A FORGOTTEN EXPLORER OF ARABIA: G. A. WALLIN

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S. G. Elmgren, "Georg August Wallins Reseanteckningar fran orienten aren, 1843-1849" (Helsingfors, 1865).

Knut Tallqvist, "Bref och Dagboksanteckningar af Georg August Wallin" (Helsingfors, 1905).

D. G. Hogarth, "The Penetration of Arabia" (1904), especially chapter vii.

H. St. J. Philby, "Arabia." 1930.

"One might spare something of his successors' narratives to have more of Wallin's" (D. G. Hogarth, *op. cit.*).

EACH decade of the middle of the nineteenth century is marked by one name of capital importance in the history of Arabian exploration: Wallin in the '40's, Burton in the '50's, Palgrave in the '60's, Doughty in the '70's; to three out of the four we have owed, down to quite recent years, the chief of our knowledge of Central Arabia. It is perhaps too much to say that Wallin's name is forgotten; rather is it embalmed in the dusty files of the Royal Geographical Society's *Journal*, and in histories of Arabian exploration, where much that is known about him is known wrongly.

He has been called a Swede (he was a Fenno-Swede, Swedish by blood and speech, but a native of Finland); a political agent in Arabia of the Egyptian Government (he had nothing to do with the Egyptian Government; there were idle rumours to that effect in Arabia and presumably at Cairo, but they are ignored by Elmgren in the biographical sketch with which he introduced the "Letters" and in Professor Tallqvist's "Life." When the latter saw the statement, he denied it vigorously [*Ztschr. f. Assyriologie*, Bd. 27, p. 103]). Indeed, the negative evidence of the diaries and letters is overwhelming. Wallin has been called an unsympathetic observer of desert life (he was the very first to write a pæan in praise of the Arabian desert and the life in the black booths). The reason is not far to seek: outside Finland and Scandinavia Wallin is only known by the two papers in the *J.R.G.S.*, for his copious letters and diaries have never

been translated. Since Wallin's place among Arabian explorers is admittedly high, some account of his life in English seems to be called for.

George Augustus Wallin was born in Finland in 1811, two years after the final conquest and absorption of the country by the Russians. When he was six the family removed from the Åland Islands to Åbo, the old capital. George was sent to the cathedral school, where he became a leader among the boys, more especially in town and gown rows. It is said that he made up his mind as a child to see Jerusalem and the Pyramids, but the ruling passions of his boyhood were sailing and visiting the shipyards, and music. He was at home in the mazes of the Åbo Skerries, whether learning seamanship among the outer islets—a bleak world of waves and low-lying, windswept granite—or exploring the delicious wooded solitudes of the inner sounds, where drifts of meadow-sweet sweep down to the tideless water and fir cones drop on the seaweed rim of the tiny beaches. Here he got that "eye for country" which enabled him, the learned Orientalist, to make his contribution to the geography of inner Arabia. In the Skerries the boy learnt to be self-reliant and self-sufficient, sometimes spending the short Northern summer night on one of the uninhabited islands alone. He and two others were wont to sail back up the river Aura playing a flute trio. The sea was his delight; as only chance prevented a still greater devotee of Arabia Deserta, Charles Doughty, from entering the navy, so only chance kept Wallin from going to sea. At the end of his life in the lecture room he is said to have looked like a weather-beaten Finnish skipper. It is easy to see how this upbringing fostered the characteristics which later made for his success as a traveller; the ease and simple pleasure with which he could foregather with uneducated men; the constant observation of natural surroundings; the resourcefulness and habit of prompt decision.

In 1829 he followed his family to Helsingfors, then also a purely Swedish town, where his father had been made *överkommissarie* at the court of appeal, and entered the university. He read the classics in accordance with the rigid curriculum and learnt modern languages for his own satisfaction, French and Russian, English and German. It is not known whether he spoke Finnish. Under Professor Geitlin, later his intimate friend and correspondent, the foundations of Arabic and Persian were laid.

With sailors, fishermen, peasants, students, and even professors,

Wallin was always on good terms; society he never could endure. In spite of taciturnity he was a popular and respected figure among his fellow-students, and in the town—Helsingfors was still very small—where his feats of rowing and especially swimming became legendary. There is an oral tradition that Topelius' story "Vincent Vågbrytaren" (V. the Breakwater) was suggested by Wallin's character and adventures at this time; some sentimentality apart, it gives an admirable picture of the *milieu*. (The other great figure in contemporary Swedish literature, yet another Fenno-Swede, the poet Runeberg, was also an acquaintance and was to mourn Wallin's early death in a fine elegy.) There were conflicts with the university authorities, even rustication, but hard upon that the rector of the university made him tutor to his own son. Wallin and his young charge seem to have enjoyed their holidays in the Åland Islands; on one occasion he preached a sermon, for there was some idea of his entering the Church, on another gave a tremendous thrashing to a parson caught cheating at cards, with the parishioners' entire approval. In 1839 he became Docent, on the strength of a Latin dissertation "On the Principal Differences between Classical and Modern Arabic."

After his father's death, in spite of the straitened means of the family, he managed to spend nearly two years at the Oriental Institute of the University of St. Petersburg, where his chief teachers were a Persian *mirza* and the Arab Shaikh Muhammed at-Tantawi (of the Azhar "university" at Cairo), who became a lifelong friend.

The turning-point of Wallin's life was the grant of a travelling scholarship at Helsingfors in 1841. The plan of the journey he presented is important. He proposed, "for the advancement of the university and science in general," to travel in Egypt and Arabia, chiefly for the purpose of the comparative study of Arabian dialects. After consulting specialists in Europe, he wished to stay at Alexandria and Cairo to perfect his Arabic, afterwards going up the Nile, making excursions on both sides of the river; from there to go to the nearest Red Sea port and cross to Arabia. About six months were to be spent in the Yamen, to carry on the studies begun by Fulgence Fresnel, French Consul at Jidda, in Himyaritic. Wallin hoped to spend a month at Mecca and by then be able to travel in the interior without self-betrayal. (He soon realized that Mecca was hardly a safe finishing school.) A visit to the Wahabi country was to be the chief aim of the journey. From Dar'iya in Najd he hoped to reach Qatif or some

other port on the Gulf; from there, either direct or via Basra, to recross Arabia to Madina, and so home by way of Palestine and Constantinople. A tremendous programme!

At the suggestion of a medical colleague, he determined to travel as a doctor and vaccinator. Characteristically, he put off the journey for six months to prepare as well as he could for the part. Even this short study and clinical experience may well have made him a better doctor than Burton, Palgrave, or Doughty. Burton, indeed, wrote Wallin a long letter full of questions when he was preparing for his own pilgrimage, and before hearing of Wallin's death.

He was kindly received in Paris by Quatremère, and spent some time over Arabic MSS. in the libraries. An adventure led to serious consequences. He happened to make the acquaintance at Père Lachaise of a young man from Marseilles, later called "that devil," who spoke a little Arabic. They arranged a meeting. The diary breaks off for six weeks; Elmgren believed that Wallin was attacked, beaten, stripped, and left to die in a lonely street. At all events there was a serious illness. "Both in health and character the Paris adventure left deep traces. Into his bold and generous mind was born a certain suspicion and bitterness" (Tallqvist, *op. cit.*).

After consorting happily at Marseilles with Finnish and Swedish seamen, Wallin sailed to Constantinople on a Finnish brig, and began to recover health and spirits, delighting in the glimpses of Hellas on the leisurely cruise through the Levant. From Constantinople he reached Alexandria in December, '43. Since Le Havre he had been careful to have his name endorsed as "Wali" on all passports, a name afterwards changed to "Abdolwali." This was at Shaikh Tantawi's suggestion, but probably also owing to the study of Burckhardt, whose influence can be traced in matters great and small. January 24, '44, was his Muhammedan birthday, when he put on the Eastern clothes he was to wear for the next few years.

The real schooling began at once in Cairo. Every thought, every faculty was bent to the one purpose: learning to pass among Muhammedans as a fellow-believer. Only so could he carry out his plans. As unobtrusively as possible he had to slip into the stream of native life. In detail we hear of filthy *wekales*, various private dwellings, rascally servants, innumerable coffee-house acquaintances, and learned shaikhs. Among the latter, Tantawi's introductions were useful, though he postponed using them, and they then led to a transient suspicion that Wallin was a spy in the Russian service.

His acquaintances were all of the middle and lower classes, which was very much to his democratic taste. There is no trace of any connection with the Turkish official class; from a casual remark later, we gather that he always avoided Turks where possible.

Much time was taken up with lessons in colloquial Arabic, grammar, caligraphy, the elements of Islamic law and theology, the Arabic flute, and—most important of all—intoning the Koran. The flute was very difficult owing to the great number of intervals in the Arab scale. Camel-riding came easy, he wrote on his first journey, because his Koran teacher had made him bow constantly during the recitation, and the time happened to be the same as that of the camel's paces. Untold hours were spent in chat in the mosques and coffee-houses. Gradually Wallin learned "to sit, walk, talk, and use the correct compliments, as became a learned shaikh" (of the Hanafi sect). One imagines that he found the last habit hardest to acquire. After a time he entered many houses as a doctor, and spent three months in the house of an Arab friend. He had to accustom himself to the heat of the Cairo summer, unfamiliar food, fasting in Ramhdan, boils, vermin, dirt, perpetual watchfulness, home-sickness, and, above all, want of privacy. He endured it all with Finnish doggedness. The one recurring question was: Has my Islam been called in question? With the minuteness and almost the regularity of a fever chart, the answers, positive and negative, are entered over a long period.

The letters and diaries record each step he took in outward conformity; first the ceremonial washings, then the daily prayers; after many months the Friday mosque; later still he took part in *zikrs*, "calling upon Allah from the depths of my throat." "I always marvelled at the deep and resonant tone of the 'Allah'; it is like the deepest note of an organ, with a vibrating, silvery note that only an Arab's throat can produce." Wallin was ready at need to repeat the Muhammedan *credo*; if directly questioned he would not have denied being a Christian (though he would not have made the mistake of calling himself *nosrani*, a name, he says, reserved in Cairo for Greeks and Armenians wearing native dress). But his outward conformity had been so thorough that witnesses were always ready to testify for him; he had only to hold his tongue. This was especially the case on journeys, when *rafiqs* felt their credit bound up in his. Wallin was a sincerely God-fearing man, but nothing leads one to suppose that his specific Christianity was more than traditional, "the

faith of my fathers." The assumption of Muhammedanism may have cost him an occasional qualm, hardly a conscientious scruple. But the necessity for deceiving Arab friends was really painful. "Again I felt the greatest disgust at playing my liar's part; but," quoting a Finnish proverb, "he who takes the Devil into his boat is bound to land him safely."

This life was only made possible by avoidance of European society. A few rare exceptions were made for travellers in the East and for the Russian Consulate, through which he received letters and remittances. It could be visited without arousing too much suspicion, and, indeed, Wallin made no great secret of being a Russian subject; were not many of the Faithful subjects of the Czar? Wallin would have liked to make Lane's acquaintance, but Lane was still more strenuously avoiding Europeans. He saw a good deal of the Bavarian doctor Prunner, who had been with the Egyptians in the Hijaz and had travelled among the Wahabis. He also saw something of Adolf von Wrede, then busy writing the account of his travels in the Hadhramaut. Wallin disliked Wrede's talkativeness and boastfulness, despising a man who had lived for twenty years among Arabs without learning more than a smattering of Arabic; but he granted Wrede courage and promptitude and did not doubt his travels. Wrede probably had the uneasy self-assertiveness of the partially *déclassé*—he had run away from home at an early age—and no doubt felt far from certain of obtaining the recognition that was really his due. Docent Wallin, on the other hand, had a definite if humble place in the academic hierarchy; he had influential backing at home; and even in his Eastern disguise there was nothing ambiguous in his position in the eyes of Europeans of education. Fresnell, then on his way home from Jidda, is always spoken of with respect. He gave Wallin information about the Northern tribes, and told him about the ruins, not yet seen by any European, although Burckhardt had mentioned them, at Madina Salih. At various times Wallin considered the possibility of going there, but at Ma'an, on the first journey, could get no information. At Taima, on the second, he did hear about them from Badawin, but had then no choice but to push on to Hayil. Before leaving Cairo, Wallin decided to put off the Himyaritic studies in the Yamen till he could hope to spend some years there. Fresnell and von Wrede foretold his success in Arabia, so thorough had been his Orientalization and so un-European was his appearance. He looked as though he had Tartar blood, though the

nose was Caucasian.* (The idealized portrait published by Elmgren and Hogarth has not much value, for it was painted on the basis of a slight pencil sketch made on his death-bed.) Fresnell strongly advised Wallin to approach Arabia from Syria or Iraq, not Egypt, on account of the suspicion felt for everyone who came from there. "The Pasha's liberality was all-too-well-known and hated." The great Muhammed Ali had left a name in Arabia whose reverberations had not yet died away; even in the extreme South, von Wrede had just been suspected of being an Egyptian spy. But the prolonged stay in Cairo had cost so much that Wallin was reluctantly forced to take the nearer route. Fresnell then advised him to go via Aqaba. He had spoken more wisely than he knew in giving the first advice, though in the event it was not Wallin's life that was endangered, but his reputation as a disinterested explorer.

Long before starting for Arabia in April, '45, Wallin was heartily tired of Cairo and the Cairenes ". . . this people has no manliness of body or soul." But Arabic had proved harder than expected, a trip up the Nile, then commissions for Helsingfors, collecting books and anatomical specimens, had caused further delay.

The chief part of Wallin's scanty luggage was an imposing medicine chest; the only European book he dared to take, a small German medical compendium; his sole instruments for geographical purposes, watch, compass, and thermometer (precisely von Wrede's equipment). As it was, they, or perhaps the surgical instruments, gave rise to suspicions of his orthodoxy, even of his being a Frank. Without a barometer, Wallin's theorizing over the relative heights of the Arabian peninsula was necessarily guesswork. It was just too early for the aneroid, and an ordinary barometer was ruled out by the conditions of the journey. It must be borne in mind that the original object of the journey was mainly philological, not geographical, nor was he trained for geographical work. Even the self-taught Wrede had more notion of geology, and had studied Forskåll's botany of Arabia. With absolutely no training in natural science, if we except the short medical course, he yet contrived to make large additions to geographical knowledge, for he possessed the seeing eye and in a high degree the scientific conscience. His own remark after the first journey is bitter enough: "I am very vexed (*det grämer mig*) at not owning astronomical instruments; for I could probably have deter-

* It is a moot point whether Wallin was of pure Swedish blood, or partly Finnish (Tallqvist, *op. cit.*, p. 1).

mined the position of the places I stayed at, if I had had the instruments and had known how to use them, which I suppose does not need much practice." But they were probably not to be had at Cairo, and in any case he had very little money.

The two English papers in which Wallin described his Arabian journeys are models of compression, so that we can hardly quarrel with a certain dryness; a more impersonal account of travel was surely never written. Something is due to the unfamiliar language in which he was obliged to write; he compares it to walking in tight shoes. In a matter-of-fact way he recorded the important *actual* results, attaching his own observations wherever possible to the existing literature, mostly Arabic. No fault can be found with the method, yet certainly the apparatus of learning displayed is unattractive. His own adventures—for instance, the intense sufferings from thirst on the way from Gubbe to Hayil, and the two occasions on which he was robbed by Badawin—are passed over; nothing is said of the background of hopes and fears and shifting plans. "Here," in Arabia, "one must act as if one were cautiously sailing a coasting vessel, waiting for and spying after every breeze and little cloud, often lying for weeks and months in harbour, before daring to put out to sea."

But the tone of the diaries and letters is refreshingly natural. Wallin soon found it impossible to keep a diary in the desert, but was reduced to taking "very brief and aphoristic notes," worked up afterwards, when he could command some privacy, into immense letters to some intimate friend or friends at his own university. Unfortunately, Elmgren often suppressed the addressees' names, and the letters he used have disappeared. They are real letters, but are also evidently meant as *aides mémoire* and as informal reports to the university authorities. From the Consulate at Cairo they were to be forwarded by the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg to Finland, but were apt to lie there forgotten for months at a time.

While acknowledging the great merits of Burton's and Palgrave's narratives, one must admit Wallin's superiority in style. They are perpetually glancing over their shoulders at the audience, away from their object. Fashions change, and the jaunty, man-of-the-world pose that was one fashion of the '50's and '60's did not suit descriptions of the desert and the Badawin. Wallin kept his eye always on the object. He is never brilliant; he is always truthful; when he does allow himself a generalization his reader is compelled to feel that his insight has pierced right down to the roots of the subject. He had

not Doughty's splendid gift of description; yet he, too, besides integrity of vision, had the power of vivid phrasing. Nor was the highly Latinized English then current so good a medium as Wallin's plain but vivid Swedish; he was not driven, like Doughty, to fall back on archaisms to avoid a style that jarred with the subject-matter.

Wallin was the first to give a full and first-hand account of the Badawin. Burckhardt had collected a store of sound information, but his direct contacts with them were limited to the border lands and the pilgrim routes near the Holy Cities. Wallin's experience of desert life was much shorter than Doughty's, but by temperament he was at least as well able to appreciate its bare grandeur. A deep satisfaction wells up again and again, as when he talks of "the perpetual monotony of the desert and the strange patience it engenders. A desert journey is like a sea voyage"; after the first camp: "Was it merely the pleasure of novelty, or was it the strange, magical, saga-like, patriarchal life, as of our first fathers—I do not know what it was that pleased me so, but I thought I never spent so happy and pleasant an evening." Wallin had an ingrained belief that he, the son of a barren country, bred up to hardness and adventure, was somehow akin to the Badawin. With him, criticism was apt to tread on the heels of admiration, yet they always remained "the free and noble sons of the desert." He did not sentimentalize unduly. "There are two ways of getting on with the Badawins; either give them sugar and sweet words, or treat them with severity and manly seriousness; I have found the second method the better one." But, he adds, up till then he had had no experience of the pure-bred tribes. "The Badawin is almost always the same; one becomes his friend and brother at once"; but: "One can live long with him and be convinced that nothing can now upset the good relationship; but if by chance the Badawin's hatred, envy, avarice, or any other of the passions is stirred, which are the drawbacks of his unbridled nature, in a second everything is changed." Later still he wrote: "I do not know where my love for the desert comes from—all too well I know that nothing awaits me there but hunger and thirst; the hot sun without shade; every hour the fear of being snapped up by my friends the Badawins, and being left, cruelly stripped, to die of hunger; or else the prospect of having to pit my strength against a nature that is as cruel as the sons of the desert; yet I know that in all Persia's luxuriance, and the superfluities of the English colony at Baghdad, as among the flesh-pots of Egypt, I longed continually for the desert."

Wallin naturally devotes much attention to desert hospitality and the code of manners. His medicine chest was always placed in the women's part of the tent, so that he had free access to them, and he praises their relative freedom. The Badawi husband, too, had a better time than his brother in the town; according to Wallin, husbands were hen-pecked in direct ratio to the seclusion in which their wives were kept; it was a matter in which he took a keen interest everywhere; his sympathy was all for the husbands. Children were exceedingly well-behaved, they were often as sensible as their elders. The desert speech, "with its metallic sound" . . . "almost the pure Koran speech," was hard to understand at first; Wallin took Luther's advice and listened to the women and children, once playing "visitors" and "market" for hours with the children in the deserted camp. Desert law and the conflict between it and the "Shariat dauli" amongst the tribes nearest the Turco-Egyptian lands interested him profoundly. Wallin longed to return and make a collection of desert laws; on the two journeys he had neither time nor sufficient familiarity with the language and customs to think of attempting it. He stored up every fact he could about rainfall, pasture, personal relationships, realizing that in the desert such knowledge enormously increased a traveller's prestige. The absence of fanaticism or of a parade of piety among the Badawi pleased him at first, but later he was mildly shocked by their ignorance of Islam: "They have absolutely no religion."

II

In Arabia Wallin tried at first to practise medicine without taking payment, partly because he wanted to repay hospitality, partly because he looked on himself as hardly better than a quacksalver. But this departure from custom led at once to trouble. He was suspected of being a Frank, or, since his orthodoxy seemed above reproach, a spy from Egypt. Taking payment also had the advantage of keeping down the swarm of patients, and the gifts of flour, butter, and *marisi* were welcome. To keep up the character of a learned shaikh from Cairo, Wallin was sometimes obliged to write charms—any Swedish words that came into his head—in Arabic script, a thing Doughty could not bring himself to do. Wallin consoled himself with the thought that at least they did no harm, and that in this case he refused payment. "I need not tell you how revolting the business

was, but I could not do otherwise; I was forced to it." A sense of the grotesqueness of the situation was some compensation.

The ailments he was asked to cure were nearly always of long standing, requiring prolonged treatment, which he could not give, and of which the crassly ignorant patients could not understand the necessity. He did what could be done in a hurry for ophthalmia and toothache and made many medical observations. With one exception, the only cases which he seriously undertook were at Jauf, where he stayed four months, and Hayil, where he stayed for two.

The northern desert which Wallin passed through from Ma'an to Jauf through the Wadi Sirhan, afterwards crossing the Nafud to Hayil, had been visited by no European. There is no need to repeat the itineraries, given by Wallin himself in the two papers. His instinct, from the first, led him to Najd; his main object, never reached, was S. Najd, the true Arabia of the Wahabis. He saw Najd as a sort of focus of the life of the peninsula, a rallying-point, from which waves of physically and spiritually rejuvenated Arabs had twice swept out to the border lands: after the birth of Muhammedanism in the Hijaz, and at the great Wahabi revival of Muhammedanism in the eighteenth century (Letter to the Imperial Russian Geographical Society, Tallqvist, *op. cit.*, p. 327). The amazing rebirth of the same power of late years would probably not have taken him altogether by surprise. Though S. Najd in his time was in a wretched state, barely beginning to recover from the tremendous impact of the Egyptian attacks, culminating, though not ending, in the destruction of Dar'iya in 1818, Riyadh and the teaching in its mosque were what interested him most in all Arabia.

On his first journey Wallin spent some time at Jauf as a welcome guest. At first he spent the evenings with the youths of the town, lying on the soft sand listening to their singing on the one-stringed *robaba,* but he had to give up this unorthodox society when he made friends with a Wahabi *katib,* sent by Ibn Rashid to keep the people of Jauf up to their religious duties. From him Wallin learnt much of the history and contemporary state of Najd, in repayment arduously teaching the elements of arithmetic; from him, too, he learnt about Wahabism on the theological side; with its militant aspect he never became acquainted. Wallin reports: "They never call themselves Wahabis, it being a term of reproach used by opponents, but simply *muslimin* or *muhvahhidin* (Unitarians)." The strange fact of a relative tolerance towards Christians and Jews, as against other Muslims,

is mentioned. Like every other traveller, he noted the occasional hypocrisy which always accompanies Puritanism. He agreed with Burckhardt in looking upon Wahabism as Muhammedanism, pure and undefiled, its tenets not differing from those of the orthodox Hanbali sect.

Travelling over the Nafud with weak camels and an incompetent *rafik*, Wallin reached Hayil after great hardship. There is a description of the great Amir Abdullah, doing justice familiarly in his own courtyard. Wallin had been asked at Jauf to deliver a letter; he handed it to the prince, who took it carelessly, his attention "fortunately" fixed on two Badawin he was trying to reconcile. After six days of Ibn Rashid's hospitality, sleeping in the mosque, for there was no private hospitality, as at Jauf, Wallin took a penniless old Persian dervish into his service, and hired a small house in a garden. Privacy was more prudent, as well as pleasanter. He enjoyed this companionship, saying that Persians and Europeans have much in common; the Persians have much of our chivalry and *point d'honneur*, besides liking a joke. "Not so the Arab; he is Understanding itself . . . and would never be tempted to fight windmills; which leads, to our minds, to a certain shamelessness . . . which one sees among Arabs everywhere."

In Hayil Wallin spent two very happy months, living on the fat of the land, which was needed after the date diet of Jauf and the short commons of the desert, and enjoying the good air and water, even the homely granite of the landscape. Wallin had a clear enough appreciation of the dual nature of the Shammar, half townsmen, half Badawin. "The Shammar are at present the mightiest Bạdawin tribe," "Ibn Rashid goes himself every rainy season into the desert with his beasts." Abdullah, a very able ruler, was the virtual founder of the Rashid Dynasty. There was peace within his borders, but not much for his immediate neighbours; he was victorious and free-handed, so that his friends outnumbered his enemies among his own people. He had steered a difficult course among the claims of the different potentates who at various times had exacted his allegiance: the Sharif of Mecca, the Pasha of Egypt, the Porte itself, and his old friend Faisal ibn Sa'ud. He acknowledged Faisal's formal claim, but the Shammar State, not S. Najd, was the centre of power.

From Hayil Wallin wished to go to the Qasim on the way to Riyadh; but, as Ibn Rashid's brother had just returned from a bloody raid there, it was thought too unsafe. He also considered returning

by way of Taima and Madain Salih, but since it was the time of the pilgrimage, with accompanying unrest in the desert, that, too, was given up. The pleasant life at Hayil had cost money, and finally the cheapest and probably safest course was chosen, which was to join the Persian pilgrimage passing through Hayil, though Wallin no longer considered the visit to Mecca worth the risk involved, and had written of the childish vanity of wanting to be among the four or five Europeans who had been there. He could not afford the heavy fee to the Shammar Amir al Hajj, and so passed a time of great anxiety; the journey, too, was physically exhausting. At Madina he hoped to leave the pilgrims and make for the coast, but again the insecurity of the country and want of money forced him to remain. At Mecca he performed all the ceremonies, without being impressed, and described them shortly: Burckhardt had been exhaustive enough. Wallin was unwell, only anxious to leave "the Gehenna air" of Mecca before an open sore began to fester. He reached Jidda hungry, ragged, with but the value of 45 kopeks in his pocket, but with the pilgrim's large and clean turban, and able now to reflect that the title of "Haji" might prove useful later. Fortunately, a small letter of credit could be cashed. A sixty days' voyage up the Red Sea on an Arab vessel, packed with fanatical pilgrims, in bad weather, was a further test of endurance.

At Cairo there was a great disappointment: no news from home, since all his letters from Arabia had gone astray. Wallin was depressed by seeming neglect, tormented by anxiety for the future. Finally, he got into touch with Helsingfors, the letters were recovered, 1,000 roubles were "graciously granted," and hopes held out for the renewal of the original scholarship. At the end of nine months, since he had not the means for a long stay in the Yamen, he decided to visit Sinai and Jerusalem. Wallin noted the corruptness of the three holiest cities he visited.

Then came another long stay at Cairo. He prepared for the second Arabian journey, reducing the size of the medicine-chest and improving the coffee equipment, with a nice adjustment to their respective popularity values. An ordinary passport, *tedzkere,* was procured through the consulate, and the name "Abdolvali" changed to "Abdol Maula," out of deference to the saint-hating Wahabis. Unfortunately, he also asked, through the consulate, for a general letter of introduction for use in Arabia. This was refused. From Hayil he intended to go, either via Sedeir or the Qasim, to Riyadh. This time Wallin

had letters to "Feysal, son of Turki of the Sa'ud family," and to two learned shaikhs of the family of Aʿbdul Wahhab, from one of their relatives, a Wahabi shaikh in Cairo. "I hope to be well received, and in that case would spend some time there, so as to hear the lectures which are said to be held in the mosque at Rijad. . . . If I can, I shall make an excursion to Baghdad, Alhassa, Bahrein, possibly even south to the great empty desert, which I imagine lies between Nejd and Yemen."

Wallin started on this journey with high hopes, better equipped than before, not indeed in good health—he was suffering terribly from boils—but looking forward to travelling through the spring pastures of the desert. "I am too much of a Badawin to put my trust in any preparations, or in aught else than Him who protects the faithful and the unfaithful . . . as well as on *alnije alneize* (the pure intent), as the Badawins say, for the Lord knows that my intent is pure."

The next news was given in a letter from Baghdad of August 2, '48. Landing at Muweila, he had travelled slowly, doctoring among various tribes, especially the Ma'aze, where he spent a month treating a mortally sick chief, afterwards reading the burial prayers. A vivid picture is given of the poverty-stricken little town of Tebuk, only to be approached at night for fear of thieving Badawin. Wallin could induce no one to go with him to the ruins of old Tebuk; a guide might have gone for money, but it was not safe to admit owning money on such a journey. He then went a roundabout way to Taima, as camels had to be fetched. Here in the black booths he fell in love, not for the first or last time, and even played with the thought of marrying and settling "far from Europe's pomps and vanities and over-education." But he realized in time that the idyll would not be lasting, and pushed on to Taima.

The events which followed must be given in some detail, for they were crucial, both for the success of Wallin's plans and for the estimate in which he has since been held.

"Some hours before our arrival a man called Beshir, a slave of Abbas Pasha* in Cairo, had arrived on his way to Egypt, with a string of Negd horses which he had bought for his master at Hail." While Wallin was still drinking coffee at his host's, another slave of the party, a rude fellow, came in, upbraided Wallin's Badawin companions for convoying a stranger, and fell on Wallin with threats and the accusation that he had called himself a servant of Abbas Pasha.

* Grandson of Muhammad Ali.

Wallin denied it, holding his pistols ready under his cloak: "Thank God I am no one's servant, but God's and my own. . . . I am no vagabond or fugitive," and showed the *tedzkere*. The whole affair was caused by the gossip of the little place, which accounted for Wallin's appearance with seven companions, by saying that he was on his way to Najd with ten chests of gold, to buy horses for his master Abbas Pasha, named as the only Egyptian magnate who had connections with Arabia. Wallin went straight to Beshir, who was reasonable, and wrote under his eyes a letter to Cairo, begging his friends there to deny any injurious reports, "for I was seriously afraid of the consequences of the meeting." The friends were the Wahabi shaikh and the consulate. He even expected the letter to be forwarded to Helsingfors, no doubt to the Arabist Professor Geitlin. There were men of Hayil in Beshir's party, and Wallin feared they would enquire about him at Cairo, and perhaps return to Hayil before he had left. "Nor could I be sure what messages and orders Abbas Pasha might send to Hayil, for even if he knew nothing of me at the time, which I misdoubt, he would be sure now to make enquiries, and one can never trust a Turk."

But another unlucky meeting took place near by. A party of Faisal's men was returning home to Riyadh from Cairo, whither they had brought the Pasha a present of horses; their leader was a pleasant young man called Hazzam. As it turned out later, another slave of Abbas Pasha, sent to Najd to buy a certain famous mare, was of the party. "I thought I could not go to Faisal in better company, and asked if I might join them; they were willing and said they knew me; at first I thought they had heard of me from the Arabs I had come from, but later I gave their words another meaning." They reached Hayil by forced marches on May 2, and old acquaintances flocked to see Wallin. News came that Ibn Sa'ud was on a raid; his men decided to go after him. Wallin wished to go to Riyadh and to avoid their forced marches, which gave no opportunity to observe the country, and so, fortunately, remained at Hayil.

Mi'tab, the young brother of the new ruler of Hayil, came ostensibly to see Wallin's fine pistols. The courteous prince complimented him on the luck he had hitherto had on his travels, but warned him not to expect it in Ibn Sa'ud's country, "where unrest and anarchy now reign." On leaving, he gave a plainer message to Wallin's host: "Tell him he should on no account go to Feysal, for he and his people hate and despise all that comes from Egypt; he has no business there

whatever, and I am persuaded that they will take his life, either by the sword or by poison; tell him, finally, that we know he is a Christian, but he is a child of honour (*valad el-helal*), and therefore we honour him and I send him this friendly advice."

This recognition as a Christian was a great blow. Wallin connected it with the refusal of the letter of recommendation at Cairo; through Abbas Pasha both Ibn Rashid and Hazzam, and therefore Ibn Sa'ud, had almost certainly been warned. The way to S. Najd was barred for the present. We cannot be surprised that Wallin did not expatiate on these events in the *J.R.G.S.* As long as he hoped to visit Riyadh it was plainly a case of least said soonest mended, not to speak of the duty of reticence as to the friendly warning at Hayil.

On June 3, by the first opportunity, he left for Baghdad; the trying journey is briefly described. Wallin had about 130 roubles left, and was further fortified by a draft on the French Consul Geoffroy. After enduring the heat for about three months in the company of poor Persians, who fortunately turned out to be lax in keeping Ramhdan, he gave up the hope of letters from home and left for Persia to recuperate.

Without attempting to describe this journey, something should be said of his impressions of the Persians, for afterwards comparisons between them and the Arabs are constant. In their own country he found them antipathetic, "the vainest and most spoilt people I have seen in the East." "Art and knowledge are more esteemed than among the Arabs, but their semi-education is worse than none, for it leaves no impress on their souls and characters." "The Arab, at least in the desert, may go forward on the path he has chosen; he need not be ashamed of Islam, as he confesses it, nor will he ever be anything else but a Muslim. . . . He need feel no shame in the face of his poverty or of his great historic past, for he still has a certain youthfulness left. But the poor Persian has sold his birthright to the Arab and still chews the peas his stomach cannot digest. For a thousand years he has ploughed his field with a strange plough, which he has not the strength to drive, and weeds have covered up the field." Wallin held that Islam is essentially a desert growth, unnatural among Persians and Turks. "The Persians are shaky and uncertain in their articles of faith, whereas the Arabs are as firm as the mountains; in Persia there are almost as many creeds as there are individuals."

Strangely enough, it is not till after the Persian journey that Wallin makes any significant remark about Muhammad Ali of Egypt. "But

who can understand the East's deep hatred for the West? and who has known how to quench it? I would tell you: one man only, that is Egypt's *Mohammad Ali*—if I did not fear the declamations of philanthropic Europe. But I venture to say so much: that one does not get far here with sermons and moral suasion, for the birch and the ferrule, which by degrees can be laid aside at home, are still needed to the full in the East, although I own to a shudder of horror and disgust every time I see the *karbas* dancing on the soles of the bare feet."

In January, '49, Wallin reached Basra, "that rubbish-heap," and longed more than ever for Europe or the desert. Hurrying to the French Consul, an Oriental Christian, he presented the letter of credit, as arranged. It was not accepted. Wallin wrote at once to Baghdad, and sat down, with what courage he could muster, about two ducats, and supplies of rice and flour left over from the Persian journey, and calculated to last two months. No reply came. "I had to avoid acquaintances, deny myself fruit and candles, wear dirty clothes or wash them without soap. . . . I found my only pleasure in the laments of discontented Persian poets. . . . And, worse than all, for more than two years I had had no news from home. Would it cost you so damned much trouble to scribble me a line? Have all my university friends forgotten me?" (Money and letters were waiting at Cairo and Aden.)

After more than a month, news came of Geoffroy's death, and Wallin almost despaired. "At the French Consulate they did not care if I starved." He was finally saved by the Indian navy, as Doughty in similar case at Bombay was saved by the British. He turned in desperation to the captain of the *Nitocris*, then surveying the floodland of the Tigris and Euphrates, and begged a passage to Baghdad. "They did not know what to make of me at first; after the first day these English gentlemen were extraordinarily polite and pleasant." In Baghdad Wallin met with great kindness from the small English colony, "so that it will be harder than ever to return to my dirty Oriental life." "Mr. Rawlinson, a mighty Orientalist and famous decipherer of cuneiform, is the English Resident." In the middle of April Wallin left with the English post, a single Arab, for Damascus, not the least dangerous of his journeys. Going by sea from Beirut to Alexandria, he reached Cairo, his home in the East, on June 1. He had already decided to put off the visit to the Yamen, and go back to Finland to rest, "knocked to pieces as I am by the

fight I have had to put up against an unkind fate." "Whether I come home with a white or a black countenance, you must judge."

Wallin determined to break the journey home by a stay in London to better his English. He had grown a stranger to Europe; hearing *Fidelio* at Cologne first gave him some faint sense of home-coming. He spent the winter very quietly in London, reading Arabic MSS. in the British Museum, occasionally allowing himself an oratorio or a visit to the docks, suffering acutely from the damp cold, and in general busy collecting data as to the habits of the natives as patiently and dispassionately as in Cairo or Jauf. In Cairo one had to put up with the *Khamsin* and the nuisance of the Friday mosque; in London there were fogs and "a little music" in the evenings from Miss Emily. The luxury of Bond Street and Regent Street scared him; the squalor of slumdom was appalling; neither Finland nor the East had prepared him for either. "How humane, how well brought up, are the poorest classes in the East compared with the poorest classes here!" The refrain is impassioned: "Dear East, how shall I get back to you?"

Major Rawlinson's return in the spring opened the doors of various learned societies and the India House, where "a very interesting and learned man, Colonel Sykes, Director of the Cartographical Department," busied with a new map of Arabia, which "had not gone beyond Berghaus' old map," was glad to use his results. The "little paper" on his second journey which Wallin read before the Royal Geographical Society (*Journal, XX.*) cost him "incredible trouble," but he had every reason to be satisfied with the recognition and helpfulness shown on all sides. Rawlinson wrote a laudatory article in the *Nautical Standard,* placing Burckhardt and Wallin in a place apart among Arabian explorers. Naturally, Wallin was pleased. But though all his hopes were turned towards another journey, resignation rather than elation is the note of his letters. That overworked instrument, his body, was giving obscure warning. "In the day's journey of life I had a goal: to reach the spring in the far desert before sunset; but my beast was starving, its hump without fatness, the *serab* (mirage) on the way led me astray; so now that night has overtaken me I lay me down, hungry and thirsty, with a Badawin's quietness and grateful *al hamdo lillah,* in the pit I scraped in the sand, to abide what the Lord may send me when dawn breaks, life or death."

Wallin returned to Helsingfors as professor of Oriental languages. But the emoluments of the first year were almost non-existent, so that the returning traveller, faced with half-forgotten debts, incurred for

the journey, was in no enviable position, although he was again living with his mother and sister and surrounded by old friends and new admirers. There was small demand for Arabic in Finland, and students arranged that he should lecture as well on English. During one term he expounded Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," so earning a little money. He seems to have intended writing a popular account of his travels; one fragment was published after his death. Wallin's best energies were spent on raising funds for another Arabian journey. His own poor country, with no interests in the East, could not in fairness be asked to contribute further. But the R.G.S. was much interested in the plan, and offered assistance of all kinds, besides getting a grant of £200 from the East India Company. Since this sum was quite insufficient, the R.G.S. asked the Imperial Russian Geographical Society for its co-operation. The Russians were very willing. The rough copy of a long French letter of Wallin's to the vice-president has been kept. Wallin asked first of all that his small debts should be paid, so that he could feel free as an honest man to leave Finland; above all, he asked for astronomical instruments; then for means to spend about a year in Europe in preparation, learning to use the instruments, acquiring *quelque teinte de geologie,* and learning enough about drawing to be able to sketch ruins. After visiting libraries and Orientalists in Europe, five years at least were to be spent in Arabia.

Najd was again his central problem, unexplored by any European. From there he wished to visit Mahra, to test Fresnell's supposition that a dialect of ancient Himyaritic was spoken there. Landing this time at Wajh, Wallin once more hoped to visit Madain Salih, and expected, from what the Badawin had told him, to find many inscriptions there, traces of an ancient Christian or Jewish civilization, which he also hoped to find in the Hijaz. Ela, in the midst of four powerful tribes, with all of whom he stood since the second journey in the relation of brotherhood, was to be visited; also Khaibar, chief home of the ancient Jews in Arabia; finally, Yamen and the borders of Hadhramaut. Three generations of Arabian explorers have carried out most of Wallin's plan.

On his side Wallin made conditions, asking, among other things, for *£400 a year* while the journey lasted. In copying the letter, Wallin, the conscientious, the master of detail, made a slip: he left out the words "a year." The Russian society granted everything, marvelling at his moderation. The negotiations went on for some

time before the misapprehension was noticed. The society, having passed a formal resolution as to the grant, could not afterwards increase it. Wallin was determined not again to run unnecessary risks and forgo valuable scientific results by travelling with insufficient means. The bitter disappointment and anxiety increased his melancholy and probably his ill-health. Yet the case was not quite hopeless. To save their face and enable themselves to grant the larger sum, the Russians proposed that Wallin should *also* visit Bukhara, Samarkand, Khiva, and other parts of Central Asia, which were of great interest to them politically. Wallin hesitated. He knew that they had no conception of the risks and labour involved. He pointed out that the time left for Arabia would be so shortened as greatly to damage the prospects of success there; that his explorations in Central Asia were not likely to be very valuable, as he did not know the native languages and did not expect to like the people. He was willing to compromise: should time and health allow, *after* the Arabian journey, he would cross the Gulf and collect information, and, according to the result, apply or not for means for a journey in Central Asia.

One point should perhaps be noticed: the R.G.S. privately stipulated that Wallin should not carry out political work in Arabia. This was natural, but most probably unnecessary, for the Russian society, except for faint symptoms of interest in Arab horses, does not seem to have had any ulterior motive in supporting the Arabian journey. In view of the great interest shown in the plan, even after the Russian deadlock, it seems likely that means would have been forthcoming in London to send Wallin somehow to Arabia. But it was not to be. On the evening before his forty-first birthday, as he was sitting at his mother's tea-table, he was seized with pains in the breast and lay down. A few hours later he passed quietly away.

THE DEATH OF HERR WASSMUSS

THE recent announcement in some of the daily papers of the death of Herr Wilhelm Wassmuss of the German Diplomatic and Consular Service, at the comparatively early age of 51, must have recalled to the memories of many members of this Society his sinister activities during the Great War as one of the group of *agents-provocateurs*, composed of Germans, Turks, and Indian revolutionaries, which the Central Powers despatched to the Middle East soon after the commencement of hostilities, with the double purpose of stirring up a *jehad* in that region and of inciting the rulers of Persia and Afghanistan to enter the lists against the Allies.

As we know, the affairs of the "Mission" were destined to gang agley, and none of those ambitious objectives were achieved; but Herr Wassmuss, though originally ear-marked for Afghanistan and India, broke off from the main party at an early stage, and with one or two companions made his way into the province of Fars, where he happened to have spent some months in 1913 and with the chiefs and the topography of which he was generally familiar.

In that field he rendered stout and remarkable services to his country; if, indeed, they can be measured by the degree of worry and preoccupation which they involved to those concerned with the protection of British subjects and interests in the ostensibly neutral territory of Southern Persia. His name itself, unlike most European names, was one easily assimilated by the Persian peasant, and for the next four years "WOSSMUSS" and his exploits, duly embellished, of course, in the telling, provided an inexhaustible source of gossip among the tents and teashops of Fars.

During the two or three years preceding the war, his permanent post at that period being, if I remember right, Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, Herr Wassmuss had twice held charge of the German Consulate at Bushire during the absence of the permanent incumbent on furlough. In private life he came to be regarded as a good fellow, and was well liked by ourselves and the British community in general. On the other hand, as a consular colleague, I found him somewhat troublesome and truculent to deal with, as he was inclined to make up for some lack of tact and diplomatic amenity by an early recourse to threat and bluster. This made business dealings with him difficult,

especially during his second sojourn at Bushire in 1913, as it was a juncture when our respective Governments were endeavouring to negotiate a settlement of their interests in the Persian Gulf sphere, and the discussion of many difficult local details and aspects devolved upon us as consular representatives on the spot. Apart from official business, however, his relations with me and mine were friendly enough, and I have even some reason to feel grateful to him, in that he sized me up very fairly, not to say generously, in a despatch addressed to his Government on the occasion of my relinquishment of the Bushire appointment. The document was one, among others, which fell into our hands during the war.

In the summer of 1914 Wassmuss was apparently on leave, Dr. Listermann being at his post at Bushire. At any rate, he is known to have been at Cairo shortly before the war and in Constantinople when Turkey actually entered the lists. Having there been mobilized, with some twenty others of his contemporaries possessing Oriental experience, to form the Middle East Mission above referred to, he presumably left some time during the autumn of 1914 for Baghdad. He was next heard of at Shuster, which he had reached via Pusht-i-Kuh with one or two companions, and where he was occupied in inciting the priests and notables of Arabistan to declare a *jehad* against the British. His next objective was said to be Shiraz, where the pro-German activities of the Governor-General (who had had a German education) and certain Swedish officers of the gendarmerie were already causing us concern, and the situation was now considered, from a military standpoint, to be sufficiently serious to call for the arrest of any Germans coming within our reach. About the same time reliable information was furnished to the Bushire Residency to the effect that the German Consul, Dr. Listermann, was actively inciting the petty chief of the small smuggling port of Dilwar, a few miles south of Bushire, to make an attack on the Residency, which occupies an isolated position to the south of the Bushire peninsula. It was accordingly decided to arrest him forthwith. This was carried out without incident, and the consular records seized at the same time provided ample justification for the action taken and also some indication of Wassmuss's programme. It now became more than ever important to arrest the latter, and arrangements were accordingly made to have the movements of his caravan towards Shiraz closely watched and reported. The party soon reached a point in the hinterland within the jurisdiction of a local chief who was an old friend

of the British, and with his co-operation the arrest was duly affected. Unfortunately, however, the local *tufangchis* deputed by the Khan to guard the prisoners (Wassmuss, Dr. Lenders, and an Indian) during the night, succumbed either to sleep or the almighty dollar, and the redoubtable Wassmuss succeeded in escaping in his pyjamas and reached sanctuary with the Khan of Borasjun, who was an old acquaintance of his and, incidentally, on bad terms with the local government at Bushire and the British authorities. Wassmuss's companions, Dr. Lenders and the Indian, failed to get away, and were delivered into our custody the following morning, together with their baggage, which included a mass of inflammatory pamphlets in various Indian vernaculars, intended to incite our Moslem Sepoys to mutiny and *jehad*; and also, among other things, an important cipher code.

As may be imagined, Wassmuss's evil experience excited his bitter animosity, and it was taken for granted that on reaching Shiraz he would leave no stone unturned to make trouble for us. After staying for a few days with his friend at Borasjun, during which he foregathered with other disaffected Khans of the Bushire hinterland, he passed on unmolested to Shiraz, where he received a warm welcome, and found his comrade Wustrow just arrived as German "Consul." For a short time Wassmuss made his headquarters with Wustrow, but he found that the existing situation at Shiraz, though volcanic, was not yet ripe for eruption, so he decided to return to his friends in Tangistan, determined, no doubt, to wreak his vengeance on the British authorities at Bushire for his abortive arrest.

During this phase of his activities he behaved with consummate skill and assurance, in the endeavour both to maintain his own prestige with his Persian hosts and to keep them firm in the belief that Germany was winning the war. I am not aware whether he formally embraced Islam, but he undoubtedly posed to them as a Moslem and was accepted as such by them, wearing a beard and dressing and living entirely as a Persian. I have a photograph of him taken about this time, in which he is indistinguishable from other Persians in the picture. One of his devices for keeping his friends up to the scratch was a bogus wireless installation which he erected outside his habitation and with which he pretended to hold communion with Kaiser "Haji Wilhelm," and even to arrange personal interviews for his hosts with that exalted personage.

By July (1915) he had succeeded in working up the Tangistanis to concert pitch for an attack on the British Residency, and local report

credited him with a force of nearly 1,000 men and two guns. On July 8 a small reconnaissance party which went out to probe the vicinity under the command of Major E. H. Oliphant, and accompanied by Captain J. G. Ranking, of the Residency Staff, fell into an ambush of these gentry and unfortunately both officers were killed, Major Oliphant losing his life in the attempt to help Captain Ranking away.

But though the Bushire outposts were again assailed a little later the main attack never materialized, and the tribesmen for the time being dispersed. We heard little of Wassmuss until the ensuing November, by which time the situation at Shiraz had reached a climax in the arrest of the British Consul (Major O'Connor) and the entire British community and their expulsion from Shiraz. The men were consigned to the Khan of Tangistan for internment at Ahram under Wassmuss's supervision, while the ladies were sent in to Bushire and from thence proceeded to India or home.

Major O'Connor—now Sir Frederick O'Connor—has given a most interesting account of the whole of this most trying period in his recent book "On the Frontier and Beyond," which all interested in that queer phase of the war should read. It is also dealt with briefly, from the historian's point of view, in the 1930 edition of Sir Percy Sykes's "History of Persia."

It is not possible to follow Wassmuss's fortunes in any detail during the next two years. The difficulty of getting supplies of money and material in the way of war news with which he could hope to keep up in the minds of his Persian friends belief in Germany's ultimate victory must have got more and more acute; but he continued to play his now lone hand with great determination, and managed soon to be on the spot wherever any trouble might be brewing for British authorities in Fars. Though he had opportunities during this period of surrendering and being repatriated on favourable terms, he never availed himself of them, and held out until long after the Armistice, and it was not until March, 1919, that he and his countryman Oertel, who had lately joined him from the Kerman direction, endeavoured to make their exit from Persia via the north. Their movements were reported, however, and they were arrested at Kum by the Persian gendarmerie and handed over to me (then acting as British Minister in Teheran) for disposal. It seemed rather an irony of fate for Wassmuss that after the lurid events of the past four years he should have found himself in my hands, and in the thought that it might

be humiliating to him I decided not to have any séance with him in person. Accordingly, he and his companion were sent on without delay to Kazvin in our military custody, and from thence repatriated via Baku. But Wassmuss seemed determined to play a fighting rôle to the end. He struggled violently with his escort when conducted to the conveyance which was to take him from the British Legation in Teheran to Kazvin, and finally had to be frog-marched, and he made a last and rather pointless attempt to escape from custody during his night at Kazvin.

The papers which announced his death gave no indication of the cause or place of it, but stubborn character that he was, I doubt not that had he had anything to say to it he would have chosen to go down fighting. R.I.P. The story of his four years' adventures and vicissitudes in Southern Persia would make good reading, and it is very much to be hoped that he kept a diary during his exile which will some day see the light.

P. Z. Cox.