some so-called 'original' books have been published, containing minor tales purloined bodily from the 'Nights.'"

Whitehall Review, May 24th, 1886.

"The sixth volume of Sir Richard Burton's 'Arabian Nights,' which has just been issued to subscribers, is one of the most interesting of the series to Anglo-Orientalists. For it contains that story—or set of stories—which is, perhaps, of all the tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' the dearest to legend-loving mankind, whether Oriental or Occidental—the story of the voyages of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' or of 'Sindbad the Seaman,' as Sir Richard Burton prefers to call him. Perhaps the only tale which at all competes in popularity with the wandering record of the 'Eastern Odysseus' is the story of 'Ali Baba,' and that, unfortunately, does not belong to the 'Arabian Nights' at all, and can only, as far as we know, be traced to a modern Greek origin. Lovers of the story of 'Sindbad the Sailor' will be pleased to learn that their old friend remains to all intents and purposes the same in Sir Richard's literal Translation as he was in the fanciful adaptation of Galland, and the more accurate rendering of Lane. He does not 'suffer a sea change,' but remains, what he has always been, the most wonderful wanderer in the whole range and region of romance. Sir Richard Burton's sixth volume contains, besides, that story of the 'Seven Viziers,' which in so many forms is a favourite in all the languages of the East."

The *Bat*, July 7th, 1886.

"As regards his translation, however, Captain Burton is certainly felicitous in the manner in which he has Englished the picturesque turns of the original. One great improvement in this version over that of Mr. Lane will be found in the fact that the verses so freely interspersed

throughout the 'Nights' are here rendered in metre, and that an attempt also has often been made to preserve the assonants and the monorhyme of the Arabic. Mr. Lane frankly stated that he omitted the greater part of the poetry as tedious, and, through the loss of measure and rhyme, 'generally intolerable to the reader,' as, in truth, the specimens inserted mostly proved to be on account of the bald literalism of the rendering. Captain Burton has naturally inserted the poetry with the rest; and has often shown much skill in doing into English verse the rippling couplets of the original. Take as an instance, the verses which Mr. Lane renders :—

'Tell him who is oppressed with anxiety that anxiety will not last.
As happiness passeth away, so passeth away anxiety.'

"Almost equally literal, and certainly more poetical, is Captain Burton, who gracefully turns this :—

'Tell whoso hath sorrow, Grief never shall last;
E'en as Joy hath no morrow, so Woe shall go past.'

"And since, in proverbs and epigrams, so much depends on the form, the spirit of the original is well observed, when, for instance, we read in a certain chronicle the lines of one Ibn al Sumam :—

'Hold fast thy secret, and to none unfold;
Lost is a secret when that secret's told.
And fail thy breast thy secret to conceal,
How canst thou hope another's breast shall hold?'

"Doubtless, too—and in this not following Mr. Lane—Captain Burton is right in retaining the original division into Nights: for, as he justly observes, 'Without the Nights, no Arabian Nights!' And, besides this being a prime feature of the original, a grateful pause is thereby introduced into these intricate and interminable stories. In the translation, Captain Burton's English is generally picturesque and always fluent. As it is frankly stated, too, he has 'never hesitated to coin a word when wanted.' Captain Burton, who has passed the greater portion of his life in Arab-speaking countries, mixing freely in Moslem society, and often passing—as during his pilgrimage—himself for a True Believer, is naturally well qualified to translate this 'Great Eastern Saga Book.' Also, since the scene of the stories is laid successively in every country of Islam, from Tangier to India, and beyond, the translator's intimate acquaintance, made during his wanderings, with all these peoples and places, stands him in good stead in elucidating peculiar manners and customs, and in this gives him the advantage over Mr. Lane, who had only seen Islam as domiciled in Egypt."

Court Society, March 4th, 1886.

"Not a little disgust has been excited by the vulgar sneer which a morning paper has indulged in at the expense of Sir Richard Burton. Long neglected by successive Governments, Captain Burton received, after forty-four years, a tardy recognition of his services. Straightway,

it was suggested that he is made a knight because he translated the 'Arabian Nights.' It need scarcely be said that his translation has nothing to do with the distinction conferred upon him; but, as it is the habit in a certain quarter to denounce the literal translation of the 'Nights,' it cannot be too distinctly understood that Captain Burton never meant his work to fall into any hands save those of a thousand students."

The *Sporting Life*, July 17th, 1886.

"The more I see of this splendid translation, the more do I feel that we are indebted to the translator for the first real idea in English of the immortal original, and to him alone, for a complete reflection of the 'Arabian Nights.' The lustre and vigour of the English compel one's admiration at every step. . . . It is palpable enough that, until Sir Richard Burton's wonderful work first saw the light, *we had no 'Arabian Nights.'*"

The *Bat*, July 7th, 1886.

"Book-lovers will be glad to learn that Sir Richard Burton's 'Thousand and One Nights' will shortly be reprinted, and that also with revision which will remove it from the top shelf of a library to the drawing-room. Lady Burton is to be congratulated on her enterprise in taking up the matter, for, unquestionably, so admirable, and, indeed, instructive a work should be placed within the reach of all. A copy of the privately printed edition is now worth £25, and undoubtedly its reappearance as revised will be hailed with satisfaction by all lovers of Orientalism."

LETTERS FROM SCHOLARS.

Mr. Flower, at the Telegraphic Conference, has secured Egypt telegraphic independence, and an annual gain of £7000.

"Government Telegraphs, Berlin, September 16th, 1885.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN BURTON,

"I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the translation. The language is wonderful. Only you in the world could have written it. How did you find out 'ensorcelled,' instead of the vulgar 'bewitched'? And how did you find out a hundred other words equally graceful and exact? It is the most wonderful translation in the whole of literature. In accuracy, in swing, it breathes Egypt to me. I could take it and read it straight out to my Effendis almost word for word. But the language is wonderful. As compared with Eastwick's *Anwar i Suhayli* it is Tennyson to Gladstone. My sense of the feelings inspired by the first pages of the Foreword it is impossible to express, and I congratulate you most sincerely on your absolutely unique achievement.

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) ERNEST A. FLOYER."

"October 24th.

"DEAR SIR,

"I do not know whether a letter which I wrote to the *Academy* about your 'Arabian Nights' has come under your notice. If so, I beg you to excuse the chary words I used in commendation of a work which now, from the literary point of view, I regard as one of great original excellence."

"November 13th.

"I wish you *had* issued more numbers of your book, as you well deserve to be rewarded for such an admirable work. I delight in the vigour and Oriental character of the language. Even a few months in India were enough to make me appreciate and perhaps better understand the charm of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"DEAR CAPTAIN,

"The joy which your volume has occasioned me I will not attempt to express in a short letter. Let us meet soon, and talk of nothing else."

"DEAR BURTON,

"This is merely a line of greeting in appreciation of your first volume, which I have been reading, just to say how pleased I am with everything—intrinsic and extrinsic."

"September 25th.

"DEAR CAPTAIN BURTON,

"I have received the first volume of the 'Nights,' and beg you to accept my most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the valuable gift. I cannot express the pleasure which it affords me to see this wonderful book reproduced in a form which is as faithful a rendering of the original as it will remain an admirable '*monumentum aere perennius*' of the English language.

"Moreover, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that in reading again the text, together with your translation, I have learned more Arabic in a few months than in as many years of former toilsome study."

"I want to tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your 'Arabian Nights,' and how greatly they have contributed to making life endurable during these months. Your 'Arabian Nights' is a revelation of Orientalism, and the finest study of words that I have ever met with. It will remain a literary text-book as long as the English language lasts."

"Volume I. awaiting me.

"I congratulate Captain Burton heartily. The book looks very handsome, and the notes are most valuable. Altogether a great success."

"Your 'Nights' are admirable, fascinating—the true thing at last! I delight in my volume.

"I can hardly express to you how highly I appreciate the 'Nights,' the first two volumes of which are at hand. The work is interesting, too, and permits another edition."

"September 26th.

"I have been devouring your first volume of the 'Nights,' and cannot tell you how much I enjoyed the book, and how anxiously I am looking for the next volume."

EDWARD PEACOCK, Bottesford Manor, Brigg, October 3rd, 1885.

"I have read every word of the first volume of Captain Burton's 'Arabian Nights,' and, as I am not an Arabic scholar, *am very grateful to him for having given us* an English version."

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