

## SIR RICHARD BURTON

BY DAVIS L. JAMES, JR.

(Concluded)

Isabel Arundell, on whom Burton called immediately upon his return from Africa, gives a gruesome account of his appearance. Even allowing for her genius at exaggeration he must have been a pitiable spectacle. Racked with tropical fevers, worn out from physical exertion, his spirit broken by the treachery of his former companion, the dashing specimen of manhood who had left England three years before, was but the shadow of his former self. Let it be set down to Isabel's eternal credit that she stood by him loyally in his hour of need. Not only did she comfort him and care for him as a lover, but she used all the influence she could muster to swing public opinion in his favor.

Mrs. Arundell's opposition to their marriage continued stronger than ever, and as her health was breaking rapidly the unlucky couple decided to leave the matter in abeyance for a few months. As it was quite impossible for Burton to stay quiet for such a length of time, he determined to visit Salt Lake City, and observe the Mormons, in whom he had always shown a lively interest, in their own surroundings. So off he sailed for America in April, 1860, as usual, without saying good-bye to anyone, even his fiancée. . . .

After an uneventful voyage to New York, and an equally conventional inland journey to St. Jo., Missouri, he struck out overland by stagecoach and wagon to Salt Lake City. His stay was brief but interesting as will appear in his book *The City of the Saints*. He met Brigham Young frequently, and the two got along famously until Burton asked to be permitted to become a Mormon. Brigham, who had already heard of the Brahminical

thread, the title of Master Sufi, and the Pilgrimage to Meccah, smilingly shook his head and replied: "I believe you've done that sort of thing before, Captain". But Burton came away thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of polygamy in undeveloped regions such as Utah.

His visit over, he proceeded by coach and rail to 'Frisco, whence he returned home via Panama, arriving in England just at Christmas.

Isabel, whose mind had been made up for ten years, now consented to marriage despite her mother's objections. She was thirty and Burton forty, and it is doubtful if many couples have had as long and as stormy an engagement. It was ten years since their first meeting, and five since they had plighted their troth. "We will have no show," said Richard, "for a grand ceremony is a barbarous and indelicate exhibition." So they were quietly married in the Bavarian Church, in Warwick St., London, January 22, 1861.

Burton had not been without means, having inherited £16000 from his father's estate, but his explorations and his publishing ventures had drawn heavily upon his resources, and his new responsibilities made it doubly necessary for him to seek employment.

Again his past rose up against him. The Karachi report was not forgotten and its evil influence was swelled by a mass of rumors and stories, some of them so ridiculous that one wonders how they ever could have been given credence; but his occasional insubordination, ungovernable temper, and lack of tact were facts not to be gainsaid. Isabel, however, waged a valiant battle in his behalf. Though superstitious, and even almost ignorant—throughout her entire life she never gained more than a smattering of any knowledge—nevertheless, by dint of unceasing effort, she eventually prevailed upon the public to regard Burton with her own eyes. She wrote letters to friends, enemies, and the press; she called on everyone; she wheedled, coaxed and bullied. She was sometimes woefully indiscreet, but her love and loyalty to her husband were almost sublime. And Burton, at best scarcely a model husband, grew increasingly grateful to her as the years went by. He laughed at her foibles, twitted her on her religion and poked fun at her faulty English, but he came to value the beauty of her disposition

and the goodness of her heart even more highly than the graces of her person.

Despite his own extraordinary services and his wife's blandishments, the best that Burton was able to obtain from Lord Russell was an appointment to the consulship at Fernando Po—commonly known as the white man's grave. As the £700 salary involved was now badly needed he was forced to accept. "They want me to die", he said bitterly, "but I intend to live just to spite the devils". The horrible climate of Fernando Po made it impossible for Mrs. Burton to accompany her husband, and they parted at Liverpool in August, 1861, she returning to London, and he departing into virtual exile.

On the eve of his departure disaster again visited him, in the shape of a fire at Grindleys, which destroyed his entire collection of Oriental books and manuscripts, the fruits of over twenty years of collecting. He bore his loss philosophically, but it was one that he was destined to feel all his life.

Fernando Po was a disheartening sight; it was an island in which man finds it difficult to live and easy to die. But Burton sought refuge at Santa Cecilia, a point 400 metres above the sea, and here he was able to escape the killing heat of the bay and pursue his literary work in comparative comfort. When night fell he would sit down at his table with a box of strong cigars, a bottle of brandy, a bowl of water, and a towel, and he would write until he fell asleep from weariness.

The consular duties were light, and Burton found time to make frequent explorations along the Gold Coast. On one occasion he ventured up the Congo as far as the cataracts, and made several hunting trips into Gorilla Land.

After a year and a half Burton went home on leave. While in London, he founded the "Anthropological Society of London", with the assistance of his friend, Dr. James L. Hunt. Eleven men attended the first meeting, and Burton was elected president. Two years later the society counted five hundred members, and in 1871 it was merged with the "Ethnological Society", to form the "Anthropological Society of Great Britain".

Shortly after his return to Fernando Po, in November, 1863, Burton was appointed commissioner to Gelele, King of Dahomey, with the object of persuading that swarthy Monarch to desist from

the practice of human sacrifice and from the slave trade. This project so fired the proselyting soul of Isabel, back in England, that she begged to be allowed to go along. She wished to prepare a series of magic-lantern slides, depicting scenes from the New Testament, which she argued, would speedily convert the King and his famous band of Amazons, and turn them from their heathenish ways. It is scarcely necessary to add that she remained at home.

The mission proved interesting, but of doubtful worth. Gelele accepted the presents offered him, and as long as the authority of Her Majesty Queen Victoria remained visible in his territory, he behaved moderately well. But the party had scarcely withdrawn when he held an unusually bloody massacre of his subjects.

Burton was writing continually and this period of his life saw the appearance of nine respectably sized volumes containing his observations of the country and the natives of Western Equatorial Africa. *Abcokuta and the Cameroons, Wanderings in West Africa, Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo, Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*, and finally though not published until later. *A Mission to the King of Dahomey*. One followed the other with clock-like regularity, and each, unsuccessful financially, took its toll from the author's private means.

In August, 1864, Burton again returned to England on leave. During his absence Speke and Grant had returned from their expedition to Victoria Nyanza. They had explored the lake thoroughly and had followed the river flowing northward from it for some distance. They claimed it to be the Nile, and future explorations proved them to be correct. But Burton thought otherwise, and offered to debate the matter with Speke in public. The arrangements had all been made, and Burton was already on the platform, prepared to crush his opponent with the force of his logic, when someone rushed in and announced that Speke had been accidentally killed that very morning while out hunting. Burton was overwhelmed with emotion and broke down completely when he reached home. It is a curious commentary on his character that he afterwards circulated the story that Speke had shot himself because he feared that the fallacy of his claims would be exposed in the debate.

In September, 1865, Isabel finally succeeded in having her husband transferred to Santos, Brazil; truly not far superior to Fer-

nado Po as a post, but at least blessed with a climate that she could endure, if not enjoy. They arrived in October of the same year, and found Santos to be a swampy, unattractive place, swarming with snakes, huge hairy spiders, and an unusually varied assortment of tropical vermin. But a sort of alternative residence was finally located at Sao Paulo, on an upland eight miles from the sea, and Isabel was not long in converting it into a comfortable habitation.

The Burtons kept a number of slaves, but Isabel hastens to assure us—"We paid them just as if they were free men", and of course their spiritual needs were well looked after. The chief convert was an inhuman coal-black dwarf named Chico. Chico had just become to all appearances a good, sound Catholic, when Isabel caught him roasting her favorite cat before the kitchen fire. Wherever she went she managed to acquire a servant companion who eventually became an intolerable burden. Chico was only the first of a series.

As usual, Burton had a great deal of spare time which he devoted to rambling about Maritime Brazil, sometimes with his wife, but usually alone. His longest journey was a fifteen hundred mile canoe trip down the Sao Francisco, to the falls of Paulo Alfonso, whose beauties are almost a match for Niagara. He visited Rio de Janeiro frequently and lectured before the kindly Emperor Dom Pedro, who became much attached to him and invited him to dinner. The dinner was a rather gloomy affair, but resulted in the Empress presenting Mrs. Burton with a diamond necklace.

Three years of Santos, however, were as much as Burton could endure, and in July 1868, he resigned with characteristic suddenness. Isabel set out at once for England to find him another job, while he tarried in Rio, trying to inaugurate an exploring expedition to the Andes. This he failed to do, but he was finally commissioned by the war office to make a report on the state of the sanguinary war then raging between Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentine on one side, and Paraguay on the other. The report was later elaborated in his book, "The Battlefields of Paraguay."

While in Rio, Burton fell in with Arthur Orton, the notorious Tichborne claimant, who, though he doubtless took pains to conceal the fact, had himself grown up in Elstree, Burton's childhood home. Burton apparently believed in him, as did everyone in Rio, and the

two became close friends. The following passage from the "Diaries" of Wilfred Scawen Blunt, throws an interesting light on the Burton of this period. Blunt, then a young man of twenty-seven or eight was attached to the delegation at Rio de Janeiro; he recounts his impressions of Burton and Tichborne, whom he had met at dinner at the house of a mutual friend.

"They were a strange, disreputable couple. Burton was at that time, I fancy, at the lowest point of his career, and in point of respectability at his very worst. His consular life at Santos, without any interesting work to his hand, had thrown him into a habit of drink he afterwards cured himself of, and he seldom went to bed sober. His dress and appearance were those suggesting a released convict, rather than anything of more repute. He wore habitually a rusty black coat with a crumpled black silk stock, his throat destitute of collar; a costume which his muscular frame and immense chest, made singularly and incongruously hideous; above it a countenance the most sinister I have ever seen, dark, cruel, treacherous, with eyes like a wild beast's. He reminded me . . . with his close cropped pol and iron frame, of that wonderful creation of Balzac's, the ex-gallerien, Vautrin, hiding his identity under an abbe's cassock. Of the two companions, Tichborne was distinctly the less criminal in appearance. I came to know them both well, especially Burton, . . . and I have sat up many nights with him, talking of all things in heaven and earth, or rather listening while he talked, till he grew dangerous in his cups, and revolver in hand, would stagger home to bed."

The mission to Paraguay having been accomplished, Burton and Tichborne set out across the Andes for Peru. While lounging in a cafe at Lima, Burton received word that he had been appointed to the consulship at Damascus, the very pinnacle of his ambition. He set out at once for England via the Straits of Magellan. Isabel's unceasing efforts had prepared the way for him, and on his arrival in England he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. He was feted and dined, and spoke before innumerable gatherings, from gay social functions to learned societies. In one leap he had risen from the lowest ebb of his career, to what was, as far as the general public was concerned, its very zenith. For the first time in his life he was basking in the sunshine of official favor.

After a short stay in England, the Burtons repaired to Vichy,

to spend their few remaining weeks taking the "cure" in the company of Algernon Swinburne, Frederick Leighton and Mrs. Sartoris. The "cure" complete Burton set out for Damascus, via Brindisi, while his wife returned to London to "pay, pack and follow."

December 1870 saw Richard and Isabel settled in their attractive quarters at El Salahiyyah, a suburb on the hills above Damascus. The salary of the post, £1200 a year, permitted them to live in some style—in fact their official dignity demanded it. They kept a corps of servants and an excellent stable, to say nothing of Isabel's menagerie, which Burton describes as consisting of "goats, donkeys, lambs, leopards, ducks, street dogs, pigeons, rabbits, and other notions." They were a bit of trouble at first, but they soon simplified matters for themselves by eating each other.

Burton formed a close friendship with the Algerian hero and exile Abd el Kadir, an upright and honest man, and a truly regal figure in his snow-white garments and magnificently jeweled arms. But his honesty in all official matters soon estranged him from the iniquitous Turkish Wali Raschid Pasha; and the two were constantly at swords points.

True to form, Isabel was not long in grappling to her bosom an undesirable female. The present object of her affections was Jane Digby el Mezrab, a truly remarkable woman, but hardly a suitable boon companion. This lady, who began life as Jane Digby, had made her matrimonial debut as the wife of Lord Ellenborough. When he divorced her she sought refuge with Prince Schwarzenberg, with whom she lived as mistress, until he, too, felt constrained to leave her. After that she sojourned with various European gentry without benefit of clergy, until it seemed that she had quite exhausted the continent. Other fields proving barren, she came to Syria where she married a gentleman whom Isabel describes as "a dirty little black Bedawin Shaykh". She was now close on to sixty, but still a fine looking woman, with snow-white hair and a fine figure, and a mind as tortuous as a corkscrew.

This amiable lady succeeded in hypnotizing Isabel completely, but she never deceived Burton, and when on one of the latter's trips into the desert, she tried to hand him and his party over to her tribe for ransom, her plan was speedily frustrated.

Burton made innumerable trips into the surrounding country

and succeeded in exploring practically the whole of Syria, then little known to Europeans. He travelled much with James Tyrwhitt Drake, a young and charming English archeologist, and their friendship lasted until Drake's tragic death a few years later. Their last expedition, in which Isabel took part, led them to Jerusalem and Nazareth, where an unfortunate incident occurred with a crowd of cowardly Greek Christians, who attacked the party near their church. Burton's coolness and courage prevented the affair taking a really serious turn, but the incident was an ugly one and figured largely in the coming catastrophe.

Burton had now been in Damascus for eighteen months, and the clouds were already beginning to gather. Had he been a little less scrupulously honest, a little more tactful, and a trifle more inclined to let things run along as they had always done, the blow might have been averted. Burton's errors were always on the side of righteousness, and even his worst enemies were never able to impugn his personal integrity. However, he managed to draw upon himself, at one time or another, the indignation of nearly every official class in Damascus. Complaints began to pour in to London from the Protestant Missionaries, the Jewish money-lenders, the Greeks, the rascally Raschid Pasha, and even the Shazlis, a curious offshoot from orthodox Mohammedanism who had been goaded to the point of accepting Christianity by Isabel's evangelical fervor. Many of the stories were obviously ridiculous, but what England wanted at that particular moment was peace and quiet, and it was evident that the end was near.

The blow fell at last in a brutal and uncalled for way, on August 16, 1871. Burton was out riding in the desert when a messenger rushed up and handed him a note informing him that he had been recalled, and that his successor was awaiting him at Beirut. All his dreams were shattered, and the one post he had always coveted, that he had learned to love, the one place where he felt that he could serve his country best, was snatched away from him. "After all my service", wrote Burton in his journal, "ignominiously dismissed at fifty years of age."

That it was official apathy at home and abroad that brought about his downfall, and not any inability to understand and to serve the people entrusted to his care, may be seen in the host of letters that poured into his office when news of his recall was made pub-



lic. Perhaps the most touching of all is that of Abd el Kadir, that began as follows—(It might have been taken straight from the Arabian Nights:)

“Allah favor the days of thy far-famed learning and prosper the excellence of thy writing. O wader of the seas of knowledge, O cistern of learning of our globe, exalted above his age, whose exaltation is above the mountains of increase and our rising place; opener of His books of night and day, traveller by ship and foot and horse—one whom none can equal in travel—Thou hast departed leaving us the sweet perfume of charity and noble conduct, and thy name is large on account of what Allah has put into thy nature.”

Burton returned at once to England, leaving his wife, as usual, to pay, pack and follow. When she joined him in London, she found him living in one room in a cheap hotel, in a state of abysmal dejection. He was virtually penniless and his pride had kept him from making any defence of his conduct of affairs at Damascus. The £16000 inherited from his father, together with Isabel's few hundred, were entirely gone, to say nothing of the £1200 a year that the consulship had paid.

With characteristic pluck Isabel set to work to rehabilitate her husband. Though both of them were poor, they both had influential relatives and wealthy friends, and Mrs. Burton's 'dogged perseverance gradually began to have its effect in official circles, and eventually upon the public. Within a short time after Burton's recall from Damascus, all of his old enemies had been discomfited, and virtually every measure he had recommended had been put into effect. Of course he received no credit for this, but it was pretty generally conceded that he had been fundamentally correct in all he had done. Gradually his spirits began to revive, and his old longing to wander to manifest itself, so when the offer came to examine a sulphur concession in Iceland, just acquired by a wealthy Englishman, he accepted with enthusiasm the opportunity to visit "Ultima Thule."

Just before departing on this expedition, an event occurred that throws considerable light on Burton's erratic nature. Everyone was now talking about Livingstone, and an attempt was being made to raise funds to send an expedition to his assistance. Isabel was determined to get this post for her husband. Everything was going splendidly and a great luncheon had been arranged, at which a very

illustrious personage was to offer Captain Burton the leadership of the expedition. When soup was being served, the important gentleman in question turned to him dramatically and exclaimed:—"Come, consent, and I'll contribute £500 to the expedition." But the Captain, who was in an unusually vile humor, went on spooning up his soup and mumbled:—"I'll save your Royal Highness that expense." Poor Isabel nearly collapsed, and the expedition was eventually undertaken by Cameron.

While Burton was in Iceland, old Mrs. Arundell, Isabel's mother, died. To the very end she kept up her opposition to her daughter's marriage and just before her death she was heard to exclaim,—"Dick Burton is no relative of mine." Even in her bereavement Isabel continued to labor for her husband, and at last, in July 1872, she succeeded in procuring from Lord Granville, an offer of the consulate at Trieste, just vacated by the death of Charles Lever, the novelist. It was nothing to brag about as a post, but it rated a vice-consul as assistant, and its salary of £700 a year was sorely needed. Burton accepted, and returned shortly from Iceland, vastly improved both mentally and physically. He left for his new post in October of the same year, not without sad thoughts upon his exile. The employees of the British Consular Service disgusted him heartily, and he remarked ironically to his wife:—"Why are Egyptian donkey boys so partial to the English?—Answer, because we employ more asses than any other nation."

Trieste was a rather dismal place in those days, but it must be admitted that the duties were light, and permitted the consul considerable leisure. One cannot help wondering, however, why the British Government could find no better employment for a man who was probably the most accomplished explorer of his day, and certainly the most proficient Oriental linguist. It is difficult to imagine how the author of some forty volumes, some of them monuments of observation and learning, was to serve his country in a post that might have been filled successfully by a youngster of a few years training. But British Imperial politics had descended to depths approached only by our own abysmal, albeit democratic methods of to-day.

Now began the most important period of Burton's literary activity. Not that his exploring days were entirely over, for it remained for him to make at least one more important expedition. In 1877

he persuaded the Khedive of Egypt, always sadly in need of funds, to send him out at the head of an exploring party in search of the lost gold mines of Midian. They spent the better part of two years, —and £9700 of the Khedive's money,—in the search, and returned with thirty tons of samples of ore, and a host of objects of archeological interest. That the ores proved to be of so low a grade that it would not have paid to mine them did not seem to disappoint Burton. One is tempted to believe that it was adventure he was seeking, and that gold was a minor consideration.

In 1880 appeared the *Kasidah*, Burton's first effort as an original poet. Published as a translation from the poem of one Haji Abdu el Yezdi, it is a curious collection of ideas garnered in all quarters of the literary and geographical globe:—from Plato to the Omar of Fitzgerald, from Bombay to Salt Lake City. As might be expected it fell foul of the critics although appreciative admirers were not wanting, but its overabundance of archaic words and its heavy couplets failed to establish his reputation as a poet. Eventually he abandoned the translation story and admitted its authorship.

Next came the translation of the "*Lusiads*" of Camoëns, begun in 1847 when on leave in Goa, worked upon at odd times in Somaliland, Equatorial Africa, Brazil and Damascus, but not actually completed until 1882. It was followed by a life and commentary in the same year, and two years later by the "*Lyrics*"—in all a total of nine volumes. Than Burton no one was better equipped to translate the "*Lusiads*",—he was literally saturated with them. He had visited every place mentioned by the famous Portuguese, and had read his inspiring stanzas on the very ground of which they sang. But his passion for archaic words and phrases, and his lack of real poetic instinct, detract greatly from the artistic value of his work. Though vastly more complete, and more faithfully rendered, his version lacks the robust vigor of Mickle's eighteenth century translation. The book was never a success as a publishing venture, and resulted in considerable pecuniary loss, but its voluminous notes alone are sufficient to render it a work of permanent value.

Space forbids individual mention of all Burton's literary work, but a word must be said concerning the Kama Shashtra Society, before proceeding to his magnum opus, the *Arabian Nights*. This society whose proceedings and membership were carefully shrouded in mystery, seems to have consisted of Richard Burton, F. F. Ar-

buthnot, and Edward Rehatsek, a Hungarian Orientalist, a sort of nineteenth century Diogenes, who though quite well-to-do, lived by himself in a hut outside of Benares. The object of this society was to make available to English scholars certain Oriental erotica of unquestioned sociological and anthropological value. In justice to Burton and Arbuthnot, it cannot be too strongly urged that their attitude towards these works was that of the scholar, and that they did their best to keep them out of the hands of the general public. That they were afterwards pirated by unscrupulous European, English and even American publishers, was no fault of theirs. Such fraudulent editions have resulted only in dragging the work of earnest scholars through the mire of pornography.

In all, about fifteen books were projected, but only five of them actually appeared; the *Kama Sutra* and the *Ananga Ranga* from the Sanskrit, from the Persian the *Beharistan* and the *Gulistan*, and from the Arabic, *The Perfumed*, (or as it is usually called) *the Scented Garden*. In addition to these the Arabian Nights bore the imprint of the society, with Benares as the place of publication, though the volumes were printed and bound in England, and despatched to the subscribers, by Burton's own hand from Trieste. In all of them Burton had some hand, and in two, the *Arabian Nights* and the *Scented Garden* the work was entirely his own. The other ten books were translated by Rehatsek, and exist to-day in manuscript, but they were never published, as the society ceased to function when Burton died in 1890.

Despite all his other literary output—some sixty-four volumes—Burton's claim to immortality rests chiefly on his translation of that gorgeous, imaginative, poetic, bloodthirsty and erotic collection of tales, *Alf Layah wa Layah* which we know as the Arabian Nights. Introduced to Europe by Galland, in a form garbled and abridged to suit the taste of eighteenth century France, translated from French into English, "Bowdlerized" by Scott, and finally rendered from the Arabic in emasculated form by Lane, it had never been completely translated into a European tongue until the version of John Payne, which appeared in 1882-4. The reasons for this are obvious to anyone who is familiar with the collection. Burton himself had once remarked that only three fourths of the "Nights" were at all fit for translation, and that not even the most sanguine Orientalist would ever venture to render more than four-

fifths of them. Yet this is precisely what Payne did, and Burton after him, with embellishments in the form of notes that at times would make even the divine Pietro Aretino turn over in his grave. In fact it is his notes that make Burton's edition of superlative value; from a purely literary point of view it is distinctly inferior to Payne. These notes, which cover every conceivable subject, from Oriental astronomy to female circumcision, from necromancy to certain characteristics of Abyssinian women, from devilish rites to the use of precious stones as prophylactics—are the result of his own observations during his long life in the Orient, and as such are of inestimable worth. The entire work consists of sixteen large octavo volumes, of which six are given over to the "Supplemental Nights", a sort of apochryphal collection, and yet an organic part of the remarkable whole. The first volume appeared in 1885, the last in 1888. The venture was a complete success. The edition of 1000 sets was sold out on publication and resulted in a clear financial gain of £10,000.

If Payne's version had been greeted with a stir, Burton's was met by a whirlwind. On one side were admirers so enthusiastic that they could not find words suitable to praise; on the other stood the legions of Comstockery, who racked their brains for epithets sufficiently black to express their indignation. Said one reviewer:—"Captain Burton is not content with calling a spade a spade,—he must have it a dirty shovel. The editions of the *Arabian Nights*," continued this outraged critic, "may justly be assigned as follows: Galland to the Nursery, Lane to the School, Payne to the Library, and Burton to the sewers."

Though fearless in his every word and thought, Burton was well aware of the consequences that might follow the publication of the "Nights", and he had carefully prepared a defense against the possibility of prosecution. In what he called his black book, he had drawn up a list of so-called indecencies in the works considered to be classics of the English Language, and one has visions of the fiery old man, holding his accusers at bay, in one hand a copy of the King James Bible and in the other Sir Thomas Urquhart's Rabelais. But the prosecution never came. For the first time in over forty years of continuous service, the sunshine of public and official favor was full upon him. He had labored incessantly in the interests of England and of Science, he had spent at least £20,000

of his own money in explorations that earned him not even a word of commendation, and he had broken down even his own iron constitution. All his life he had been forced to watch men of vastly inferior ability advanced over him to posts of honor, and it is small wonder that at sixty-four he was an embittered old man.

All this was changed with the appearance of the Nights, and when in 1886, Queen Victoria made him Knight Commander of Saint Michael and St. George, in recognition of his services, the award was greeted with universal acclaim. Though the government obstinately refused to retire him, he was left strictly to his own devices, and he wandered—or rather charged—about Europe and the British Isles to his heart's content. Naturally, his consular affairs got themselves into a hopeless muddle, and thereby hangs an anecdote that admirably illustrates the kindly esteem in which he was held at home.

An Englishman at Trieste who was outraged at the condition of the consular accounts and Sir Richard's continual absence, wrote to the Foreign Office, demanding to know why they put up with such inefficiency and neglect of duty, and suggesting that since the vice-consul did all the work, it would be well to get rid of Burton and let the vice-consul have his place. To this demand he received the following graceful reply:—"Dear Sir:—We look upon the consulship of Trieste as a gift to Sir Richard Burton for his services to the nation, and we must decline to interfere with him in any way."

For some time Burton had contemplated an edition of the *Scented Garden*, which he had intended to be his masterpiece. The nature of this delightful treatise, a sixteenth century work, may be surmised from the sub-title of the earlier editions—*A Manual of Arabian Erotology*, and from the remark that he made concerning it to one of his friends:—"Along side the *Scented Garden*, the *Arabian Nights* is a mere baby-book." It was to have been in two large volumes, annotated in the most lurid Burtonian style. He began actual work on it in March 1890, and kept at it continually, working sometimes eighteen hours a day, until the very eve of his death in October of the same year. Just how much of it was completed at that time can never be definitely known, for the manuscript perished in the holocaust that Lady Burton held after his death, and that consumed, oh most irreparable of



Towards midnight a sudden attack came on, and despite the frantic efforts of his attendant physician, Sir Richard died. At six in the morning a priest arrived, and as his soul had long since departed—who knows whither—perhaps to the bosom of Allah—his body passed to the Church of Rome. It was literally covered with the scars of his battles with mankind.

Isabel took him back to England, and he was laid to rest in an eccentric marble tomb, shaped like an Arab tent, in Mortlake Cemetery. Inside were little camel-bells that tinkled mournfully in the breeze until the door was sealed; and surmounting the curious mausoleum, a many-pointed gilded star.

Lady Burton did not long survive. Her last days were devoted to the preparation of a life of her husband, which appeared in 1893—two monstrous tomes—a noble book, worthless as a biography, but a touching monument to a wife's devotion. She died in March 1896, and her earthly remains were placed with Sir Richard's in the queer mausoleum at Mortlake. When her body had been laid to rest, and the pall bearers left the tomb, the camel-bells within tinkled plaintively for the last time. The marble door was sealed; leaving them lying side by side—the Cross of Rome and the Crescent of Al Islam.