



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HAROLD SPEED, 1937

FRANCIS  
YOUNGHUSBAND

*Explorer and Mystic*



*by*

GEORGE SEAVER

LITT.D.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue,  
unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out  
and sees her adversary, but shirks out of the race  
where that immortal garland is to be run for, not  
without dust and heat.

MILTON—*Areopagitica.*



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To  
EILEEN  
YOUNGHUSBAND



To the evolution of the modern idea of Personality, Christianity made the most notable contribution in investing the human being as such with a character of sacredness, of spiritual dignity and importance . . . as a real factor which forms the culminating phase in the synthetic creative evolution of the universe. The Roman traced *persona* to the authority of the law. The Christian traced Personality to the Fatherhood of God, which conferred it on all human beings as a sacred birthright. The philosopher has translated this religious idea into the universal language of the ethical reason. Here Personality becomes the last term in the holistic series, a reality in line with the other realities which mark the creative forward march of Holism. . . .

What should be the procedure of the new discipline of Personology? It should, of course, take cognizance of the special analytical contributions of psychology and physiology, and of all the other human sciences, individual and social, theoretical and practical. But it should do more. Following the course above indicated, that the Personality is uniquely individual and that this special individual character should not be ignored, it should study the biographies of noted personalities as expressions of the developing Personality in each case. . . .

We shall thus get the materials for formulating the laws of personal evolution. These laws will form the foundation for a new science of Biography which will take the place of the empirical unsatisfactory patchwork affair which biography now mostly is. . . .

The lives for this scientific study as examples of personal holistic evolution will have to be carefully selected. . . . We should select the biographies of people who had real inner histories, lives of the spirit, as well as a fair capacity for continuous development during their lifetime. And among these the most helpful cases would be those where the written record is fairly full in the form of writings and diaries, and where there was no undue restraint in the process of self-revelation and faithful portrayal of the inner life and history. On the whole, the lives of poets, artists, writers, thinkers, religious and social innovators, will be found the most suitable for the purposes of holistic study. . . . There is nothing trivial in Personality, and the greatest, most serious work is usually the most faithful index to the Personality behind. Both are in fact required—the work as well as the personal record—for a full understanding of any particular Personality.

SMUTS—*Holism*.

Biography is a lamentable and unreal business in the case of a man who has no real unique potentiality of his own, no special idiosyncrasy, and is therefore a mere point of intersection for various fortuitous causal series, acted upon, as it were, from without. Biography is only a real narration of a real life where, by the interplay of stimulus and experience on the one side and predisposition and natural endowment on the other, something individual and unique comes into being, which is therefore neither the result of a mere 'self-unfolding' nor yet the sum of mere traces and impressions, written from without from moment to moment upon a 'tabula rasa.' In short, to propose a history of mind is to presuppose a mind or spirit determinately qualified; to profess to give a history of religion is to presuppose a spirit specifically qualified for religion.

OTTO—*Idea of the Holy*.

## P R E F A C E

**T**WO achievements of Sir Francis Younghusband captured the imagination of his countrymen in his lifetime : one, his penetration as a youth of the Continent of Asia from east to west by an unknown route, immediately followed by his crossing of the Himalayas by an unknown pass ; the other, his expedition through Tibet to Lhasa and the successful conclusion of his diplomatic mission there.

His own record of these journeys, which fifty years ago and less were in popular demand, are now rare even in public libraries. There are also scattered references to them, and to intervening travels and experiences, in several other of his books, two of which are disguised scraps of early autobiography ; there are the official Blue-books of East India and the North-West Frontier, and the unpublished correspondence in connection with the Mission to Tibet in the India Office (now the Commonwealth Relations Office) Library ; and there is a mass of letters, diaries and manuscripts—kindly placed by his daughter at the writer's disposal—which cover the whole period of his long life. The task of the biographer is to weave together all this scattered material into the pattern of a consecutive narrative. The result is a book which is edited autobiography rather than biography ; a self-portrait rather than a critical study ; for it is always better to let a man—when that man is honest—tell his own story than to try to tell it for him.

In the nature of things by far the majority of his oldest friends, who would have contributed valuable side-lights to the impression of his personality, have long since also crossed the boundary ; but happily there are others who are still in the land of the living and who, in the words of one of them, are glad to “ add one white stone to his cairn ”. To each and all of them, whose names appear in the text, the biographer is most grateful ; and to Mrs. Longstaff for her kindness in drawing the maps.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In him were harmonized without tension a combination of qualities which though opposite were complementary to each other, and gave to his character both its poise and its stability. Always a lover of

solitude—especially of mountains, wildflowers, and the stars—he was also a lover of his fellow-men ; somewhat shy and diffident in youth, he became in manhood the promoter of various societies with progressive aims. Seriously-minded beyond his years, with a sense of a high vocation and even of a special destiny, he was acutely sensible of his shortcomings and was essentially of a humble spirit. Fascinated by the lure of the bright eyes of danger, he never, or seldom, failed to exercise discretion and forethought in taking risks. With an unbounded zest for life—for a life lived largely, strenuously, dangerously, and always at the full pitch of one's bent—he was considerate for others and did not, unless in cases of absolute necessity, demand from them the same exertions ; though self-exacting to a degree, he was by nature fundamentally tolerant, equable, and serene. A soldier by profession, loyal to tradition, and devoted to discipline, he was by preference an explorer in every sense of that word and was at his best as a free-lance. English to the bone and intensely patriotic, he respected the patriotism of other nations ; and though a thorough-going imperialist with a profound conviction of Britain's rights and responsibilities in dominating the child-races of mankind, he was quick to recognize the political aspirations of Asiatic races under European tutelage, and was one of the first to foresee and to welcome the demands of the peoples of India for self-government. Similarly, being himself a convinced Christian (though of no orthodox persuasion), he deeply sympathized with the convictions of those who were not, and in later life became the founder of a world-fellowship of faiths. This last he regarded, and rightly, as the pinnacle of his whole life's work.

## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. ANTECEDENTS AND UPBRINGING	I
II. CLIFTON AND SANDHURST	9
III. MEERUT AND RAWAL PINDI	19
IV. THE CALL OF THE HILLS	30
V. MILITARY STAFF APPOINTMENTS	35
VI. MANCHURIAN JOURNEY	42
VII. ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT TO YARKAND	55
VIII. ACROSS THE HIMALAYAS BY THE MUSTAGH PASS	74
IX. HOME LEAVE AND FUTURE PLANS	93
X. HUNZA AND THE PAMIRS	104
XI. HUNZA AND THE PAMIRS ( <i>continued</i> )	118
XII. THE PAMIRS AND KASHGAR	134
XIII. MISSION TO CHITRAL	152
XIV. SOUTH AFRICA AND THE JAMESON RAID	169
XV. MARRIAGE : RAJPUTANA AND INDORE	186
XVI. THE MISSION TO TIBET	201
XVII. THE MISSION TO TIBET ( <i>continued</i> )	224
XVIII. TIBET : THE AFTERMATH	251
XIX. RESIDENT IN KASHMIR	262
XX. PHILOSOPHY : AND THE EXPERIENCE OF PAIN	273
XXI. THE EMPIRE AND THE FUTURE OF INDIA	290
XXII. THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND EVEREST EXPEDITIONS	302
XXIII. THE LIVING UNIVERSE	319
XXIV. WORLD CONGRESS OF FAITHS	332
XXV. LAST YEARS AND THE LAST ADVENTURE	356



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Facing Page</i>
SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND From the portrait by Harold Speed, 1937 <i>By kind permission of the artist.</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE PARTY IN MANCHURIA : F. E. Younghusband, H. Fulford, H. E. M. James	43
SANDHILLS IN THE GOBI DESERT	64
CROSSING AN ICE-SLOPE ON THE MUSTAGH PASS	82
KASHGAR	138
WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, INDIA, 1903	193
WITH HIS DAUGHTER AT BATH, 1913	193
AT DARJILING, 1903	201
THE TONGSA PENLOP OF BHUTAN	236
ENTRANCE TO LHASA : photograph taken by a member of the Mission	240
ON BOARD THE <i>BERENGARIA</i> : from a snapshot	291
MOUNT EVEREST : from a telephotograph by Frank Smythe <i>By kind permission of Mrs. Frank Smythe</i>	304
WITH LORD SAMUEL AND PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, 1936 <i>By courtesy of World Congress of Faiths</i>	341

## M A P S

Drawn by Charmian Longstaff

	<i>Page</i>
PEKIN TO YARKAND *	56 & 57
SALTORO PASS ( <i>From 'This my Voyage' by Tom Longstaff</i> )	117
THE HIMALAYAS *	135
ROUTES IN TIBET *	202

\* Based on maps printed in Sir Francis Younghusband's books



## Chapter I

### ANTECEDENTS AND UPBRINGING

SIR FRANCIS came of an old family and the tradition of the fighting services was in his blood. The Younghusbands were of a Northumbrian stock of Saxon origin, and were freeholders of the lands of Budle in the parish of Bamburgh, off Holy Island, from pre-Norman times till the beginning of the 19th century. The name was originally Oswald, and this became corrupted to Osborn or Osban; and when the younger of two brothers was known as Young Osban the name underwent a further corruption: hence Younghusband. Sir Francis could trace his descent through eleven generations to an ancestor who was Sheriff of Newcastle upon Tyne in 1492 and Mayor in 1507. For two hundred years their residence was Tuggal Hall, near Bamburgh. The first of the family to enter the services was George Younghusband, Commander R.N. (1748-1816), whose elder son George, Captain R.N., fought his ship with distinction in the Battle of the Nile, and whose younger son Charles was a Major-General in the Royal Artillery. The latter had five sons, all in the Indian Army: General Romer Younghusband, C.B.; Lieut.-General Charles Younghusband, C.B.; Major-General John William Younghusband, C.S.I.; Lieutenant Edward Younghusband, killed in action at Mooltan, 1848; Lieutenant George Younghusband, mortally wounded at Kata Nuddea, 1858. ("Of our branch of the family," he wrote, "none who were not killed in action died under seventy.")

Major-General J. W. Younghusband served under Sir Charles Napier in the Sind campaign of 1843, and afterwards under John Nicholson on the North-West Frontier. Invalided home in 1856, he married Clara Jane Shaw, sister of Robert Shaw the Central Asian explorer. There were five children of the marriage, three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Major-General Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., commanded the Guides (whose History he wrote), served with great distinction in several campaigns, and on retirement was appointed Keeper of the Crown Jewels. The second son, Colonel Sir Francis Edward Younghusband, K.C.S.I.,



K.C.I.E., is the subject of this biography. The youngest son, Major-General Leslie Napier Younghusband, C.B., C.M.G., followed his brothers in active service on the North-West Frontier: was twice awarded the Queen's Medal with double clasps; in the first World War commanded the Force covering the Persian Oil Fields; and on retirement to Folkestone promoted the erection of a new Concert Hall and Pavilion, and the magnificent Sports and County Cricket Ground. Such a family record must be almost unique in military records and it has been maintained by two younger generations.

The second son, Francis Edward, was born on 31 May 1863, at Murree, a hill station on the North-West Frontier. It is beautifully situated on a high spur of the Himalayan foothills on the borders of Kashmir, seven thousand feet above the sea. "It is appropriate", his friend Frank Smythe the Himalayan mountaineer has written, "that he should have opened his eyes on a scene typical of the many among which so much of his life was to be spent, the blue undulating hills leading the eye forwards and onwards through the marching clouds to the distant splendour of the eternal snows."

But his infant vision was not allowed to rest there long. From some scraps of autobiography we learn that when seven months old he was taken by his mother with the rest of the family for a visit to her own mother in Bath. His grandmother's comment in her diary is not entirely flattering to him: "Emmie interesting, George bluff, Ethel a lively fairy. Baby looks poor, but merry and splendid eyes." This visit would appear to have been of some duration since he records that "my earliest recollection is of my Grandmother giving me sweets. My next is of her funeral which I enjoyed enormously." What fascinated him was the long train of carriages and the horses tossing their black plumes.

After her mother's death Mrs. Younghusband returned to her husband in Murree, and here Frank spent a happy childhood. "No one could have had a better father and mother than I had, and I owe nearly everything to them both." From his father he inherited soldierly qualities and sound judgment, as well as a natural shrewdness and swift insight into men and matters that were to stand him in good stead in many awkward and dangerous situations. His mother had been educated in several European centres of culture, was artistic and musical and an accomplished linguist. From her he inherited the more serious and reflective side of his nature, though none of her special talents.

Both my parents were deeply religious, but my father's interests were wider. My mother had a certain air of detachment from this life which, in the vogue of the day, she was apt to regard as a Vale of Woe ; for her, the real life was in the Hereafter. My parents' love and devotion to each other, though undemonstrative, was of the most exquisite kind. It lit their lives with an inner glow ; and though no outward display of it was ever made in the presence of others, yet in the tone of the voice, in an emphasis or in a glance, it shone out unmistakably. They both had very gentle natures, though both of them had also tremendous grit.

His upbringing was Victorian in the best sense of an often misused term : family prayers morning and evening ; church twice on Sundays ; filial duty absolute and obedience unquestioned. "Life was steady, safe, and sure ; it ran in well-oiled grooves ; it was regimented and yet it was also very gracious." But any sort of emotion was frowned upon as sentiment : so that when Frank, who had witnessed few demonstrations of affection and was still a very little boy, was seen off by his parents for schooling in England, he was astonished to behold tears streaming down his father's cheeks and to feel his mother's arms about him, hugging him as if she could never let him go. "It was a terrible wrench to be torn away from all the joys of my home-life and mountain beauty, to go to school." For he was naturally gentle and affectionate, sensitive and impressionable.

He was entrusted to the care of two of his father's sisters who lived in the little village of Freshford below Bath, at the junction of the Perrot with the Avon ; a typical west-country hamlet built of mellowed Bath-stone in the Cotswold style, sheltered by beechwoods on the hillsides, where bluebells spread their carpets of heaven's blue in the springtime, and where the hedgerows bloomed with wild flowers of every variety in profusion. "There the meadows by the rivers were always green except in May, when the yellows of the buttercups and cowslips almost prevailed against it." But the discipline was even stricter than it had been at home. "The Aunts were severely strict. They wore poke bonnets ; they lived in Spartan simplicity ; taught in Sunday school ; gave every penny they could spare to the poor ; waged war against intemperance ; and beat me with a leather strap for any sort of misdemeanour. But there was never a trace of anger or irritability in these corrective measures ; they were administered with good feeling on both sides. They

taught me to regard 'Chapel' as a sink of iniquity, so that I—with mingled horror and fascination—longed to take a peep inside and see what pagan rites were being enacted." In later life he always referred to them affectionately as "the Freshford Aunts", and said that next to his parents he owed them most. On his first leave from India he made a point of visiting them as soon as possible.

Not one atom had they changed. The same old bonnets, cloaks and dresses, and the same warm welcome. Just before dinner one of them took me aside and in a whisper said: "Which would you like to drink, dear boy, ale or port? I have both."—"My dear Aunt, what *are* you doing? You used to be such a strict teetotaller."—"So I am still. But you must have just what you like; only I don't know what you young men drink."—I was deeply touched; I knew that they had never before had any alcohol in their house. Here indeed was hospitality; and there was real good company too. They had lived the seemingly narrow life of a tiny village; yet they knew life far better than most of those who live in the great world ever come to know it. They knew only a few people, but those few they knew *au fond*.

Somehow the conversation after dinner turned to the subject of Hell. I said cheerily to the elder and more formidable of the two, "Well, anyhow there's no chance of *your* going there." She eyed me gravely for a moment and then replied, "My dear boy, it is *quite certain* that I shall. I am far too bad to go anywhere else." Yet if ever there was a good woman she was. Her whole life had been spent in doing good. She was the best friend of everyone, rich and poor. She had not an enemy in the world. She had a great heart and a great head; yet so exalted was her standard of goodness that she did literally believe that she was a poor miserable sinner and must go to hell. In spite of this she was never morose; no one I knew was more unfailingly cheerful.

High character is one thing, however, and doctrinal beliefs are quite another. Some children's minds, especially any as receptive and impressionable as his, might have been permanently warped by such puritanical teaching; or worse still, repressed. But in his case the reaction took the form of an instinctive recoil. There must be something wrong, he felt, in thinking of God as a Being whose omnipotence was shown only in pouring forth the vials of His wrath upon guilty sinners who resisted His will. There must be a mistake somewhere. "The religion I was brought up in", he wrote years

later, "never made me happy. The faith that I found for myself has."

The austerity of the Aunts' régime was temporarily alleviated when at the age of six he was invited to London to stay with Lady Lawrence, sister-in-law of Sir Henry Lawrence, Bart., of Lucknow who had been one of his father's closest friends. (The clock that was on the table when he died there was presented to the Young-husband family and is still a treasured keepsake.) The little traveller found the journey to the Metropolis depressing. The jolting train, the stifling compartment, the footwarmers, the dingy oil lamps, and the steamy windows through which he gazed at interminable rows of shabby houses and belching chimney-pots—all these were disillusionment. But the warmth of his kind hostess's greeting, her motherliness, tenderness and charm, were in such contrast to the treatment to which he had been accustomed that he was deeply impressed. (She later married Sir George Young of Formosa, and was the mother of Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young, former President of the Alpine Club.)

Another happy recollection was of a holiday at Combe Florey Rectory with the Rev. and Mrs. Sanford, made memorable by the delights of Devonshire cream and honey (hitherto unexperienced luxuries), a pony to ride, and a park to roam in and woodland and moorland for bird-nesting. But most exciting of all was his parents' home-coming in 1871. He met them at Bath with mixed feelings of joy and trepidation. He was awed by his father's erect military bearing, and remembered with pride being told that the ex-Emperor Napoleon III had once stopped him in the street for a conversation; and he had nothing but reverence for his mother's loveliness. It was a family reunion, and for the first time they were all together.

Soon afterwards he was sent to the village school as a day-boy and there became infected with ring-worm. Worse than the physical discomfort was the sense of shame, branded upon him as it seemed by the ignominy of being forced to wear an odious black skull-cap, and of being made to feel the outcast of his family. It made him think that he was naughtier than other children, and that they scorned him for it. About the same time as this small misfortune there befell him another and a worse. He stole half a crown from a servant's purse and spent it on sweets which he shared with his play-mates. The crime was discovered and he was so severely scolded

by his father that he now believed himself to be quite desperately wicked and, more devastating still, that he was despised by everybody. This incident cut deep and left a wound that took years to heal. "I lost my childhood's happiness, and became serious. Indeed I doubt if I ever completely recovered it till my old age." Perhaps this is an exaggeration due to retrospect, but it well serves to illustrate how clumsy sometimes, and all too often, are the methods of elders in correcting the errors and training the tendrils of that most sensitive plant, a child's soul. For solace he would wander off alone to a favourite haunt, a view across the valley of the Avon to a long flat ridge, and would try to imagine what wonderful country lay beyond it in the hazy blue distance. And he would gather wild flowers—cowslips and wood violets and anemones—which were always a source of inexpressible joy.

Half a century later, when the years of his adventures in foreign fields were ended, he found himself able in another corner of old England to recapture the spirit of his boyhood's rambles in an unexpected way. Walking near his home at Westerham in Kent in the early spring of 1922 he notes in his diary the sight of the first yellow-hammers and the sound of the cuckoo, and then :

Going up from Brasted towards the hill to the north I met a group of four little children—three boys and a girl—all between three and five. They were searching like little birds in the hedge-bank, a westward facing bank. I could not make out what they were looking for till I saw the little girl had in her hand a bunch of about a dozen *white violets*. Then came a scream as one little boy discovered another violet and the other two rushed to look at it. It was then carefully picked, handed round to be smelt, and given to the little girl. I joined in the hunt and found two or three. Then there were the wildest shrieks from one little boy who had scrambled through a gap in the hedge. I followed after him and found him sitting over a bevy of about eight white violets, all fully out.

Now it must be fifty years ago and one or two more since I looked for white violets in the woods at Freshford, but I remember to this day the joy I felt. And the sight and smell of those white violets are impressions which will remain with those children all their days. It is one of those clear healthy impressions which teach them God. And it is the capacity for enjoyment of this kind that we should foster and develop. This is one of the

foundations on which we should build. For it is quite natural and it is universal.

His summer holidays were spent by the sea in the north or in the south of Devon, and there he discovered fresh delights in watching the long procession of great waves rolling in, out of the illimitable west, and the tall cliffs against which they dashed in thunder; in shells and star-fishes and sea-anemones; and vast clear expanses of fresh-washed sand. On one such holiday the family were joined by Robert Shaw, just back from one of his journeys to Yarkand in Central Asia, and Frank listened entranced to his uncle's accounts of adventures and experiences in distant lands. "He was a clever and attractive man, with a marvellous gift for oriental languages." His parents returned to India in 1873 and the family was again broken up. His sisters went to school in Bath, his brother George to Clifton, whilst Frank and Leslie were sent to a Dames' School in Taunton kept by three adventurous spinster sisters named Evans.

In retrospect Sir Francis imagined that at this stage of his career he was a paragon of rectitude and a model of good behaviour. It came therefore as a shock to this self-estimate to meet years later in India a former fellow-pupil at this school, Major Baldock, who told him that he had looked upon him "with considerable awe". Sir Francis replied that that was quite the right attitude to take, but what made him take it? "Well," replied the Major, "when I joined up as a new boy I saw you sitting on a box drumming your legs, so I came up and said, 'My name's Charlie Baldock,' and you replied, 'Oh, it is, is it? Well, mine's Frank Younghusband and I'm the head of the school, so take *that*'—and you gave me a good clout over the head!"

Considering how circumscribed a child's horizons were in those days, young Frank seems to have been lucky in his opportunities. Of his lessons he remembered nothing, but of holiday tours with his brother and the three Miss Evans he remembered much. Minehead, then a sleepy little fishing village; Swanage and Corfe Castle; the magic loveliness of Lulworth Cove; Crewkerne Abbey with its glorious tapestry; Dunster Castle, and the even mightier bastions of the Lizard and Land's End with the tremendous Atlantic combers rolling in. And a long summer trip through North Wales, with its rushing streams and mist-wreathed heights: Barmouth, Dolgelly,

the battlemented Castles of Harlech and Caernarvon, Cader Idris and the Snowdon ranges. What lay beyond those craggy summits, and those bare lofty ridges where the grey mists passed in endless battalions?—The climax came with a pony-ride up Snowdon on a clear day, with ranks on ranks of peaks all round him, and the broad glimmer of the Irish Sea stretching away to where the hills of Wicklow hung like a thin blue-grey cloud on the sky-line :

Not in vain the distance beckons. . . .

## Chapter II

### CLIFTON AND SANDHURST

IN 1876 he followed his brother George and four cousins to Clifton College, then—with Wellington and Cheltenham—partly an army training school. The Head Master, Dr. John Percival (afterwards Bishop of Hereford), was even in his youth remarkable. He had been appointed, on the school's foundation in 1865, at the age of twenty-six : an early example of the modern preference for young head masters. In his case the experiment was outstandingly successful ; when Frank Younghusband entered there were already 400 boys, and Percival had gathered round him several assistant masters of great ability : T. E. Brown, the Manx poet ; T. W. Dunn ; H. G. Dakyns ; and A. A. Asquith, brother of the future Prime Minister (known because of his sarcastic tongue as " the Pup "—but Frank came to like him). The tradition of the school was already established.

Percival's standard was no doubt modelled on that of Arnold at Rugby. In his inaugural address he had laid it down that Clifton was to be " a place where truth and uprightness and purity, and all the Christian virtues, were to be held in honour both by masters and boys. The only great thing in life is goodness. To be truthful and upright, patient and forgiving, industrious and obedient—that is to be your aim." And certainly these were the standards set and, what is more surprising, actually practised when Frank was there. He sought to emulate the example of Tom Brown. And he greatly admired the earnestness and sincerity of the Head Master's sermons. Nevertheless, " it was all mediocrity in a superlative degree. All the graces of life were disregarded. No attention was paid to the arts or natural history. In fact, all such interests were despised." In another respect, too, the tradition was overdone. This was in its cult of 'hardness'. It was part of the system that boys should not have a moment to themselves. Every physical and mental energy must be kept constantly on the stretch. They were raced from lessons to games and back again to lessons ; they were raced through meals which were ill-cooked and ill-served ; their evenings were devoted to ' prep '—a feat of memory—in which they were expected



to assimilate more than they could digest. Reflecting on all this later, Sir Francis wrote :

During those great years of rapidly-expanding Empire, scholarship at Clifton was almost of secondary account. The aim, like that of every other great public school, was to produce MEN—men of moral and political integrity, men imbued with the qualities of administration and leadership, men unsparing and unstinting of themselves in their country's service ; above all, *hard* men. It was drilled into all of us that our main aim must be CHARACTER—written in block capitals “ straight up and down ”, and on no account in graceful flowing lines. Anything savouring of grace savoured also of femininity. To betray any sort of sentiment was a crime. But however just the criticisms of the public school system of yesterday may be, it succeeded in its aim ; it produced the type of public servant that was needed for the times.

He threw himself into the spirit of the school with zest, especially into rigger and running, though it wore him thin as a rake. Once when still in the Junior School he had, like Tom Brown, the soul-satisfying experience of saving his side from defeat by an unbroken run from the twenty-five through the opposing three-quarters, to beat the back and touch down for the winning try, amidst a chorus of terrific yells from the big boys on the touch-line of “ Go it, little 'un ! Well run, little 'un— Oh, well run ! ” And when only sixteen he came in third in the Long Penpole cross-country race—a great triumph for his House : “ There were lines of cheering boys all down the Avenue, and Reynolds the head of the house hugged me.” Such plaudits from his fellows made him proud. Though he left school two years before the usual Public School age, he won nine cups for running, from the hundred yards to the ten miles ; and in all ways outwardly lived up to the required standard of toughness. But in his heart—though he kept it to himself—he loved all beautiful things. A rendering of “ Oh, for the wings of a dove ! ” by one of the boys at a school concert seemed the most glorious thing he had ever heard, whilst a violin recital by Joachim quite carried him away. And before he left school he was captivated by beauty of another kind, in the person of a blue-eyed fair-haired Cornish maid of about his own age, with the sweetest smile in the world and a voice like a bell. He met her in the spring-time holidays at Freshford,

and for him she was "as fair as the flowers in May"; and though they never met again he treasured a tender memory of that little maid all through his life.

On leaving Poole's House in the Junior School as head boy he was posted to the School House in the Upper School, which was under the direct supervision of the Head Master. "Every Monday morning the form-master's report was read out by him. We listened in fear and trembling for the doom that might await us. There was never a word of praise for a good report. For a bad one it might be a couple of hundred lines of poetry (which made us loathe all poets). For a very bad one a caning. In any case Percival's sternness was alarming enough in itself without any need for punishment." Though the actual curriculum was a burden grievous to be borne he got through it somehow, but he laid the basis of his own education independently of classroom work. This was by his discovery of Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*. He read and re-read with avidity this masterpiece of the arts of strategy and tactics, in particular the passages dealing with accounts of scouting and reconnaissance. These fostered in him an already half-formed longing for self-reliant pioneer work out 'in the blue'. But side by side with this ambition went another, equally compelling. This was for the sea. His supreme national hero was—and indeed remained so throughout life—Nelson. He wrote to his parents on the subject, but their insistence that he must regard the army as his career was decisive, and so he returned the more eagerly to his Napier.

His study-mates were Robert (later Lord) Blackburn and his brother Leslie Blackburn, with whom he formed a life friendship. Leslie was killed in the Boer War. Robert married Lady Constance Bowes-Lyon, and some years later they invited Frank to Glamis Castle where, though he did not see the famous ghost, he made acquaintance with the future Queen as a very little girl. Among other of his contemporaries at Clifton were Henry Newbolt (the poet); Douglas Haig, "a good-looking but aloof boy, neither popular nor unpopular"; and William (later Lord) Birdwood. The hero of his day, however, was none of these, but A. H. Evans, Head of the School, Captain of Cricket, and a notable all-round athlete.

One event, and only one, occurred to somewhat tarnish Evans' lustre. Every year Clifton played Cheltenham at cricket and in those days Clifton always won, or at least were not beaten. But

one year the impossible happened and Cheltenham won by twenty runs. This awful news was telegraphed to Clifton. Instead of going down *en masse* as usual to meet the Eleven on their return, we refrained from intruding on their grief. Two of them were in my dormitory. We viewed them in silent sorrow as they got into bed, but no one spoke. In the chapel next morning we eyed them askance with the respect that one shows to the chief mourners at a funeral.

He did not meet Evans again till after the first World War when Mr. Whitley, Speaker of the House, gave a dinner to Old Cliftonians. "Both Evans and Field-Marshal Haig were there, Evans looking much the fiercer of the two, in spite of having done nothing more than run a Preparatory School in the intervening half-century."

A quarter of a century after, Sir Henry Newbolt wrote for *The Monthly Review* on 10th September 1904 a long "Epistle" to his old school-friend, recapturing the spirit of their Penpole runs. The following lines are extracts :

Soldier, explorer, statesman, what in truth  
 Have you in common with homekeeping youth?  
 "Youth" comes your answer like an echo faint;  
 And youth it was that made us first acquaint.  
 Do you remember when the Downs were white  
 With the March dust from highways glaring bright,  
 How you and I, like yachts that toss the foam,  
 From Penpole Fields came stride and stride for home?  
 One grimly leading, one intent to pass,  
 Mile after mile we measured road and grass,  
 Twin silent shadows, till the hour was done,  
 The shadows parted, and the stouter won.  
 Since then I know one thing beyond appeal—  
 How runs from stem to stern a trim-built keel. . . .

Though, spite of all these five-and-twenty years,  
 As clear as life our schoolday scene appears.  
 The guarded course, the barriers and the rope;  
 The runners, stripped of all but shivering hope;  
 The starter's good grey head; the sudden hush;  
 The stern white line; the half-unconscious rush;  
 The deadly bend, the pivot of our fate;  
 The rope again; the long green level straight;  
 The lane of heads, the cheering half-unheard,  
 The dying spurt, the tape, the judge's word. . . .

Old loves, old rivalries, old happy times,  
 These well may move your memory and my rhymes ;  
 These are the Past ; but there is that, my friend,  
 Between us two, that has nor time nor end.  
 Though wide apart the lines our fate has traced  
 Since those far shadows of our boyhood raced,  
 In the dim region all men must explore—  
 The mind's Thibet, where none has gone before—  
 Rounding some shoulder of the lonely trail  
 We met once more, and raised a lusty hail. . . .

"Forward !" cried one, "for us no beaten track,  
 No city continuing, no turning back :  
 The past we love not for its being past,  
 But for its hope and ardour forward cast :  
 The victories of our youth we count for gain  
 Only because they steeled our hearts to pain,  
 And hold no longer even Clifton great  
 Save as she schooled our wills to serve the State.  
 Nay, England's self, whose thousand-year-old name  
 Burns in our blood like ever-smouldering flame,  
 Whose Titan shoulders as the world are wide  
 And her great pulses like the Ocean tide,  
 Lives but to bear the hopes we shall not see—  
 Dear mortal Mother of the race to be." . . .

Thereto you answered, "Forward ! in God's name :  
 I own no lesser law, no narrower claim.  
 Our free-born Reason well might think it scorn  
 To toil for those who may be never born,  
 But for some Cause not wholly out of ken,  
 Some all-directing Will that works with men,  
 Some Universal under which may fall  
 The minor premiss of our effort small ;  
 In Whose unending purpose, though we cease,  
 We find our impulse and our only peace." . . .

So passed our greeting, till we turned once more,  
 I to my desk and you to rule Indore.  
 To meet again—ah ! when ? Yet once we met,  
 And to one dawn our faces still are set.

In 1878 his parents returned again from India and rented a villa in a vineyard on the outskirts of Lausanne, where he could join them

in the summer holidays. The magic of this earthly paradise, the view across the Lake at twilight to the luminous curtain of the distant snows, thrilled him with an ecstasy he had never known ; and when two years later they moved to a chalet near Diablerets close below the Alps, then in the presence of those stainless white immensities he caught his breath and felt again, but far more keenly than before, the quest for the ideal, the lure of the unattainable. "It did far more for me than all the poetry I had ever learnt, or all the sermons I had ever heard."

All too soon came an end to these heavenly interludes in the drab prose of his boyhood's existence. For before he left school his parents, having now definitely retired from India, settled for good in Southsea to enjoy the company of several old Anglo-Indian friends and especially that of General Farrington. So his interests were now diverted to the dockyards, workshops, and the shipping off Spithead—his father's visiting-card procuring for him and Leslie admission aboard many a foreign freighter—and of course Nelson's old flagship the *Victory*.

The time now came for him to be confirmed and he was prepared for the rite by the Vicar of Portsea, the Rev. Edgar Jacob (afterwards Bishop of St. Alban's), another of his parents' old friends. He took all that the good Vicar taught him on trust and supposed that there must be some defect in himself because he could not genuinely believe it all. Perhaps later on when he was wiser and better he would come to do so. But at present such doctrines, for example, as the virgin birth and the bodily resurrection and ascension, were simply unintelligible to his mind. And vaguely he resented them. They seemed so unnecessary ; more, they seemed to obscure and distort his vision of Jesus as the Perfect Man. And though the ceremony itself impressed him deeply, because he felt how very much in earnest the Bishop and the Vicar and his parents and sisters and the whole congregation were that he would be good now and all through his life, and because the influence of their prayers was a reality and one that lasted, nevertheless his doubts lingered as a disturbing factor in it all. "As I grew into manhood, less and less could I rest satisfied in the conception of a God who must be approached and placated by means of ritual, and more and more did theology and ecclesiasticism obtrude themselves as barriers—rather than offer themselves as bridges—to the understanding of an all-loving universal Power."

At sixteen he took his examination for the Royal Military Academy, for entry into the Royal Artillery. "There was precedent for this in my family, for my grandfather had served in it and an uncle was still serving, whilst my father had passed through the Academy for his commission in the East India Company." The Artillery, however, hardly coincided with his own ambition for scouting and reconnaissance; so it was fortunate for him that he failed twice in the examination. The alternative was Sandhurst. There were 900 candidates and only 100 vacancies. His chances were slim. So too was his physique; he would have been rejected by the Medical Board had he not volunteered the information that his leanness was due to "much rugger" and was not constitutional. Certain that he had failed to satisfy the examiners, he began desperately to swot for another try before the results were out; mathematics was his weak point and he had worked himself to a frazzle; but when the list was published his name was in it, and his father's prophecy that "even pigs might fly" came true after all. Bursting with pride and enthusiasm he went to Sandhurst in February 1881, determined to make the most of every minute of his year there, and he did. The riding school, parades, manœuvres, tactics, problems of field fortification—he threw himself heart and soul into them all; and there was leisure too, such as he had never known at school, for long fast walks of exploration. "I was breathing an altogether fresher air and learning more than I ever learnt at school. Yet there is one thing of priceless value that Clifton had taught me, worth all the lessons put together, and that was *esprit-de-corps*, first for your House, then for your School, later to develop into the feeling you have for your Regiment." There was another point of difference, and this also in favour of the School. "There the masters interested themselves in the boys as individuals; at Sandhurst the officer-instructors took not the smallest interest in their pupils outside their actual tuition."

Already at Clifton he had, despite his short stature, shown fine promise as a runner. At Sandhurst when only seventeen he entered for the three miles in which cadets of twenty and even twenty-one from the Universities competed.

It was the finest race I have ever run or seen. The course was a quarter of a mile round. Round and round we went, thinning out with each successive turn. For the last three rounds there was only one fellow in front of me, by a couple of yards, and

when it came to the last round I thought he would sail ahead for I was feeling pretty done. But half way up the straight, and not till then, I braced myself for a spurt and gradually caught him up, drew level, passed him and won the race. There was great cheering and the Governor, General Napier, came up and congratulated me.

In the same year he ran for Sandhurst against Woolwich in the three miles, but was beaten. He also played rugger against Woolwich and gained his cap.

“There was great cheering and the Governor congratulated me.” This is a characteristic touch. Though he never courted praise, he liked it when it came to him and was disappointed when it did not. He was not modest, but neither was he vain. He was quite frankly interested in himself as a person, and desirous that others should be so too. Of this trait his daughter writes: “He was quite aware of it himself, and indeed it was the subject of a continual joke between us. He had an almost childlike delight in achievement, that is, pleasure that anything into which great effort had been put had come off well and was recognized. One could almost say that the achievement and the recognition were part of each other, that even in some sense it was the recognition that made the achievement. Of course, too, it is only the simple-minded who can show pleasure in the applause of others!” There was always about him an air of fresh and innocent childlikeness and he carried it through manhood to old age. It is all of a piece with this trait that, whilst he was in every sense and in all respects a man’s man, he was even more a woman’s man; and though he had several intimate friends among his own sex throughout life, in old age he confessed without embarrassment that on the whole he had preferred the companionship of women.

Among his contemporaries at Sandhurst were Allenby and Sir Herbert Lawrence (Haig’s Chief of Staff). But apart from sport he was not socially inclined, preferring long walks and military books: next to Napier’s classic his favourite study was Wolseley’s *Soldier’s Pocket Book*, and next to it a *Life of Wellington* and the *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*. As before, it was the passages dealing with individual and independent action which fascinated him most. All through his boyhood he had had a feeling that he was born to “go ahead”, but it was always dim, he could not see what it was or where it led. He only knew it as an urge that he must at all costs satisfy. But when he

passed out of Sandhurst "with Honours"—considerably higher than those with which he had entered it; and when his brother George, who had served under Sir Frederick Roberts in the recent Afghan war and gained a medal with clasp, suggested that he should apply for a cavalry regiment in India and his father endorsed it—then the feeling began to take clearer shape. The Cavalry—with all its chances of patrolling and pioneering and "going ahead"—that was the thing for him! And so on 10th May 1882 he was gazetted to the King's Dragoon Guards, a regiment with a fine record of service from Marlborough's wars to Waterloo. They were then stationed at Meerut, and he was given the choice of waiting till the hot weather was over and going out in a troopship, or of booking as a passenger on the next cargo vessel sailing early in July. Without any hesitation he chose the latter, filling in the few weeks' interval with drill at the regimental depot in Canterbury.

Yet the actual moment of his departure in July was a sad one, for he had just come to know and love his home, and the prospect of six years' absence from it was a heart-break. As the ship drew away from Liverpool he suffered that conflict of emotion which is the lot of many young men: love of one's home and one's native land, and love of travel, ambition, and adventure. It was the harder to bear because there had grown up between him and his elder sister Emily a strength and depth of attachment which is rare in blood-relationships, because based on a mutual sense of real spiritual affinity. His was a nature that not only gave sympathy but that craved it, and in her he had found the fulfilment of this need. "You always are what you seem," he told her; and to her he was always a true heart's brother, companion, and comforter.

With only three other passengers on board and twenty-four days at sea, he had plenty of leisure for reflection. He spent it in reading—mainly biographies, for these had always interested him, and among them "Lives" of Christ; and in pacing the deck, thinking. The thoughts of this newly-fledged subaltern took an unwonted turn. Besides a very practical determination to succeed in his profession, he had the ideals of a visionary and the curiosity of a philosopher to understand the meaning of the world. No longer would he take anything for granted, no longer would he accept faith on authority; it was the *mystery* of life and the universe that now gripped him and thrilled him. Religious worship, so he had been taught, was a



symbolic act of faith ; he must be good, they had told him, in order to become religious. But now, as he saw it for himself, religion was itself life and the living of it, it was no mere symbol ; he would be religious in order to be good. The "Lives" of Christ by Farrar and others had failed to arrest him, but the Gospel story in its bare simplicity had, very deeply. In Jesus he saw the perfect Exemplar for all mankind. But if Jesus could not sin, he argued with himself, how can he be a perfect example to boys like me who so very obviously can ? And if he was uniquely divine and incapable of sin, what was the point of the temptations that he underwent ?

Surely it was truer, more helpful, and more inspiring to think of Christ as a man, beset with all the frailties of men, a man of indomitable courage and fortitude who was not great because he could not help being great, but great because he made himself great. Only thus could he be a practical pattern for other men, and a leader and guide for struggling humanity. Once this fundamental assumption was made, then the New Testament was changed from something impractical into something most tremendously, vitally, and intensely practical ; it was the record of the most marvellous spiritual struggle of all time, the supreme example of what was attainable by man. Thus looked at, religion would be no theological conundrum, no mumbo-jumbo of lip-worship and ritual, something to be brought out periodically, carefully dusted and put away again—no, it would become a practicable ideal, a simple and straightforward way of life.

"That we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, *but in our lives* ; by giving up ourselves to Thy service. . . ." The old words from the Prayer Book came back to him ; years later he used them as a title for one of his books in which he described in a disguised form the events and musings of his youth.

Years later too, in seeking to discover the secret of the profound impression which Jesus had made upon the history of mankind, he studied other "Lives" of Christ written by various authors—English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Jewish, and Hindu ; and cast his own conclusions thereon into the form of a drama entitled *The Reign of God*. But—though he came to respect the faith that has made saints of Roman Catholics and other ritualists—he never had occasion to revise fundamentally the gist of his meditations at the age of nineteen on the cargo-boat that took him to Bombay.

### Chapter III

#### MEERUT AND RAWAL PINDI

HE was warmly greeted by the officers of the 1st Royal Dragoon Guards then stationed at Meerut, chiefly for two reasons. Sir Dighton Probyn had written on his behalf to the Commanding Officer, Colonel Marter ; and his early arrival enabled one of the officers to go on leave before the hot-weather leave season ended. And the weather in the plains of India in high summer is of a fervent heat. The day's regimental routine began at 5 and ended at 10.30 a.m., after which all ranks retired to their billets till sundown. Billets were hermetically sealed all day and half the night against the scorching wind, and screened with dark green paper against the blinding glare. Sweat dried on the skin, and a bare arm resting on a table would raise a blister. Adjutant's drill from 5.30 to 7 ; Stables from 7 to 8 ; Orderly Room, and then a gallop to the swimming-baths before breakfast of porridge and quails or curry at 10.15—these filled in "the day's work" during the torrid months. At 6 p.m. officers emerged from their bungalows for polo, tennis, or racquets, riding or driving, until mess at 8.15, itself a parade, followed by billiards and cards whilst the thermometer stood at 98° in the shadowed cantonments, despite the punkahs.

The newly-joined subaltern was allotted quarters in a bungalow which he shared with the Adjutant, Capt. Hennah, whom he came to like and admire second only to the Colonel. His relations with these two were sadly short : within a few months untimely death robbed him of the former, and the latter was promoted to a higher command.

He beguiled his hours of solitude during the long hot days by studying his profession, learning Hindustani and Urdu (necessary qualifications for any future Staff appointment), and in writing long home letters—especially to his sister Emily. In them he poured out without restraint all the flood of love and affection which had been repressed in a lonely childhood by a stern upbringing ; in them too he reproached himself for repeated failure to live up to standard, and for his lack of self-discipline in the social distractions and temptations of army life. Truly, they are unusual sentiments for a subaltern

in a crack regiment of cavalry. He recoiled from the atmosphere of worldliness, the luxury and comfort, the obsequiousness of the native servants, the ribaldry and gossip, and he deplored the apparent lack of keenness in soldiering on the part of his brother-officers.

I had imagined that they would be as keen upon making the regiment as masters were upon making the school. I thought that there would be ardent discussion of military matters. . . . I found, however, that the art of warfare was the last topic of conversation that was likely to rise. There were exceptions of course. The Colonel was a good soldier, and so was Hennah. But neither of them had the fire and genius of a Wolseley or a Roberts. I was at first disappointed to find this. I only recovered when I found that these same men, as soon as there was any active service in sight, would move heaven and earth to get there. Keenness for sport did not mean indifference to service in the field. All it meant was disinclination to the monotony of preparation.

On the other hand I was surprised at the friendship I experienced. I had been taught to regard worldliness as synonymous with wickedness, and had expected to find my brother-officers steeped in iniquity. To my surprise I found them excellent fellows; and in my heart of hearts I envied them their good nature. They never went to church except when paraded for service. Their talk was of little else than ponies or dogs. Their language was coarse. And yet they were a cheery lot, always ready to do each other, and even me, a good turn, and secretly possessing an ideal of their own to which I would have been thankful to attain: it was simply to be a "good fellow", and a good fellow in their eyes was above a good Christian or even a good soldier.

The fact was that he had joined a regiment officered by leisured men of independent means, and in many ways he felt himself to be a misfit. Though a good rider, he could not afford to keep a polo pony; though a good marksman, he had no taste for shooting game; and there was not a soul in the mess with whom he could exchange an idea on the things that, in his opinion, really mattered. These disabilities caused him acute depression and went near to undermining his self-confidence; and afterwards he looked back upon his first few months in India as the most critical of his life. Two things kept him from stagnating or from drifting into evil courses: one was his enthusiasm for his profession and his determination to succeed

in it ; the other was the steadying influence of home-ties, his parents' trust in him, and the loving letters which he received regularly from them and from his sister by every mail.

But the crisis passed with the coming of the cold weather, and " a cold weather in Central India is as perfect a climate as can be found in the world ". With it came regimental parades in the mornings, and in the afternoons and evenings polo matches, cricket, tennis, gymkhanas, dinners, and dances. Life was full and he was carried away in the surging tide of it. Best of all were the morning parades. " The thought of what the regiment had done in the past and what it might do in the future made me sometimes almost cry with pride." To feel himself part of this living majestic machine moving about in perfect accord under a single control—and as part of it to keep one's wits about one and do the right thing at the right time and in the right way—was " to feel a bigger person than one is by oneself alone ". And then to crown all, the Colonel made him his galloper. His cup of happiness was full when the Colonel sent him to Agra in charge of the cricket eleven to play against the Durham Fusiliers, and for the first time he saw the Taj Mahal. " As I approached it from the end of the avenue of dark cypresses with a line of fountains playing between them, and mounted the steps to the stately gateway, and from the top saw the white dome framed in the red sandstone arch, I felt as if my very soul had been refreshed ". Little as he knew it then, it was his first introduction to the soul of India.

But now he was to experience two sudden shocks. The first was death, the second was love.

In April 1883 his friend Captain Hennah, who was eight years his senior and treated him as a younger brother, applied for two months' leave to go on a tiger shoot. He was a big full-blooded man, inexperienced with life in the jungle, and the hot season of another year was beginning. Within a few days he was carried back unconscious to Meerut, and Younghusband was by his bedside.

He soon awoke and recognized me. " Oh, thank God, thank God ! " he said, and he put his hand on my arm. " Now I don't mind dying." Poor fellow, he knew that he was dying and was evidently so anxious to get back among his friends. He had only intervals of consciousness after that. The Hospital orderlies irritated him so I stayed with him and helped with the poultices and other things, till he died a week later. I used to like talking

to him more than anyone else out here. He was not at all a religious man, but he had such a fine spirit—very open and outspoken—and once I heard him snub some fellows in the mess for trying to talk religion down. Before he died he asked me to write to his sister and say good-bye to her. I feel it all so terribly I can't tell you more about it now.

On the day of the funeral he could not restrain his tears, and the Colonel took him quietly aside while the regiment marched back to barracks. That night he fell asleep at dinner. "I just heard someone say, 'Poor boy, he has been up nearly every night', and then dozed off, completely done." What touched him much was the kindness of all his brother-officers, and especially of the second-in-command Major Willan, "a typical comfortable English country gentleman who insisted on my sharing his bungalow, and also on lending me one of his ponies and making me train it for a race, which the spirited little Arab won at the next winter Station meeting. I knew that pony and what he had in him. I saved him till near the end, and when we entered the straight he rode to a splendid finish." By this time he was getting over the feeling that he was of no use in the regiment, and though from reasons partly of economy and partly of temperamental shyness he did not go much into society on the Station, his heart was warming to his brother-officers, and it was evident that they liked him and admired him for his keenness as a soldier. "But in doing good turns to one another, and in efforts to be cheery, to be good company, and good sportsmen, I still felt myself a long way behind them."

In the summer of the same year he was invited for ten days' leave to Kasauli by Colonel and Mrs. Ewart, old friends of his parents, whom he had met at school. After six hours in the train to Umballa and six hours in a dak gharri to the foot of the hills, and a nine-mile ride through the forest to a height of 7,000 feet, he arrived in "paradise". After the suffocating heat of the plains the air of this little hill Station was life to breathe and the homely atmosphere and informal hospitality of his hosts was a heart-salve in itself. But even more refreshing was the society of their younger daughter May, with whom he rode the leafy glades, whom he partnered at tennis parties, and whose presence was a perpetual enchantment. And when the time came to say good-bye and they were alone for a moment in the drawing-room together, to his impulsive "You won't forget me, will

you?" her tremulous "No" was all he wanted to confirm his hope; and the picture of her waving to him from the gate—their first but not their last farewell—a memory that he cherished to the end of his days.

It was love at first sight and he knew it, but what could a mere subaltern do? He was in no position to marry for six years at least, when he would normally be due for his captaincy; and the prospect whetted his ambition still more to gain a Staff appointment.

Before Christmas he was invited by the Forest Officer (who had made the arrangements for poor Henna's ill-fated hunt) for a few days' shooting in the jungle. He leapt at the invitation, though not for the sake of the sport. His observations on this subject are worth recording, both as an index to his character and as an example of one way, among others, in which he was several years in advance of his time.

I enjoy everything about shooting except the kill. When the tracking is finished and the animal in view, I prefer to watch it. Wild creatures of every kind—beast, bird, and insect—are fascinating to me. I would much rather carry a pair of field-glasses than a gun. It has always gone against the grain with me to destroy life unless from absolute necessity, either in sheer self-defence or to supply necessary food.

It happened that his companion—an experienced game warden—sympathized with these sentiments in theory if not always in practice, and kept a regular menagerie of tamed wild animals in his camp. He sent off his young acquaintance with a native hunter. The forest that to a new-comer from the haunts of men had seemed so noiseless the day before, was now to his awakened sense vocal with sounds of every kind. "But with all these sounds there was a stillness which was like a tremendous presence. Though all was so still, there was a feeling of intense activity all round. Hundreds of eyes were watching and hundreds of ears were listening to what you were doing." They tracked a sambhar, and watched it feeding till it moved away: "a creature alert in every faculty, fit in every fibre, sheeny with health, dignity in every posture and grace and spring in every line". This too was a new experience for Younghusband—contact with Nature at close quarters. It never ceased to influence his thoughts: the overwhelming thought of all the multitude of various existences inhabiting this planet; and the sense of mystery which this thought brings—

the overpowering mystery of life in general and in particular, and with it the humbling recognition that human existences are not the only pebbles upon the beach of an eternal shore. And not only so : he had also the much rarer experience of close contact with primitive man. On the way to their dwelling in the heart of the forest he came upon troops of lungoor monkeys swinging incessantly from tree to tree, uttering their strange rhythmic " whoop ", their eyes alive with intelligence and piercing the green gloom in every direction.

Insatiably inquisitive they were, too, incessantly prying into things, turning over stones to see what was underneath, examining fruits, sticks, anything that came their way, handling things, testing them, seeing if they would break, tasting if they were palatable. And their keen inquisitiveness and with it the habit they got into of handling things, breaking off branches to use for defence, using stones for breaking nuts or throwing at animals, must have been the chief means by which our ancestors made their first step upward out of what we call the brute creation. There was a big jump, of course, from the most intelligent group of apes to the least intelligent group of men, but not so great a jump that the apes could not make it. Realizing that these creatures must be cousins of our own progenitors, I looked upon them with no little reverence.

The theory of evolution was of course a commonplace of biological science in those days, and he had been brought up on it ; in later years he was to give it its true place in a much wider philosophy of universal life.

At length they reached a Baiga village perched in a remote corner of the hills : " a queer collection of huts made of bamboo and mud, which could be erected in a day, inhabited by men probably not very dissimilar from the first human beings who, giving up their tree life, had come to settle on the ground. They threw with marvellous precision at a mark." They clustered round the Forest Officer, describing to him their ailments, for which he produced some simple remedy from his medicine chest ; for though they were shy of strangers " he, from living among them, had won their reverence and affection ; they looked upon him as a kind of god ". Young-husband was allowed to look into some of their huts and to examine their implements for harvesting and hunting. He was told that they are kind to one another, that they are brave in danger and help one

another in distress often at risk to themselves. Here, then, was a link from the instinctive to the mental, and another from the mental to the ethical.

In the evenings he would listen enthralled to the Forest Officer's accounts of the ways and haunts of all the creatures of the wild, punctuated by the chatter of monkeys, the screech of parrots, the chirrup of the cicadas, the shriek of a night-bird, the bark of a jackal, or the snarl of a leopard. And at night when the trees stood dimly round about like stately sentinels, and the stars gleamed through their over-arching canopy of leaves, he would think that "there is a closer connectedness of things than I ever imagined before. There are no watertight compartments anywhere: wide differences between all these innumerable forms and manifestations of life, but no insuperable barriers; no gulfs that could not be leapt. Even the stars—they are the great connecting links in the same universal scheme of things. The self-same stars that saw mankind emerging from the beasts ages ago will see another higher race evolve from ours far ages hence."

He would discuss too with his companion the age-old problem of "nature red in tooth in claw", and he never saw cause to revise subsequently the conclusions which he reached then. Though in the view of the present writer they are not convincing, they form an essential part of the whole texture of his philosophy of optimism and healthy-mindedness.

Taking a general view of life in the forest it seemed to be on the whole happy enough. There was a deal of cruelty and pain—young birds seized from their very nest to the despair of their parents, the remorseless pounce of a beast on its prey, the torturing sting of the snake and the hornet. But there's another side. Birds and beasts of prey have often higher qualities than the timid creatures on whom they prey: courage, audacity, alertness, fitness, intelligence, and skill. . . . Unless he perpetually keeps himself up to the mark he dies, just as his prey, unless he likewise keeps himself up to the mark, is killed. The penalty of death for failing to live life to the full hangs over both alike. And the general result is the fitness you see everywhere in wild life. Every creature in the forest is in tip-top condition and alive to its fingertips. . . . There is a good deal besides cruelty in Nature; and the general result of the awful severity, besides great competence and efficiency, is extraordinary happiness. The discipline is ter-



rible, but the result is good. . . . Pain incites to good ; the pain passes, but the good endures. Forest life is not so unreasonable as it would appear when we focus our attention on the pain alone. The life here is not all caprice. The more we know about this forest life the more reasonable does it appear. Not cruelty and pain, but joy and beauty is the main impression I get from it—and the pain sharpens the enjoyment.

Fitness, alertness, vigilance, competence, efficiency—these were the key ideas which he took back with him from his fortnight's experience of life in the wild ; they were also the prerequisite for the profession of a soldier whose business was to fight ; and sooner than he guessed came the opportunity not only for exemplifying them himself but also for inculcating them in others.

“ At the end of 1883 the Regiment marched to Rawal Pindi all the way ; in their scarlet ; carbines and swords ; jackboots and white helmets.” This was a welcome relief from the enervating plains. Soon after their arrival the Major informed him that the post of Adjutant was vacant, the officer who had filled it since Hennah's death having been granted a year's leave, and that his name had been submitted with one or two others to the Colonel for consideration. Would he accept it if offered ? How old was he ?—He would indeed, but he was not yet twenty-two. “ Rather young,” said the Major, “ but I told the Colonel that living in the same bungalow I had seen a lot of you, and that there was no one in the regiment keener on soldiering ; that you worked hard and had a decent amount of common sense. Besides, he wants to offer it to you.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is of interest to compare this promotion of so very young an officer with that of another who, in the actual profession of arms, was a far greater figure. In his biography of John Nicholson entitled *The Hero of Delhi*, Hesketh Pearson writes : “ Nicholson was stationed at Meerut, still studying languages and thoroughly bored by the social life that kept his brother-officers amused in cantonments. . . . He was not popular with the other officers, who thought him morose and boorish ; they could not get him to join in any form of pastime ; he seldom opened his mouth in mess ; he was on intimate terms with no one ; like Cromwell he lived ‘ reserved and austere ’. Probably because of his independence and isolation the Colonel made him Adjutant of the regiment, which in August '43 was transferred to Moradabad, and his new responsibilities helped to make a stationary life more endurable. Here he remained for over two years, performing his duties with an efficiency that must have made the soldiers wish that he had been of a more gregarious nature ; at last passing the language examination which qualified him for a Staff appointment.”

Here was a task to which he could harness his exuberant energies. His was a nature that always demanded more from life than the daily round, the common task; his eager spirit was beginning to chafe at the ordinary routine of regimental life, and other interests—botany and anthropology—were beginning to allure him. “If I had not stuck to soldiering,” he said later, “I should have turned to natural history”—apparently without thought as to how he could have made a living at it.

He set about his new duties with two definite aims in view. He would get his battalion to take a proper *sentimental* pride in ceremonial parades, “to feel the dignity of their calling and all the majesty of their country’s might.” There must be scrupulous attention to smartness, cleanliness, polish and trimness in drills and company inspections—not as ends in themselves but as means to this supreme end. There should be any amount of fuss in these respects before the great moment, so that there should be no fuss whatever when the great moment came. But secondly was his determination that the men should be made to take an *intelligent*, not merely a perfunctory, interest in their profession: to be made as fit as humanly possible for the actual business of war. “They must be as hard as nails, with all their wits about them; perfectly trained in the use of their weapons for every circumstance, and taught to act together efficiently as members of a single team.”

But just as he was getting into his stride and putting these laudable ideals into full-scale operation, came a reverse. “The Colonel, who had from the first taken such an interest in me and pushed me along, was promoted to the command of a brigade, and a Colonel who knew not Joseph arrived from the 2nd battalion to take his place.” The new Colonel had other notions as to how a regiment should be run. Punctilious to the last degree, both in personal equipment and behaviour, he expected a clockwork precision in the unit under his command—that and nothing more. He looked for a perfectly-timed mechanism, “in which the eye of the most inquisitive inspecting General would be unable to find a flaw”. But the young Adjutant’s conception of a regiment was that it should be not only a perfect mechanism but also a living organism, and not only that but a fighting organism—something with “life and fire” in it.

One day at field manœuvres the storm broke. The regiment was moving over rough ground to take up position, and it was

certainly not moving like a machine, but with considerable speed and like a live being for all that. There was much apparent but no real disorder, and the Colonel was furious.

“Mr. Younghusband, you have been working the regiment as if we were on active service. We are nothing of the kind. We have the General coming to inspect us, and we must have it orderly. Go to the rear of the battalion and Captain . . . will take your place.”

Next day after Orderly Room the Adjutant requested a private interview, and formally submitted a desire to see the General. To the question “Why?” he replied that he had been subjected to a public reprimand and had been disgraced before the whole regiment. He was within his rights by military regulations and his request could not be refused.

The Colonel was taken aback at first. Then he smiled, got up and patted me on the back, and said in a very kindly way, “Don’t take things too seriously. You are an excellent officer, and I am quite satisfied with you.” Being certain from his manner that he would not dare to treat me so again, I said no more. But I never felt the same with him as I had with Colonel Marter. He was a drill-sergeant, and nothing more. The saving feature was that he was a gentleman. And now that we had had it out squarely we were on much better terms. But with all his meticulous care for detail, he had none of the true soldier spirit in him, none of the sense of the majesty of a ceremonial parade. In the very midst of a stately movement he would burst out at some irregularity and spoil the whole effect. I would shudder to the marrow at the enormity. It was as bad as if a conductor, when a concert was in full swing, was to shout at one of the orchestra. During rehearsal there might be plenty of correction; but none at the concert itself.

Most tactfully, therefore, after parade I would inform the Colonel of any irregularities I had noticed, and ask him if he had observed any others, so that I could correct them at Adjutant’s parade. Gradually I weaned him from his dreadful habit! And a ceremonial parade became a true work of art. . . . This same regiment had fought the battles of England in old days on the fields of Flanders, in the sweltering heat of India, in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, and lastly in South Africa. The component individuals—the dress—the fabric of the colours—all these changed. But the regiment remained the same, and the change

in the colours was only to add to the number of battles inscribed upon them. And in the glory of the regiment every man who went to make it could share, if he deserved it.

These martial, patriotic sentiments he kept under his own hat, however.

But the interview was productive of good in another and even a more important way. Sir Frederick Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief, had drawn attention to the need for greater consideration to the physical and moral welfare of the men, and in this matter the new Colonel was in fullest sympathy. "This was the best side of him. He had a strong fellow-feeling for the men: they were to him human beings rather than soldiers; and he wanted their life to be clean and wholesome." It was on this matter that the Colonel one day took his young subordinate into his confidence. "The men are better paid out here than at home, and they are not worked so hard. They have more leisure but less means of recreation in which to employ it. We must do something to liven things up for them."—"Some counter-attraction to that eternal beer-swilling in the canteen is what we want, sir." The Colonel agreed, but pointed to a worse evil: the deplorable fact that numbers of able-bodied men were incapacitated for active service through disease contracted from women. "I want you to look to this; you are always thinking about active service. Keep their minds occupied, and their bodies too."—"What would you specially like me to do, sir?"—"Get going with games, sports, entertainments, theatricals, sing-songs and all the rest of it. Get T. interested. He is full of go, and has a good way with the men, even though he has not been with us long." This officer, familiarly known as 'the Tiger', threw himself whole-heartedly into the project, gave up shooting and polo, and roped in a capable Sergeant. The result was the institution of an Athletic Club, a Dramatic Club, a Boxing Club, cricket and football matches, competitive sports and gymkhanas, and a regimental magazine edited by the Adjutant and 'the Tiger'. Younghusband ascribes all the success of this enterprise to his colleague who, he says, "was a natural sportsman"; and indeed the organization of such activities was not his own special *métier*.

## Chapter IV

### THE CALL OF THE HILLS

IN April 1884 he was granted two and a half months' leave, as a reward for hard work. How should he spend it? There was not a doubt. He would go where he had always longed to go—to "the hills". He would travel light and sleep on the ground under the stars so as to get "the feel of them". The Himalayas are visible to the north from Rawal Pindi, but he would go east-south-east to Dharmsala, whence in 1869 his uncle Robert Shaw (who had died six years previously as Resident of Mandalay at the early age of thirty-nine) had started on the great journey that had carried him across the Himalayas to Yarkand and the plains of Turkestan. There he would meet men who had known him and served him loyally, some perhaps who had actually travelled with him.<sup>1</sup> A night-train took him to Amritsar and a branch-line to Pathankote, whence he set out on a forty-mile walk up the foothills to Dharmsala. And there he found his uncle's old pensioners: "staid, grave, dignified figures, with faces lined by strain and hardship; and with a characteristic composure and politeness". He gazed at them at first with awe, as men who had dared and endured so much; and then with reverence and affection as they gathered round him and spoke of "Shah-sahib, their father and their mother". There too, in his uncle's very house, he found not only men but books—Shaw's own book *High Tartary and Yarkand* among them—as well as maps and manuscripts. "I was among the relics of an explorer, at the very house in which he had planned his explorations, and from which he had started to accomplish them. I pored over

<sup>1</sup> Shaw and Hayward were the first Englishmen ever to reach Yarkand. Hayward was afterwards murdered in Yasin, a valley of the Hindu Kush. It was in memory of Hayward that Sir Henry Newbolt wrote the poem entitled "He fell among Thieves". Shaw was appointed Political Agent in Yarkand, and within a year had compiled a grammar and vocabulary of the language and a history of the country. He was not only a courageous and competent explorer but had a genius for adaptability among tribes of various races and won their instinctive attachment and even their devotion. His early death was a loss to British influence in that remote corner of the Chinese Empire and throughout the whole of Chinese Turkestan.

the books and maps, and talked for hours with the old servants, till the spirit of exploration gradually entered my soul."

An account of Younghusband's first journey is given in the first two chapters of his book *Wonders of the Himalaya*.<sup>1</sup> Though written nearly forty years later it kindles with romance, the thrill and ardour of impetuous youth. His journey was not a breaking of new ground—time ruled out any such ambition; but it was well off the tourist route, and was of a nature to test one's powers as a traveller. "That first wild wandering through the Himalayas", he wrote when he was in the sixties, "is one on which I look back with almost keener enjoyment than on any other journey I have made."

With a shikari and his retriever dog, and a couple of mules to carry his equipment and stores of eighty pounds weight all told, he crossed the wide open Kangra Valley to Palampur, and arrived next day at Baijnath, where the beauty of an ancient Hindu temple, "older far than Westminster Abbey", gave him pause for meditation. Besides pilgrims and holy men he fell in with hardy traders, "most of whom I found to be robust and cheery, excellent company, with plenty of intelligence and knowledge of men". A four days' march brought him to the Babu Pass that separates the Kangra from the Kulu Valley, and now he entered the primaeval forest which extends from Kashmir to Bhutan. Thence he could look downwards to "the first ripples of the rising Himalaya, each ripple a deeper and deeper purple as it shaded off towards the plains"; and upwards to the great ranges "with their glistening snowy summits rising close at hand above the trees"—deodar and spruce and pine all round him, and the birches far above them, and higher yet the bare crags, haunt of the ibex, the markhor, and the Kashmir stag. Magnificent crimson rhododendrons shone out like globes of flame amidst the dark green of the cedars; festoons of airy creepers hung from the boughs of chestnuts, sycamores, and maples; maidenhair ferns overhung the edges of the sparkling waterfalls, most exquisite in poise and grace. Feasting his eyes on these glories, and inhaling deep draughts of the tingling air and imbibing deep gulps of sparkling water in the rocky mountain streams—new life with every gulp—he followed the course of a torrent which came dashing down the pass in a series of cascades. There was a nip in the air at the top of the pass, though no more than 10,000 feet high, and across the

<sup>1</sup> For his route see foot of map on page 135.

wooded Kulu valley lay a snowy range. For warmth he ran down 6,000 feet between sunrise and breakfast to Sultanpur, to prepare for ascending the Beas river to its source in the Rotang Pass, and make a dash across that pass into Lahoul and back. But first he bought in the bazaar a Kulu blanket of thick home-spun wool for six rupees. It was a double blanket, twelve feet long. "That blanket I had with me on all my Himalayan journeys. And I have it to this day. It looks out of its element in a trim English bedroom, so it is pensioned off and allowed to pass its closing days in a remote cupboard. But I like to visit it now and then, and with gratitude recall the many nights it has kept me snug and warm when outside all was gripped in frost."

At every level of the river-valley were encampments of traders waiting for the snow to clear from the Rotang Pass so that they could cross into Lahoul, and on to Ladak, and even to far Yarkand: "tanned, hardy men, not over-clean, but genial and polite and ready to talk". They enlarged with cheerfulness upon the length and dangers of the journey to Yarkand, and also of the joys of life in Turkestan, where food and fruits were cheap and living comfortable. There they would exchange their cotton-goods for hemp and felt and carpets. Besides their strong, rough, sure-footed ponies, they had flocks of sheep and goats both for the milk and for the wool which they spun and wove on the journey. The animals were allowed to wander about at will and would come when called. "The mountains, the men, and the animals all seemed extraordinarily close to each other. The men knew the mountains and the animals, and the animals knew the men. There was a homeliness between them, and it seemed as if none would be very happy without the others."

On May 8th he reached Bashist, with snowy mountains on each side and a giant of 20,000 feet filling the head of the valley in front. The slopes were thick with pines and laced with waterfalls. These were no more than the mere outskirts of the main Himalayan ranges, but "I felt braced by the view of those stately pines clinging so stubbornly to their precipices and any projecting piece of rock, purified by the sight of those snowy heights, and calmed by the clear blue sky overarching all." Then came the country of the alpine flowers—purple primulas, transparent saxifrages and anemones, white violets—and he met a hill-man carrying a sackful of the latter, to be crushed for medicinal use. Two days later, memorable as the second anniversary of his commission, he crossed the Rotang Pass after a solid plug

through soft snow to a height of 13,000 feet, suffering a bout of mountain-sickness all the way, and ran down the other side to reach warmer and less rarified air. He had crossed the main range of the Himalayas and was well above the tree-line ; there was no life but that of birds anywhere on the northern side. Weary and cold he arrived at the rest-house beside the roaring Chenab river, to find it icy and comfortless ; impervious to heat when he lit a fire ; and himself on short commons, and “ everything inexpressibly dreary and desolate ”. And yet in a few minutes he saw something “ worth while coming all this distance with my eyes shut to have seen ”.

After my frugal dinner I was strolling disconsolately about outside having a look at the stars before turning in, when I noticed that towards the east it was getting lighter and lighter. Peak after peak was lit with silvery radiance. At last the moon at its full appeared behind the mountains, and the valley was almost as light as day. For the air at this height and on the far side of the great wall range is clear like crystal ; and the snowy whiteness of the mountains reflected back the moon's white rays. And all being again in the hard grip of frost, mountain and valley alike were glistening and sparkling in the silvery light, and what had only just before appeared the very desolation of desolation was now transformed into a scene like fairyland. Not only the dreariness but the solidity of the mountains seemed to have disappeared. They seemed unsubstantial as a dream, and glowing with a radiance not of earth.

After a visit to the Kosker village in Lahoul he climbed back over the pass—“ fearfully steep and very slippery ” ; and double-marched the whole way back in rain to Sultanpur where there was both warmth and food. “ I had had my little fling. But I thirsted for more mountain beauty.” And so he double-marched again along the Simla road to Rampur, hoping to make a detour up the Sutlej river from whence to view the mighty gorges which it cleaves through the Himalaya—only to find his passage barred. The bridge was closed to travellers on account of some infectious disease the other side.

But if I could not go there I could at least dream—dream of a journey to that mysterious country. I would pierce through the Himalaya, see marvellous mountains, visit the great lakes, explore the source of the Indus, the Sutlej, the Brahmaputra, come to know the curious people of that secluded country, and make a famous name.



All that, however, lay in the future. The present problem was how to get to Simla. He had to climb 3,000 feet before descending to another bridge. But the air of that shut-in valley was stifling and the sun beat down into it with scorching heat.

There was nothing to look forward to now as a spur to my lagging spirit. I was not making for any goal. I was indeed turning back upon what had been my goal, and was making down instead of up the Sutlej. I felt utterly listless and disinclined to face the hill. Nevertheless, it had to be faced, so I determined to make my mind a blank and turn myself into a pure machine. I would think neither of the heat, nor of where I had to get to, nor of future schemes. I would not even look up to where I had to go. I would simply look on the ground and watch my feet going tramp, tramp, tramp, mechanically upward. The plan answered splendidly. After a time I did look up, fully expecting to see the top of the ridge miles beyond me yet; but to my astonishment it was close at hand. The air was cool. I was well out of the valley, and very soon I was in a clean and comfortable dak bungalow.

Next day he descended the other side to the Sutlej again, crossed it by a less painful ascent and reached Narkanda—only another four days' easy march from Simla. From Simla he pressed on to Kasauli; and he ends his travel record with the cryptic words: "And there what was bound in the nature of things to happen befell me, and Kasauli holds for me sweeter memories than any other spot in all the Himalaya."

## Chapter V

### MILITARY STAFF APPOINTMENTS

WHAT befell him at Kasauli was the flowering of his love. But the opposition of his parents to any thought of marriage at the outset of his career, and of her parents to their daughter's consideration of it when she was too young to know her mind, his own diffidence and her consequent hesitation—these factors brought about a feeling of constraint between them and resulted in six years' indecision, and for him a final heart-break. Someone has written : " God gives us love, something to love He lends us ; but when the love has grown to ripeness, that which was lent drops off, and love is left alone." It was so in his case. We are to picture him as outwardly a rather solemn youth, of slow and measured utterance, correct and conventional in his demeanour, not given to spontaneous self-expression. But inwardly he was all tenderness and affection, and bubbling with mirth and *joi de vivre*. " I had none of that natural ease and assurance and grace of manner which men acquire in the society of women," so he wrote long after. " I had no ' way ' with them ; I was too stilted and restrained." And his daughter writes with understanding : " I think that his warm-heartedness which never quite hit the mark, either in giving or receiving, was the cause of his loneliness in early life and is one of the clues to his personality." Therefore it was " in the nature of things " that the flower should be plucked before it could bear fruit, so that it slowly withered ; but its tender fragrance was something that lived on, even to the end of his days.

At the end of 1884 he was sent on a reconnaissance across the Indus to the Kohat frontier. It was his first experience of extra-regimental work. " The Divisional Staff had asked for the loan of a senior officer from the regiment to take charge, to be assisted by a junior officer from the infantry. But none of our senior officers were particularly interested in reconnaissance and knew little about surveying ; so the Colonel, knowing that I was keen on both, thought I would be the most suitable one to send." His instructions were to

inspect and report on the roads and supply-lines of the frontier, in case of a Russian invasion. His work must have been eminently satisfactory, for no sooner had he returned to his regiment in March 1885 than the Divisional Staff sent for him again. A Russian force had occupied Penjdeh on the west frontier of Afghanistan, and forced the Afghans and some British officers to withdraw. "They should have stuck it out," says Younghusband, "and put the onus on Russia." It was an international crisis. Gladstone's Government was prepared, if need be, for war. A force of 20,000 troops was concentrated at Rawal Pindi. The Emir was invited to meet Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy; and a durbar was held in his honour. Younghusband was retained on the Divisional Staff, and with three or four young officers was detailed to report on suitable sites for camps, help lay them out, allocate units to them, conduct them thither on arrival and generally facilitate the requirements of their commanding officers, by night as well as by day. He rode escort to the Duke of Connaught, and was galloper for various Generals including the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart. "But the Emir, with becoming Oriental disdain, professed to being unmoved at seeing twenty-thousand men paraded before him in a single line"; and with equal nonchalance he took the Penjdeh incident quietly.

But if Mr. Gladstone on a point of principle was ready to go to war, the Government of India in actual practice was not. Since the Afghan War in 1881 a blight had fallen on Indian defence; railways to the frontier had been torn up, establishments reduced, armaments and equipment kept at a minimum. And now, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief, we were not in a position to oppose the Russians. This being the case, we had to eat humble pie, make the best of a bad job, ignominiously draw in our horns, leave Penjdeh in possession of the Russians, and let the Emir think what he liked about our ability to carry out our treaty obligations to protect him.

In the event, the Governments concerned agreed to send representatives to the frontier and delimitate the boundaries between Afghanistan and the Russian Empire.

Whilst Younghusband was engaged with his work on the Staff of the Q.M.G., newspaper reporters would flock to the office for information. Among them was a very dark young man with bushy eyebrows, large spectacles, and unhealthy appearance, named Rudyard

Kipling, in search of copy for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. "He was looked upon with great disfavour by Staff officers as being bumptious and above his station." When in later years Young-husband came to recognize him for what he was, a supreme literary genius and a poet of Empire, he said that he admired the manner rather than the matter of his work, both in prose and verse.

"The captains and the kings having departed, I with others of the lesser folk was settling down to a dreary hot-weather with my regiment, when another stroke of good fortune fell to me." Early in 1885 the Divisional Staff requested his services again. The Intelligence Department at Simla wanted an officer to undertake the unexciting task of revising the *Military Gazetteer* of Kashmir. In May he was comfortably installed there with every book and report on Kashmir at his disposal and also—which was far more interesting and important—some secret information about the disposal of the Russians in Central Asia. From this he discovered that counter-measures were being taken by the British authorities railways: which had been heedlessly torn up were being hastily replaced; a marvellously engineered railway was being run to Quetta; vulnerable points were being fortified; the tribesmen were being secured, and a mission under Colonel (Sir William) Lockhart was going to Chitral and Hunza. So while diligently digesting the Kashmir reports and amassing voluminous sheets of notes therefrom, he was carefully studying the Russian position in the east, and concluded that they must eventually make a move in the direction of Manchuria.

"All was intense activity behind the scenes, though outwardly all was gay. To readers of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Under the Deodars* the Simla of this time must seem desperately wicked; but to a guileless young subaltern there was nothing more innocent than the gaiety." Gymkhanas, races, dances, theatricals, picnic and dinner parties were the order of the day. Viceregal Lodge was not then built and Lord Dufferin lived at 'Peterhof'. He was a great social figure and the life of Simla took its tone from him. "Lord William Beresford organized the theatre; and the performances by the Amateur Dramatic Society were as good as at any ordinary theatre in London. The original of Kipling's Mrs. Hawksbee was by no means the clever designing busybody which he depicts. She was just a genial, jolly soul, a friend of the Adjutant-General;

and perhaps some poor officer, who might otherwise have had to remain in the plains, was through her enabled to have a few months at Simla in an office."

Kipling's short stories got Simla a bad name which it did not deserve. Life in Simla was very delightful with its gay society, its heavenly views, its brilliant atmosphere, life-giving air, and gorgeous dawns and sunsets. And with his feet now well planted on the military ladder, and the prospect of permanent employment on the Staff, what more could a young subaltern desire? But all the while, behind the interests that now absorbed him and the diversions that entertained him, he felt the whisper of an insistent summons; it was the call of the wild, the lure of the vast lonely spaces; it was now embodied in one word—*Manchuria*. How could he combine military duties with exploration?—that was the problem, and the one which he set himself to solve. He read and thoroughly assimilated the political history of the Far East, and took as his cue three facts: the provocative speech of General Kuropatkin (later Chief of the Russian army in Manchuria in the Russo-Japanese war), who professed to fear a threat from the slow but continuous arming of the Chinese nation; an attack by China on the Amur; the natural wealth and great untapped resources of Manchuria—a country that had never been completely explored.

In the evenings I accordingly drew up a report on our existing knowledge of Manchuria, and dwelt in moving terms on the urgent necessity of knowing more. I meant to show it first to my immediate Chief, Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., and afterwards to no less a person than Sir Charles Macgregor, the then Q.M.G. in India, in whose department the Intelligence Branch was included, and who had himself made a comment on Kuropatkin's speech, which was friendly to the Chinese. I would somehow convince them that if the Indian Empire were to be saved, I must be at once sent on duty to Manchuria.

Help came from an unexpected quarter. Mr. H. E. M. James, then Director-General of the Post Office in India (afterwards knighted and Commissioner in Sind), was contemplating a journey to Chinese Turkestan.

We met first at a dinner-party, and the conversation between us turned on Yarkand and Kashgar. I naturally waxed eloquent on

the subject, and a week or two afterwards we again met at dinner, and again talked about the same places. And then, after a few days, on one Sunday afternoon Mr. James walked into my house and asked me if I would go on a journey with him. Nothing was said as to where we would go ; but to go a journey anywhere was enough for me, and of course I said " Yes ". I remember sitting that afternoon in church at Simla and looking at the rows of people in the pews, thinking how every man amongst them would wish to be in my place, if he only knew what I was going to do !

But a few days later Mr. James called to say that the journey he had planned was off ; he could not obtain his leave in time to make it ; but he proposed instead another journey in March of 1886. Where should they go ? Younghusband expatiated on the virtues of Manchuria, and it transpired that Mr. James had been recommended Manchuria from another source—so to Manchuria they would go.

So far so good. But permission to go there, either on leave or duty, had still to be obtained. He knew that he would have no difficulty with Colonel Bell, who was possessed of great physical hardihood, loathed office work, and had compiled valuable reports on Persia and China. But to tackle the Quartermaster-General was a different proposition. True, he had made reconnaissances and had greatly distinguished himself in the Afghan war.

He had written a secret book called *The Defence of India*, which I had come to know nearly by heart, and which, compiled before the Penjdeh incident, had forecast that move, and was intended to arouse the Government to our danger if we did not take steps to counteract the Russian advance. He never doubted that if we exerted ourselves we could stave them off, for he was fully aware of the dangers that lay before them in any serious invasion of India.

He was a big, bluff, gruff man. When I was first introduced to him all he said was : " Damned rum name that is." Now, however, he was more interested in me. He at least listened to what I had to say. I asked to be sent on duty to China and Manchuria for eighteen months. He replied that I was too young and inexperienced to be sent at Government expense, and eighteen months was too long to be away, but he would do what he could to get me six months' leave. I thanked him, but gently implied

that he must not expect to see me back at the end of six months. (In the event I was away nearly twenty.)

There followed a 300-mile march to Delhi for two months' manœuvres with his regiment, mock-battles in which two armies proceeded from bases a hundred miles apart to find and fight each other when they did and how they best could. A distinguishing feature of these manœuvres was the presence, for the first time in India, of military representatives from foreign Powers, including Russia, by invitation of the Viceroy. Lord Dufferin, who had been Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, was impressed by the efficiency of the Indian Army, and thought that we lost much diplomatic weight through ignorance of this fact by foreign Powers. That his policy was successful Younghusband had subsequent proof. And years later, when Resident in Kashmir, he remembered Lord Dufferin's example, and purposely invited the German Consul-General to spend a week with him, and to him and to an officer of the German Imperial Staff who was there on another occasion, he gave every opportunity and freedom to inform themselves.

“The weakness is palpable enough. The strength needs showing; and unless the strength as well as the weakness is realized we are liable to be involved in war—to our misfortune, indeed, but to the far greater misfortune of our enemy. The Bolshevists may yet have to learn this lesson.”

He had previously broken the news to his fellows of his impending departure.

Subalterns are not usually enthusiastic when one of their number is constantly away from the regiment, and they have to do his share of the work. There were therefore no marked signs of delight among my fellow-subalterns when I announced that I would shortly again be leaving the regiment. And twinges of conscience did, I confess, come to me at forsaking them.

But if they were not enthusiastic about my travelling, they were about my running. Bets were made on my running 300 yards in 33 seconds. I consulted a professional runner in my troop about this, and he told me I could only do it if my stride was seven feet. I ridiculed the idea for I am only five feet six inches in height. However, there it was. To cover 300 yards in 33 seconds you have to cover  $27\frac{1}{2}$  feet each second, and that means four strides of practically seven feet each second. It

seemed hopeless. But I did it ; I ran the 300 yards in 33 seconds with a fraction of a second to spare.<sup>1</sup>

Then they wanted me to walk fifteen miles in three hours. I said I would run it in two. We were now on the march down to Delhi to take part in the big camp of exercise, and going by the milestones on the Grand Trunk Road I ran the fifteen miles in one hour and forty-nine minutes.<sup>2</sup> So, anyhow, I was in fit physical condition for the travels before me.

<sup>1</sup> This must constitute a record. The 300 yards is of course not a standard race and till recently was never officially timed. But only as recently as the year 1949 it was run by the American negro, Harrison Dillard, Olympic winner of the 100 metres and champion hurdler, in the phenomenal time of 31 seconds, which is the world's record.

<sup>2</sup> The fifteen miles is also not a standard race and I have not found an official time for it. But such a combination of pace and stamina must surely be almost unique in running.



## Chapter VI

### MANCHURIAN JOURNEY

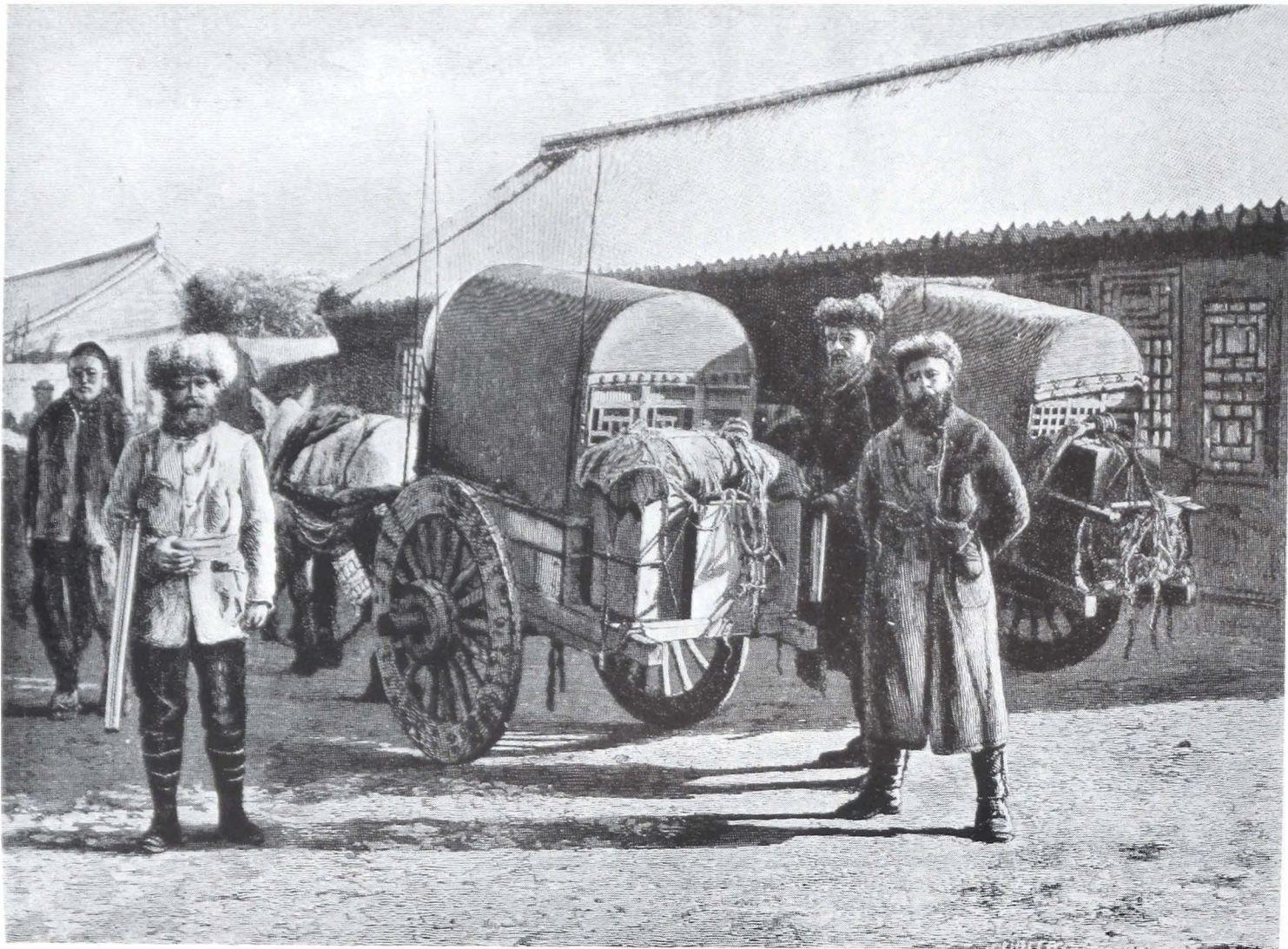
A FULL account of the Manchurian journey is given by Sir Evan James in his book *The Long White Mountain*,<sup>1</sup> and more briefly by Younghusband in the first three chapters of *The Heart of a Continent* (a book which, for its objectivity and informative value, must be considered the second best of his major works). Here, space unfortunately forbids more than the briefest summary of this journey.

Leaving the camp of exercise at Delhi he went to Calcutta to join Mr. James, and together they sailed for China on 19th March 1886. He was fortunate in his companion, "the most kindly, affectionate, and generous of men", as well as an accomplished botanist. At Hong Kong he felt his work had begun and made notes on all the forts up-river to Canton, "and I eyed every Chinese soldier I met as if to search his inmost soul". At Shanghai they were entertained by a merchant prince of the old style, and at Peking by the *chargé d'affaires* Mr. (afterwards Sir) Nicholas O'Connor, formerly Ambassador in Russia and Turkey and "evidently very capable", but who astonished him by the remark that for the first time he was acting on his own responsibility. "In India we have to act on our own initiative at a very early stage, and the contrast between the Indian Service and the Diplomatic Service surprised me."

From Peking they proceeded to Newchwang, the port of Manchuria, where they were joined by Mr. H. Fulford of the Consular Service who, happily for them, spoke Chinese and knew the customs of the country. Their first objective was a mountain well known in

<sup>1</sup> "It is a matter for regret", wrote the author, "that the observations taken by Mr. Younghusband could not be worked out in time for the final correction of the map. He displayed untiring perseverance, and it needed no ordinary resolution to stand outside at nights, with a bitter wind blowing and the thermometer below zero, waiting till a star rose to its proper altitude. He also took compass observations to fix the position of the hills and rivers as we passed along. . . . It is his pencil, however, that has enabled my readers to see in the frontispiece the summit of the real 'Long White Mountain'."—These facts, and others which are added as footnotes to this chapter, are not mentioned by Younghusband himself: not even the fact that he was the geographer of the party.





H. E. M. James

H. Fulford

F. E. Younghusband

THE PARTY IN MANCHURIA

Chinese legends—the Chang-pai-shan or “Ever White Mountain”. It had been visited only once before, in 1709, “by one of those enterprising Jesuit surveyors who seem to have pushed their way everywhere”, but no European had since verified his account. On May 19th they started from Newchwang, travelling in mule-drawn carts driven tandem, seated at the base of the shafts with their legs dangling over the side, and their baggage piled between them and behind.<sup>1</sup> They slept in native inns, cheek by jowl with Chinamen along the wide long platforms (*kangs*) from which they had supped. At Mukden they were greeted by a yelling, hooting crowd, and pestered to distraction in the room where they found a lodging. Here they were delayed a week to assemble a caravan of mules for mountain work; so they visited several temples and the tomb of Nurhachu, founder of the Manchu dynasty, “set in the midst of a park of sombre cypresses and pines, many miles in extent, impressing the imagination with a sense of dignified repose”. On May 29th they began their journey eastwards to the Yalu river on the Korean border. The hills were wooded with oaks and elms, “such as we never see in India”, and the stream-filled valleys, set with thriving little hamlets and gay with “English flowers”, were enchanting; in one day they found five different kinds of lilies-of-the-valley and various species of maidenhair fern.<sup>2</sup> Then came days of persistent rain, they were drenched on the march, and the ground was slush. “More than once I remember being so tired that I lay down on a fallen log, propped myself against some branch, and fell fast asleep in spite of it.” They had no milk nor butter, for the Chinese and Manchus do not milk their cows. The rivers swelled, and a dozen miles from their source were unfordable. They would wait till the flood subsided somewhat, overhaul and repair their kit at some farmhouse, and study John Chinaman at leisure; and were impressed by the industry and vigour of the Chinese colonists of this region, who were supplanting the original Manchus. The Yalu river at the point where they reached it, where it takes a southerly bend, is a noble waterway 300 yards wide; the meadows of its banks were “covered

<sup>1</sup> “Our mules looked a sorry lot when we started, but they improved on acquaintance. Younghusband’s veterinary skill soon relieved their galls, and the cure of one enormous abscess was a real triumph of surgery.”

<sup>2</sup> “Younghusband was an entomologist, and he pointed out to us several rare English kinds of butterflies: swallow-tails large and small, purple emperors, tortoise-shells, rare clouded yellows, and others, most of them very plentiful.”

with flowers of every description—often with masses of stately lilies, some specimens of which measure six inches across, or with waving sheets of irises and columbines”. Here, however, at the village of Mao-erh-shan, 280 miles from Mukden, where they had expected to find food, they found nothing but uneatable pork and a curry made of salted eggs six months old. They then began a toilsome ascent of the seemingly endless series of ridges encircling the White Mountain; through dense forest undergrowth, up slopes and gullies, shoving the mules along in front of them, plagued with midges, mosquitoes, gad-flies, “and the wretched mules were often covered with blood and driven wild by their attacks”. They slept in sable-hunters’ huts, squeezed tightly together in a row on the *kang*, lying heads to tails with the Chinamen; a smoky fire burning against the mosquito pest—and this in the heat of a summer’s night. “That period of our journey was a very trying one.” Reaching the junction of the Yalu with the Sungari river they ascended the bed of the latter, but after two days the mules were brought to a standstill by a bog. Leaving the animals and securing the assistance of a porter they shouldered their loads and pushed on, on half rations. “This was the hardest piece of work we had done, for we covered from 15 to 20 miles a day, and that through ground where we frequently sank to our knees and never felt sure of our footing, and with a load on our backs.” But the thought that they were now within striking distance of their hidden goal spurred them on. On the fourth day of their load-carrying they found themselves at its base.

It was with a sigh of infinite relief that we looked upon it, but I cannot say that, here in its solid reality, it inspired us with awe commensurate with the mystery which had been attached to it. It certainly rose high above all the surrounding forest-clad hills, and perhaps in the British Isles would pass muster as a mountain; but it was not the snow-clad monarch we had expected to see, and it afterwards proved to be but eight thousand feet in height. Still, here the mountain was, and what it lacked in grandeur was made up for in beauty, for its sides were covered with the most exquisite meadows and copses. In Kashmir there are many beautiful meadows, but none to compare with those of the Ever-White Mountain. These were such as I have never seen equalled. Masses of colour, flowers of every kind, whole meadows of irises and tiger-lilies and columbines, with graceful stately fir-trees scattered about to relieve any excess of colour and add to the

beauty of the whole. And, looking closer, we found ferns of the most delicate tracery, deep blue gentians, golden buttercups, azaleas, orchids, and numbers of other flowers of every type of beauty, all in their freshest summer bloom.

Next day they explored some springs which form one of the main sources of the Sungari ; the day following they ascended the mountain and emerged upon slopes of long grass, dwarf azaleas, heather, yellow poppies, and gentians. The ascent though steep was not difficult, and they made for a saddle between two rugged peaks, to be rewarded at the summit with an unlooked-for discovery. The mountain was an extinct volcano ; its perpetual whiteness was due not to snow but to powdered pumice-stone, and its crater, in a setting of weird fantastic cliffs, was filled with water of a peculiarly deep clear blue. The lake appeared to be some 6 or 7 miles in circumference, and at its farther end was an outlet from which flowed the main branch of the Sungari, a river which in its lower reaches attains a breadth of over a mile.

We tried to descend to the brim of the lake, but could find no way down the precipitous cliffs ; so, after boiling a thermometer to ascertain the altitude, I set out to ascend the highest of the rocky peaks which formed a fringe around it. The climb was a stiff one, but I succeeded in reaching the summit, and from there I looked out over a billowy expanse of forest-clad hills stretching away on every side, as far as the eye could reach in the direction of Manchuria, and as far as one could see over Korea ; nothing but forest, except where the lake lay below me like a sapphire in a setting of rock, and it was only by this and by occasional glints of the river that the monotonous green was broken.<sup>1</sup>

Doubling back on their tracks, in three days they picked up their patient beasts of burden, and ravenously devoured some eggs.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James wrote : " The ascent was very steep and not unaccompanied with danger, as the foothold was treacherous and, had Younghusband slipped, he might have rolled over the edge and dropped five or six hundred feet into the lake. However, he succeeded better than we did, and got up to the highest pinnacle, creeping out to the very edge of a piece of rock which projects over the lake like a bowsprit, and waving his hat to us. From below it looked as though nothing but an eagle could find a resting-place in such a position. He calculated the height to be 7,525 feet, but allowing for an error in the reading of the boiling-point thermometer which he subsequently discovered, 500 feet must be added on to that."



It is said to be good to rise from a meal with an appetite. In those days we always rose from our meals with magnificent appetites. It was the greatest relief, however, not to have to carry a load any longer, and, happiness being merely a relative quality, we felt thoroughly happy on the following day as we trudged along beside our mules, with no weight on our backs to crush the heart out of us.

They now struck 300 miles northwards to Kirin. After many days of weary plodding through the forest, climbing of ridges, wading of tributary streams, "one of which we forded twenty-four times in a single march, and always waist-deep", they suddenly found themselves clear of the trees and "in a populous district of extraordinary fertility". The soil, reclaimed from the forest, was rich and black; the houses new, large, and well-built; everywhere were signs of prosperity. "In Asia one sees plenty of the old age-worn life, but on that continent it is only in a very few places that one can see the fresh young life of a colony pushing vigorously ahead." On August 12th they reached Kirin, picturesquely situated on a wide bend of the Sungari amid wooded hills; and here, despite incessant rain and consequent increase of the filth and smells of the place, they remained three weeks, paying off the muleteers who had brought their baggage from Mukden and engaging carts to continue their journey. In an arsenal erected and equipped entirely by the Chinese they found magazine-rifles, gatling-guns, and field-guns being turned out "in a very creditable fashion"; and this many hundreds of miles from the coast, without railways or water-ways or even good roads for the carriage of heavy and delicate machinery. Here they were regaled with Chinese dinners: "course after course, till we must have had between 30 or 40 of them, including such delicacies as sea-slugs, sharks' fins, and birds-nest soup", but there were also some less alarming and more substantial viands. They found the cultured Chinese gentlemen who entertained them excellent company and perfect hosts, with an elaborate politeness and punctilious etiquette which was too habitual and natural to be mere veneer, and was off-set by their genuine heartiness and joviality. This was a marked contrast to the rude, coarse, and unmannerly behaviour of the lower classes whom they had previously met and who had been their bed-fellows in wayside inns, "who hate foreigners and make no secret of doing so, and from whom the traveller is apt to form an unfavourable impression of the race as a whole".

A Chinaman is perhaps rather too celestial, rather too much up in the clouds and above ordinary mortals, and certainly shows too little interest in the common everyday affairs of this world ; but he is an interesting man to meet at home, and, mingled with the irritation which his superciliousness so often inspires, I often had a feeling of real regard for a man who can aspire to such a lofty stand-point as the Chinaman does, and in his case I felt that it was not all simple self-conceit, for he had in him the pride of belonging to an empire which has stood intact for thousands of years, and was approaching civilization when we ourselves were steeped in barbarism.

On September 3rd they headed north again, this time towards Tsi-tsi-har. Rain had reduced the roads to quagmires, and they were sometimes obliged to relay the mules. The valleys widened into richly cultivated lands, thickly inhabited ; the grain of millet, now ripe, was unusually heavy in the ear. . . . Still further down, in the swamps of the Sungari which were ten miles wide and looked a likely place for snipe, "we had an experience with mosquitoes which quite eclipsed all former records. We heard a kind of suppressed roar, like that of a distant sea, and we thought it must come from the river. But it was nothing but mosquitoes. For a foot or two above the marsh they were in myriads." Though there were snipe about, there was nothing for it but a hurried retreat. They crossed the river by ferry and at once entered the open rolling steppes of Mongolia, carpeted with luxuriant grass and flowers, where herds of antelope grazed ; the hollows filled with lakes, the haunt of multitudes of waterfowl. Having gone milkless for nearly four months they were now refreshed with an abundance of solidified cream, surpassing even the produce of Devonshire.<sup>1</sup> They reached Tsi-tsi-har on September 20th, but there was little of interest to be seen and the northern winter was coming on apace. So they struck south-eastwards for Hulan and, the roads being now dry, could average over 30 miles a day. The boundary-line between Mongol and

<sup>1</sup> "This was indeed a miserable piece of journeying and it ended up by a singular, and what might have proved to be an ugly accident. Younghusband, who was reclining on the *kang*, suddenly jumped off it, upsetting a pair of scissors which were lying upon his bedding ; his foot caught them before they reached the ground and he ran the points, which were slightly open, more than an inch perpendicularly into the sole of his foot. He at once got on his back again and we bandaged him up, but it was a fortnight before he could put his foot to the ground." Younghusband himself never mentioned this accident.



Chinese territory, though a purely artificial one, was clearly defined as "that between the desert and the sown". Hulan was a new and thriving town, with a busy bustling air about it. Thence they turned north again to visit Pei-lin-tsu where a Roman Catholic mission was established, but, finding the priest in charge away, turned south to Pa-yen-su-su, another mission station, where they found both him and the director of the latter. No European save the French consul in the previous year had ever visited these distant mission stations, "and to have that warm and heart-felt greeting which one European will give to another, of whatever nationality, in the most distant corners of the world, was a delight that can well be imagined".

But apart from that, we were very deeply impressed by the men themselves. They were standing, transparent types of all that is best in man. There was around them an atmosphere of pure genuine goodness which made itself felt at once: no weak sentimentality or flashy enthusiasm, but solid human worth. Far away from their friends, from all civilization, they live and work and die; they have died, two out of the three we met there, since we left. When they leave France they leave it for good; they have no hope of return. Others may bring discredit on the missionary cause, and produce the feeling of hostility to it which undoubtedly exists, but these are the men who are a true light in the world, and who will spread the essence of Christianity—the doing of good to others—abroad. Their strong yet simple and gentle natures, developed by the hardships of their surroundings and the loftiness of their ideals, and untainted by contact with worldly praise and glamour had, as we saw evidenced in the people around, affected even the Chinese.

At Sansing, which they reached on October 13th, they procured some long loose sheepskin coats, and visited a fort armed with heavy Krupp guns. Requesting a sentry to unlock the doors of the magazine, they finished their inspection of the fort, and were going unobtrusively away, when the Colonel in command of it sent out and begged them to come in to tea! Whilst being thus hospitably entertained, a messenger arrived in hot haste from Sansing with an order from the General that they were on no account to be allowed inside the fort. "This was most embarrassing. And, having seen all that was to be seen, we assured our host, with every mark of sincerity, that, these being the orders of the General, nothing should

detain us for a single moment, and that we would leave the fort instantly." The kindly old Colonel, however, insisted on their finishing their tea. "I hope", adds Younghusband, "that he never got into trouble, owing to the slackness of discipline in his men, for letting us inside."

This fort would absolutely bar the passage of the Sungari if the guns could be trusted, for they were of far larger calibre than any that could be brought against them; and I marvelled at the perseverance and energy of the Chinese in bringing them here, across hundreds of miles of land, and over hilly country. . . . But with the Chinese there is always a doubt as to whether their guns will go off at the critical time, for they are so utterly careless of them and of their delicate machinery, and will allow it all to go to rust and ruin with perfect disregard of the consequences.

The party now ascended the Hurka river to Ninguta along a road "fit only for pack-animals". On one occasion a cart and its team turned two complete somersaults as it rolled down a hillside, and yet with little damage. It was hauled up and repacked. "The mules merely shook themselves and then stared stonily ahead, as if it were all in the day's work and not to be wondered at." On another occasion a mule fell under the wheels of the cart, which was double harnessed, and was dragged for some hundred yards before the team could be stopped. "We thought he must be dead—suffocated with mud if nothing else. But he got up, shook himself, stared stolidly about with an aggrieved expression, as if it were really rather harder luck than usual, and then allowed himself to be put in the shafts again and go on with the rest of the day's work." Bogs filled the hollows between out-cropping spurs of rock, and these were a source of frequent difficulty.<sup>1</sup> But there were also copses of oak and birch, where they found excellent pheasant-shooting; there were flocks of ducks and geese; and the river abounded with fish, mostly salmon; "so that we were now living very comfortably, making up for our privations in the forests of the White Mountain". At Ninguta, on the borders of Russian territory, which they reached on October 26th, they found a telegraph office manned entirely by

<sup>1</sup> "A meek little pony which Younghusband was riding signaled itself by suddenly kicking up behind and shooting the bold dragoon, who never dreamed of such effrontery, clean over his head into a muddy ditch. It was a startling and beautiful spectacle, and even the victim roared with laughter."

Chinese, but where the language in use was English. Halting there two days, they next made southwards for Hunchun, a garrison post of importance, where Russian, Chinese, and Korean territory meet. The going was again difficult and they took a week to reach it. They found it well fortified and the forts, as at Sansing, mounted with heavy Krupp guns. They called on the Lieutenant-General in charge of the frontier, by whom they were received very ceremoniously. Having written to the commander of the Russian post across the frontier for permission to visit Novo-kievsk, they started off towards it before receiving a reply; they had barely crossed the boundary when they were met by a couple of mounted Cossacks who resembled in every particular the popular illustrations they had seen of these warriors. The Cossacks saluted, and handed Mr. James a letter from Colonel Sokolowski who said that he would be most happy to allow them to cross the frontier, and hoped that they would visit his post and "accept the cordial but frugal hospitality of a Cossack".

The Colonel's house was bare of luxury, having only one room, part of which served him for a bedroom and dressing-room, heaped with military stores, piles of saddlery, racks of arms, and miscellaneous articles of equipment. After some light refreshment, he showed them round the barracks. By comparison with that of the British soldier the standard of living here was decidedly low; but the men were hard, cheery, and good-natured, and had about them a very workmanlike air. In the evening there was a small dinner-party: themselves, three Cossack officers, and a Chinese interpreter. . . . But Younghusband's description of this dinner is as impossible to abbreviate as was the dinner which it describes. It must therefore be quoted verbatim. There is an almost Dickensian touch about it.

After eating some small dishes, such as sardines and salmon chips, at a side table, and washing them down with a glass or two of vodka, which the Colonel informed us was quite a necessary proceeding, to clear our throats for the dinner that was coming, we sat down to the main business. First of all, a great soup-tureen was placed on the table, filled with a good substantial soup. "No ceremony, gentlemen; *je mange énormément*," said the Colonel. And he proceeded to ladle himself out a good helping, and everyone round the table then did the same. Each of us had at his side six bottles of wine and beer, and these we were expected to attack indiscriminately. "You're drinking

nothing," shouts out the Colonel, as he stretches across the table and fills your glass with claret—a very excellent sort of claret, he said, they got it from the Crimea. Before that was finished, another officer would fill your glass—the same glass!—with sherry. Then the Colonel would insist upon you trying the beer. Meanwhile course after course of the most substantial dishes were being served up. Each one helped himself in turn, but in addition one or other of the officers would cut off a huge slice and put it down on one of our plates. The hospitality was genuine and most hearty; but how we got through that evening was a marvel to us. We had been leading a hard, healthy life lately, so had good appetites, and were able to keep fairly well in line with the Russians in the eating way. But the drinking was terrible. If we had been allowed to keep at one liquor we might possibly have survived; but the mixture of port and beer, and sherry and claret, and Guinness's stout and vodka, backwards and forwards, first one and then the other, was fatal.

In the middle of dinner a jingling of bells was heard, and up drove a tarantass. The door opened, and in came a young Russian officer. He had arrived with his wife. "Just in time for dinner," said the Colonel. "Make room over there, will you?" and down the officer sat, while his wife went to her house. The dinner went on without any break, and the new arrival was treated as if he had been expected, and had merely come in a little late. Yet he and his wife were new to the post, and had just travelled for three weeks through Siberia, across those awful roads! No question seemed to be asked of the lady whether she was tired or not, and it never seemed to strike anybody that she could be.

Meanwhile the Chinaman was making himself thoroughly at home. There is seldom any need to tell a Chinaman not to be shy, and there certainly was not in this case. Before dinner, he had arrived while the Colonel was out, and had proceeded without any compunction into his dressing room, and made every use of his dressing and washing things. And now at dinner he was equally free and easy. He never had to be pressed to take some more to eat, or to fill up his glass; and he talked away incessantly the whole time. Nor did he think it necessary, though the guest of the Russians, to refrain from telling stories very detrimental to them. He thought, I suppose, that these stories would please us; but, coming from such a shifty gentleman, we were able to put them at their real value, and beg him not to trouble to continue.

Dinner being at long last ended, Colonel Sokolowski became communicative. He spoke bitterly of the Russo-Turkish war, in which he had served; enumerated the units under his present command; explained that as a frontier officer he must be a linguist (he spoke French and German); and on comparing notes with Younghusband, it was found that he, a Russian Colonel, was drawing less pay than a British subaltern of cavalry. "And as for Mr. James, he could, with his pay, have bought up a dozen—literally a dozen—of these frontier commandants."

After we had eaten and drunk and talked for some hours, the other officers went off, and the Colonel said to us, "I don't know quite where you will sleep. There is a sofa for one of you; the other two had better sleep on the floor." This we proceeded to do, and so passed our first night in Russian territory. The Colonel had spoken of his Cossack hospitality as being rough but cordial. It was both.

Next day they made for the garrison town of Novo-Kievsk proper, on the coast near Vladivostok. It was a bleak and dreary outpost, but there was a hill beside it overlooking Possiet Bay, which a British fleet had lately visited, and of course they climbed that hill. A Russian commissaire who had befriended them on the way was "immensely tickled" when they told him. He had often heard, he said, that it was a characteristic of Englishmen to climb a hill immediately they saw one; that he had scarcely known a single Russian to climb this hill; but that whenever an Englishman arrived, it was almost the first thing he did. They watched the drilling of a party of recruits in full kit: a kind of goose-stepping; the men were small but thick-set and hard, and the discipline brutal. After another night with friendly Colonel Sokolowski they now, on November 11th, divided: Mr. James by a short-cut to Kirin, the others with their carts to Ninjuta for expected letters. The thermometer now stood at zero and light snow was falling. They passed the body of a man murdered by brigands the previous day, but themselves met with no incident, and rejoined their companion on the 26th. Ice now lay on the Sungari to the depth of a foot, and they trotted their carts smoothly across it. They visited the head-quarters of the Roman Catholic Mission in North Manchuria at the village of Hsiao Pachiatzu, where all the inhabitants were Christian since childhood "and seemed

like a different race from the cold hard Chinamen around them". The cold was now intense; they rose in the small hours of darkness to secure early lodging at the inns; once at sunrise they encountered frozen mist; but the ice-hard roads made travelling easy. Arrived at last in Mukden, they were kindly treated at the Scottish Mission. Bearded, with brick-red faces, tattered clothing, worn-out boots, and with galled and blistered feet, they were welcomed into a cosy drawing-room where the ladies were at tea. "We had had many trials on the journey, but this facing a ladies' tea-party in our disreputable condition was the hardest of them all. As soon as, by the light of comparison, we had discovered our unpresentable state, we begged to be allowed to go and do the best we could for ourselves." Forthwith they were provided with clean shirts and socks and every kind of clothing, and a cosy bedroom for each. This mission was designed for the purpose of influencing the higher classes; its ministers were married men and highly trained; there was a qualified doctor in every station. Though therefore less inspiring than the Catholic missions in the desolate north, it was eminently practical and effective for its aims. They reached Newchwang on December 19th, exactly seven months after they had left it, and there the party broke up, Mr. James proceeding to Port Arthur and thence to Japan.

After all these years I feel strongly how much I owe him. It was through him that I had thus gained my first experience of real travelling, and though I did not appreciate it at the time—for to a young subaltern the thing was natural—I have wondered that a high Indian official, of more than twenty years standing, should choose to rough it in his holiday time as he did. When afterwards I had myself to lead an expedition, I realized what sterling qualities of steady dogged perseverance he must have possessed to lead our party successfully through the forests to the mysterious Ever-White Mountain.

With Mr. Fulford he set forth before Christmas for Tientsin, crossing the Great Wall of China where it runs down to the coast at Shan-hai-kuan, where were several modern forts. These proved an irresistible attraction to Younghusband, who, as he did elsewhere, entered them by the simple process of walking straight in, disregarding the sentry if one happened to be present and allowing it to be assumed that he was one of the foreign officials in Chinese employ.

At Kaiping they passed strings of carts laden with coffins, each

surmounted with a caged cock which by his crowing would keep the spirit of the deceased awake while passing the Great Wall ; otherwise it might go wandering off somewhere, forgetful of its body, and the body might be brought in for safe burial in China but its spirit left behind.

They reached Tientsin on New Year's Day of 1887, in time to take part in a mounted paper-chase, and got some skating and ice-boat sailing. Mr. Fulford returned to his Consular duties, and Young-husband to Peking where he was the guest of Sir John and Lady Walsham at the British Embassy. Sir John placed all the archives at his disposal in order that he might complete his military report, but told him kindly but quite firmly that, now that he had come to the Legation, he must wean himself of his addiction to walking into Chinese forts. Young-husband's own conclusions were that, while the Russians had nothing to fear from Chinese encroachment in the north-east corner of the continent, the British had somewhat to fear from Russia in the south-west of it. Among other personages of note whom he met, and about whom he has left interesting comments, were Sir Edward Goschen (our Ambassador in Berlin in 1914) ; Sir Walter Hillier (later Consul-General in Korea) ; Herr von Brandt, the German Minister ; M. Constans, the French Minister ; and Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs.

He intended to complete his report and return in the spring to India by sea in order to have a look at the ports, but at the end of March a surprising event occurred which changed his plans. This was the unexpected arrival of his chief, Colonel Bell, V.C., in Peking.

## Chapter VII

### ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT TO YARKAND

COLONEL BELL was a brisk, blunt, tough soldier, who had travelled much in Persia, Baluchistan, Burma, and China, and was always eager for more. He briefly explained to his young lieutenant that he intended an overland journey back to India through Chinese Turkestan along the main populated route, in order to acquaint himself with the military resources of China. Younghusband begged to be allowed to accompany him. This proposal Colonel Bell declined on the ground that it would be a waste of man-power, and suggested instead that he should go by the unknown route across the Gobi Desert—provided that he could get the necessary extension of leave ; and that they should meet on an appointed day at Hami, approximately half-way between Peking and the Himalayas.

I nearly burst with excitement at the prospect. Since the time of Marco Polo, six centuries before, no European had travelled from China to Central Asia. This route had never previously, nor, as far as I am aware, has it ever since, been traversed by a European. It lies midway between the high-road to Chinese Turkestan and the route which Mr. Ney Elias followed in 1872 on his way from Peking to Siberia. . . .

Colonel Bell then left Peking, after fixing a date on which we should meet at Hami, and my friends in the Legation said that, judging from the general style of his movements, they thought it extremely improbable that he would wait for me there more than three-quarters of an hour.

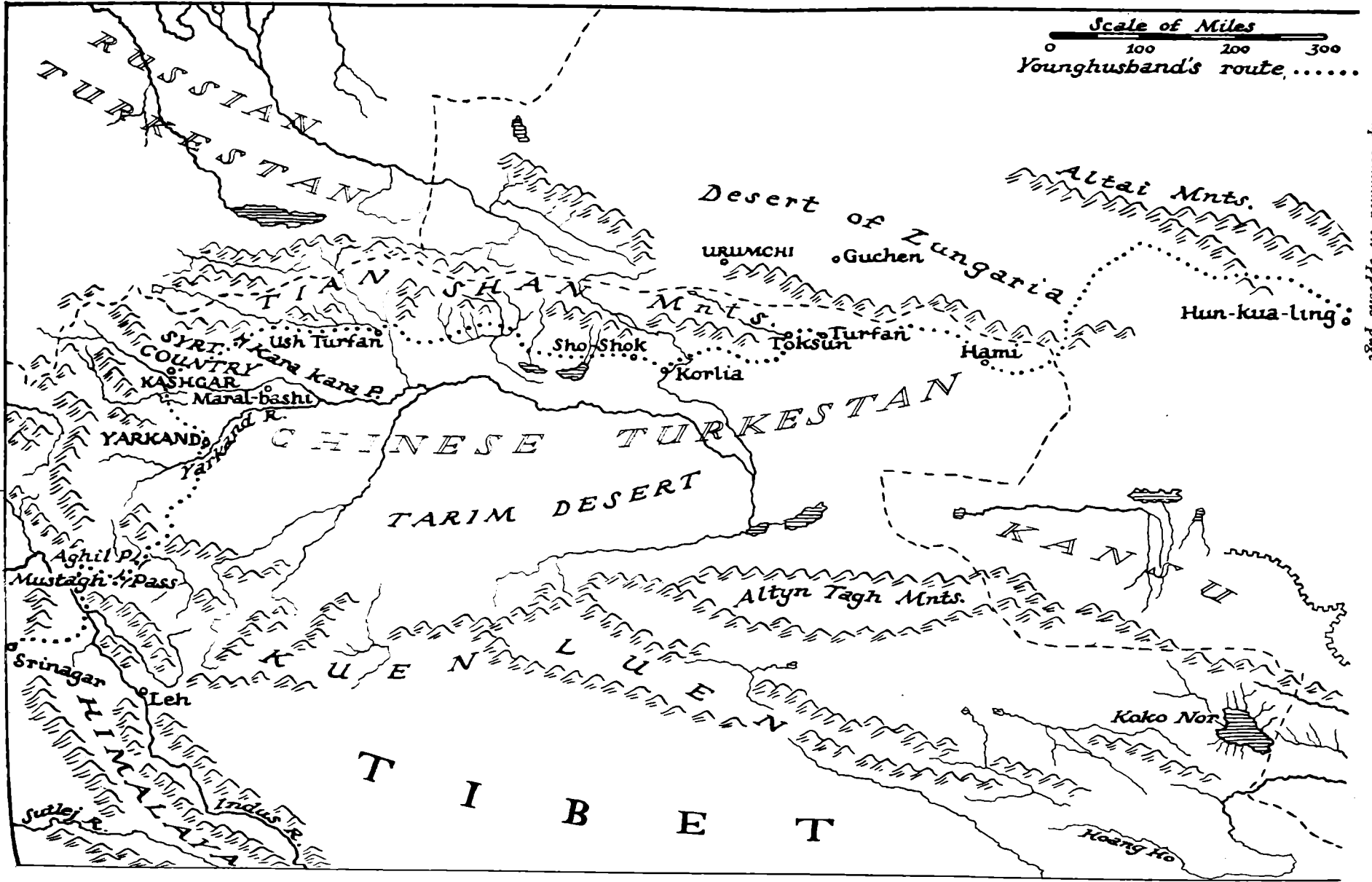
The difficulty about leave was at once removed : Sir John Walsham telegraphed direct to Lord Dufferin. Not only that, but he procured for the young explorer the best possible passports obtainable from the Chinese : and, to facilitate agreements for transport, Mr Hillier “ provided me with a document which appeared as comprehensive as a royal proclamation or a lawyer’s deed ”. A wait of a few days was necessary for the expected reply from Lord Dufferin, which

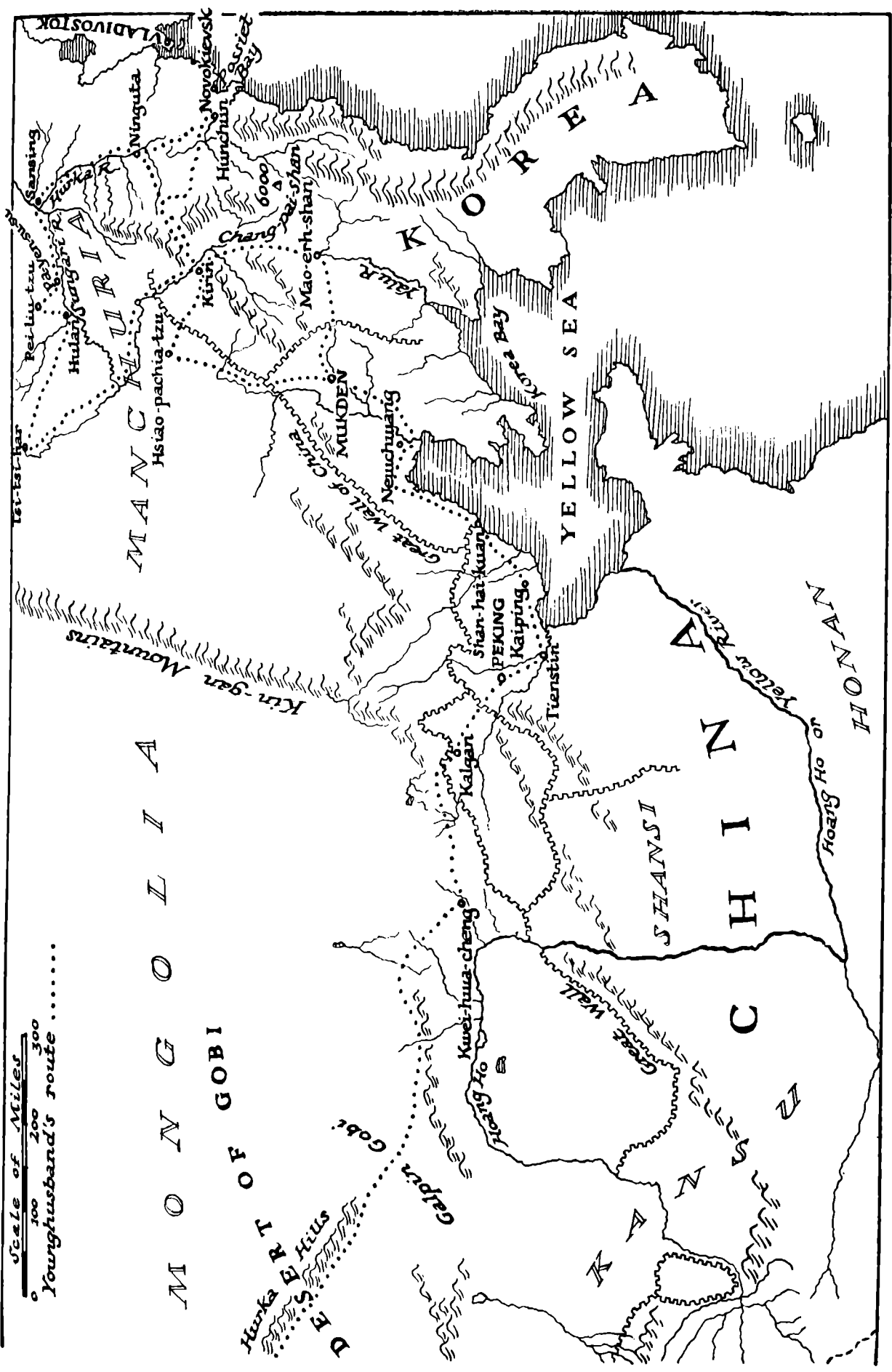


Scale of Miles  
0 100 200 300  
Younghusband's route.....

Map continued on opposite page

PEKIN TO YARKAND





Scale of Miles  
 0 100 200 300  
 Younghusband's route .....

M O N G O L I A

GOBI

HANKO  
 HILLS

Calpan Gobi

K O R E A

YELLOW SEA

S H A N S I

S H I N

C H I N

H O N A N

M A N C H U R I A

M U K D E N

P E K I N G

K a i p i n g

K u e i - h u a - c h e n g

H w a n g H o

H o a n g H o

H o a n g H o

H o a n g H o

H o a n g H o

H o a n g H o

was favourable, and 4th April 1887 was fixed as the date of his departure.<sup>1</sup>

The evening preceding my departure was one which it will be hard indeed to forget, and I think I realized then for the first time clearly what I was undertaking. Lady Walsham asked me after dinner to mark out on a map for her the route I proposed to follow, and to tell her exactly what I hoped to do. Then, as I traced out a pencil line along the map of Asia, I first seemed to appreciate the task I had before me. Nowhere in Pekin had we been able to obtain information about the road across the desert. I had never been in a desert and here were a thousand miles or so of one to be crossed. Nor had we any information of the state of the country on the other side of the desert . . . Lastly, at the back of all, looming darkly in the extremest distance were the Himalayas, to cross which had previously been considered a journey in itself.

All the terrible vagueness and uncertainty of everything impressed itself upon me as I traced that pencil line on the map. It was a real plunge into the unknown that I was about to make. . . . That last night in safety and civilization, all these difficulties and uncertainties weighed heavily upon me. But with the morning they were forgotten, and they never troubled me again.

The first stage was to Kwei-hwa-chang, a mere 200 miles distant from Pekin and within the borders of oriental civilization. It could be covered easily enough on horseback with mule-carts, and with two servants : Chang-san, who as interpreter had accompanied the party through Manchuria ; and Liu-san, who eventually travelled with him the whole way as interpreter, cook, table-servant, groom and carter. "When I think of all that depended on him, my single servant and companion, I cannot feel too grateful for his fidelity."—At Kalgan he was hospitably welcomed at the American Medical Mission, and also met a Russian tea-merchant who produced some useful books of information and presented him with a new and particularly good map.

<sup>1</sup> A few days after he had started a second cablegram came from India cancelling his leave. The Military authorities had protested to the Viceroy that he had no power to grant it. But the British Ambassador in Pekin was a good diplomatist. "Sir John cabled back that I had already started. He did, however, communicate with me even after this, sending me some comforts for the journey ; but through some lapse of memory he omitted to mention that my leave had been cancelled, and I was able to proceed on my way unhindered."

It is always a pleasure to meet a Russian. He is invariably so frank and hearty. . . . I like to record these little acts of kindness and consideration which I have received from Russians individually, because I believe there are no two nations that would take to each other more than the Russians and ourselves, if the opportunity were forthcoming, and the more the members of each nation know each other the better it would be for us both.

The words are prophetic, and the word 'individually' is significant. At Kalgan he branched off the great caravan route that leads from Peking to Siberia and advanced through walled villages up the broad valley of the Yang-ho. Cold north winds blew with great force from the high plateau of Mongolia, filling the air with desert sand-dust and producing, wherever opposed by counter air-streams, that curious deposit known as the *loess* formation. It reaches a depth of some hundreds of feet upon the plains of China, and crumbles under the pressure of traffic with a vertical cleavage. The constant passage of carts across the same route results in a track bounded by high perpendicular cliffs, so that it is necessary to send a scout in advance to stop an oncoming cart before entering the defile. On April 14th he emerged on the broad open plain of Mongolia, and "an extraordinary bounding sense of freedom came over me". The prairie seemed illimitable; there were scattered herds of deer (*huang-yang*), flocks of geese and duck flying northward, bustards, larks high overhead, and coveys of partridges on the ground which would not stir when approached. Black dots descried on previous marches now resolved themselves into *yurts*, the dome-shaped tents of lattice framework covered with felt which the Mongols use, thin columns of blue smoke rising from them in the morning air. A fire burned below the ventilator in the roof. "Being allowed to enter one of them, I was charmed with the comfort of the place", and, as later experience proved all too frequently, its rounded sides were infinitely better adapted to the wind than his own flat-sided tent.

Arrived at Kwei-hwa-chang he was given a warm reception by the representatives of the China Inland Mission, "whose zeal and energy are marvellous". This mission was composed of lay as well as of ordained men, and also of followers of varying persuasions. "It must be a stern, true heart indeed which can stand dreary years alone in a remote Chinese town, surrounded by cold-blooded unemotional Chinamen who by instinct *hate* you."—Here information about the

route was at last forthcoming : he must follow the caravan route towards Guchen (north of the Tian-shan Mountains), and strike southwards from it when ten marches distant from Hami. At length and after much search a Chinaman was found willing to hire out five camels, to carry 300 lb. each, for 180 *taels* (about £45), and also to provide a guide. Three more camels were obtained. In addition to provisions, one camel was loaded with brick-tea (the usual medium in exchange), and another with two casks of water. Some delay was inevitable to satisfy Chinese superstitions and consult their almanac for an auspicious day, so that the start was not made till April 26th. "A solemn agreement was drawn up and it was stipulated that, for the above sum, we were to be landed at Hami in sixty days." The heart of Chang-san had failed him at the prospect of a long desert journey and he returned to Peking. The retinue now consisted of three : the Chinese 'boy' Liu-san ; a Mongol assistant Ma-te-la ; and a guide, "a doubled-up little man, whose eyes were not generally visible, though they sometimes beamed out from behind his wrinkles and pierced one like a gimlet".

Younghusband's account of this journey is an even, steady narrative, sober in style like that of every other born explorer, enlivened with humour and humanity and sometimes with passages of really fine descriptive power. Written as it was from his old diaries on the march, when he was only twenty-three, it is still a classic of its kind. On every page it reflects the steadfast, judicious, eager, cultured personality of the writer, and the versatility of a mind quick to seize and assimilate every impression. Though untrained in natural science (a fact which he always regretted) he had an innate aptitude in that direction, and his diary abounds in observations—geological, botanical, zoological, ethnological—that are of considerable interest. These unfortunately, for lack of space, cannot be noticed here.

The routine adopted was to start each day at about 3 p.m. and travel until midnight or later. They thus avoided the heat of the day (it was hottest in the forenoon), and allowed the camels to graze by daylight (if loosed by night they might wander too far and get lost). "Through the long dark hours we would go silently on, often finding our way by the aid of the stars alone, and marking each as it sank below the horizon, indicating how far the night was advanced." Except when there was a sand-storm the nights were unclouded. There was no dust-haze now. The vault of heaven was of unsullied

purity, and every star shone out in fullest radiance. "And in the stillness of those long hours," so he wrote in 1927 in *Life in the Stars*, "night after night, and week after week, that radiance made an impression on my fresh young mind which has deepened with the years. I began to feel at home with the stars."

Between breakfast and dinner he would stroll about, write up his diary, plot his map, and make preparations for another march. Then silence unbroken save for the quiet thud of the soft-footed camels. "So marked, indeed, was this silence of the desert that when we arrived at the first oasis at the end of our journey, the ordinary hum of insects and singing of birds seemed almost deafening."—Not less remarkable was the extraordinary dryness of the air. An arid wind from the north would generally spring up before noon and blow the heat away; but if from the south—clouds would collect and rain fall, only to be reduced to steam before it reached the ground. "Everything became parched up, and so charged with electricity that, in opening out a sheep-skin coat or a blanket, a loud cracking noise would be given out, accompanied by a sheet of fire." Within a month the closely-woven coat which Sir John Walsham had given him, and guaranteed to last forever, was rent with creases and in shreds.

Changes of temperature were sudden and extreme, but the wind was the greatest enemy. Sometimes it was so strong that the camels could not face it and tents were pitched with the greatest difficulty; when dry it impregnated everything with sand; but if it occurred at night, and worse if accompanied by heavy rain—discomfort reached a limit. On May 14th and 15th, when in the inhospitable Galpin Gobi the party was completely tent-bound by the wind, and waited till sunset of the second day hoping that it would abate. It only seemed to increase. Younghusband, however, determined on a start. Soon dark clouds gathered, it blew yet harder, and heavy rain began to fall. It was now pitch dark, and the guide was literally feeling the way with his hands; so they halted and camped having covered only three miles. The lantern could not be lit, they groped among the camels, got the loads off, felt for the tent, pitched it somehow, though hardly able to keep their feet. The next day they proceeded, though the storm had obliterated all tracks; and on the night of the 17th at eight o'clock a hurricane produced first a sand-storm and then a deluge. Younghusband wrote temperately: "Putting up a tent in a sand-storm is one of the most irritating things I know of. No

sooner do you hammer a peg in than it is pulled up again ; the sand gets driven into your eyes as you kneel to drive in the pegs ; and to add to it all, it was pitch dark, and heavy spurts of rain would come driving down at intervals." Next day the guide wanted to halt because of the wind, but Younghusband 'objected' and they started at 6.30, lost their way, and camped at 11.30 without water. But on May 19th they found the track, and with the range of the Hurku Hills to guide them reached a well ; and after watering the camels pushed on for the next well, gradually ascending the range. He here points out a geographical fact of interest (apparently not previously noted), that the Hurku Hills are a prolongation of the Altai Mountains.

He has much to say in gratitude to his faithful—though not entirely trustworthy—retainers. And first the Chinese guide, who is otherwise not named.

He was a wonderful man, and possessed a memory worthy of a student of Stokes. The way in which he remembered where we were, at each march in the desert, was simply marvellous. He would be fast asleep on the back of a camel, leaning right over with his head either resting on the camel's hump, or dangling about beside it, when he would suddenly wake up, look first at the stars, by which he could tell the time to a quarter of an hour, and then at as much of the country as he could see in the dark. After a time he would turn the camel off the track a little, and sure enough we would find ourselves at a well. The extraordinary manner in which he kept the way surpasses anything I know of. As a rule no track at all could be seen, especially in the sandy districts, but he used to lead us somehow or other, generally by the droppings of the camels of previous caravans, and often by tracks which they had made, so faint that I could not distinguish them myself even when pointed out to me. Another curious thing about him was the way he used to go sleep walking. His natural mode of progression was by bending right forward, and this seemed to keep him in motion without any trouble to himself. He had however one failing—he was a confirmed opium-smoker. . . . I was obliged occasionally to differ in opinion from this gentleman ; but on the whole we got on well together.

Poor Ma-te-la's was the hardest part. He had such a prodigious amount of work to do in tending to the camels that Younghusband out of sympathy one day mounted him on his own, "but he would

never get up again, as he said the guide would give him no wages if he did”.

He was a careless, good-natured fellow, always whistling or singing, and bursting into roars of laughter at the slightest thing. He used to think it the best possible joke if a camel deposited one of my boxes on to the ground and knocked the lid off. He never ceased wondering at all my things, and was as pleased as a child with a new toy when I gave him an empty corned-beef tin. That treasure is probably as much prized by his family now as some jade-bowls which I brought back from Yarkand are by mine. The Mongols carry about half their personal effects in their boots, and one day he produced from his boots every little scrap that I had thrown away, such as bits of paper, ends of string, a worn-out sock, and numerous other trifles.

With Liu-san an early understanding was reached. Soon after leaving Kwei-hwa-cheng “some uncanny-looking gentlemen came prowling about the camp”, and the guide advised him to have his revolver ready. He did so, and in order to add to the effect gave Liu-san another—but unloaded.

I was at first afraid that if a loaded revolver were given him he might make it very unpleasant for me one day in the wilds. But afterwards, thinking that doing things by halves was little good, I loaded it for him, and told him that I had the most complete trust in him. He and I must be true to each other; I would look after him, and he must look after me. The plan answered admirably; he used to swagger about with the revolver, showed it to everybody he met, and told the most abominable lies about the frightful execution he could do with it. Nobody can lie with such good effect as a Chinaman, and as he told the gaping Mongols and Turks that, though he could only bowl over about twenty men at a time with his weapon, I was bristling all over with much more deadly instruments, they used to look upon me with the greatest awe, and I never had the semblance of a disturbance on the whole of my journey.

Liu-san neither smoked nor drank, and professed to be afraid even of lime-juice. He took his master to task one day for giving away an old lime-juice bottle to an ordinary Mongol. Such valuable gifts, he said, ought to be reserved for the big men; so the next “swell” encountered was presented with a lime-juice bottle “with great state,



and given to understand that he was not likely to get such gifts as that every day in the week.”—Liu-san had but little English, and the other two had none. Younghusband set himself to pick up what he could of Chinese by nightly conversations with Liu-san. But he never got very far with it.

After passing the terrible Galpin Gobi and ascending the Hurku Hills they were assailed with sudden furious hurricanes. The air would be perfectly still, the sky clear, when black clouds would appear in the far distance.

Gradually they overspread the whole sky, and as the storm came nearer we heard a rumbling sound, and then it burst upon us with terrific force, so that we were obliged to lie at full length behind our baggage. There was fortunately no sand about—we were on a gravel plain—but the small pebbles were being driven before the wind with great velocity, and hurt us considerably. The storm lasted for half an hour, and it was then as calm and bright as before, and much cooler.

This was on June 3rd. Two days later they descended a wide hollow between the Hurku Hills and the southern range, flanked by “a most remarkable range of sandhills”. It was forty miles in length and fantastically ridged, some of the ridges attaining a height of 900 feet; pure white from top to bottom, and without a vestige of vegetation. The guide called this ridge Hun-kua-ling. After passing its western end they entered upon

a scene which, for its extreme wildness and desolation, surpasses anything I have ever seen. The elements of the air seem to have fought with and rent the very surface of the land, and the scene is one of indescribable confusion. To add to the weirdness of the spectacle, the country was covered with tamarisk bushes, the gnarled and contorted roots of which had been laid bare by the wind.

Thence they turned southwards through the steppe that separates the Altai from the Tian-shan range.

On June 8th, towards dark, after passing through the sandhills, we approached a low range of hills. The guide halted here and told me to take out my revolver, as, he said, the hills were a favourite resort of robbers. So I dismounted and went on ahead of the caravan, revolver in hand; the boy and the guide (the latter armed with a tent-pole) each took a flank. We took the bell off the camel, and approached the hills in dead silence. It



SANDHILLS IN THE GOBI DESERT

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was most sensational, as it was now quite dark, and we could see nothing but the black outline of the hills against the sky, while the absence of the ‘tingle-tingle’ of the bell made the death-like silence of the desert still more impressive. When we got close up to the range, the guide said we had better wait till daylight, as the robbers had a nasty habit of rolling big stones down upon caravans going through the pass. So we put on our sheepskins and lay down on the ground till day broke, taking it in turns to watch.

Nothing happened, despite the fact that Liu-san let off his revolver twice; but the guide was still apprehensive, and the next day “we repeated the stage-conspirator performance, advancing noiselessly, revolvers in hand. Nobody appeared, however, and when we got on the open plains again, we resumed our former peaceful demeanour.”

Time was getting on and Younghusband was becoming impatient of their frequent delays; they were already a week behind the stipulated time. He realized that he had been provided with camels that were unserviceable for such a long journey; and further, that both his Chinese retainers were dishonest: the one having underpaid Ma-te-la, and the other having defrauded him in payment of the camelmen at the start of the journey. He now had ‘a fling’ at both of them, confronting them with their misdemeanours, and looking them full in the face the while in an effort to unmask them. But their attitude of injured innocence was such that he could hardly keep from laughing; he realized, however, that they were in league and that there was nothing he could do about it. “These rows will happen in the best regulated families, but they are a nuisance. I limit them to once a fortnight, when possible, as one cannot be always ‘nagging’ at the unfortunate guide.”

Snow lay on the summits of the Altai Mountains—“a delightful thing to see”. Herds of wild camels, wild asses and wild mules, were sometimes sighted through his telescope across the plains below them. Their own poor long-suffering camels were nearly spent. Younghusband’s constant refrain was, “How far are we from Hami?” In crossing the desert of Zungaria, “one of the most absolutely sterile parts of the whole Gobi”, the heat of the wind was such that “I shrank from it as from the blast of a furnace”.

After a long and trying march we (or I, at any rate) scarcely got a wink of sleep, for the heat was stifling, without a breath of air, and I was lying on the ground in a Kabul tent, pestered



by a plague of sand-flies which got into my eyes, nose, and everywhere. That was the most despairing time of my whole journey, and many times that night I accused myself of being the greatest fool yet created, and swore by all the gods that I would never go wandering about the wild places of the earth again. But 'tis always darkest before the dawn, and I could just see the first glimmering of awakening day—the snowy summits of the “Heavenly Mountains” (the Tian-shan) were rising above me.

But there were still some hard marches ahead, and difficult ground to cover. After a day of blistering heat over gravel on which not even scrub could live, they suddenly found themselves at ten o'clock on turf, and were hailed through the dusk by a clear human voice. Its possessor was a Turki woman, who led them through bushes over cultivated ground to a house—“the first I had seen for nearly a thousand miles”. Beside it was a little stream “flowing rapidly, with a delightfully gurgling noise, and deep enough for me to scoop up water between my hands. I gulped down mouthful after mouthful of it . . . and while the water-casks were being filled, I thought that the trials of the desert journey were nearly over.” But hardly fifty yards away the vegetation ended, the gravel reappeared, and they continued to ascend the outliers of the Tian-shan range, halting at dawn on a slope where there was scrub enough for provender and fuel, but not a sign of water. Next day they rounded the eastern extremity of the range, which was covered with loose stones and cleft with dried-up watercourses, till they descended upon another Turki habitation. The faces of these Turki tribesmen were slightly more elongated than the Mongols' to the east, and considerably more intelligent; though not so much so (Younghusband found) as were the Kashgari further west. He gives historical reasons for this, attributing it to the westward trend of racial migration across Asia. There was a sharper and ever sharper delineation of feature, the broad and rounded Tartar type disappearing and giving place to the longer narrower features of the Turanian.

At Morgai he saw several Turki women in the light of day, and describes their appearance and costume, which were picturesque. “They stared with great astonishment at the sudden appearance of a white man (though I fancy at that time my face was not quite as white as an Englishman's generally is). But we had not much time to examine each other's charms, for I had that day to cross the Tianshan.”

They crossed the range at an altitude of 8,000 feet, over soft green turf and a mass of meadow flowers, chiefly forget-me-nots, "and I am sure I shall not soon forget the pleasure that they gave me". They camped beside a stream of cold, clear water, under a small grove of trees, where birds were singing. "It really seemed the height of bliss—a perfect paradise, and the desert journey a terrible nightmare behind me." Far away over the desert they could see two poplar trees; these they reached at midnight, only to be told that Hami was still a long way off.

Now as my constant inquiry for the last month had been, "How far are we from Hami?" and as the guide for the last few days had each time said we were only sixty miles off, I was rather exasperated to find that, instead of having ten or twenty miles more to get over, there was still a good fifty. So on striking camp at two the following afternoon, I told my men that my tent would not be pitched again till Hami was reached, so they had better prepare themselves for a good march. We travelled on all through the afternoon—a particularly hot one; then the sun set before us, and still we went on and on through the night till it rose again behind us.

We halted for a couple of hours by the roadside to ease the camels, and then set out again. At eight o'clock the desert ended, and we began to pass through cultivated land, and at last we saw Hami in the distance, and after traversing a tract of country covered with more ruined than inhabited houses, we reached an inn at 11 a.m., and it was with unspeakable relief that I dismounted from my camel for the last time.

He had accomplished the journey (1,255 miles) in seventy days, having travelled 224 miles in the last week which included the crossing of the Tian-shan Mountains.

His first inquiry was concerning Colonel Bell. That hardy traveller had beaten him by three weeks, but had waited for him a whole day. His next inquiry was for a cart, a pair of ponies and a pair of mules, and a riding pony. These he secured, as well as a carter whom he later described as "the worst carter in Asia". The cart was an *araba*, large and covered, with one pair of very high wheels. One animal was in the shafts, and three tandem-wise in front.

He made a new agreement with his 'boy', which answered admirably. This was that Liu-san should undertake to land him at Kashgar in forty days for one hundred *taels*; seventy to be paid at once, and

thirty on arrival; with two *taels* bonus for every day inside the stipulated date, and two *taels* deducted for every day exceeding it. "I was to be regarded as a piece of merchandize to be carted from one place to another, and he was to undertake the whole of the arrangement. It fully answered my expectations. . . . I became an impassive log, and enjoyed myself immensely."

In the event, leaving Hami on the evening of July 8th and arriving at Kashgar on August 18th, he made this part of his journey in exactly forty days.

Since the route lay along the base and southern slopes of the Tian-shan range, it was broken by gorges, sometimes precipitous, interspersed with stretches of desert or with stony, dried-up watercourses, and populated here and there with Chinese or Turki villages, mostly half ruined. At this time of the year there were frequent thunderstorms. On the second day Younghusband wrote: "There is a sort of half-dead air about this country; for every inhabited house, at least two in ruins are to be seen"—and this proved to be the case, more or less, along the entire route. "In passing through villages, scarcely an inhabitant is met with, and in the fields no one seems to be working. If I had come from anywhere else but the Gobi, I should probably have found it extremely depressing."

The *kangs* in the inns were generally unclean, being of caked mud. "The smallest village in Manchuria would not call such a place an inn. They would put up cows in such places as these." The natives were hospitable, but timid, slack and listless. The heat was intense, but the mosquitoes not as numerous as to make life unbearable. "Had they been so, I should feel very much inclined to take myself off to the snowy Tian-shan Mountains which accompany us march by march, exhibiting their cool refreshing peaks in the most tantalizing way to us perspiring mortals down below here."

Younghusband noticed an extraordinary fact about the town of Turfan and its neighbourhood, namely, that though at the foot of a mountain range it must lie well below the level of the sea: he estimated between 200 and 300 feet. His barometer read 29.48. He found later that Colonel Bell had noticed this depression, and its existence was later confirmed by Russian travellers. The heat of the place was, however, already proverbial.

I had read in some book that at Turfan it was so hot that people lived in holes underground. I never quite believed it,

but today I found it was a real fact. Here in the inn yard is a narrow flight of steps leading underground. I went down them, and found a room with a *kang*, and a Chinaman on it smoking opium. It was perfectly cool below there, and there was no musty smell, for the soil is extremely dry. The room was well ventilated by means of a hole leading up through the roof.

Beyond Toksun the going became difficult, and the country wilder. Skeletons of horses, and even of men, were a grim reminder of previous disasters to travellers, and to judge from the series of accidents that befell him during the nine days' negotiation of treacherous ravines, he well might, but for good luck and good management, have added to the toll. "Arrived at last at Sho-Shok. My clothes-bag was full of water. At sunset the mosquitoes came in swarms; and though we lighted four fires to smoke them off, it had no effect. We were to start at 1 a.m., and I lay down between the fires, but could not get a wink of sleep—rather hard luck after having been up till one the night before."

At Korlia he changed one of the cart-ponies and the next day paid off the incompetent carter from Hami, taking on a Chinaman instead. The difficulties of negotiating the desert stretches did not lessen, but were now surmounted more satisfactorily. Fortunately for himself, as it transpired, he engaged an Afghan whose name was Rahmat-ula-Khan to accompany him to Kashgar through the mountainous region of the Syrt country, while the cart went southwards by Maralbashi along the easier desert route. West of Ush Turfan they came upon a Kirghiz encampment—the first of these nomads he had seen—and here, following the custom of the country, they asked for a night's accommodation, which was readily given. "In this way I found myself quartered in a tent with four very old ladies, one of whom was a great-grandmother, and the youngest a grandmother. They were very hospitable old ladies, and we took a mutual interest in each other." One of them, finding holes in his socks, whisked them away and carefully mended them. She then said her prayers, and indeed one or other of them "always appeared to be praying".

One of the Kirghiz men accompanied them to the Kara-kara Pass, but left them "stranded in the midst of a series of bare low hills and sterile plains, without apparently any water, or any inhabitants, or any special road". They pushed on in the general direction of Kashgar, and eventually after a very hard march reached another



Kirghiz encampment of six tents. Here their reception was much less friendly. After another hard day's march of 46 miles they reached another such encampment of fully a hundred tents. Here their reception was not only unfriendly but openly hostile. Only after considerable difficulty, and much tact and persuasion on the part of Rahmat-ula-Khan, were they allowed to lodge there the night.

Next morning matters were worse. As I mounted to ride away, crowds of these rough Kirghiz collected round me, gesticulating wildly. I asked Rahmat-ula-Khan what was the matter, and he said they had determined not to let me through their country. They argued that no European had been let through before . . . and that they did not see any reason why I should be allowed to. Some of the more excited were for resorting to violent measures, but Rahmat-ula-Khan, who all the time was keeping very quiet and even smiling, talked and reasoned with them, while I sat on my pony and looked on, well knowing that the Pathan could arrange matters best by himself.

He had come so far and was now so nearly at the end of this, the second stage of his long journey; and for a few minutes it might have seemed to him that his enterprise and life itself were to be untimely ended—not by the forces of nature, but at the hands of his fellow-men. Only a few weeks later Mr. Dalgleish, well known in Yarkand and thereabouts for twelve years as an honest trader, having undertaken what Younghusband calls “one of the most adventurous and daring journeys that has ever been made in Central Asia, a journey right round Chinese Turkestan and into the very heart of Tibet”, was murdered near the summit of the Karakoram Pass on his way back to Yarkand, in very similar circumstances. Just such a fate might have overtaken Younghusband but for the loyalty and imperturbability of his Afghan companion.

It was curious to watch the gradual effect of his arguments, and the cool way in which he proceeded. He first of all drew them all out, and allowed them to expend all the spare energy for vociferation they possessed, and then asked them what advantage was to be gained by stopping me. He said I had come direct from Peking, and had a passport from the Emperor of China, which I could show them: and that, having that passport, I was known and my whereabouts known, so that if anything happened to me they would have Chinese soldiers

swarming over their country, and every sort of harm done them. He went on to say that it was a matter of indifference to him personally whether they let me through or not ; but as an outsider it seemed to him wiser on their part to let me go quietly on to the next place, and so end the matter. If they did this, nothing more would be heard of me ; whereas, if they did anything to me, a good deal more might come of it. The upshot was that they allowed themselves to be persuaded, and it was agreed that I should be permitted to proceed on my way. Rahmat-ula-Khan had successfully extricated me from what might have been a very awkward situation. He was one of the best men for this kind of work I could have found, for he was always well-spoken with the people, and cool in difficulties. He was a good companion too. . . .

He would beguile the long hours of their marches, and afterwards in the tent, with tales of his travels in Egypt and elsewhere and of his experiences in Constantinople during the Russo-Turkish war ; he would insist that the Russians were ' pukka ', that is, hardy soldiers, but disliked their passion for passports since it obstructed his movements and interfered with his constitutional habit of roving. A strict Mohammedan, he seemed, like the elderly Kirghiz ladies, to be always praying ; but whether in spite of this propensity, or because of it, Younghusband felt that he was a man entirely to be relied upon in an emergency. On the subject of prayer " he assured me that he only prayed the regulation five times a day. As to us, he thought we had no religion. He had observed us going to Church on Sundays, but he did not know what we did for the remainder of the week."

Before leaving the hostile encampment Younghusband has an interesting remark to make upon the habits of these nomads. " I noticed some houses scattered about the plain and asked who lived in them, but was told that they were merely store-houses. The Kirghiz said that houses were good enough to put supplies of grain in, but they would not live in them for fear of their falling down."

He would appear then to have parted from them on good terms. However—" from this place we determined to march on as hard as we could till we got out of the country inhabited by Kirghiz, and down into the plains again, where the people are all Turkis. This we succeeded in doing the same day." They followed a stream and then, after passing a small Chinese post, emerged on the great central plain of Turkestan again, near Artysk.

From here I saw one of those sights which almost strike one dumb at first—a line of snowy peaks apparently suspended in mid-air. They were the Pamir Mountains, but they were so distant, and the lower atmosphere was so laden with dust, that their base was hidden. One of these was over 25,000 feet high and another 22,000, while the spot where I stood was only four thousand ; so their height appeared enormous and greater still on account of this wonderful appearance of being separated from earth.

He little guessed how soon, and under what circumstances, he was to make closer acquaintance with those snowy ranges. Meanwhile he was content to hail them as “ a landmark of progress ” on his long journey.

More than a thousand miles back I had first sighted the end of the Tian-shan Mountains from the desert. I had surmounted their terminal spurs, and then travelled week after week along their base, their summits constantly appearing away on my right hand. Now at last arose in front of me the barrier which was to mark the point where I should turn off left and south to India. It was a worthy termination of that vast plain, for the greater part desert, which stretches away from the borders of Manchuria to the buttress range of the Pamirs.

At Artysh, and even more so at Kashgar, everything was bright, the people kind, the corn-fields ripe, the gardens full of luscious fruit. He felt that he had arrived again “ on the fringes of civilization ”. He sent in his card and passport to the *yamen*, and received a visit from the Afghan Aksakal who struck him as “ a born soldier ” and whose knowledge of firearms of every kind of make was phenomenal. Next day he went to call upon the Russian Consul-General. “ The Afghan Aksakal had an idea that Russians and Englishmen were rather like cats and dogs in their relation towards each other ; so, just as I was mounting my pony to go off, he caught me by the arm and whispered confidentially to me, ‘ Now, sahib, do your best to be polite, and don’t go fighting with that Russian ! ’ ”—His reception at the Russian Consulate, however, was very cordial, and M. Petrovsky surprised him by his knowledge of British rule in India and of Central Asian affairs no less than by his scientific learning.

Returning to his *serai* the Afghan “ eyed me closely, to see if there were any signs of a scrimmage with the Russian ”, but being

informed that M. Petrovsky was coming next day to return the visit, "he seemed relieved". The visit was in fact returned in great state with an escort of sixteen Cossacks and a flag, and Younghusband says : "M. Petrovsky is an exceptionally interesting man, and I was sorry I could not stay longer to see more of him." Four years later, however, when he was again in Kashgar and saw much more of him, he wrote : "But here again I did not take to the diplomatic agent as I had taken to the soldier, and always felt it necessary to be on my guard. He was an agreeable man to talk to, but not a man you could trust a single yard."

At Kashgar Liu-san with the cart rejoined him, having fulfilled his contract to the day ; and on August 29th, from nearly half across Asia and from the opposite direction to that which he had ever conceived as possible, he arrived at the city of his boyhood's dreams—Yarkand.

## Chapter VIII

### ACROSS THE HIMALAYAS BY THE MUSTAGH PASS

**A**T Yarkand he found a letter from Colonel Bell, written from the Karakoram Pass :

I have heard nothing of you and do not know what to expect. . . . From a batch of letters received here I glean that your leave was granted. . . . Don't come back by any of the roads from Khotan or Yarkand on Leh. They are well known and all equally bad. I wanted to cross [the Himalayas] by the direct road on Kashmir, i.e. by the Shimshal Pass and Mustagh Pass, but the road is not open till September, and I could not wait. It is your shortest road—wants to be explored—any time that you may spend over your leave can be accounted for and you held blameless, and I will inform authorities when I reach India—so don't hesitate to go. . . . Don't fail to try the Mustagh—it is your shortest route, and you have every excuse for trying it.

“I did not fail to try it,” Younghusband says, “and did not fail to get over it, and by putting on a great spurt at the end of my journey I did not exceed my leave, but rejoined my regiment on the very day it was up.”

Here too he was greeted with deferential solemnity by the Chinese traders' representative and a small crowd of Indian traders who had heard of the arrival of a British officer. The best room in the inn was placed at his disposal with creaturely comforts of all kinds. A sumptuous feast was given in his honour in a fruit-garden outside the city, when gravity gave place to mirth, and the merchants hilariously raced their guest and each other home on horseback.

He paid his respects to the Chinese Governor, whose residence in Yarkand, at the uttermost extremity of the Chinese empire, was of precisely the same pattern as those in Peking. An hour after Younghusband had taken his leave this Governor, returned the call, “and in every way showed a friendly feeling. He was one of the best Governors Yarkand has had, and had taken considerable pains to construct canals for irrigation and to build new bazaars.”

All formalities concluded, he set about making preparations for his journey, but found that the Indian merchants had already got together and 'formed a committee' about him. His very youth enlisted their sympathy: "They felt a responsibility in seeing me through that they might not have felt towards an older man." First, they secured the services of a splendid guide, Wali, a Balti native of Askol, who had crossed the Pass twenty-five years before and said that he could remember it. (Events proved that he could not, because the ice-formation had shifted in the interval.) "He said he would show me the way, but only on condition that I trusted him. He had heard that Englishmen trusted their maps and not their guides, and if I was going to trust my map I might, but he would not go with me as guide—what was the use? I had no scruple in assuring him that I would not look at a map—because there was no map to look at." Next, for control of the whole caravan was a Ladikhi native, Mohamed Esa—a Buddhist turned Moslem—who accompanied Younghusband on subsequent travels including the expedition to Lhasa, and was lent by him to Sven Hedin for his last journey to Tibet. "He could endure cold and blizzards and privations better than any man I met in the Himalaya, and cover longer distances." Under him was another Ladikhi, 'dear old' Shukar Ali. "Never, under any circumstances whatever, did I see him anything else but cheerful. In fact, the harder things went the more cheerful did he become." Another first-rate man the 'committee' produced was a Balti named Turgan, who had been captured by Kanjuti raiders and sold into slavery. "The committee recommended me to purchase his release and take him back to his native country. I got full value for my money." Three other Baltis were engaged as porters, and three other Ladikhis to look after the thirteen ponies. Lastly, there was the faithful Chinaman, Liu-san.

Next as to equipment and supplies. Heavy sheepskin coats, fur caps, and new foot-gear for all the men; new pack-saddles and blankets and three sets of shoes for the ponies; a long loose robe and a sheepskin sleeping-bag for himself. The 'committee' sent an order to Kugiar—the last village this side of the ranges—to have ready three weeks' provisions for men and ponies.

All this involved a greater expenditure of money than I had calculated upon when leaving Peking. But again the 'committee' came to my aid, and offered to lend me what money I required simply on my writing an order. Years after I was given back

the actual order I wrote. It was no regular cheque, but was written on half a sheet of ordinary notepaper. Yet this was quite sufficient for these kindly and confiding traders. And that they should have trusted me like this is a testimony to the good name my predecessors had established.

The start was made on September 8th. "My first night's halting-place gave little indication of the hardships I would have to endure; my bed was in a delightful fruit-garden, underneath a bower of vines where the grapes hung in enormous clusters, ready to drop into my mouth."

The crossing of the Mustagh Pass must be reckoned as an exploit unique of its kind in the annals of exploration, and among all the feats of mountaineering in the Himalayas it constitutes a minor epic. What renders it unique is the fact that it was accomplished by a young man who had never set foot on an ice-cap or a glacier, who was totally without experience of ice-work or of rock-climbing, totally unacclimatized to altitude and cold, and was just fresh from a journey of months across a blazing desert; that neither he nor a single man in his party had crampons to grip the ice, or ice-axes to cut steps in it, or even an alpine rope. They wore heel-less and nail-less native boots, and carried nothing but some pieces of ordinary packing-rope, alpenstocks, and a pick-axe. Long before their dangers were behind them, their footwear was in shreds, their clothes in tatters, and their ropes in frayed strands. What added to their preliminary discomforts and anxieties was the fact that at heights ranging from 10,000 to 16,000 feet they were obliged to sleep, not in their tents, but behind rocks, in the open, as a precaution against raids from the Kanjuti bandits who would issue from their deep-set Hunza valleys to plunder caravans and kill or enslave the travellers. This they would do by cutting their tent-cords and overpowering them as they struggled under the canvas. Three of the party had been captured in this way and could speak from experience. Younghusband slept with his revolver in his hand, "and in the morning I would wake with my moustache and beard frozen together across my face".

But once more, as in the desert, the stars were his companions. Before sleeping and on waking he would gaze up into the unfathomable immensities beyond the stainless snows, alive with quivering points of light, like the eyes of watchers that stirred and yet were still. They were so intent—intent on their business of shining. All the

powers of their being seemed to be concentrated, focused into a single diamond point of living radiance. Bright, steadfast, and serene—that host of silent witnesses seemed to be filled, as he was, with an eager joy. And gazing at them thus he would whisper, wordlessly, his gratitude. It was awe that he felt in this presence of the beauty of holiness : awe which was not dread, but bliss ; for this presence was not something alien to his inmost self, it was akin. “ In the great stillness of the night the calm composure of the stars made me feel that I belonged quite as much to them as to this earth. We all seemed one together—my men and I, and the spotless mountains, and the radiant stars.”

The first few marches led up and down the precipitous gorges of the Yarkand River, and there was frequent fording. At one place the river was unfordable and they built an aqueduct with boulders, humped their loads and led the ponies over. The minor tributaries were worse : drenched to the waist in icy water, shoving and hauling the ponies up slippery rocks, “ Wali showing the general line of advance and I reconnoitring ahead,” they were at length confronted by what appeared to be an impenetrable barrier of rock behind which rose a snowy wall of mountains without the vestige of a pass. This was a feature new to geography and Younghusband named it the Aghil range. The guide now frankly confessed that he had forgotten the way across it, but said that, as they approached it next day, he might remember, “ and with that amount of consolation we had to settle down for the night ”.

They were now at an altitude of about 15,000 feet, and at sunset “ one could almost *see* the cold stealing over the mountains—a cold grey creeps over them, and the running streams become coated with ice. . . . In the morning they are frozen solid.” The day’s march had been exhausting both for men and beasts, but they had found a place where there was scrub enough for fuel. They gathered round a blazing fire and hungrily consulted the contents of the cooking-pot.

Then tongues began to wag. Wali tried to rake up his memories of twenty-five years before. He was sure there was a gap in the barrier somewhere : but whether to the right or left he could not remember. Turgan discussed the chances of a band of Kanjuti raiders coming upon us, for we were right on the track they followed. Mohamed Esa told stories of the Karakoram. Good old Shukar Ali would corroborate each point



with his cheerful jolly laugh. And Liu-san would smile and chuckle away and put in a word or two in broken pidgin-English to show he was well satisfied with life.

Years afterwards, when he was Resident in Kashmir, they came to see him, these men, and laughed delightedly and stooped and kissed his feet, when what he wanted was to take them in his arms and hug them.

When darkness fell they betook themselves and their beddings from the places where they had ostentatiously left them to mislead any prowling Kanjutis who might have been watching, and hurried off behind the rocks.

Tired as I was, I was too excited to sleep at once. And lying on the ground in my nice warm bag, with my staunch companions about me, and the phantom, fairy mountains round me, and the steel-blue sky with all its glittering stars above, I thought to myself *this*—this is really living. Now I really am alive. Now I am doing something worth doing. Deep inner satisfaction came upon me. And gradually I sank off to sleep.

He had never doubted for a moment that Wali would find a way somehow, and with the morning his confidence was justified. When close under the barrier a wide valley opened sharply to the left; it rose in undulations to the skyline; Wali recognized it at once, and said that beyond it lay the Pass. Younghusband, unable to restrain himself, walked on rapidly ahead breasting the rises one by one, but at 16,000 feet fast walking is impossible: "My pace began to slacken just when I was wanting it to increase." The summit seemed positively to recede, but when at last he reached what must be the last rise, "I braced myself for a final effort and literally ran up it". And there before him lay the "other side".

Before me rose tier after tier of stately mountains, among the highest in the world—peaks of untainted snow, whose summits reached to heights of 25,000, 26,000 and, in one supreme case, 28,000 feet above sea-level—across a deep rock-bound valley, and away in the distance, filling up the head of this, was a vast glacier, the outpouring of the mountain masses which gave it birth. . . . How strange it seemed that so few men should ever see this grandeur! Century after century, for thousands and thousands, perhaps millions of years, those mountains have

stood there in all their radiant glory. But how wasted was it, with no human eyes to see it! And perhaps it is because of this that we, who have been privileged to see such sights, have a peculiar longing in us to communicate to our fellows something of the glory we have known.

Breathless in more senses than one, he lay on the ground and gazed until the very spirit of those distant mountains, so unearthly and yet of the stuff of earth, seemed to pass into his own, bracing and stiffening him in every faculty and fibre of his being for the task ahead. The splendour of that transcendent purity, though beyond human attainment, was not beyond human aspiration; the capacity of response was there, and the glistening snows evoked it: the Beyond which is also the Within. But indeed the task at first sight seemed insuperable. The glacier stretched up and away before him to a distance of apparently 25 miles to the summit of the Mustagh Pass: but the immediate problem was how to descend the steep declivity below him (from this, the minor summit of the Aghil Pass) to reach the Oprang River which lapped round the bases of the glacier itself. It would be a matter of fighting one's way with every step to get within even striking distance of the most formidable obstacle of all.

Within an hour the caravan arrived. Slowly and cautiously they began the descent, to be brought to a standstill by a sheer cliff that dropped 200 feet to the river's edge. But Younghusband had noticed some tracks of *kyang* (wild asses) higher up—certain evidence of their passage down to the river to drink; where asses could go, men and ponies could. Retracing their steps and unloading the ponies, they followed these precarious tracks—one man leading each pony and two men holding on to its tail—and thus after great labour negotiated the descent. Following the course of the river for a mile they found a patch of scrub where they could camp. Continuing next day they reached its junction with another river (called by the Baltis the Sarpo Laggo) and, following it upstream to reach another patch of scrub (their last), they turned left-handed round a sudden bend—and Younghusband found himself at the very base of a Himalayan giant which the defile had hidden. It was none other than K.2.

It made me literally gasp. My whole being seemed to come to a standstill, and then to go rushing out in a kind of joyous wonder. The sight of that tremendous mountain, so massive, firm, and strong, so lofty and so dazzlingly pure, left an impression

which has lasted through life. For some time I stood apart, absorbed in contemplation of this wonder. Then we marched on.

From now on "our real difficulties began. The very prospect at first glance was appalling enough. To take a caravan of ponies up a glacier like this seemed to me an utter impossibility." Wali thought so too, for the simple and sufficient reason that when he went this way 25 years before no glacier was there. A river of ice now filled up what had been an open valley. Enormous boulders at its base now resolved themselves into mounds of ice thinly coated with fragments of moraine—the debris of the glacier. Younghusband decided upon sending the ponies back by the Karakoram Pass and going on himself with two men to the Mustagh Pass. This in itself would have been to incur great risk, as well as delay, and provisions were running short. But while deliberating, he turned to find that his men were already gallantly leading the ponies up the ice. Heaving and hauling and sometimes almost lifting them along they made some way, "but the ponies would slip and fall and cut their knees and hocks about in a way which distressed me much. I did not see how this sort of thing could last." He called a halt for the day and went on with two men to reconnoitre. Luck held. They found a narrow stretch of ground between the glacier and the mountainside, marked it, and returned to bivouac after dark. But next day, only a mile beyond the passage they had found, another stream of ice blocked further progress. "My last remaining pair of boots were quite worn out, and my feet so sore from bruises that I could scarcely bear to put them to the ground." So he stayed with the ponies and sent two men to prospect. They returned after some time and said they could find no possible way, but they begged the sahib to have a try; peradventure by his *iqbal* (good luck) he might find one. Accordingly with a couple of men he retraced his steps along the glacier edge, and found a way which led up to the middle of it, and in which lay a long stretch of medial moraine, leading up to a *névé* of smooth snow at the head of the glacier. Here the ice itself was clear of debris; it was a vast river of pure white ice hemmed in by snowy mountains, "and down their sides rolled the lesser glaciers, like clotted cream pouring over the lip of a cream-jug." Having ascertained this beyond a doubt they returned; but darkness fell; they nearly lost their way and for a time "we had a dreadful fear"; but at last they hit off their party, had a warm meal and turned in exhausted.

They were now within a day's march of the head of the glacier, if all went well. There were two passes, known as the Mustagh, which crossed the range. That to the east (to their left) was the Old Pass and was formerly in use, but the advance of ice had made it too difficult, and a New Pass had been discovered ten miles to the west. No European hitherto had crossed either of them, though a British officer had in 1862 reached the southern foot of the New Pass. It seemed the more promising of the two, so Younghusband sent two men on next morning to report on its practicability. The rest of the party proceeded without serious difficulty up the moraine to the head of the glacier. At dusk the two men returned to say that a route up to the New Pass was impossible for ponies and would be difficult even for men. The plan they suggested was to leave the ponies behind with a few men, cross the Old Pass, push on to Askoli, and send back supplies from there to enable the pony-party to return and make for Shahidula, 180 miles distant, and thence to cross by the Karakoram Pass to Leh. "This was evidently all we could do." They had an anxious conference that night as they sat round their small fire and ate their rice and mutton hot from the cooking-pot.

Wali was grave, but determined. He had undertaken to see me through. And see me through he would. Mohamed Esa and Shuker Ali were cheerful and ready, but did not realize what they might be in for. Liu-san was as imperturbable as ever. We had together overcome a good many obstacles, and he supposed we should overcome this one. As for myself, I simply took it for granted we should get over. The thought of failure never crossed my mind. Quite unconsciously I counted on my capacity to meet and overcome the difficulties as they arose. A man can do a great deal more when a crisis is on him than he can calculate on in cold blood. And that is why I so firmly disbelieve in cold calculations. . . . All the same I felt graver that night than I did at the foot of the Aghil range. The difficulties were undoubtedly greater than I had expected. The severe exertions of the last few days and the altitude (about 18,000 feet) were beginning to tell. And we had to economize fuel; we had only enough to cook by. The cold was also greater. As we laid ourselves down upon the glacier the cold seemed to come streaming down from the icy peaks, and to take a grip on us and all about us. Not a breath of air was stirring; all was absolutely still. But the cold itself appeared to be in motion

and gripping tighter all it touched, till we had covered ourselves cosily up for the night. Though then, with our bodies warm and in repose, came the great peace of the stars, which glistened so steadfastly on us as we slept on the face of the glacier.

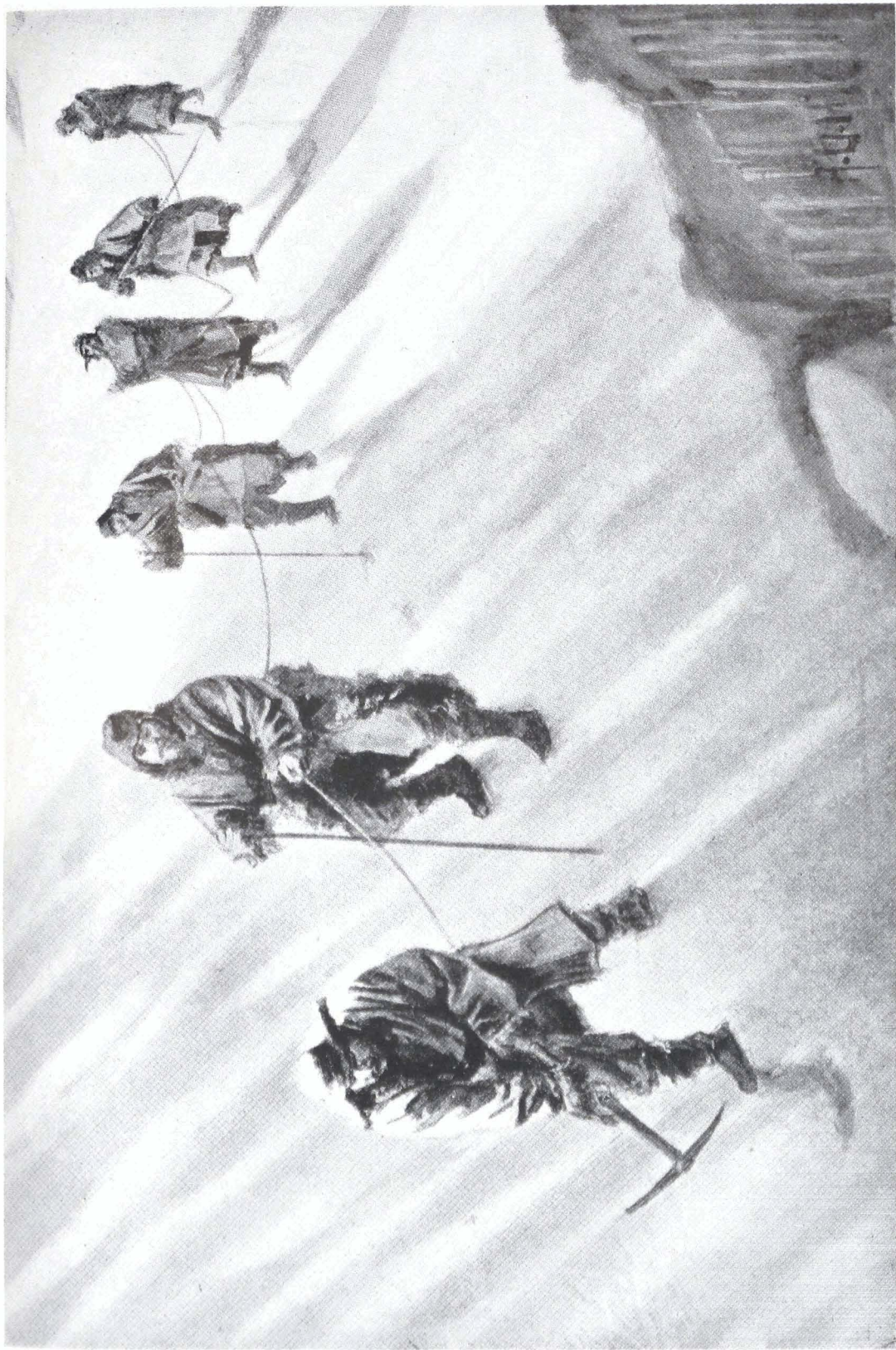
Next morning, September 28th, Wali roused the party while it was still dark. After a breakfast of hot tea and bread they divided forces. The ponies, with nearly all the baggage, were left in charge of Liu-san and the older men. The Mustagh Pass party, numbering six, took with them a roll of bedding, sheepskin coats for each man, dough biscuits and tea sufficient for three days, a tea-kettle and a bottle of brandy—the whole forming one load. The ascent to the Pass was easy but trying, for the *névé* snow was soft and the altitude nearly 19,000 feet. "We could only take a dozen or twenty steps at a time, and would then bend over on our sticks and pant as if we had been running hard uphill." At noon, after six hours' trudging, they reached the summit. Then came the shock. There was nothing below them but an almost sheer precipice of ice. The only possible chance was to traverse a very steep ice-slope on to a jutting cliff of rock, but as Younghusband looked down at this he shuddered. Even to experienced mountaineers properly equipped with ice-axes and alpine ropes and, more than all, properly shod, the descent of such a place would be a hazard. But to men with none of these things the attempt seemed madness. So Younghusband thought—but he did not say so. So his men thought too—but they did not say so either.

Had the decision rested with me alone, the probability is we should never have got over the pass at all. What, however, saved our party was my holding my tongue. I kept quite silent as I looked over the pass, and waited to hear what the men had to say about it. They meanwhile were looking at me and, imagining that an Englishman never went back from an enterprise he had once started on, took it as a matter of course that, as I gave no order to go back, I meant to go on. . . . The incentive to risk it was tremendous. And at the back of all was the confidence that somehow or other the thing would be done.

So Wali and I looked at each other, and without saying a word he commenced making preparations for the descent. No order by me was given. No order from me was asked. We were all of us men who meant business, and we proceeded to our business.

The transport problem was solved by the simple method of hurling





CROSSING AN ICE-SLOPE ON THE MUSTAGH PASS



their one load of baggage over the precipice. Younghusband tied handkerchiefs round the insteps of what was left of his soft leather boots, and the men tied strips of leather and cloth round theirs. Wali led on with the pick-axe, and the rope round his waist; the others holding it followed in this order: Younghusband, Shukar Ali, Turgan, another Balti, and Mohamed Esa. (The rope at this stage was actually not only useless but a danger, for if one of them had slipped the others could never have held him without the anchorage of an ice-axe.) The noonday sun beating on the face of the ice-slope melted the steps which Wali cut and made them dangerously slippery; their soft footwear became moist and slimy.

Outwardly I kept as cool and cheerful as I could, but inwardly I shuddered at each fresh step I took. I was in a state of cold, horrible fear, which was not lessened by Turgan kicking fragments of ice from the slope to watch them hop down and disappear over the edge into the abyss. But I was made still worse by Mohamed Esa from the end of the rope saying he could face it no longer and must go back. I had looked to him next to Wali as my great stand-by, and up to now he had been most dependable. But he was shaking so with fear that he was almost a danger to us. So I told him to go back and look after the ponies.

By a miracle the slope was crossed at last without mishap, and they crouched on the ledge of rock above the cliff. This was for the time a relief; but the prospect of descending the rock-face was even more appalling than the traverse of the ice-slope.

Poor Mohamed Esa had summoned up courage to come across the ice-slope after all and join us on the precipice. But only for a few steps. Then he utterly collapsed. He said he could not stand it any longer, and salaaming profusely to me, a little way down by now, said he really must go back. This was for me the very tensest moment of all. But I dared not show my feelings. And I braced myself up with the thought of what other men had done in perhaps tighter places.

But Wali seemed now more in his element. He did not mind the rocks so much as the ice, and he proceeded to lead the way down, discarding the rope, which I too was thankful to have done with. The dreadful part was that we had to let ourselves down, step by step, on to rocks which were by no means



secure. We had neither firm foot-hold nor firm hand-hold. All we generally found was a little ledge, upon which we could grip with the tips of the fingers or side of the foot. The men were most good to me, whenever possible guiding my foot into some secure hold, and often supporting it there with their hands; but at times it was all I could do to summon sufficient courage to let myself down on to the veriest little crevices which had to support me. There was constant dread, too, that fragments of these ledges might give way; for the rock was very crumbly, as it generally is when exposed to severe frosts, and once I heard a shout from above, as a huge piece of rock which had been detached came crashing past me, and as nearly as possible hit two of the men who had already got halfway down. . . . With great trepidation I would lower my foot, feeling for some firm hold; but now and then, as I gradually let my weight come on it, it would give way. And even when I had found firm foot-hold, I feared to let my hand go. One slip of hand or foot and all was over.

He called to mind descriptions and pictures of members of the Alpine Club in tight places; and of men hunting markhor and ibex on high crags; and of his own lessons in rough-riding on the drill-ground in the K.D.G.'s—"and between them all they managed to make me present a decent appearance before these Himalayan men I had with me".

As if by another miracle they reached a position where the rock-face ended and another ice-slope began. Protruding through this slope were three solid pieces of rock which, if they could be reached, would serve as successive halting places. Knotting together every scrap of rope, together with all the men's turbans and waist-bands, they tied one end of it round Shukar Ali's waist and lowered him slowly down to the rock, he cutting steps in the ice-slope at regular intervals. Young-husband followed, and then Wali. Then came the Balti native. "He slipped, fell over on his back, and came sliding down the slope at a frightful pace. Luckily he managed to keep hold of the rope with one hand, but when he reached the rock his hand was almost bared of skin. Wali, however, gave him a sound rating for being so careless, and on the next stage made him do all the hardest part of the work." Last came Turgan, whom Wali had selected for this, the most dangerous piece of work, as a punishment for his foolery on the first ice-slope. He was, however, next to Wali himself, the

toughest man of the party. As last man, he was obliged to unfasten the rope from its anchorage above him and come down with the aid of the cut steps alone ; the others, standing on the rock below him, hauled in the slack of the rope so that, if he fell, they could check his fall at the shortest possible point and haul him to safety. Luckily he made the descent without this necessity, and the whole party now assembled on the first of the island rocks. In similar fashion they descended to the next, and then to the next, without accident, and finally at sunset reached the glacier at the other side of the Mustagh Pass. " Those moments when I stood at the foot of the pass are long to be remembered . . . but such feelings as were mine cannot be described."

The moon was nearly full, the sky without a cloud, and in the amphitheatre of snowy mountains and among the icy séracs of the glacier not one speck of anything but the purest white was visible. The air at these altitudes, away from dust and with no misty vapour in it, was absolutely clear, and the soft silvery rays of the moon struck down upon the glistening mountains in unsullied radiance. The whole effect was of some enchanting fairy scene ; and the sternness of the mountains was slowly softened down till lost, and their beauty in its purest form alone remained.

With tension of nerves and strain upon muscles thus suddenly relaxed, their relief was enormous ; and, having picked up their bundle of food and clothing at the foot of the Pass, they were wending their way " in a dreamy, careless fashion " down the glacier when Younghusband happened to turn and look back. The last man, the Balti native, was not there. Hurriedly retracing their steps they found that the poor fellow had fallen into a crevasse, the mouth of which had been covered by a snow-bridge which had collapsed under his weight with the baggage. Happily it was not wide and he was wedged into its sides by the load which he had been carrying, and had dropped no more than 15 feet. Letting down a rope they hauled him to safety, unhurt. They now roped up together, as they should have done at first ; and Younghusband kept in rear, with the baggage-carrier in front of him. As they closed up for a temporary halt, he detected a smell of brandy, and found that a bottle of this cordial which Lady Walsham had given him in Pekin was broken inside the bedding—just at the moment when they all needed it most. At eleven o'clock

that night, having been constantly on the move since before sunrise, they came upon a little patch of ground clear of snow, though without a vestige of scrub ; and breaking a couple of alpenstocks they made a diminutive fire, sufficient to boil water for tea, and with this and some native biscuits to satisfy their hunger they huddled together for the night. " We lay down and slept as if nothing could ever wake us again."

Rising at daybreak with no hot drink and nothing but biscuits to eat, they reached at ten o'clock the remnants of a hut which had been in use when this route was open years before ; here they made their first good fire, ate a fairly substantial meal, rested for an hour, and pushed on till they reached the edge of the Baltoro Glacier. This, which was since explored by Sir Martin Conway's and the Duke of the Abruzzi's expeditions, is one of the greatest glaciers in the world.

Fascinating though it would have been to have wandered among these mountain giants, in a region unsurpassed for sublimity and grandeur by any in the world, I could only now think of reaching an inhabited spot again as rapidly as possible. . . .

This and the two following days were agony to me, for my native boots were now worn through, and I had to hobble along on my toes or heels to keep the balls of my feet from the sharp stones and rocky *débris* of the glacier. On account of this tenderness of my feet I was always slipping too, falling and bruising my elbows, or cutting my hands in trying to save myself.

At sunset they came upon a little clump of fir-trees on the mountain-side and made a big fire ; " and if only we could have had more to eat we would have been perfectly happy ". Next day they reached the end of the glacier (now well below 12,000 feet), but from it flowed a rapid waist-deep stream of water laden with floating blocks of ice.

It was an unpleasant prospect, and when the faithful, ever-ready Shukar Ali offered to carry me over on his back I could not help accepting. He sturdily faced the stream. But unfortunately it had an icy bottom. He slipped in midstream and fell backward in the water with me under him ; and in his struggle to right himself he kept pressing me down. I was very nearly drowned, but both of us eventually managed to struggle to our feet and make our way to the opposite bank. Soaked to the skin in the icy water I felt completely numbed. The only thing

to do was to walk on hard till we could find some shelter. When we came to a cave I took off my clothes—the only clothes I had—and got into my sleeping-bag while they were hung for an hour in the sun to dry. Poor Shukar Ali and the men had not even that comfort. But in some fashion or other they managed to get themselves fairly dry, and then we trudged on again.

He must have been very tough—this young Englishman—both in physique and in morale to weather these conditions. Even to his older, hardier Himalayan companions, well used to hardship and privations, they were severe enough. And their tribulations were by no means over. That night they slept together in a cave in a narrow rock-bound valley. Next day, after a long and very painful march, they reached the village of Askoli. “Never did I think we were going to reach that spot. By midday we saw its green fields and trees in the distance ; but I could only get along very slowly, for the going was rough and stony and my feet were terribly sore. At last, however, at four o’clock, we did reach it.” It was an unspeakably dirty little village, and their reception was not friendly. The privacy of the villagers had been violated by these strangers, and that too from the very direction whence the dreaded Hunza raiders might come ; Wali had brought them here ; he was a traitor and should be killed. Wali’s own view was that, but for the presence of an Englishman, they would indeed have killed him ; and both he and the Balti native kept very close to Younghusband during their stay there. The suspicious villagers were persuaded, though with great difficulty, to send supplies back to the men and ponies on the far side of the Mustagh Pass ; and the following day a party was dispatched, equipped with ropes and long poles. They succeeded in their mission, though three men were badly injured in doing so.

Younghusband’s next decision shows the spirit of the born explorer. Only a few hours previously he had written : “ I could only now think of reaching an inhabited spot again as rapidly as possible.” True, he had reached one, such as it was ; and now he was almost within sight of all the comforts of civilization. He was weary, foot-sore, and unwell ; just a few marches more and all these trials would be over ; and yet, when so near the end of his long journey, he deliberately turned back to finish the job to his own satisfaction.

I would now willingly have had a rest, but, though I could not start on the day following our arrival, for I was seriously unwell

from having, in the excess of my hunger, eaten too much of the messy greasy dishes the inhabitants had provided for me, on the day after I set out to try the other Mustagh Pass—what is called the New Mustagh Pass. I could not feel completely satisfied in my mind about it till I had seen with my own eyes that the route by the west was as impracticable as the men had reported. It was depressing, just as I had reached the first village on the Indian side, to have to turn my back on India : but I did not like to leave this Pass untried, and with Wali and a party of men from Askoli we set out to explore it.

It was a going backwards—not onwards. “I could not get my heart into that little backward trip.” And his men were no more enthusiastic about it than he was. These Balti natives were in dread of the mountains, and on the first evening desired to sacrifice a bullock to the tutelary god of one of them, and prayed and salaamed to it. “As they subsequently ate the bullock, and as I paid for it, this little ceremony was doubtless very helpful to them. Their spirits rose visibly as more and more of the animal disappeared down their throats.” But on the third day the party reached an impasse : they found themselves completely ‘cornered’ between the Punmah Glacier and the ice-torrent of the New Mustagh Pass. “At this point there had evidently been an immense ice-slip on to the glacier, and gigantic blocks of ice were tumbled about in a way that made it perfectly impossible to get any footing at all. . . . All I wanted to make sure of was that there was no feasible trade route or military route by this way, which I would have overlooked had I not gone thus far.”

On the day after their return to Askoli the relief-party also returned with the news that they had succeeded in reaching the pony-party, which had started off safely round the Karakoram Pass to Leh. Satisfied on this point Younghusband set out on October 14th by double marches for Kashmir. Just beyond the village a rope-bridge spanned a deep and narrow chasm over the Baltoro River. It was compacted of three thick ropes plaited with birch-twigs : one below for the feet and two each side for the hands. Like all such constructions of course, it swings and sways unpleasantly to the tread ; and this, combined with the swirl of the water down below, is certainly somewhat discomposing.

But I was astonished to find that Wali, the man who had crossed the Mustagh Pass without the slightest sign of nervousness, and

certainly without any hesitation, absolutely refused at first to cross this bridge. To me it seemed such a paltry thing, after what we had so recently gone through, and with two ropes to hang on by there seemed no danger at all; but Wali shivered and shook, and could only be induced to come over when he had two men to support him. But once he was over he lighted up more cheerily than I had yet seen him, and let the men chaff him to the full and give back to him all that he had given them on the Pass. This is one of the most remarkable instances I have met with of a man, who had no fear when faced by one form of danger, being totally taken aback when faced by another.<sup>1</sup>

He was now shortly to take leave of those five Balti followers who had served him so well and faithfully over the Mustagh Pass and each side of it. Of the Baltis in general he writes :

They are a patient, docile, good-natured race, whom one hardly respects, but whom one cannot help liking in a compassionate way. . . . But there are some for whom I have borne respect because of their intense devotion to what they believed to be their duty. . . . And for Wali I entertain a regard such as I do for few other men.

I picture him now as he was first brought before me in Yarkand—a short, thick-set man, with an iron-grey beard, a prominent, rather hooked nose, and an expression of determination and proud indifference to danger about his chin and underlip. . . . No one could have more loyally carried out his compact, and but for him we should never have crossed the Mustagh Pass. He went to work in a steady, self-reliant way which gave everyone confidence, and all the men looked up to him and obeyed him implicitly. The more I see of men like him the more convinced I am that if once these Baltis are given responsibility, shown trust, and left to work out their own salvation, they may develop latent qualities which probably neither they nor anybody else believed to be in them.

<sup>1</sup> As another instance of the same apparent anomaly he noticed the case of Mohamed Esa, who "could endure cold and blizzards and privation better than any man I met in the Himalaya, and cover longer distances. Where he would have failed, and where I never tried him, was where courage rather than endurance was required. He would stand up against nature, but he quailed before his fellow-men. He would run no risks from the raiders on the Yarkand road. And when fighting commenced in Tibet he unostentatiously withdrew to where he would be least likely to be noticed either by friend or foe."

As for Turgan, the released slave—"he was a wild-looking character, but the hardest-working man I have known".

Now that he had regained his freedom, was being liberally paid, and was on his way home, he did not mind how much work he did, and all through the march from Yarkand he behaved splendidly. We passed by his native village as we were marching through Baltistan, and left him there. But the next day he caught us up, carrying an immense load of fruit and provision for a big dinner for the men. He had brought all this twelve miles, and he came and kissed my hands and feet, and said he could not allow us to go away without showing how grateful he felt.

The companionship of these men, who by any standard of civilization, east or west, would be considered primitive, had meant much to him; and after so many hardships shared together he felt his parting from them as a genuine wrench. Once out of the precipitous Braldo valley and into the open Shigar Valley with its fruitful vines and apricots and walnuts they proceeded merrily along. "Shukar Ali especially was in great form, and the very broadest smile never left his face from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night." They reached Shigar on October 17th and here Younghusband waited three days for the arrival of money to pay the Baltis of Askoli for supplies and services. It was his first point of communication with the outside world, and here he was entertained by a Hindu clerk who had a turn for music.

I am no musician myself, but I was fascinated by watching this man—watching his soul coming out, and seeing quite clearly to what it was aspiring. I have no recollection whatever of what he was like. But his playing I remember as one of the occasions on which I have best seen into the soul of India. Intense yearning was the keynote. Of sweetness there was none. It was an impassioned longing for a higher spiritual state other and better than the present. He did not give the impression of joy. Rather he seemed to be consumed by the fire within him.

Not that I did not really much prefer my good and faithful Wali, Shukar Ali, and Turgan, but there are certain refinements of civilization which one misses greatly when one does not have them.

He was now longing for nothing so much as for his first contact with a fellow-countryman. The Kashmir Governor of Ladak, who

had telegraphed to him the needful money, got up a game of polo on his behalf and gave him a sumptuous Indian dinner. "He was a high-caste native of Kashmir, of the true old-fashioned type, exquisitely clean in his dress and habits, and with remarkable composure and grace of manner. Centuries of strict and rigid training have gone to make a man like that—against whom the ordinary Englishman looks rude and uncouth." After a couple of marches—now on a pony—beyond Skardu, he encountered the first European south of the Himalayas, who, though he spoke fluent English, proved to be a Frenchman. A few marches further, and he met another European—this time a Russian: he was, in fact, the original of the Russian in Kipling's "Kim". Asked where he had come from, he replied, from Kashmir. Younghusband, in reply to the same inquiry, said that he had come from Peking. "It much amused me, therefore, when on leaving he said in a theatrical way, 'We part here, the pioneers of the East!' He turned out afterwards to be a regular adventurer—in the worst sense of that noble word."

Next day he crossed the last pass—the Zoji-la—11,000 feet, but easy of approach from the north. It forms a barrier to the monsoon winds that beat up from the Arabian Sea. Hence there is little rainfall to the north; and the region through which he had been travelling is barren and austere, with bare sun-baked rocks; but to the south, over which he now looked, the mountain-sides were dense with forest. "Warm human life seemed to come into me once more. Life seemed extraordinarily easy and pleasant. I was in a wholly different atmosphere." Arrived at Srinagar, clad in a Yarkand sheepskin coat and belt and shod with long native boots, his face blackened by exposure and roughly bearded, he was addressed by the people of the place as a Yarkandi. He rushed off to a barber's shop for a haircut and a shave and a good wash, and then to a merchant's for a clean shirt and a knickerbocker suit. "When I had expended nearly two hours upon these preparations for my plunge into civilization, I went to see the political agent, Captain Ramsey. It was very trying therefore when he, almost immediately after shaking hands, said, 'Wouldn't you like a wash?' This was the first of the many shocks I had on returning to civilization." Another, more agreeable, was a telegram of congratulations from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, and a very kind letter from General Chapman, then Q.M.G. in India, together with a box of cigars.



I was anxious to accomplish my task in precisely the seven months which I had said at Peking would be the time necessary for it. So I pushed on, and after arriving at Barmula by boat on November 2nd at 7 p.m., had dinner, rested for a while, and then at midnight walked the first march of twelve miles; then got into an *ekka* (native cart) which conveyed me three marches down the newly-constructed road. Then I rode another ten miles uphill towards Murree, and arrived at a *dak* bungalow at sunset. Here I rested, and at 3 a.m. started again, marching the remaining ten miles to Murree on foot.

It was his birthplace and he had not seen it since he was six years old, but it is evident that he had no time for sentimental reminiscences, since "from there I took a *tonga* and drove rapidly down the hill the last thirty-nine miles into Rawal Pindi". No one was in the Mess, so he went on to the regimental lines. "There I met the post-corporal riding round with the letters, so I asked if he had any letters for me. 'What name, sir?'—'Younghusband. Don't you know me?' (for the corporal was in my troop). He replied, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you looked so black.'"

## Chapter IX

### HOME LEAVE AND FUTURE PLANS

FINDING no one about, Younghusband went to his bungalow, changed into regimental kit, and returned to the Mess to be welcomed first by his Colonel (a new one) who had received a telegram from Sir Frederick Roberts (now C.-in-C.) congratulating the regiment on the achievement of such a feat by one of its officers, and then by his brother-subalterns who opined that "it was about time I turned to and did some work!"

By dinner-time I was arrayed once more in my scarlet and gold mess-jacket and waistcoat, and seated with about twenty other equally brilliantly appraised gentlemen, all talking hard and loud, and eating course after course at a table covered with silver plate. I had been up at three that morning and at midnight the day before. I felt in a sort of maze. And the variety of the food, in comparison with the simple fare I had had for seven months past, almost made me ill. For some weeks after I came back these mess dinners were a positive nightmare to me, and often I would have to go for a long walk round the cantonment to work off the effects of noise and overeating combined.

Two days later he was called to Simla to write his preliminary report for Colonel Bell. "He was an undemonstrative man. He seemed to take it for granted that I would get through, and did not say much more than that he was glad. But he was evidently satisfied with my performance, and that was all I cared for."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A brief summary of Younghusband's report is contained in his book *The Light of Experience* (1927), and is as follows: "In Manchuria and along the coast there was great military activity; additional troops were being raised and drilled, forts on modern lines were being constructed and armed with Krupp guns, arsenals were being built, telegraph lines were being laid, and even a railway was being made to Tientsin. But these preparations lost nearly all their value because of the corruption of the officials and the general military inefficiency of the Chinese nation. They were quite unable to assume an offensive against the Russians, and in Turkestan would not even be able to hold their own; the Russians would have little trouble in conquering the whole of Turkestan.—I had no opinion of China as an ally against Russia; but I considered that we

Having finished his report in ten days he rejoined his regiment on the march to another camp of exercise.

How I got through the manœuvres I do not know, for I had forgotten nearly all my drill. However, a troop-sergeant-major is a very useful person, and mine saw me through many a nasty turn. And at the end my squadron-leader gave me one crumb of comfort ; he said I was damned bad at drill, but he would rather have me on active service than anyone else in the regiment. So after all, my travels cannot have been so very detrimental to my soldiering—if active service is what regiments are intended for.

In mid-December Liu-san arrived at Rawal Pindi with the ponies. He was ill on arrival from exposure in the mountains. Nothing is more characteristic of Younghusband than his solicitude for the welfare of his faithful retainers, and there were few to whom he felt more kindly than to this simple Chinaman who had accompanied him across a continent.

He must have been the first Chinaman, for at any rate many hundreds of years, who had travelled from Peking to India. He had served me readily, willingly and efficiently in every kind of capacity—valet, table servant, cook, groom, transport agent, diplomatist—and he never grumbled. I have no doubt he made money out of me. That I allowed for. But he cannot have made much, for on the whole journey from Peking I spent less than four hundred pounds.

He was suffering from pleurisy, but soon recovered in the warmer air of the plains of India, and became his busy, intelligent, cheery self again. When he was recovered I took him to the railway station. He had never seen a train before, and when it was drawing up at the platform he exclaimed : ' Hai ya ! Here's a whole street coming along ! ' He returned by Calcutta to Tientsin, his native town and, I heard, rose to affluence after-

ought, for commercial reasons, to interest ourselves in her welfare. The more she developed her resources, the better it would be for our own trade.

"The sequel we all know. A few years later Japan easily beat China, so militarily inefficient was the latter. Russia constructed the Trans-Siberian Railway, then seized Port Arthur in the south of Manchuria, and ran a branch line down to it. Then she fell foul of Japan, and was driven from Port Arthur. And this same General Kuropatkin who had so feared the Chinese was beaten by the Japanese. As to the Chinese, they looked helplessly on while foreign powers fought on Manchurian soil. And soon her whole system of Imperial Government fell, and a Republic was set up. But there is not yet stability, and the whole country is now embroiled in civil war and infested with brigands."

wards as a kind of courier for European travellers. I hope he is now enjoying a happy old age.

The next event of importance was the arrival of Sir Frederick Roberts to dine in the Mess. Immediately on entering the tent he asked for Mr. Younghusband, whom he put at ease at once by the directness, simplicity, and friendliness of his manner. This mark of attention by the Commander-in-Chief in India to so junior an officer raised him in the estimation of his fellow-subalterns as nothing else could have done. Younghusband's own opinion of the personality of Lord Roberts, made then and subsequently, is worth recording.

He gave me the impression that he attached importance to my journey, and this naturally pleased me. But he did more. He showed me that he had what can best be described as a fellow-feeling for me. He seemed to understand that I must have had some pretty stiff obstacles to surmount, but to assume that as a matter of course I would get through. He himself gave the impression that even though there were terrible difficulties straight before his eyes he would walk through them as if they did not exist. And he had that wonderful buoyant way of carrying you along with him and lifting you up—making you feel that all things were possible. It is difficult to strike the right mean between dryly accepting a good performance as if it were a matter of course—between that, and showing due appreciation of what it means. But Sir Frederick Roberts did this.

He was a man of intense vitality, and interest in things and men—especially men. He had great intuitive powers and could instantly size up a situation. He had the capacity of endearing himself to the men under his command, and interested himself personally in their careers and affairs. When later I stayed with him in his home the conversation at breakfast was mostly about the personal columns in the 'Times'—the family events of friends and acquaintances.

It was at one time assumed that Kitchener would not serve under Roberts, but this was a mistake. Kitchener was certainly the more masterful man of the two, but he admired Roberts and recognized his superior intuition.

Sir Frederick Roberts' interest in this young subaltern soon expressed itself in a practical form. Early in April 1888 he telegraphed to the Colonel to grant him three months' leave to go home and lecture on his journey to the Royal Geographical Society. This of course

was inclusive of the voyage both ways, so that he got no more than six weeks in England. He arrived on April 29th to find only his parents and sisters at home. His elder sister found him "the same, though changed; looking older; and at first more silent and abstracted than he used to be, but that soon passed off." This she attributed to his lonely travels; it was more probably due to the love that lay locked in his heart, and also to the spiritual awakening, the original and independent religious outlook, which he could not share with his home circle.

The family went up to London to hear him deliver his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society and to be admitted as its youngest Fellow. "It was", says his sister, "one of the happiest and certainly the proudest moment of my life—to see him standing there among all those learned men, so young, handsome, and oblivious of himself, absorbed in what he was telling them and eager to impart to them something of the enthusiasm he felt." For all that, his own estimate of his performance—after an introduction to these scientists—was soberer.

I went back to India feeling positively guilty at the thoughts of my many sins of omission. Geologists had wanted to know if I had observed the rocks; botanists, if I had collected the flowers; glaciologists, if I had observed the motion of the glaciers; anthropologists, if I had measured the people's skulls; ethnologists, if I had studied their languages; cartographers, if I had mapped the mountains. And to each I must have appeared such a miserably ill-equipped and thoughtless traveller, who had simply thrown away his golden opportunities. It would, indeed, have been so easy to observe the rocks, collect flowers, measure men's heads, and so on—and so very interesting, too—and I would like to have been able to satisfy these men thirsting so keenly for knowledge. So I returned to India full of good resolutions and deeply repentant of my omissions.

His sister describes his departure on June 15th as "heartrending". A perusal of her diary during this period leaves the reader with the feeling that her love for her brother, though very deep and true, was nevertheless of the possessive kind. But it was evidently she who now leant on him, rather than he on her. And the tenor of his home-letters during the past six years reveals a gradual loosening of that strong psychic bond with his family which usually occurs

in adolescence. He had found in the interval another centre of affection. His extraordinarily strong affection and admiration for both his parents was no whit diminished; indeed it was strengthened, because his love had grown more unselfish and also more understanding. But mentally and spiritually he must have realized that he had outgrown them both. Therefore, when the time for parting came he could write: "This time the wrench was not so agonizing. I could look forward to a shorter absence, and then a longer leave. And I was going back full of schemes of what to do. I had more heart in me, and a fuller purpose."

He had tried, but unsuccessfully, to communicate to them his own new-found sense of spiritual values. Inevitably, between the minds of those whose faith is derived from traditional creeds and observances and those for whom faith is an original discovery based upon personal experience, there can be little point of contact. However hard they try, they cannot feel their way into each others' minds.

Several factors had conspired to open Frank Younghusband's eyes to new and far horizons. He had conversed with Christians of many different denominations, as well as with adherents both wise and simple of other faiths. Could one be true and all the rest be false? He had consorted with men of the world who professed no faith at all, and had found them possessed of qualities of character which he could admire but could not emulate. He had communed with the mountains and the stars, those visible embodiments of the loftiest aspirations. He had nourished his mind in the solitude of the Gobi Desert on the works of Darwin, that scientist who to the Victorian traditionalist was the supreme arch-heretic, but who to him was a prophet and his works a revelation. In Kidd's *Social Evolution* he perceived the application of the same principles to the human situation. He had caught the inspiration of the great nineteenth-century nature-poets, Wordsworth especially. Among other favourites at this time were Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson. Renan's *Life of Jesus* and Seeley's *Ecce Homo* had confirmed him in the belief that the Gospels should be studied without any preconceived theological interpretation. But the book that had impressed him most, and most recently, was Tolstoi's *The Kingdom of God is Within you*. Its challenge was to live the ideal set forth in the Sermon on the Mount literally and unequivocally: Christian discipleship must be all or nothing. Soon, however, he came to see that life in the world, though not of the

world, was more in tune with the spirit of the Christian ethic than absolute renunciation and other-worldliness, that the right use of wealth is preferable to the abolition of private property, and the active overcoming of evil with good nearer to the mind of Christ than a policy of non-resistance.

Among the traditional tenets of theology he rejected that of original sin, on the ground that growth from low beginnings to higher is a condition of life at every phase of creation, and also that the doctrine as stated is a false interpretation of human freedom. Nor could he accept the dogma of the unique divinity of Christ, since this involved a difference in kind between Him and us. Christ was our Elder Brother, and no half-brother ; the great Example and not the great Exception ; who claimed no difference of nature or of grace from the least of His brethren. Perfected humanity within the limits of history—time and place—was an object worthy of greater reverence than the manifestation of ready-made divinity. He could not fail to perceive that the supernatural elements in the Christian tradition are paralleled by similar accounts of the birth of Buddha, six centuries earlier ; and that doctrines of justification by faith and the supernatural infusion of grace are common also to salvationist doctrines both in Mahayana Buddhism and in sects of Vishnuite Hinduism. These he regarded as incrustations on the simplicity of essential religious faith. The essence of Christianity was this : that the divine spirit, which in Christ was a living flame, is latent in all men by virtue of their being children of the same Father. But this Father was not an arbitrary disposer of events or of human destinies. He was no benevolent autocrat of the universe ; He was its nerve centre and the immanent principle of its harmony. For this reason He is not to be placated, like a fairy-godmother, by petitionary prayer ; prayer is the up-welling of His Spirit within us, deep calling to deep. The idea of God as 'special Providence' was repugnant to him ; not passive dependence upon Him for our material needs but active co-operation with Him in His divine purposes—this was our high privilege and our serious responsibility. In this lay the profound significance of the Life of Christ. But the Incarnation of Christ must not be regarded as the final and complete revelation of God's eternal purpose ; in all life—and pre-eminently in the life of the spirit—nothing is final. The Ideal is like those questions in mathematics which can never be exactly answered : each figure added to

the recurring decimal is a nearer approximation to the whole number, which nevertheless forever eludes attainment. In his own words :

The appearance of Christ on earth he regarded as the most important fact in human history. No other event had had anything like so great an influence on the course of the world. . . . But Christ was plainly a development along the line of the holy men of God. If He were to be called divine, then some few other men would have to be also called divine. He had reached a higher level of being than ordinary men had attained. And He had manifested a higher quality. But in this He was rather the forerunner to show the way to other men, than of a different order of being. And other men might in the course of time reach that level and display that quality. He could not be considered a *complete* manifestation of God, a *complete* expression of God's will and intention, a complete, full and final revelation of God.

These words are taken from his book *The Gleam* (1923), the title of which was suggested by Tennyson's "Follow the Gleam". It anticipated to some extent the fuller and maturer statement of his faith contained in *The Living Universe* (1933). It purports to record a series of conversations, which he had with a high-caste young Indian of his own age, named Svabhava, during the intervals of his own journeys and adventures in early life. The book is prefaced by an explanation in which he introduces his collocutor to the reader thus :

The man whose religious experiences I here describe has only let them be published on the express condition that his former name should not be known. He is a follower of the Gleam. And while he is still following it he shuns publicity. When death will have put a term to his following, then will come the time for the work of his life to begin. So, in accordance with his wishes, I have avoided saying anything which would give a clue to his identity. And if what I have said should enable some few readers to discover it, I beg of them that they will keep their discovery to themselves. . . . He does not consider his special strivings as in any way exceptional, but merely as part of the general unfolding of religion in the human race. Mankind is still in an immature bud-like stage of spiritual growth and not yet come to flower, except in a few rare instances.

It is perhaps an illustration of the transparency of Sir Francis'



character that one reader at least (the present chronicler) had read but a few pages of *The Gleam* when he was convinced that the author of it and its subject, Svabhava, were one and the same person. This conviction became a certainty when, after Sir Francis' death, he came upon the following note among his manuscripts. "In my book *The Gleam* Svabhava is myself, that is my 'real' self, as distinct from my ordinary self."—Among the same papers there occurs this note for his biographer :

The main motive of my life has been religious. I was born with a religious disposition, of religious parents. In my youth my religion was purely conventional ; accepted on authority. There was little joy in it. I was to be good and do my duty.

But from 1889 onwards I have made my own religion for myself and it has brought me intense interest and incommunicable joy. For more than fifty years I have gone on continually reconstituting my religion, forming and reforming it, deepening and widening it. And I have not wanted to keep it to myself. I have wanted to tell all others of the discoveries I have made and the joy I have found. I have wanted to give a religious motive to the whole world, to give to all men a surer foundation for their lives, to let them know of the joy that is to be had through religion and the strength which comes from that joy.

I deliberately lived my life in the midst of life. My hope is that my 'Life' will therefore be a real help to others in living theirs.

He returned to India in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had entered it six years before. Then it had been an unknown country ; now he felt himself seized of its dominion and native to its clime. Then he had been self-distrustful ; now he was confident, eager, and purposeful. What he had set his heart upon in dreams he had accomplished in actuality, and his achievement had been recognized. He had tested his powers and found them equal to circumstance, even beyond his expectations. More than all, he had discovered within himself a spiritual reserve of strength which was not only the inspiration of high enterprise but also the assurance of its attainment. He was looking forward now, not backward at all—"going ahead". He felt that he had far to go, and was filled with an inextinguishable ardour to go as far as he knew how. "The will to do, the soul to dare."

But, as so often happens to the spiritual adventurer, high hopes were countered at the outset with frustration. After three nights of suffocating heat in the train in mid-July, during which sleep was almost impossible, he arrived at Rawal Pindi to be told that he must ride at once to overtake a detachment of his regiment en route to Murree, and join them in time for a night-march on foot uphill to Tret. At Tret he felt "quite knocked up" but got some sleep, and next day marched on to Murree in a terrific thunderstorm, a tempestuous wind, and lastly a deluge of rain. It was the break of the monsoon—so welcomed in the plains, so dreaded in the hills. That night officers and men together turned out to secure tents which threatened to be blown away or swamped. One man died of cholera whilst his tent was collapsing; other cases of the disease occurred; and soon Younghusband too succumbed to it. "Fortunately the doctor's tent was next to mine and he came rushing in as I called to him, and gave me a strong dose of something which he said would either kill or cure. . . . Anyway, it cured. And a week later I was going about all right."

Then followed a cold-weather spell of drills and reading for his captaincy examinations. This was a weariness to the flesh and the spirit alike. In April of 1889 he was on his way to Simla for a few days' leave when he met in the train Mr. Ney Elias, that much-experienced traveller, the record of whose journeys had never been published. Among them was his journey across Chinese Turkestan south of the route which Younghusband had followed, and he was therefore keenly interested in comparing notes with him. He now suggested to his young companion that he should undertake a journey to Tibet. "I thought at once, why not? It had been my original idea when I made the trip through Kangra and Kulu five years before. Why not carry it out now?" There flashed across his mind the reflection that in Kashmir he had been mistaken for a Yarkandi: why not go to Lhasa disguised as one? Why not go to Leh, get trusty Mohamed Esa and good old Shukar Ali to go with him, and pass himself off as a Yarkandi merchant?

Arrived at Simla he went straight to the Foreign Office and asked to see Sir Mortimer Durand, the Foreign Secretary.

He was amused at my enthusiasm, and listened to my plans; but in the end he said that it would not do: he could not give me leave. This was a blow, but seeing how sympathetic he

was, and feeling instinctively that he was with me all the time, though officially he had to pour cold water, I hastily concocted another scheme for entering Tibet, and this time he laughed and agreed. He said that I was evidently bent on going, so I had better go, and he agreed to give me five thousand rupees for the purpose. This was magnificent. Better than I had ever dreamed of. I hastened back to the regiment and went to the Colonel to ask for leave.

But there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. He was met with a clear, straight, and uncompromising refusal. He had been away from the regiment a great deal too much as it was, and his absence prevented other officers from getting their leave. "This was perfectly true; and I had to admit the point and possess my soul in patience. . . . And I was left in despair to wile away the dreary hot-weather months in an Indian cantonment, spending hour after hour in looking out for microscopic atoms of dust on my men's uniforms or saddling, and in watching horses being groomed and fed and watered." He was also "passing examinations".

Whence cometh this faith in examinations we know not. But there is the noxious growth; and as it increases, faith in men diminishes. Instead of trusting in the lower grades to fit themselves for the higher, and in the higher to exercise their judgment in selecting the best from among the lower, this deadening system of examinations is resorted to. Whatever a man does outside the examination room counts as nothing in comparison with what he does inside it. In political life, in business, and in sport, men are trusted to qualify themselves for the higher positions, and the leaders are trusted to make proper selection among their juniors or followers. But in both the civil and military administrations examinations have established their hold, and initiative and self-reliance are strangled in a man.

He had hoped that the Intelligence Department or the Q.M.G. would give him some appointment, but none was forthcoming. Failing that, he had hoped that his regiment would become really in earnest about training itself for war, but his own zeal for active service was frowned upon. "The Colonel had me up in Orderly Room and told me that I was always going on as if we were preparing for active service; but we never went on active service, so what was the use of preparing for it. What we had to do was to prepare to turn

out smart for parade when some General came round, and in that way we should get a good name.”—Little wonder that to him such an idea of soldiering was “ arid and meaningless ”, or that, tantalized the proximity of the mighty Himalayan ranges, he would often ride by out from Rawal Pindi to their bases, to give his soul an airing and dream of journeys among their stainless snows. So passed the months of May and June ; then came reprieve.

I was solemnly passing examinations in Military Law, Fortification, Strategy and Tactics, and preparing to pass on to others, when relief suddenly came from an unexpected quarter. If the military authorities could find no employment for me, the political authorities could. At the end of June a telegram was put into my hands, and this proved to be from the Foreign Office at Simla, asking me to undertake an exploration on the northern frontier of Kashmir.

The interview with Sir Mortimer Durand, which seemed abortive, had borne fruit. He immediately went back to Simla for instructions.

## Chapter X

### HUNZA AND THE PAMIRS

“THIS was indeed a sudden change in the wheel of fortune. It had come round full circle, and up went my spirits to apparently the topmost height, though they soared even higher when I saw Sir Mortimer Durand and heard from him what he wanted me to do.”—He was required to explore all the Himalayan passes from the north (including one or two that were unknown) into the State of Hunza (called Kunjat on the Yarkandi side), and to report on the latest raids by the Kanjuti bandits, with a view to putting an end to them. He was also to learn what he could about any Russian activities. He was to choose his own escort and requisition such equipment as he needed, to proceed first to Shahidula and from thence to make his own dispositions. Finally Sir Mortimer insisted that he was to mention any other request whatever that might occur to him, and handed him 8,000 rupees for expenses.

Younghusband desired that his party should be of the smallest and their equipment of the simplest. He suggested six picked men from a Gurkha regiment—preferably from the 5th, then stationed at Abbotabad—since Gurkhas were experienced hillmen. Instead of another officer, as was offered, he asked for a trained native surveyor to assist him in mapping. Forthwith his escort of six—“the stoutest and sturdiest little men in the regiment”—were provided with suitable mountaineering kit, and promised extra rations and extra pay. A surveyor was supplied from the 11th Bengal Lancers in the person of a *sowar* named Shahzad Mir, “a grave and serious Pathan, with his mind thoroughly set on the business in hand”. The Gurkhas were despatched “with broad grins of satisfaction” in *ekkas* to Kashmir: whilst he went round by way of Abbotabad, Kasauli, and Murree, to complete arrangements and make his farewells. On July 13th he caught them up and double-marched up the Sind Valley to the foot of the Zoji-la Pass where he received from Sir Walter and Lady Lawrence the warmest of welcomes. “Those days were the very cream of life. Solitude and company, Nature and man, were delightfully intermingled in exactly the right proportion.”

On July 31st he reached Leh, to be entertained by Captain Ramsey, now British Resident there ; and to meet the Kirghiz from Shahidula, Musa, who had brought in the petition for protection from Hunza raids. Best of all, he was greeted on arrival by his old friend Shukar Ali, who volunteered his services. " He was a great addition to my party, for he had already been tested in the hardest ordeals. I could trust him through and through—except in any fighting—and I knew he would always be cheery." So he was appointed cook, not on account of his knowledge of the culinary art, however, for this was negligible ; " but I knew that he would produce something or other, whatever the conditions ". Mohamed Esa was unfortunately away and in his stead a sharp little man named Ramzan was engaged to take charge of the caravan.

In consultation with Captain Ramsey, the final dispositions were made and the route from Shahidula (on the far side of the Karakoram Pass) was planned. With regard to the most vital problem of all, that of transport of supplies both for men and animals, camels were taken on Musa's suggestion, in addition to ponies : the former for use in crossing rivers, the latter for use upon ice. The construction of goat-skin rafts for unfordable rivers was another necessity. All these details—the calculation of time against distance, weight against means of portage, and much else—were matters involving careful organization ; in addition, seventeen sepoy from the Leh garrison who were unused to mountain travel had to be impressed for the first stage of the journey over the Karakoram Pass. On August 10th the start was made. The first pass to be crossed was the Khardung, a steep ascent to a height of 17,600 ft. ; and here both Younghusband and his *havildar*, Surabi Tapa, were stricken with a bout of mountain sickness, but they quickly recovered during the descent the other side. The rapid Shayok River—a tributary of the Indus—was crossed in a ferry-boat amid wild excitement, for only by the most strenuous efforts could its head be kept to the current. Entering the broad valley of the Nubra River he encountered a caravan, the first of the season to cross the ranges from Yarkand. It was led by a Badakshi from Afghanistan and an Andajani from a province of Russian Turkestan, and " I was immediately in the thick of Central Asian politics ". From them he learned that after the last Kanjuti raid Turdi Kol, the Kirghiz chief at Shahidula, had gone first to the Chinese to ask for protection and, on their refusal, had sought British

aid ; also, which was more intriguing, that a Russian party was at present in Yarkand and believed to be making for either Tibet or Leh. Two days later Younghusband heard from a Peshawar merchant that a considerable party of Russians had entered the Kuen-lun Mountains and were now not far from Shahidula. "The plot was thickening, and I became still more impatient to reach that place without preventable delay."

Beyond the Saser Pass (17,800 feet) he picked up the thirteen camels awaiting him in charge of a Kirghiz, and pushed on by double marches, meeting several other caravans from all of which he gleaned some items of information. One such caravan was again of Andjanis who were Russian subjects.

They were a masterful, independent set of men who evidently thought themselves as good as anyone else and better than most. But they were hospitable all the same, as are the most of these jolly travelling merchants. And when I strolled over to their camp from my own, their leader politely asked me in to tea and would not take my first excuse, but caught me strongly by the arm and carried me off to his tent, where he produced some excellent tea. Once inside the tent everything was snug and warm and comfortable. A thick felt was spread on the ground, and a little carpet gave colour as well as warmth. My host was most genial and agreeable, and talked much about Turkestan and India. After I had returned to my camp I sent him over a handsome turban of Kashmir shawl material. He immediately put it on and came to my camp to thank me for it, salaaming, and saying it would keep him nice and warm on the cold journey before him.

The incident is worth quoting as an example, typical of many, of the friendly relations which Younghusband immediately succeeded in establishing with men of various races wherever he went.

There followed some dreary marches across the summits of the bare and desolate Depsang Plains from which, though 17,000 feet above sea level, the snowy peaks of Saser and Nubra "appeared above the horizon like the sails of some huge ships"; across it swept incessant winds of piercing cold; and gravel, free of snow, was strewn here and there with the skeletons of pack animals who had succumbed under their burdens. The Karakoram Pass itself, though nearly 19,000 feet high, is clear of snow; the very name means

Black Gravel ; snow falls, but thinly and in powdery flakes, quickly dispersed by the incessant wind. Pressing on beyond it, he covered 36 miles the next day, crossed the Suget Pass, and began the steep descent to Shahidula. Here all caravans were armed and vigilant, for this was the most dangerous part of the route. At Suget he met a native of Bajaur (an independent State beyond the Indian frontier near Peshawar), whose name was Jan Mohamed. From him he learned that the Kanjuti raid had taken place at Suget, not Shahidula, and was given a precise description of its occurrence.

His first appearance did not impress me favourably, for he had a rather cunning look in his small eyes. But he was quick, alert, and resourceful ; and I soon found that he meant to be and could be extremely useful—to his own profit, no doubt, but also to the advantage of my expedition, which was the main thing I cared about. He was, in fact, just one of those adventurous spirits one used to meet in Central Asia who have to live by their wits, endure great hardships, and often suffer heavy losses, but who at times bring off big coups, and in the intervals between big risks and exertions have a lazy, cheery time in some Central Asian town.

On August 23rd—having covered 640 miles through the mountains in six weeks—he arrived in Shahidula, and a deputation headed by Turdi Kol, the Kirghiz chief, came riding out to meet him. Dignified in demeanour, careworn in appearance, without a trace either of arrogance or servility, respectful yet having himself a natural air of authority—Younghusband saw in him a man of influence and one who could be trusted. He had already once been captured and had only just escaped a second capture by shooting a raider at the entrance to his tent. After a preliminary exchange of complimentary speeches he informed the British officer of the destructive effect of these raids on his people, who had been forced out of their pasturage in the hills to the plains of Turkestan. He related all his negotiations with the Chinese for protection, and ended by saying that if the British refused help his people would be in a bad way. “The poor man was in the extremity of anxiety, and all now depended upon what I was prepared to do.”

Seeing that he was a prudent, careful man, Younghusband told him that there was not the least necessity for hurry ; that he would halt in Shahidula for some days, and that they could discuss the whole



situation any time at leisure ; that the British Government was taking measures to stop the raids ; that he would leave some Kashmir sepoy here for the protection of the trade route ; that Colonel Algernon Durand was going in to Hunza from Gilgit, and that he himself intended to go there by the Shimshal Pass. At present he would go to his tent, and they could continue their talk that evening, or tomorrow, just as the chief desired. Having set his mind at rest Younghusband retired to his tent for a bath and a change of clothes, and then sent word to the chief that he was ready to resume the conversation whenever it was convenient to him. "He came at once, and we had a long interview. As he was a deliberate old man, I told him to take his time and tell me slowly and clearly all that was in his mind." The chief then recounted the history of his tribe from the days of his grandfather when Yakoob Beg ruled Turkestan and the land was at peace, and there was a fort at Shahidula, to the present day when the Chinese ruled it and nothing was done for their protection. Unable to obtain any satisfaction from them he now wished, he said, to transfer his allegiance to the British.

Young as he was, Younghusband could also be deliberate. He replied that he had no authority to accept their allegiance, and could only refer his request to the Viceroy. But the raids would be stopped ; of this the chief could be reassured. His own immediate intention was to explore the Shimshal Pass from whence the raids were committed, and for this purpose he desired the chief to supply him with guides. Turdi Kol answered that he knew the route and would accompany him himself. Their talk being thus satisfactorily ended, tea was brought to the tent and the chief presented with a handsome robe and turban which he at once put on, and withdrew with profuse salaams amid the valedictory shouts of his attendants.

To signalize the occasion and the better to inspire their confidence, Younghusband followed this up next day with a miniature Durbar. A chair and table were placed on a carpet in an open grassy space ; his six Gurkhas stood behind it and eight sepoy on either side, all with fixed bayonets and in full dress. In front were seated all the Kirghiz. At the appointed time he appeared in his scarlet full-dress, escorted by Shahzad Mir with drawn sword. At his approach the Gurkhas fired a salute of three volleys, the sepoy presented arms, and the Kirghiz rose to their feet to a man and salaamed deeply. Being again seated, he slowly and deliberately repeated to them all that

he had said to Turdi Kol, upon which they bent forward on their knees and bowed, then rising they bowed a second time. Asked if they had anything to say on their part, they were silent ; whereupon Ramzan was told to take presents from the table to Turdi Kol and his council : robes and turbans to the chief headmen, to the others shawls, chintzes, cloths and kerchiefs. To Turdi Kol, Sattiwali the cameleer, and Jan Mohamed was given a revolver each ; one hundred rupees also to Turdi Kol and to the others twenty apiece. These ceremonious presentations being ended, the British officer addressed them again. He said that they must not look entirely to the British Government for help ; they must help themselves. First of all, they must agree to obey their chief. He understood that Turdi Kol was their chief ; were they ready to obey him ? They shouted that they were. He thereupon handed to the chief 800 rupees to be spent on repairing the old fort as a place of defence. This closed the proceedings, but Turdi Kol came to Younghusband's tent and offered help to the expedition unreservedly ; men, supplies, camels, ponies, besides every possible information and his own personal services. Except for their chief, Younghusband was not impressed with the Kirghiz.

These Kirghiz were not an attractive set of men. They were timid, irresolute, and shifty. It is true that their mode of life renders them rather liable to attack . . . but the raiders had to come through nearly two hundred miles of a difficult mountainous country ; and the Kirghiz, if they were worth anything at all, ought to have been able, in the defiles and passes of their country, to have given the Kanjutis some sort of punishment, or to effect some little retaliation to check their audacity. But except Turdi Kol, who really had some pluck and nerve, they were a flabby lot, who, like parasites, preferred to hang on to some greater power for protection, rather than make any attempt at defence themselves.

Having arranged for the protection of the trade route, Younghusband now made preparations for exploration of the passes. " The real excitement of the expedition was now to begin." In another assembly which he convened before starting he was told that the first man who appeared in view of the Hunza outpost, on the north side of the Shimshal Pass, would probably be shot on sight. Turning to the *naik* (corporal) of the Gurkhas he said to him chaffingly, " All

right; you'll go first." The little man was quite delighted and beamed with satisfaction at the prospect. This response, says Younghusband, showed up in a flash the difference between the two races. The Kirghiz were in abject terror of their enemies: the Gurkhas were thirsting for nothing so much as to come to grips with them.

He left Shahidula on September 3rd with eighteen ponies and thirteen camels. The party comprised his six Gurkhas, Shahzad Mir, Shukar Ali, Ramzan, two Balti raft-men and five Kirghiz. He took supplies sufficient for six weeks: over three tons weight of grain for the ponies, half that weight of flour and rice for the men, other miscellaneous provisions, and a small flock of sheep and goats; also tools for road-making and a stock of horse-shoes. He made arrangements for sending back the camels for further supplies after his exploration of two unknown passes—the Saltoro and the Shimshal—and for their rendezvous with Turdi Kol at a river-junction which he guessed must exist—that of the Oprang with the Yarkand—though he had no certain knowledge about it. Striking westwards along Hayward's route to the Sokh-bulah Pass (over 17,000 feet) he crossed it and descended to the Yarkand River at the point where he had forded it two years before; then to the foot of the Aghil Pass, whence he sent back the camels; crossed it and descended the Oprang River. South-eastward of this, Wali had told him of a way into Baltistan—long since disused—by a pass called the Saltoro. He was now determined to employ a week or more in discovering this pass. Accordingly, on September 12th, leaving his Gurkhas with the heavy baggage at Durbin Jangal in the valley, he took with him Shahzad Mir, Shukar Ali, a Balti and an orderly, with five ponies and ten days' supplies, and started out into the unknown. A glacier from the Gusherbrum completely blocked the Oprang Valley, but the river had furrowed its way through the ice, so that men and ponies could wade upwards through the partly frozen water. Great care had to be taken in negotiating a route shallow enough to secure safe passage and wide enough to preclude risk of any possible falls of ice from the ice-cliffs. Presently they found themselves in a completely ice-bound region, with glaciers in front, behind, and all round; heavy snow-clouds also were gathering. In the midst of this "conglomeration of dazzling icy séracs" they camped. Younghusband named it the Urdok Glacier. His journal for the next three days recounts a succession of frustrated hopes and reflects the alternation of his feelings. "I

started off this morning (14th) full of zeal, ready to go anywhere and do anything, but finished up utterly tired out and careless of what might happen." Rising early he climbed a spur 2,000 feet above the camp hoping for a view, but was baulked by a formation of powdery snow-clouds "remarkable for their soft fleece-like intangibility" which gradually obliterated all the mountain peaks. Rejoining his party he led the way as before up the glacier till brought to a halt by a jumble of huge ice-blocks, impossible for the ponies; unloading them, the men shouldering the baggage, the ponies were then swum across a small glacial lake; but beyond this, conditions were worse. Retracing their steps, he cast about for another route, and found one which, however, only led to a maze of crevasses. Next day, again retreating, he found a way up the centre of the glacier and, "getting along famously now", camped at the head of it under a thousand-foot wall of ice and snow, reminiscent of the Mustagh Pass. This, so he surmised, must be none other than the Saltoro Pass.<sup>1</sup>

Having with Shukar Ali reconnoitred ahead in the afternoon, he decided on an early start the following day so as to reach the summit by noon. The camp was astir at 2 a.m. and the start made at 3.30 in keen frost and falling snow which suffused the moonlight so that they had to grope their way through the crevasses.

At first crevasses were frequent, some visible—great staring rents in the ice fifty or sixty feet deep, others invisible, being covered with snow; these last were the dangerous ones, for the snow would suddenly give way under you, and your legs would go down a deep, dark hole . . . No true mountaineer would have dreamed of attempting the pass on a day like this, and I was foolish to have proceeded. But I could not afford the time to wait for the snow to stop falling and consolidate, and in ignorance of the danger I was incurring I went on.

As they ascended, the crevasses diminished, but not so the snow-fall; they were trudging knee-deep in fresh soft snow; when day dawned the mountains were still veiled, but they guessed their direction and presently found themselves on a steep ice-slope.

We roped ourselves and cut steps in the ice, and were proceeding steadily upward when suddenly out of the snow-cloud

<sup>1</sup> See note and map at end of chapter. For his general routes on these journeys see map on page 135.

in which we were enveloped we heard above us a fearful, tearing, rushing roar. We could see nothing on account of the cloud. But we knew at once it was an avalanche, and it seemed to be coming straight down on the top of us. Our first instinct was to run. But we could not run, for we were on an ice-slope, so we crouched in an agony of fear. And just as it seemed to come crashing right upon the top of us, the avalanche rushed past us just ahead in the very ravine we were about to enter. Had it started a few minutes later or had we advanced a hundred yards farther, we would have been swept away and no one would ever have known what had become of us.

Elsewhere he wrote : " I felt in that moment greater fear than I ever yet have done." One would have thought that this experience would have been enough to cool his ardour : but no.

Still blind to the risks I was running and undeterred by the danger we had so narrowly escaped, I pressed on through the snow-clouds, up the icy slope, to a point where a great yawning chasm in the ice made further advance impossible—unless, indeed, we had ventured into the ravine down which the avalanche had shot, and down which another might shoot at any moment ; and to do that, even I was not sufficiently foolish. . . . On our way back we saw another avalanche rush down the mountain side, and over the very path we had made in ascending.

So then, though his attempt on the Pass ended in failure, he had at any rate established that it was impracticable as a military route, and, as a point of geographical interest, had discovered in its snows the hitherto unknown source of the Oprang River. And further, he put on record a detailed description of the glaciation of the whole region.

He was still in that naïve stage of religious development which sees in such deliverances from sudden death the hand of " an overruling Providence " who miraculously intervenes in the course of natural events " to guide my footsteps so that I did not fall, and divert the course of an avalanche so that it would not crush me. This was the attitude of mind in which I was brought up, and I accepted it without thinking out its implications."

But when I consider how that splendid mountaineer, Mummery, was swept away in an avalanche on Nanga Parbat in Kashmir, three or four years later ; and when I think how often in my experience poor coolies carrying the post across the Kashmir

mountains have been carried away, it now seems to me simply shocking that I should have had the presumption and conceit to think that I was specially marked out for favour while these poor men were left to destruction. If anyone deserved destruction it was myself, for not properly using the judgment with which I had been endowed.

Anyone who fancies himself as the special favourite of the Invisible, or any race which imagines itself to be a chosen people, is equally presumptuous. Neither the life-destinies of individuals, nor the course of world history, are providentially directed ; they are directed only from within. Younghusband's conclusions, in the light of fuller experience and deeper thought, were as follows :

When man looks within himself, and still more when he looks within the great Whole of which he and his fellows—and the animals and plants, and great mountains and the stars above them—all form part, he will find a far greater God sustaining, maintaining, and directing it than ever I had pictured Providence as directing my footsteps on the mountain. A Providence was indeed directing me : but He was directing far more than my footsteps. He was directing my whole being, and directing it to higher things. This Providence was expecting that I should use the *whole* of myself—my judgment as well as my will and affections—that I should exercise wisdom as well as practise goodness. And if trust be placed in such a God, as the source of all goodness, wisdom and beauty, then strength will accrue to us. We shall be able of ourselves to plant our own footsteps aright, and confront with confidence physical Nature in her sternest aspects and come to love her even in her austerest moods.

Double-marching back to Durbin Jangal through a heavy snow-storm, during which tents and ponies and baggage were snowed up at night, he reached it on the third day, and there rested for two days, "to be transported away from every hardship into the heavenly region of the spirit". Among the books which he had brought with him and now read were these : Monier Williams' *Buddhism* ; Lubbock's *Ancient Civilization, Childhood of the World and Childhood of Religions* ; some novels of Dickens ; Momerie's *Sermons* ; a Bible and Prayer Book ; besides various official reports, and the R.G.S.'s invaluable *Hints to Travellers*. He ever afterwards looked back on this period of meditation as marking the turning-point in his

spiritual pilgrimage. He had already in a brief life seen so much and experienced so much that "naturally, I was inquisitive to know what this wonderful world of which I had seen so much was really like, what was at the bottom of it all, what was the central Power which actuated it; and how we really stood in regard to the world, and were connected with it".

To explore the constitution of this manifold universe, to discover its mystery and its meaning, and therewith man's lot and his purpose therein—this is surely the profoundest research, as it is also the highest adventure, upon which the energies of our being can engage. For it calls into activity not only all the capacities of reflection but also the last resources of the spirit of man.

When I first started travelling, it was the outward aspect of the world that interested me. Now it was the inner character and motive. I wanted to discover the deepest springs of life, to get behind the outward appearance and find the reality which underlies it, as we try to find the real man behind his surface looks. By necessity I had had to be searching for the real thing in men of an extraordinary variety of types. Now I wanted to be searching for reality in the world as a whole. And while I wanted to know all about this world and our relation to it, I also wanted to know what the world was making for . . . what was the highest peak of development man had yet reached, and at what higher peaks he should aim. . . .

In our youth we all take our religion—our root attitude to the world—at second-hand and on trust. But a time comes when we feel the need of thinking things out for ourselves and making our own religion. Only by doing so can we feel that religion is any real power in our lives. Especially do we feel this need when we are thrown with men of different religions from our own. I had had to live with and have my life dependent upon men of all the chief religions—Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, Mohamedan. Theoretically, the religion of each was very different from the others and from my own . . . Each naturally thought his own religion was the best. And I was interested to find out in what way each differed from the other, and in what way our own was the best. . . .

Thus I found myself reaching out with my whole being to get beneath the mere external accessories of my own religion, and of all religion, to the inner essential core and spring—the very motor-centre . . . to test it against the strength of the mighty

mountains all round me, against the lofty purity of their snowy summits, against the piercing radiance of the stars, and against the devoted loyalty of the sturdy men I had about me.—These men all wanted to be good, knew they ought to be good, felt something within them propelling them to be good, and something without expecting them to be good. And in readiness to sacrifice their lives for the good of the expedition they *were* good. The religion I must find must be so transparently clear that any one of these would see that what I prayed to was what they prayed to, and what I worshipped was what they worshipped. So the exploration upon which I set out from Durbin Jangal, and upon which I have been engaged ever since, is the exploration of the very heart and soul of things, the discovery of the real Power, the inner Being, of which the outward aspects of mother earth's face—plants, animals, and we men—are but the expression. This search for the inmost secrets of the world, which are the supreme interest for men, was the spiritual adventure upon which I then embarked.

It is worth noticing that this sense of his true vocation, which had been steadily maturing in his mind since boyhood, now came to fruition at a moment of recreation between periods of intense outer activity when all his natural forces were strung to their topmost pitch. And though the course of his spiritual pilgrimage hitherto had been gradual and continued to be so thereafter, he always looked back upon this as the moment which marked the decisive signpost in his quest.

There is a mysticism of the cloister, and there is a mysticism of what may be called the camp. The former is generally passive, quiescent, and life-denying ; the latter active, ethical, and life-affirming. Younghusband's was of the latter type.



## NOTE ON THE SALTORO PASS

Younghusband, en route to the Mustagh Pass in 1887, had been the first European to see K.2 and Gasherbrum from the north. These peaks had been rightly considered to lie on the main axis of the Karakorum range. The Saltoro Pass, fixed from the *south* by the Indian Survey, had been assumed to lie on the same main axis. Younghusband, approaching the main range again from the *north* in 1889, discovered a pass which he took to be the Saltoro since it lay on the main axis which continued east-south-eastwards from K.2 and Gasherbrum. But by his observations the latitude of his pass showed a difference of some 20 miles from that fixed by the Indian Survey for the Saltoro.

In 1909 Dr. Longstaff determined to try and clear up this discrepancy. On page 161 of his fascinating book *This My Voyage* (1950) he writes :

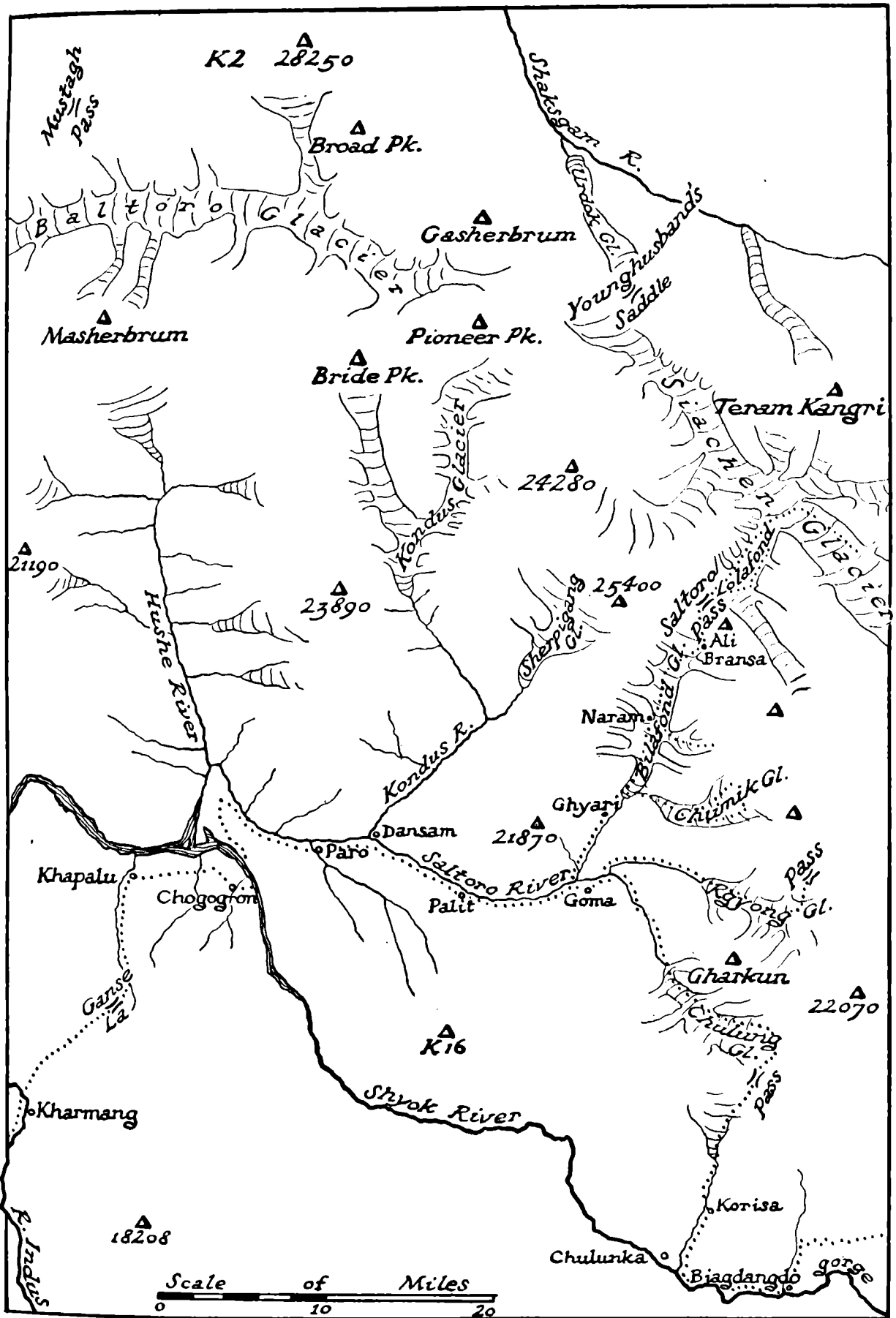
“In 1889 Younghusband had forced his way to the Karakorum from the north. He was brought to a halt by a steep ice-pass which appeared to him to lie on the main axis of the range. He had fixed his position by observation. Now the compilers of my old map were firm in the belief that the Saltoro Pass, fixed from the south by the Indian Survey, lay on the main axis of the Karakorum. The two conceptions were irreconcilable. The Saltoro Pass is some twenty miles south-south-east of Younghusband’s pass. Therefore the map-makers brushed aside Younghusband’s observation of his latitude. They stretched his route and distorted their map to make these two passes coincide.” (See map on page 135.)

Longstaff stayed with Younghusband at the Kashmir Residency in 1909 and together they went through his old note-books and maps. “He made no open fuss about the Survey rejecting his latitude,” says Dr. Longstaff in a letter to the writer, “but he was insistent that they were wrong.”

Longstaff crossed the historic Saltoro Pass from the south in June of that year, but it was not till the level of the Nubra River fell in September that he was able to settle the alignment of the main axis of the range beyond dispute. On page 192 of his book he writes :

“Younghusband was a true prophet. The avalanche-swept pass, whose foot he had reached twenty years before, *was* on the main axis of the Karakorum range, which thus lay miles farther north than had been believed.”

The writer is indebted to Dr. Longstaff for permission to reproduce this map which clarifies the whole position. It was drawn by his wife from his original survey and the latest sheets of the Indian atlas.



SALTORO PASS

Longstaff's route . . . . .

For Younghusband's route see map on page 135

## Chapter XI

### HUNZA AND THE PAMIRS (*continued*)

**H**IS next objective was the Shimshal Pass. On the second day's march (September 22nd) he climbed a spur from which he gained a view of the whole length of the glacier he had toiled up on his journey to the Mustagh. "I had thought I should never set eyes on it again, but once more it lay before me, and I pictured to myself each little incident in that hard tussle." The next day, leaving his camp at Suget Jangal, he set out to explore a curving glacier to the south-west which might, or might not, lead to the Shimshal Pass.

Taught by experience, he advanced first across a lateral moraine and followed it till the ice closed in on the mountain-side, and then struck inwards through crevasses, which necessitated very careful steering, to the gravel moraine in the centre of the glacier, where his cheerful Gurkhas found 'soft stones' on which to camp and sleep. On the fourth day the party plunged through a heavy snow-storm into a maze of crevasses, to negotiate which 100 yards' progress cost 600 yards or more of tortuous zigzagging; cleared them at last, and found a straight run upwards of two miles only to encounter "another series of crevasses of the most desperate description" through which they cast about for a lead in all directions, but without avail. Here he called a halt and camped for the night; next day, fortified by tiffin—"an important point before engaging in a real tussle"—and taking with him a few men lightly laden he tried again—no luck; returned for a hot drink and tried again—again no luck. "We were in a regular *cul de sac*; ahead were impassable crevasses, and on each side pinnacles of pure ice." Next day he determined upon finding a passable route off the glacier edge and up along the mountain-side further down, but everywhere crevasses and crags of ice prevented him from reaching solid ground. The Gurkha *naik* and Shahzad Mir accompanied him. At last he saw what seemed to him, but not to them, a possible way out; and against their dissuasions went on till he reached a frozen pond, crossed it with care, and found a promising ascent beyond it up the mountain-side. His

two men now followed ; the *naik* crossed safely, but Shahzad Mir fell in and only saved himself with difficulty. Hastening back, Younghusband fell in twice himself, got out, hurried back to the party, and ordered a halt as close to the pond as the ponies could go. Assuming that it would freeze solid in the night, he made what shift he could for the comfort of his party and the ponies in a bitter wind, falling snow, and sodden clothes and footwear. The next day dawned fine at last, and he set off eagerly with three men carrying light loads, having prepared one also for himself which, however, they would not let him carry. "I could not have had better or more willing men ; no amount of hard work ever stopped them." But the level of the water had dropped several feet below the crust of ice ; he ventured some yards upon it till it began to crack all round him. Satisfied then, and not till then, that further efforts were useless, he took his party back to Suget Jangal.—This exploit had cost him a week, but, he said, "I would not have missed it for anything." The glacier was evidently not that which led to the Shimshal Pass. "I called it the Crevasse Glacier, on account of the great number and size of the crevasses, which were wider, deeper, and far more frequent than I have seen on any other, and this I attribute to the bends." As always he describes the glaciation in detail, and allows himself a personal reminiscence.

When I can free my mind from the overpowering sense of grandeur which the mountains produce, and from the thoughts of the stern hard work we had to go through in those parts, I think of the beauty of that glacier scenery, the delicate transparency of the walls of ice, the exquisite tinting of the blues and greens upon it, the fairy caverns, the deep crevasses, and the pinnacles of ice, as forming a spectacle unsurpassed in its purity of loveliness. . . . It is high up among the loftiest mountain summits, where all is shrouded in unsullied whiteness, where nothing polished dares pollute, that the very essence of sublimity must be sought for. It is there indeed that the grand and beautiful unite to form the sublime.

The sentences reveal the goal of his own spiritual aspiration ; and the effort, the struggle, the sacrifice to attain it are shown in the matter-of-fact account which he gives of the whole adventure. It is this which reveals the thoroughness of the man : his persistence in the face of all obstacles, his undaunted and indomitable spirit, the

integrity and the soundness that were in him. He got back to the comfort of his camp with bloodshot eyes, blistered features, cracked knuckles, cut hands and many bruises, but "fit as a fiddle and brim full of elation".

From now on his chief obstacles were to be "not mountains but men".—After a day's rest he proceeded on September 30th down the Oprang River, fording its rapid glacial current eleven times waist-deep, making for Chong Jangal where he expected to find its junction with the Yarkand River and where he had appointed a rendezvous with Turdi Kol and fresh supplies. There were of course no maps, nor was any information obtainable. Arrived, on October 3rd, at its probable point of junction, it was to find that the Oprang doubled abruptly backward, Chong Jangal was not in sight, nor was there any sign of Turdi Kol. Five of his Gurkhas were on the wrong side of the river, which here appeared to be unfordable; to his horror he saw two of them enter it, though the icy water was up to their arm-pits; he shouted to them to stop but the roar of the current drowned his voice. "How they got through I don't know, but they did, and emerged with broad grins as if it were all the greatest possible fun." He then rode his own pony across, leading another; mounted one of the remaining Gurkhas behind him and the other two on the led pony, and started back. "Once or twice my pony gave some ugly lurches, and I thought we were gone; but we got across all right, and I gave the Gurkhas a drop of whiskey all round to cheer their stout little hearts."

A week passed at Chong Jangal before the arrival of Turdi Kol with the long-expected supplies. Then on October 10th the whole party proceeded up the wild, narrow valley of the unfordable Shimshal River towards the Kanjuti outpost called Darwaza (the Gate), from whence they launched their raids. A loop-hole wall on the top of a cliff, which formed the bank of a ravine cutting transversely across the top of the valley, was flanked by towers on either side, and these completely covered the approach up a difficult zigzag path. "A fitter place for a robbers' den could not be imagined." Carefully reconnoitring the stronghold through field-glasses, he saw that his party could be annihilated—if not by direct fire—by the dislodgment of stones. "I thought, therefore, that I ought not to commit my whole party to such a risk." Leaving the Gurkhas in such a position as to cover their retreat if this became necessary, he took with him

Ramzan and Shahzad Mir as interpreters, "to beard the raiders in their very den". But the Gurkha *naik* ran breathlessly after them, saying that at Shahidula he had been promised to be allowed to go first! The four therefore climbed the path which passed straight through the towered gateway, the door of which was open and no one visible. But suddenly it was slammed and the whole wall manned with wild Kanjuti, who at a range of fifty feet covered them with their matchlocks, at the same time shouting and waving them back. Younghusband halted and, signing to them, with one finger raised, shouted back in Turki, "Send one man." The clamour gradually subsided, though the matchlocks were still held at the ready; the door opened and two Kanjutis came down. Younghusband explained quietly that he wished to visit their chief, Safder Ali, of which intention the chief himself had already been informed by Colonel Durand. The reply was that, though this was known, the chief had as yet given no permission for the British party to proceed; they must therefore remain till permission was received. Assuming an air of indifference, Younghusband said that of course they must obey their chief's orders, but that for his part he would prefer to go on, since his supplies were short. To this they replied that they must be certain he had no army with him, and being told that they could go and count exactly how many men he had, they did so, and, finding only six Gurkhas with arms, returned and reported the matter to their headman, who immediately sent instructions that the British officer and his party might enter. The entrance was now lined with Kanjutis in a double row. As Younghusband was about to enter, one of them suddenly stepped out of the rank and seized the bridle of his pony. The Gurkhas sprang forward and were on the point of firing, when the man let go and laughed. Younghusband laughed too. For a moment it had looked like treachery, but was only meant as "a joke".—"But he was within an ace of carrying that joke a bit too far."

Once inside the fort, tension relaxed. It was bitterly cold, and they all gathered round a huge fire in an open space to discuss the situation. Younghusband was privately aware, from his talks with the Kirghiz, that the Kanjutis raided only under the compulsion of their chief; they incurred all the risks whilst he kept all the profits; and disobedience was death. This was a strong card, but he led off with a lower one. He said that the Queen of England was naturally

displeased that her subjects were raided, and had sent him to see their chief and arrange that this practice should cease. They answered that they could not discuss that with him. "I replied that of course I understood that, but all the same I thought that they would like to know. It was obvious that they did. And when the little Gurkhas produced some tobacco, and with their customary grin offered it to them, they were completely won."

But now it was their turn to play. They demanded that the Kirghiz should go on to Hunza; and to this Younghusband demurred firmly, since Turdi Kol (who was present incognito) must return with the hired camels. Adopting a high tone he said that he was not going to be dictated to as to whom he should take or leave; the Kirghiz were to go back, and they, the Kanjutis, would be held responsible if they were molested. And if that was their chief's attitude, he added, he would return to India himself at once and tell the Queen that the Hunza chief was unfriendly. This had an instant and sobering effect.

There remained the problem of Turdi Kol who, said the Kanjutis, was wanted by their chief for having shot a raider in the previous year. Where was he? Younghusband, then, turning directly to Turdi Kol and addressing him by an assumed name, said, "Sattawal, do you know where Turdi Kol is?" Turdi Kol replied, "Yes, he is behind with the camels." Later on, a little Gurkha nearly ruined the ruse by addressing him by name and then smothering it with a loud laugh. It passed off, luckily, undetected. "Gurkhas are brave, cheery little men, but they have not the wits of a hog."

We stood together for a long time round the fire, a curious group—rough, hard, determined-looking Kanjutis, in long loose woollen robes, round cloth caps, long curls hanging down their ears, matchlocks slung over their backs, and swords bound to their sides; the long-suffering Baltis; the sturdy, jovial little Gurkhas, the grave Pathan, and a solitary Englishman, met together here, in the very heart of the Himalayas, in the robbers' stronghold. . . . The Gurkhas and the Pathans had both in former days fought desperately against the British; they were now ready to fight equally desperately for the British against these raiders around us, and their presence had inspired so much confidence in the nervous Kirghiz that these even had summoned up enough courage to enter a place which they had never before thought of without a shudder.

Reflecting on this incident years afterwards he wrote ; “ Though it might have ended in disastrous failure, I had then such buoyancy of youth that the idea never once entered my mind that it would be anything else but complete success.” But there was another factor which inspired him with confidence. He was the representative of his country—of England.

That I was able to do what I did was *mainly* due to the fact that I was an Englishman, that I stood for the British Empire, and I had at my disposal not only the authority but the good name which England during long centuries had established. . . .

For that occasion and to those people I was the representative of England. I was to them the embodiment, the incarnation of the spirit which animates England. . . . And I could feel England expecting me to bear myself in a manner worthy of her. . . . I knew, too, that all these men, and especially the Hunza men, who had never seen an Englishman before, were eyeing me minutely and through a thousand little ways were forming their opinion of England. Not only from my words, but from my bearing, my expression, my manner, my voice, my way with the Gurkhas, from every little act, they were like children with strangers, drinking in impressions, and forming their ideas of the character of England.

The conception of the personal, concrete “ soul of a country ”—as of a living, definite entity, having an individual intelligence and will—was to become an essential element in his whole philosophy of life. Even now he felt the “ real being ” of his country as something actual and almost tangible. What was the spirit of that country ? It was the consciousness of power, and the sense of authority ; but this expresses itself not in an attitude of domination, but rather in one of reasonableness and tolerance, understanding, sympathy and goodwill, neighbourliness and friendliness. To melt away hostility rather than to oppose it, to seek peace rather than to excite hostility, to overcome evil, not with force (unless driven to it as a last necessity) but with good—that was the will and intention of England ; that was the spirit of England, and it was bred in the marrow of his bones.

He now had to part with the Kirghiz and with Turdi Kol, and bade farewell to the latter with real regret.

He had indeed served me well. With great pluck he had shown me the way right up to this stronghold. He had also



arranged for all the camels, ponies, and supplies I wanted. The Kirghiz of these parts are, on the whole, not a very prepossessing lot. They are hardy, but have little grit. But Turdi Kol was the great exception. He had plenty of pluck, and he had that indefinable quality which comes from good breeding all the world over. He unconsciously commanded respect. And I also regarded him with real affection.

Permission being now freely granted to proceed through the fort, Younghusband continued peacefully on his way towards the Shimshal Pass, with the addition of seven now friendly Kanjuti to his retinue, and encamped for the night. The Pass had never before been explored by a European: "whether it was an easy pass like the Karakoram, or a pass like the Mustagh—fit only for acrobats—we did not know". Next day, October 15, after a stiff climb, he crossed it with unexpected ease. Its approach was deceptive because hidden by a bend, but it proved, like the Karakoram, to be a true *pamir*, that is, a nearly level plain or shallow depression between the mountains, no more than 15,000 feet above sea level, and free of snow. He pressed on some eight miles into the valley below it, but the Kanjuti warned him that there were difficult gorges ahead (a fact confirmed three years later by Lieutenant Cockerill who explored them from the Indian side). At this point he was met by the emissary of Safder Ali with a letter giving him *carte blanche* of the Hunza territory and a welcome to Gulmit, the present capital. He replied with gifts and ceremonial thanks for the offer of hospitality which he would be glad to accept in a few days' time. He then recrossed the Shimshal Pass and returned by way of the Raskam River to its junction with the Oprang, mapping the whole watershed of the Mustagh range. At Chong Jangal he was met by the invaluable Jan Mohamed with camels and yaks which enabled him to dispense with the now overworked ponies. There were also letters from India. Among these was one informing him that Captain Grombtchewsky, the well-known Russian traveller, was approaching India by way of the Pamirs. A few days later when marching down the Yarkand River, he received a letter in Turki from that officer himself cordially inviting him to his camp.

This was not exactly a surprise, for the letter from Government had forewarned me. But it was an exciting event, also delightful in prospect; for two Europeans always find it a joy to meet one another in the depths of Asia. We had opposite views on

political matters. But that counted for very little and only made the meeting all the more piquant. Besides, there was the curiosity to know what he was like and what he was about, and how he set about what he was about.

I replied in Persian and English, saying I was glad of the opportunity of meeting so distinguished a traveller, and that I hoped to be with him the next day.

Accordingly, on October 23rd, the meeting took place, and the conversation that ensued must be transcribed verbatim.

As I rode up a tall, fine-looking bearded man in Russian uniform came out to meet me. He was very frank and cordial in his welcome, and he introduced me to his companion, Conrad, a German naturalist. As a guard he had seven Cossacks, and besides these there were a few Kirghiz and Andijanis.

We had a short talk together, and he then asked me to dine with him after I had camped and unpacked. This dinner was a very substantial meal, and the Russian plied me generously with vodka. At the start he laughingly said that he was very annoyed with me, as before he had left St. Petersburg he had marked down those parts of the frontier region which had not been explored by Europeans, and now, just as he was entering upon an unknown region, he comes across an Englishman who has explored the whole ground. I could only reply how much I admired his audacity in venturing into Hunza last year. He said, Yes, he had had an adventurous time and had only got out by giving the chief everything he had, including his Cossacks' rifles. And he warned me not to give the chief a single thing he asked for, as if I gave one thing on his asking for it he would go on asking for more and more till he had got everything out of me. This warning I afterwards bore in mind to good purpose.

As dinner progressed he talked more and more freely. He said that the English were the rivals of the Russians, but, he added, turning to Herr Conrad, "I hate the Germans a hundred times more than I hate the English." He became very frank, too about the invasion of India. He said we English might not believe the Russians really intended to invade India, but he could assure me that the Russian Army—officers and men—thought of nothing else. He then called his Cossacks to the door of the tent and asked them whether they would like to invade India. And, of course, they gave a cheer and said they would like nothing better. I said that was all very well, but how were they going

to do it? Let us look at our respective positions in Asia. In India we were surrounded by mountains. In Central Asia the Russians were in an open plain. We had several railways right up to the frontier and a railway down it. The Russians had only a single railway. Our vulnerable points were strongly fortified. They had no fortifications. They talked of getting hold of the Amir of Afghanistan and the frontier tribes, and turning them on to the plains of India with promises of loot; but what about our turning them on Central Asia with promises of the loot of Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent?

All this was bluff, but it quite answered its purpose of showing we had our end up. And when I put my final question as to how the Russians were going to transport and supply their army when away from any railway they would have to cross deserts and mountains, the Russian could only reply that the Russian Army went wherever it was ordered to go and did not trouble about supplies and transport. And a good laugh closed the controversy.

The visit was returned next day. Brandy, a more potent liquid than vodka, was the only stimulant which Younghusband could offer his guest, and, whether under its influence or not, the latter became yet more communicative. Younghusband, though personally abstemious, could be as hard-headed as the next man, if necessary. Grombtchevsky volunteered that he like his host was a military officer in civil employment, with a taste for adventure and exploring which very few of his fellow-officers shared. The Tsar encouraged it, however, by requiring a preliminary interview with the explorer. Younghusband replied that with the British the opposite was the case. No encouragement was given to military explorers, and no interview—even with the Viceroy—was expected; in fact every obstruction was put in the way, “or else the whole army would be careering over Central Asia”.—The Russian then asked to be allowed to see the Gurkhas parade. Delighted to show them off, Younghusband caused his *havildar* to put them through their paces. This they did with such smartness and precision that “the Russian was quite taken aback”. He had imagined that Indian soldiers were irregular as the Cossacks were. On being congratulated, the *havildar* whispered to Younghusband a request that he inform the Russian officer that these Gurkhas were unusually small and that the rest of them were bigger men than Captain Grombtchevsky himself! The average

height of a Gurkha being five and a half feet and that of the Russian officer well over six feet, Younghusband felt that he could not commit himself to this "exaggeration"; "but I told him how the Gurkha had wanted to impose upon him, and he was immensely tickled". On leaving camp the Gurkhas saluted the Russian officer by presenting arms, which compliment he returned by ordering his Cossacks to "carry swords". "We then parted, Captain Grombtchevsky saying to me that he hoped we might meet again, either in peace at St. Petersburg or in war on the Indian frontier; in either case I might be sure of a warm welcome." Younghusband, wishing to give the Russian some sort of keepsake, found that the only thing he could spare was Monier Williams' *Buddhism*!

I had been so deeply interested in it myself, I assumed he must, of course, be interested in it too. He said he could not read a word of it. But I told him that did not matter. He must get someone to translate it to him when he got back to Russia. Probably that poor book about which I was so keen was the next day reposing at the bottom of the Yarkand River.

He, on his part, was much more generous to me. He presented me with an enormous Pamir sheep. It was one of a flock which he was taking with him to eat, but it had become such a pet that he could not bring himself to eat it, so he gave it to me. I took him back with me to India, and found a good home for him with some kind friends at a hill-station, and he lived for several years, affording a big crop of wool every year.

On October 30th, Younghusband crossed the Kurbu Pass on to the Tagh-dum-bash Pamir (14,700 feet and some five miles broad), and found it practicable for laden animals. Leaving his escort at Ilisu he pushed on some 70 miles to spend a day at Tashkurgan where Major Cumberland and Lieutenant Bower were encamped. Thence he proceeded through deep snow to the Khunjerab Pass, on descending which he sighted and stalked a large herd of *Ovis poli*, but unsuccessfully: "this stalk showed me how much my strength was reduced from living so long at great elevations, and from having no proper cook my appetite had fallen away and I had become too weak for any great exertions". Rejoining his escort on November 4th he marched up the Karachukur stream to Mintaka Aksai, and found there two Kashgaris who were Chinese officials and had truculently demanded of his interpreter, before his arrival, to see his passport.

On hearing this, I sent them a message requesting them not to interfere with my servants, and saying that if they wanted any information about my doings, I should be perfectly ready to give it to them, and that when I had leisure I would send for them, and they might ask me any questions they wished.

He sent for them the next morning, and after giving them tea and treating them politely explained that he was merely crossing the Pamirs in order to return to India by Hunza ; that he had not anticipated having to cross a portion of Chinese territory ; that two years ago he had travelled from Peking to Kashgar with a passport from the Emperor ; and added that China and England were friendly. The Kashgari officials agreed and expressed entire satisfaction ; they only requested from him a statement in writing, took their leave in a very friendly manner, and promised him every assistance.

He now had to dismiss his Kirghiz and reward them for services rendered. This he did, as always, very liberally, and in addition gave presents to their three headmen. One of them, Juma Bai, however, was so impertinent as to return the present afterwards, saying that it was insufficient.

I immediately sent my interpreter with a sheep, which Juma Bai had given me on the previous day, and with my presents which he had returned, and told him to throw them away before his eyes, to turn the sheep loose in the valley, and to express my extreme displeasure at being so insulted.—Juma Bai happened to be living with the two Kashgaris, who now turned on him and abused him roundly ; and the rest of the Kirghiz, taking the cue from them, set upon the unfortunate Juma and beat him.—The other two Kirghiz headmen then came and apologized profusely, hoping that I was not displeased with them also, and the next morning, when we parted, they were very friendly and full of expressions of good-will.

But the Kirghiz are not a race with many good qualities ; they are avaricious, grasping, and fickle, and I parted from them without regret, or any special desire to renew my acquaintance with them.

On November 8th he crossed his last pass, the Mintaka (14,400 feet), in knee-deep snow. The ascent was very steep, and the descent down a rocky zigzag on to the moraine of the glacier was difficult, but it opened out on the southern side of the Indus watershed and led to a

valley " full of interest, both as the abode of a primitive, little-known people, and from the grandeur of its scenery ".

As we marched down from Murkush to Misgah we passed through gorges with rocky precipices of stupendous height on either side. The mountains seemed almost to rise perfectly sheer from the bed of the river for thousands of feet, till they culminated in snowy peaks, to view whose summits we had to throw our heads right back in looking upwards.

Having now completed the first part of his mission, namely the exploration of all the Himalayan passes from the north, he set forth towards Gulmit to interview the Hunza chief, Safder Ali, on the matter of the Kanjuti raids. Near Misgah he was met by the governor of the upper district, with whom he had one difficulty in recruiting the carriers whose services had been promised by the chief, and another in the governor's demand for payment in exchange for gifts. His firmness overcame the first difficulty, and his flat refusal (remembering Captain Grombtchevsky's warning) overcame the second. At Gircha he was visited by the Wazir, Dadu, the ' prime minister ', by whose personality he was much impressed : " a keen sportsman and a good shot, and next to his half-brother Humayan who succeeded him as Wazir, the most capable man I met upon the frontier. Two years later he led the opposition to the British in the Hunza campaign ; and it is to be regretted that ignorance led him into committing his master to a course of policy which ended in the overthrow of both." He was accompanied by Mohammed Nazim Khan, the chief's half-brother, who for the same reason was so shortly to succeed him. " He was then a friendly, agreeable but very timid young man who went about in fear of his life, for his father, mother, and two of his brothers had met with violent deaths at the hands of Safder Ali. . . . Thirty-three years after our first meeting and thirty years after he had become ruler of Hunza, I received in my distant Kentish home a little present and most friendly message from him."

The sequel affords an excellent example of Younghusband's methods in dealing with refractory tribal chiefs. Dressed in his scarlet full-dress uniform, escorted by his Gurkhas in their full-dress green rifle uniform, he rode through the village lands towards a large tent (the gift of Colonel Durand) in which the chief was to receive him. On his approach, thirteen guns were fired in salute, followed by a deafening

tomtomming. Hundreds of people were collected on the hillside, and a long double row of wild Kanjuti, armed with matchlocks and swords, lined the approach to the tent. Dismounting, he advanced on foot to meet the chief, who, with a sword and revolver in his belt and followed by a man with a drawn sword and another with a repeating rifle, came out to receive him. With a fair complexion, reddish hair, and the features of a European, Safder Ali might, if dressed in European clothes, have been taken for a Greek or an Italian. Having inquired concerning his visitor's health and his journey, he led him into the tent—in which, however, there was only one chair, covered with fine gold-embroidered velvet cloth.

This was the only chair that the chief possessed in Gulmit, and it was evident that he intended to sit in it himself, and let me kneel upon the ground with the headmen of the country. I had, however, foreseen such an eventuality, and had brought a chair with me on the march. So I now sidled in between Safder Ali and his chair, and whispered to my orderly to get mine, which, when produced, I placed alongside his, and we then sat down together. We then carried on a short complimentary conversation, in which I thanked him for the arrangements he had made for my reception, and the cordiality of the welcome he had offered me. In the tent all the principal men of the country were kneeling in silent rows, with solemn upturned faces, hanging upon each word that was uttered as if there was the profoundest wisdom in it, but never moving a single muscle of their features. The conversation was carried out by slow degrees. At the close of the interview I again thanked the chief, and as I left the tent the Gurkha escort, by previous arrangement, fired three volleys in the air, a form of salute which is ordinarily only given at funerals, but which served the purpose of making a noise and consequently of pleasing these people.

Subsequent interviews, being private, were less ceremonious. Safder Ali demanded of his visitor why he was the first European to enter Hunza territory from the north. Younghusband disclaimed the honour, remarking that it belonged to a Russian officer whom he happened to have just met, and explained that the purpose of his own visit was to counsel the chief, if he desired friendship with the Government of India, to restrain his men from raiding British subjects. Safder Ali replied that since the profits from these raids

formed his principal revenue, then the Government of India, if it wished them to be stopped, must compensate him with a subsidy.

There was no diplomatic mincing of matters with Safder Ali, and this outspokenness did not come from any innate strength of character, but simply because he was ignorant of his real position in the universe. He was under the impression that the Empress of India, the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor of China were chiefs of neighbouring tribes ; but he had been accustomed to levy blackmail upon all the peoples around him, and he looked upon the various foreign officials who had visited his country as envoys from England, Russia, and China, clamouring for his friendship. He and Alexander the Great were on a par. When I asked him if he had been to India, he said that ' great kings ' like himself and Alexander never left their country !

The difficulty was, therefore, to know how to deal with such a man as this. I told him, however, that I could not think of recommending that he should be subsidized to stop raids ; but that I had left soldiers for the protection of the trade route, and would advise him to try another raid and see how much revenue he obtained from it. Much to my astonishment he burst into a roar of laughter. Any other man, he said, would have promised him the subsidy, even if he did not intend to fulfil his promise ; but I had told him straight out that I would not.

Younghusband now tried a little object lesson. He suggested that his Gurkhas should exhibit their skill in drill exercises and marksmanship. Drawn up in line and facing the tent, they levelled their rifles, which were unloaded, directly at its occupants. " This was too much for the successor of Alexander ; he said that he would see no more drill exercises and would only permit the firing at a mark to take place when he had surrounded himself with a cordon of men, and another round the Gurkhas." They then fired a volley at a rock across the valley at a range of 700 yards. The bullets splashed simultaneously and close together. This caused quite a sensation.

But Safder Ali found firing at mere rocks rather dull, so seeing a man coming down the path on the opposite bank he wanted me to tell the Gurkhas to fire at him. I laughed, and said that would never do, as they would certainly hit him. " What does it matter if they do ? " said Safder Ali ; " he belongs to me." Though so nervous about his own life, he was utterly callous of other people's. A guilty conscience was pricking him, for he



had murdered his own father and thrown two of his brothers over a precipice, and he now feared that similar treachery might be played upon him.

He had already been presented with a ceremonial gift, but now he became unblushingly importunate in his demands for more, and so petulant and rude after repeated refusals that "I told him I could not receive him any more, as he did not know how to behave himself towards the envoy of the Queen of England". On November 23rd, the day of his departure, to mark his displeasure Younghusband decided not to pay the chief a farewell visit.

But just as I was starting he came down on foot to my tent and apologized for his behaviour, saying that his only intention had been to give me a good reception, and hoping that I would give a good account of him to the Viceroy. He said that that was all he wanted—that *and* a subsidy! And so we parted. I am the last European who has seen him; two years later he was forced to flee from his country, and became an exile in Chinese territory. I knew that he was a cur at heart, and in the last degree unworthy of ruling so fine a race as the people of Hunza.

Younghusband was accompanied to Gilgit by Safder Ali's half-brother, Mohammed Nazim Khan, who was so soon to succeed him and to prove a much better ruler of Hunza.

From Gilgit he crossed on December 13th the Burzil Pass (13,400 feet) and on the 16th the Tragbal Pass (11,200 feet). He had crossed seventeen passes, and had attempted two more, and had traversed some of the roughest country in the world.

I now parted with my Gurkha escort, and the *havildar* told me for the first time that, before leaving their regiment, their head officer had warned them that if anything happened to me on the journey, not a single one of them was to return to disgrace the regiment. They must not come back without their officer. He said that they had all been ready to make any sacrifice for the success of the expedition; but they had had no hardship whatever, and he thanked me for all the care I had taken of them on the journey.

Tears were in their eyes as we said good-bye. . . . A fund of tender sentiment lay beneath their rough exterior—and, in high moments like our parting, a true gracefulness as well. A peculiar sense of kinship strikes deep into us from experiences

like this. On the surface life of every day there may be much in which we differ. But somewhere fundamental is a common tie, and something tender which makes everyone akin.

They all, as well as the Pathan orderly, received money rewards and certificates of commendation from the Government; and the *havildar* and the *naik* were promoted.

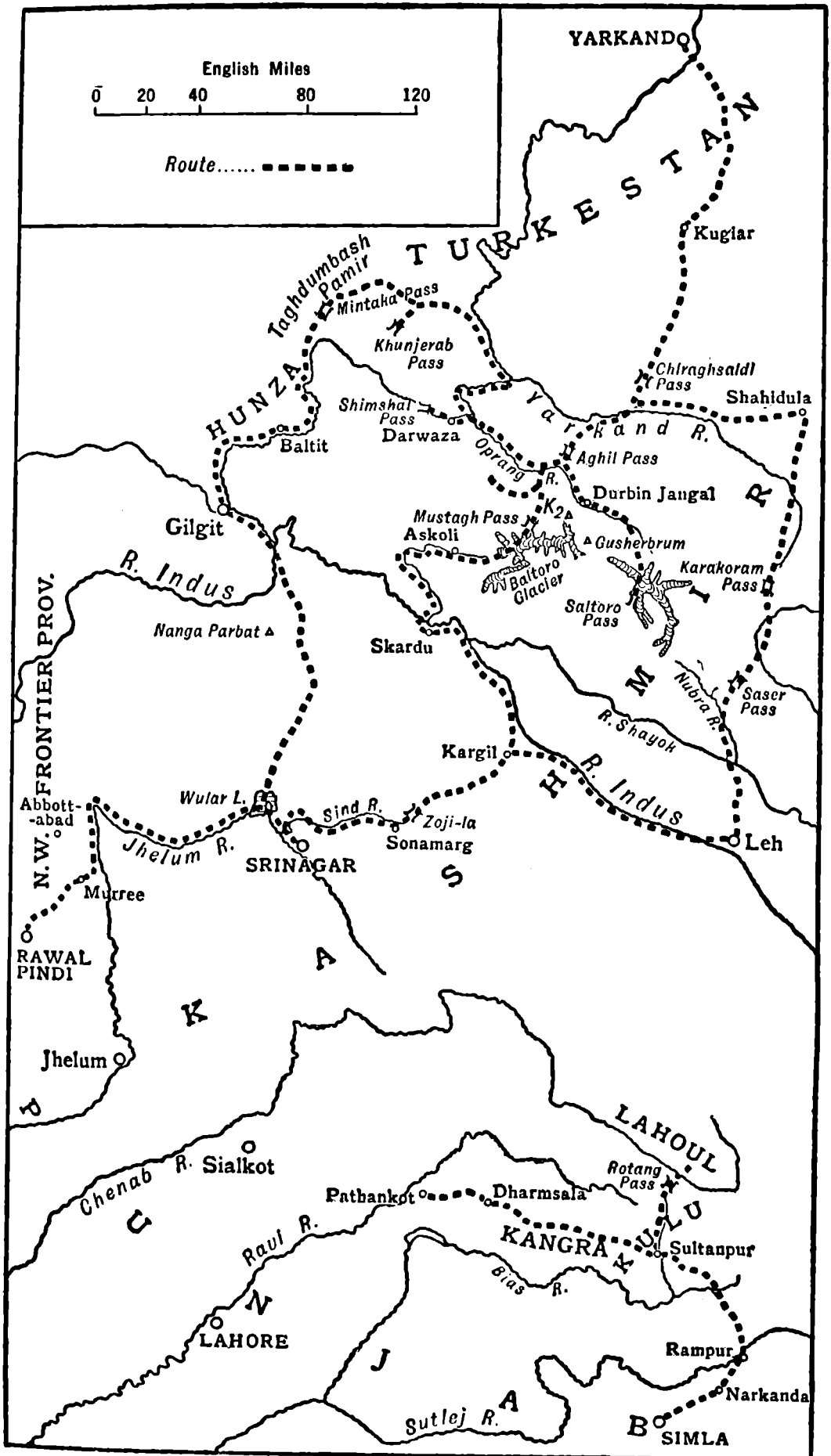
*Note* : For Younghusband's routes see map on page 135.

## Chapter XII

### THE PAMIRS AND KASHGAR

ON returning to India, his dispatches to Simla having preceded him, Younghusband at once rejoined his regiment which was again at a camp of exercise, and was met at the station by the Orderly Officer with a note of welcome from the Colonel, inviting him to be his guest at dinner. After the toast to the King, the Colonel rose and—a most unusual occurrence at a regimental mess—said that he had heard from the C.-in-C. of the importance of Captain Younghusband's journey, upon the success of which he personally and in the name of the regiment congratulated him, adding how gratified he felt that his officers should gain distinctions for the regiment. The recipient of this unexpected tribute had barely time to get over it before he was sent for to Calcutta by Lord Lansdowne, by whom he was warmly congratulated. "He must have been expressly built to be Viceroy. Full of natural dignity and courtesy he was straight and honourable as a British representative should be, doing *his* part with perfect competence, and leaving others to do theirs." Here he was also presented to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and to Prince Albert Victor who desired an hour's interview. "I hope I was able to interest him. But as soon as my job is done I want to get on to the next, and fear I may only have bored him. And all day and every day he had to be meeting 'interesting' people. He must have hated the very sight of them."

"This plunge from the remote Himalaya, and mighty peaks and glaciers, and from a raider chieftain's capital, to Calcutta in the height of the season was rather sudden. But these rapid transitions are part of a frontier officer's life. . . ." But for him it was a transition in more senses than one. It was the end of his military service and the beginning of his career as a military-political officer on the Frontier. With no active service in sight, the routine of a peace-time soldier seemed a waste of the best years of his life. It was merely a continuing to exist. The lure of exploration in the 'hills' which had become his natural element and life among the wild tribesmen whose ways he now knew intimately and, beyond this, his knowledge of the



THE HIMALAYAS

vital issues at stake for the future security of India in those regions—all these things drew him irresistibly.

I saw ahead so much still to be done of this military-political character, and done at once, that I could not stand the idea of returning to my regiment and wasting year after year in show parade work. I had been a very keen soldier when I entered the service, but in those days in a cavalry regiment more attention was paid to show than to preparation for war, and it irked me. My mind was so engrossed with this Russian question—though even then another and a far greater question was beginning to formulate itself in my mind—that I could not get away from it and settle down again to ‘stables’ and parade.

The impulse and the opportunity came with his return to Simla to prepare the official report of his journey. There, as before, he was given the run of the secret papers of the Foreign Office, and saturated his mind on all that concerned Russian policy in Central Asia.

In my youthful innocence I imagined that I should come across dark, deep-laid plots and cunning devices for combating the Russians. Instead, I was struck by the frankness and fair-mindedness of what I read. Secrecy there was, for ‘open diplomacy’ is a fiction. Even in social life we do not blurt out all that we have in our mind. But secrecy does not mean dishonesty or anything dishonourable. With all your secrecy you may be perfectly straight. We intended to resist any action of the Russians which might endanger our position, and we told them so. But we were not going to plot against them in their own country.

Sound men were now at the helm of affairs : Lansdowne as Viceroy, Roberts as Commander-in-Chief, Salisbury as Premier. Before them, a policy of drift had been replaced by one of irritation ; with them came a policy which was active but not provocative. The Boundary Commission was settling the borders between Russia and Afghanistan ; but the eastern limits of Afghan territory on the Pamirs was not yet made precise, and there was a debatable no man’s land in the direction of Chinese Turkestan. It was through this gap that Captain Grombchevsky had entered Hunza. Having studied the whole situation thoroughly, and the geography and population of the area in question, Younghusband felt himself in a position to submit a suggestion to the

Government, which was that the gap should be closed, and that he should be sent to investigate the most suitable limits of demarcation.

Grombtchevskys were a nuisance, and must be prevented from dropping in of their own sweet will upon the peoples inhabiting valleys on the Indian side of the great main watershed of Central Asia. We did not want to extend across that watershed ourselves, but equally we did not want to have Russians coming over it to our side and talking to the people about a Russian invasion of India. And our frontier would be all the stronger if Afghan and Chinese territory were to meet on the far side of it to the north. They would then be more than a hundred miles from it, and we did not want them any nearer.

To his joy Government took the same view, and accordingly at the end of June 1890 he left Simla for Leh and Yarkand, accompanied by Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Macartney, a fluent Chinese linguist and a son of Sir Halliday Macartney, Secretary to the Chinese Legation in London. After a 600 miles' march across the Karakoram range—the barren, desolate route he knew—they reached Yarkand on August 31st to find it in the same condition of drowsy changelessness. “It is doubtful, indeed, whether these Central Asian towns *ever* change. Their dull mud walls, mud houses, mud mosques, look as if they would remain the same for ever. In most climates they would, of course be washed away. . . . *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be* would be a particularly appropriate motto to place over the gateway of a Central Asian town.” Here, however, he had the great pleasure of meeting his old friend and rival Captain Grombtchevsky, “as full of *bonhomie* as ever”. They exchanged news and compared notes, dined with each other and with a Turki merchant, and for a few days made the most of each other's company.<sup>1</sup>

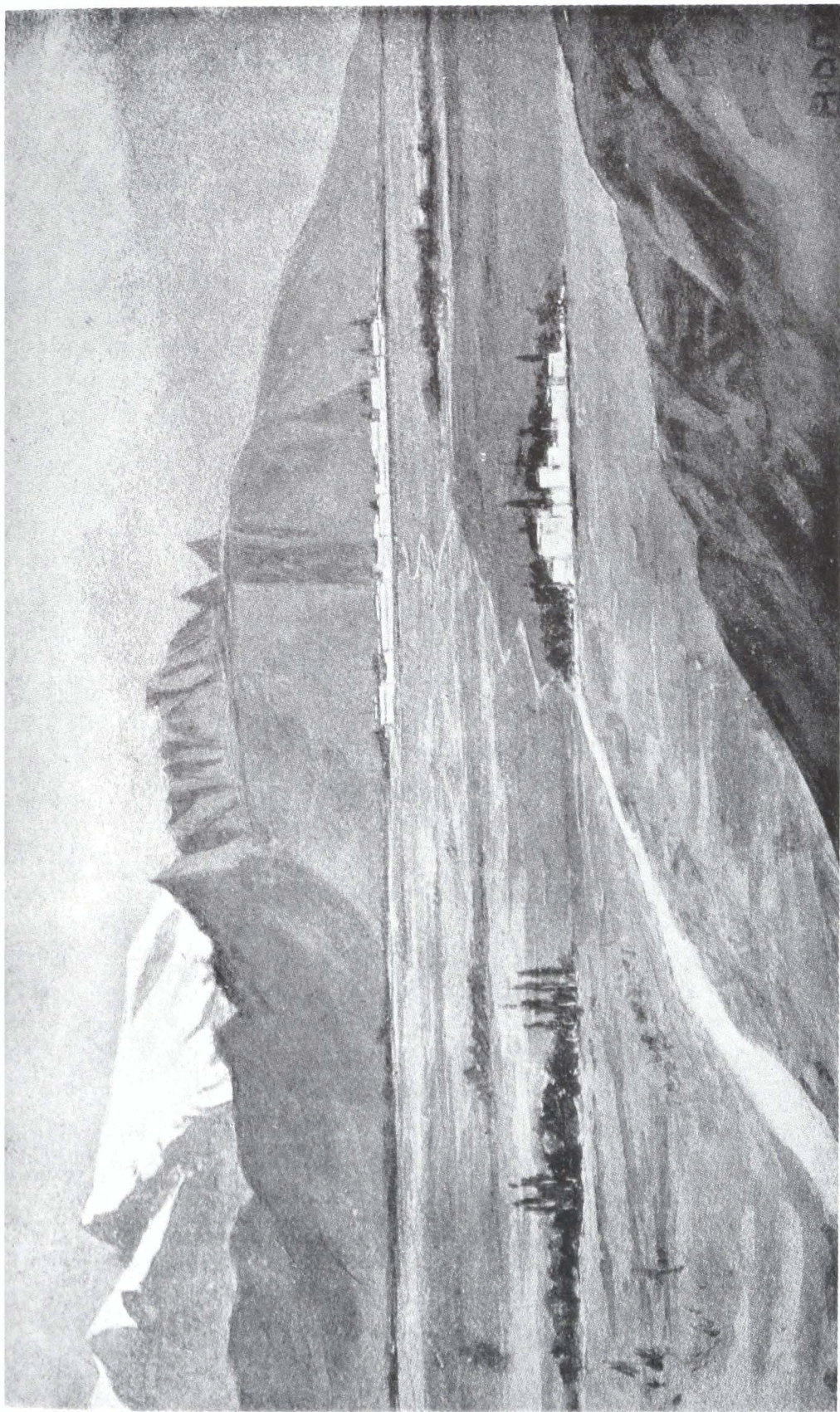
Younghusband's explorations in the previous year had extended to the northern edge of the Pamirs; in this, during the months of September and October, he traversed the whole of the Pamir region,

<sup>1</sup> These two travellers never met again. But in 1924 Younghusband received a letter from him from Warsaw, enclosing a book he had written on his own travels and a photograph he had taken of their two parties. He was then a Lieutenant-General but, being a Pole, his property had been confiscated by the Bolsheviks and himself imprisoned in Siberia. Released by the intervention of a Japanese consul, he had reached Warsaw where he lived in dire poverty and sickness till his death early in 1926. “It was a sad ending to an adventurous career. The Russians are not so prolific of adventure-loving men that they can afford to discourage them in this way.”

which was then practically unknown and was called "The Roof of the World". These journeys were arduous but unexciting. Successions of bare and rounded spurs and barren wind-swept valleys at high levels running between lofty snow-clad mountains—these formed the nature of the terrain, and he has an interesting account of their glaciological formation. After a long day's ride in the Alichur Pamir and a night spent cold and hungry in a *yurt*, he and his companion reached the inscribed Stone near Bash Gumbaz, lettered in Chinese, Manchu, and Turki, to signalize the expulsion of the Khojas in 1759, of which he took a rubbing. And he climbed the almost perpendicular spur above the lake of Rang-kul on which stands the Lamp Rock, supposed by the natives to be the source of a perpetual light from the eye of a dragon, which he found to be due to reflection from a white deposit on the inside wall of a perforated cave. They reached Kashgar on November 1st and here settled down into winter quarters and for official conversations with the Chinese authorities. A pleasantly situated house had been provided on the north side of the old city with a view of the snowy peaks of the Tian-shan. About it was an enclosed garden and in this Younghusband pitched a *yurt* which he had bought from the Kirghiz on the Pamirs. Roomy and elegantly decorated inside with screen-work and dados of fine carpeting and embroidery he found it, when warmed with a stove, a comfortable abode and personally preferred it to a house.

Of his conversations with Chinese officials in Kashgar the most interesting were with the Governor and the General, both old men. The views of the former on European customs were delivered with that calm, dispassionate air of superiority typical of a Confucian and an aristocrat. Europeans, he averred, had no soul above mechanical inventions; they were not bad at making machines, but their whole outlook was materialistic. They were always fighting one another and were unable to view petty national quarrels with dignity and equanimity; their civilization was the product of low-class minds; they were strangers to the spirit of lofty contemplation. General Wang was more human and accessible; less well educated, but convivial and the soul of hospitality. But it was from his intercourse with the merchants of many different Asiatic nationalities who traded in Kashgar that Younghusband learnt most. "All were intelligent men who, in their wanderings, had picked up much useful knowledge." Since their livelihood depended so much upon the current political





KASHGAR





situation they discussed politics constantly and freely, and these discussions always tended towards speculation on the future of Afghanistan. Although they considered that their interests would be better served under British than under any other rule, they disliked the British law-system in India, preferring the justice of an individual officer ; and they feared that, if it came to a trial of strength between the two great rival powers, the Russians would outmatch the British. Certainly (as Younghusband could not but silently agree) the Russians had succeeded in producing a greater impression of strength, partly because they had subjugated none but weak peoples and partly because they always consolidated their position when won ; and the incurable habit of the British of withdrawing without following up a hard-won advantage, though defensible on grounds both of humanity and of economy, was in the long run prejudicial to prestige.

The Russians, when they strike, strike very heavily ; and when they advance they do not go back, as the British generally find some plausible reason for doing. . . . If we had gone to Kabul and Kandahar, and remained there, our prestige would certainly have stood higher than it does now, when it is perfectly well known throughout Asia that the Amir of Kabul practically closes Afghanistan to every Englishman.

It was, however, from the Russian Consul, whom he had met in 1887 after the Gobi Desert journey, that Younghusband had the best opportunity of " seeing ourselves as others see us ". M. Petrovsky was well informed concerning industrial conditions in England, having read our Sweating Committee's and Factory Legislation Reports, as well as accounts in our newspapers of frequent strikes by the underpaid and overworked millions. This he contrasted unfavourably with the peaceful contentment enjoyed by the Russian peasant under the Czar ! He criticized also the cold and aloof demeanour of the British towards their native subjects in India. Younghusband could not but agree that this was true of their relations in cantonments and offices, but it was not true on active service or field-work or exploration. M. Petrovsky was contemptuous of the Chinese, whose administration was corrupt, army inefficient, and empire rotten with intrigue. But considering that his acquaintance with China was limited to Kashgar and its vicinity, and that neither he nor any of his staff could speak Chinese (whereas every British Consul must speak the language), these criticisms lacked weight. " He was agreeable

enough company, but a man with whom friendship was impossible. He had no sense of honour, and did not pretend to have any. He said frankly that he lied on principle, and thought we were hypocritical in pretending to be better than we really were. He acknowledged that we were straight and did not deliberately tell lies, but thought us fools not to." When at the end of the winter Younghusband left Kashgar he did so perforce "without the pleasure of saying goodbye" to M. Petrovsky, who had taken offence at an infringement of a trivial point of etiquette quite unwittingly committed by the British visitor. "I regretted it all the more because I felt myself indebted to him for many civilities and kindnesses, for which I should have wished to show my gratitude."

Besides the regular residents in Kashgar, there arrived some European travellers whose companionship went far to speed the passage of winter. Among them were the ill-fated French traveller M. Dutreuil de Rhins, so soon to be murdered in Tibet, and his companion Mr. Grenard; and, most notably, a young Swedish traveller named Dr. Sven Hedin. Younghusband's tribute reads like the dipping of his flag in a passing salute, as of one far-travelled explorer to another.

He impressed me as being of the true stamp for exploration—physically robust, genial, even-tempered, cool and persevering. He only paid a hurried visit to Kashgar from Russian Turkestan, but he had already made a remarkable journey in Persia, and has since travelled much on the Pamirs, in Tibet, and Chinese Turkestan. I envied him his linguistic abilities, his knowledge of scientific subjects, and his artistic accomplishments; he seemed to possess every qualification of a scientific traveller, added to the quiet, self-reliant character of his northern ancestors.

Apart from the refreshment of these and other contacts to add to the interest of his diplomatic work, his spirits were buoyed up during this winter with the anticipation of a joy which every day brought nearer. This was the prospect of his return to India—and to Kasauli, and the fulfilment of his heart's desire; and then to furlough in England to share with his parents this long-treasured happiness. They had written to him, now that his career was settled, their full approval to his marriage; the parents of his intended bride had agreed long since. There only remained for him the winning of her love, and this, though she had never definitely promised it, he felt confident that she would not now deny him. He had waited so long, but with

steadily mounting assurance ; now, for the last time of asking, she would surely pledge him her heart and hand.

In his book *The Heart of a Continent* he allows himself one personal reference to the bolt that now struck him out of a blue sky : “ At this time my life was saddened by two of the hardest blows which can befall a man. Both of them were sudden and unexpected, and in that far-away land letters from my friends took many months to reach me, and only came at intervals of weeks together. I longed to be at home again once more, and those at home were needing me only a little less than I did them.”

On March 28th a *dak* with the Indian mail brought a letter from Mrs. Ewart telling him of her daughter's engagement in December to another man ; five days later the Russian mail brought news from home of his mother's death at the end of January. On so deeply affectionate a nature the effect of this double blow might well have been shattering ; he was saved by his fundamental sanity and by his deepening hold on the realities of the spiritual life. And the bitterness of the first blow, which touched him alone, was softened by the second—a larger grief. He could not bring himself to reply to Kasauli for a fortnight : then in a simple, manful letter he expressed, without reproach or self-pity, his happiness that his love had found her happiness, his enduring gratitude to both her parents for their many kindnesses, and his own determination to pull through and make good in spite of this irreparable loss. To his father he wrote at once in terms of tenderest affection of his longing to be at hand to help, comfort and console. No one could ever take the place in his life of his mother. On the day of her death she had sent him, by his brother George who was at her bedside, a last message of her unending love to him, and her blessing on his bride-to-be whom she so much wished that she had lived to know. She was also heard to murmur, “ I understand the old truths—I can't understand the new truths.” There must have been an added poignancy in this for her son, whose love went unrequited, and for whom, though he too understood them, the old truths were not enough.

Not for two months did another mail arrive, and this one brought him permission to return to India at long last. The address bore the letters C.I.E. after his name. “ I did not at first pay any attention, thinking it a mistake on the part of a clerk.” But in a newspaper he found confirmation of this honour, and “ it could not possibly have

come at a more welcome time". He had long felt disappointed on receiving no recognition for his services to the Government, and he knew how much this news would cheer his father—to whom he wrote at the end of August from the Pamirs: "Very many thanks to all of you for your congratulations. It is very jolly to have a thing of that sort. By the way, do they give you the actual decoration, or have you to buy it yourself? I have not yet heard anything officially about it and don't know whether it is for this journey or the last. That reminds me too that I have not yet received the Macgregor Medal."

In the summer there arrived in Kashgar, in an almost destitute condition, a young officer, Lieutenant Davison of the Leinsters, who had attempted unsuccessfully to cross the Mustagh Pass—without leave, or maps, or guides, or experience; having lost all his kit and money in rivers and having been deserted by his men, he had suffered many gruelling hardships and adventures, and was eager for more. Admiring his tough tenacity and pluck, Younghusband commandeered him for the homeward journey across the Pamirs; and on July 22nd they set forth, accompanied for a couple of marches by Mr. Macartney, whose instructions from India were to remain in Kashgar. "There he remained for the rest of his service, and by sheer ability built up for us a position which quite overshadowed the Russian."

On the third day the travellers entered the Gez defile, and thence ascended the Pamirs. Here news reached them of definite Russian encroachments: a force of some 400 Cossacks had entered from the north with orders to annex this territory. Younghusband therefore, having ascertained their present whereabouts, sent Davison off westwards to the Alichur Pamir, and himself proceeded southwards to Tashkurgan. On August 5th he marched up the Tagh-dum-bash Pamir, at the head of which he found several families of Kirghiz who had fled before the Russians. On August 10th he reached Bozai-Gumbaz and here found a party of ten Cossacks encamped as guard over some stores left by the main party of Russians who were away reconnoitring. "So I halted here till their officers returned, as I was anxious to meet them."

Three days later, as I looked out of my tent, I saw some twenty Cossacks with six officers riding by, and the Russian standard carried in front. I sent out a servant with my card and invitation to the officers to come in and have some refreshments. Some of them came in, and the chief officer was introduced to

me as Colonel Yonoff. He wore on his breast a white enamel Maltese cross, which I recognized as the Cross of St. George, the most coveted Russian decoration, and I at once congratulated him upon holding so distinguished an order. He was a modest, quiet-mannered man, and talked little, but he was evidently respected by his officers. I gave them some tea and Russian wine ; and I then told Colonel Yonoff that I had heard rumours from the natives that he was annexing the Pamirs, that I did not like to report this to my Government on mere native rumour, but should like to know from him personally whether this was the case. He replied that it was. I then asked him if he would show me on a map the exact extent of the annexation. He took out a map and showed me, marked in green, a large area extending right down to our Indian watershed, and including much of what was not merely debatable, but was clearly either Afghan or Chinese territory. I did not discuss the matter with him. I merely remarked that the Russians were opening their mouths pretty wide. Whereat he laughed and said that this was but a beginning. The Russians were quite friendly throughout and stayed with me for about an hour, asking me to dine with them that evening.

The dinner, though partaken of in very cramped quarters (seven men in a small tent squatting round a tablecloth spread on the floor), was remarkable for its excellence and for its cordiality ; the conversation was conducted in French ; and much useful information was exchanged between hosts and guest as to the topography of the Pamirs. At its conclusion Colonel Yonoff proposed the health of the Queen, and his guest proposed that of the Czar. The Russians expressed surprise that the British had stationed a representative in Gilgit, but had none at all in the Chitral. (Two years later, curiously enough, Younghusband was appointed the first Political Agent there.) It was well after midnight that the party broke up, and the Colonel and all the officers escorted their guest back to his tent, half a mile off, parting with many protestations of friendship. Early next morning they left for the Alichur Pamir ; whilst Younghusband stayed on, awaiting Davison's return. The sequel is best told in a letter to his father dated August 21st, from his camp near the Wakhijrui Pass between the Little and the Tagh-dum-bash Pamirs.

As you will probably have seen in the newspapers before this reaches you I have had a serious contretemps and have been

turned out of Nakhan by the Russians. At Bozai-Gumbaz on the 17th at 11 o'clock at night, just as I was turning into bed, I heard the clatter of hoofs outside my tent, and on looking out I saw in the moonlight 30 Cossacks drawn up outside it with the Russian standard in front. I sent a servant to ask what they wanted, and he returned to say that the same Colonel—Yonoff—who was here before, wished to see me on urgent business. I dressed as quickly as possible and begged him to come in. He and his adjutant then came in and said that they had something very disagreeable to tell me, and gradually let me know that they had that day, when on the Great Pamir near Lake Victoria, received orders to escort me out of Russian territory. I said, "But I am not in Russian territory." The Colonel replied, "You may think this Afghan territory, but we consider it Russian." I asked him what he would do if I refused to go. He said, "Take you back with us by force." I then said, "Well, you have 30 Cossacks, and I am alone, so I must do as you wish, but I act under protest and shall report all the circumstances to my Government." The Colonel then said that he hoped I would excuse him acting as he did, that he only did so under positive orders from his Government, and that he felt very much being obliged to behave like this since we had made friends when we met before. I said that I perfectly understood that he was merely carrying out his orders, and, however distasteful these were to me, I felt no grudge against him personally. Then changing the subject I said that they must be very hungry after their long march and begged them all to stay and have supper with me. The Colonel then got up, took hold of me, and thanked me most profusely for the way in which I had taken the affair. He said that it had been a very disagreeable task for one military officer to act like this to another, but he felt it still more when he found that it was a real gentleman whom he had to treat like this. He said his orders were to escort me to the frontier, but if I would sign a declaration . . . (He then drew up in French a form of agreement in which it was said that, acting under the instruction of his Government, he was to cause me to leave Russian territory, and that I agreed under protest to do this, and undertook to proceed to Chinese territory by the Wakhjruj Pass, and not to return by any of a number of passes which he named. . . .) Having signed this agreement and made a copy of it, I told Colonel Yonoff that I hoped he would consider that business over, and return to our former friendly relations, and have supper with me. His baggage was far

behind and it was now nearly midnight. We accordingly all sat down to a rough supper ; and the Russian officers afterwards went off to their own encampment and left me alone once more. Next morning he sent me a haunch of venison (*Ovis poli*), and before I left he came round and begged again and again to be excused for acting as he had done. I said that I had only friendly feelings towards him, and I hoped that one day I should have the pleasure of meeting him again under more favourable circumstances. I then rode off with my motley little band—all good men who would, I believe, have gone for the Russians like a shot if I had given them the word. But what was the use? . . . This will be a serious matter, though. We have now thoroughly tested the Russians and found them determinedly aggressive. In full peace they have broken right through Chinese territory (disregarding the protests of a heathen Chinese General), invaded Afghan territory, and turned out an English officer. These are things which not even a Gladstonian Ministry can overlook, and I shall await anxiously to see how the Government takes up this matter. But if full satisfaction is not obtained from Russia I shall never again serve under the Government in a political capacity, for working as I do my sole means of carrying out my duty is the feeling that at my back is the British Government, and if that reliance is gone this sort of work is impossible. To-morrow I shall be at the foot of the Kilik Pass from Kanjut, which the Russians are still pleased to call Chinese territory. From there I have discovered a new route for communication with Gilgit and I shall continue my work in precisely the same way as I was doing before, till I am recalled by my Government.

P.S. Would you mind sending me any newspaper extracts which may appear about this affair. I am anxious to see how they take it at home.

The result was certainly dramatic.

Thirteen days later Lord Salisbury sent a sharp protest to St. Petersburg—so sharp, or delivered by Sir Robert Morier in so masterly a way, that de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, thought we meant immediate war. He begged Morier not to be hasty, but to give the Russian Government time to inquire into the matter, as they knew nothing about it. Orders for my arrest had not been issued from St. Petersburg but, if at all, from the Tashkent Government. . . . I had been instructed by the Government of India to keep secret the fact that I had been



arrested so that there might not be excitement in the Press. But there were rumours that something had happened to me, and the Press, to be on the safe side, had announced that I had been killed. The Russian Ambassador in London apologized to Lord Salisbury for the illegal action of Colonel Yonoff, and the Russian Government has since declared in the Pamir Agreement that Bozai-Gumbaz is beyond the sphere of Russian influence.

Meanwhile his own position was still precarious. The Hunza people above the Kilik Pass were hostile to the British, and had recently raided a Kirghiz encampment not far from his own camp; he took turns with his native servants to keep watch each night till an escort arrived from Gilgit for his protection. For six weeks he remained in this desolate region, over 15,000 feet above sea level, awaiting Davison's return, while the temperature dropped to zero. At last, on October 4th, Davison rejoined him.

Away in the distance down the valley I saw a horseman approaching dressed in the peaked cap and high boots of the Russians, and I thought that another Russian was going to honour me with a visit. This, however, proved to be Davison. He had been treated in an even more cavalier manner than I had, and had been marched back to Turkestan. He seemed personally to have enjoyed the trip; found the Russian officers very cheery companions; and was asked to dinner by the Russian governor of Margillan. He was able to do some useful work, too, for they took him by a road which no British officer had traversed before. Having thoroughly satisfied themselves, they escorted him to the Chinese frontier, and then let him go. But he had with him no passport, and as he came from Russian territory, the Chinese frontier official naturally took him for a Russian and wished to stop him. But the want of such a trifle as a passport was not likely to stop Davison very long, and he and his man jumped up on their ponies while the Chinese official was vociferating, and galloped off towards Kashgar, scarcely stopping till they reached the place, where Davison saw the Chinese officials who had known him before, and explained matters to them. He then came on to rejoin me. As was the custom with him, he had travelled with wonderful rapidity, and had only taken ten days to reach Kukturuk from Kashgar.

The question now was—how to get to India, for Colonel Yonoff had barred all the known passes; but such a circumstance was not

likely to stop Younghusband. Adhering honourably to the terms of his parole he set forth with his companion to discover a new one. Branching off the main valley to the Wakhjru Pass he ascended a tributary glacier from the summit of which, at sunset, he gained a magnificent mountainous view. It was the watershed between Turkestan and India north and south on one side, and between Chinese Turkestan and Russian and Afghan Turkestan east and west on the other. "This nook in the mountains was the very Heart of Central Asia." Pushing on through the darkness towards the Pamir-i-Wakhan they encamped at midnight in deep snow, using a few tent-pegs as fuel for their kettle. Marching down the Pamir next day, and by-passing Bozai-Gumbaz, they found some Wakhi shepherds from whom they inquired the whereabouts of a pass.

It is of little use to ask the people straight out, "Is there a pass?" They would, of course, reply, "No, there isn't," and the conversation would end there. So I used to say that I was going by a pass to the right of such and such a pass, the latter being some well-known one. For a long time the men replied, one after another, that no such pass existed, but at last one man said that it was a very difficult one. Then I had the clue that there really *was* one, and matters after that were comparatively simple.

Two days later, in heavy snow-fall, they reached the foot of the long-sought-for pass. Rising at five next morning, and finding the snow-fall harder than ever, "the Wakhis said it was quite impracticable. I told them, however, that I wanted them to come with me and show me how impracticable it was . . . and this they consented to do without a murmur—that is to say, without a murmur worth recording in these pages." They took with them *yaks*, which they could sometimes ride, and these animals were invaluable on the glacier. They knew by instinct where the snow-covered crevasses would and would not bear their weight; and by four in the afternoon they reached the summit of the narrow pass, through which an icy blast of wind blew as through a funnel. "Our faces were cut across in slashes. Most of my face was protected, for I wore a thick beard; but Davison had no beard, and suffered very badly. His face did not recover for weeks after." They had reached the summit without serious difficulty, though with great caution; but the descent on the Indian side for a thousand feet was extremely rough and steep. The raging snow-storm obscured all landmarks, and they were suddenly

brought up on the brink of a precipice. Here they halted till sunset when the snow cleared, and obtained a view of the valley of the Karumbar River far below. Having found a route over the edge of the cliffs they reached a camping-place by the riverside before midnight. On October 13th they reached Gilgit, halted for a few days with Colonel Durand, and then pressed on for Kashmir. They had one more pass to cross, the Tragbal (11,400 feet), and then the lovely Vale of Kashmir lay below them. At sunset they reached the still lakeside and threw themselves into a luxurious gondola, to be paddled swiftly and easily over the unruffled water across which shadows from the mountains were lengthening out.

The sun set in a glow of glory. The snows of the mountain summits were tinged with ruddy hues, the fleecy clouds overhead were suffused in ever-changing colours; then slowly the peaks in the distant east grew grey, the warm tints faded from the scene, one by one the stars pierced through the skies, and night settled down upon the mountains.

At Srinagar he parted from his companion, Lieutenant Davison, never to see him again. That dauntless and intrepid young officer, who in a few months had lived more strenuously than most sportsmen do in years, died two years later of enteric fever in the heart of the Himalayas.

He had all the makings of a great explorer; he had unsurpassable energy, what one might call blind pluck, for nothing to him was dangerous, and he had an inexhaustible enthusiasm for travel. I may add that, though few of us who knew him suspected him of it, papers written by him, and found among his effects, showed that he thought very seriously upon many subjects not generally supposed to engage the attention of so young an officer as he was, and his loss must be deplored by all who can admire true manliness and resolution.

From Srinagar Younghusband wrote on November 8th to his father :

The Viceroy arrived here a few days ago, and I have seen a good deal of him since. On the day he arrived he asked me to dinner. We talked a good deal at dinner, and after the other guests had left, he asked me into his private study. He began by saying he thought the way I had received the Russians when

they came to turn me out was "most dignified", and that he had never heard anyone express any other opinion. He asked me a good deal about the frontier and what the Russians really could do there, and was immensely struck by a statement I made that it was as far from the nearest Russian cantonment to the Hindu Kush as from Rawal Pindi to Gilgit. He said matters now were really out of his hands and in the hands of the F.O. at home, but he wanted to hear and send home all I had to say on the subject.—I have the greatest possible admiration for him and everybody out here swears by him. Sir Mortimer Durand says he is the best Viceroy we have had for a very long time and I always think he is a second Dalhousie. A very straight English gentleman and far away the most capable man I have come across—a very hard worker but never appearing overworked—always clear—and the sort of man anyone would feel bound to respect. . . . The Russians sent a very rudely worded reply, but are climbing down a good deal. Government however are not yet satisfied and are going to tell them so. Don't mention anything about this. I was hoping to escape writing any more but they have asked me to write a final report and give suggestions. I wrote tons of suggestions and wrote from the Pamirs till I was silly, but they seem to like seeing fellows spoiling good paper. The Chief [Roberts] has asked to see me, so I am going to Quetta to meet him and General Brackenbury the Military Member of Council. On the way I hope to see Romer [his cousin] at Dera Ghazi, get to Quetta on the 24th—seeing all the defences there, go down to Karachi and see James who is Commissioner of Sind now, leave Karachi by Hall line December 4th and reach home I hope by Christmas Eve.

The Commander-in-Chief was equally cordial. He was staying with Sir George White, then commanding the Quetta Division. The train being late, Younghusband arrived in the middle of dinner in full-dress uniform, looking, said Lady Roberts, much too civilized for an explorer.

Next day he invited me into his saloon in the train, which was going to the opening of the Khojak tunnel leading into Afghanistan; and there I told him all that had occurred. I was surprised to find how very seriously he took it. He had mobilized the Quetta Division and, the tunnel being completed in the nick of time and all the material for the continuation of the railway to Kandahar being collected on the Afghan side,

he was quite prepared to go ahead. As I left he squeezed my arm in that way he had of pressing a point home, and said: "Now's the time to go for the Russians. We are ready and they are not. Keep the Government up to the mark."

Arrived in England he reported by appointment to the Secretary of State for India, Lord Cross, at the India Office.

He took only a perfunctory interest in the case, and could not think of much else to ask me except if it was not very cold up there on the Roof of the World.

The Under Secretary was, however, very different. He engaged me in a long and *real* conversation. That is, he did not merely ask questions but gave forth his own views. He knew the whole subject well, and was keenly interested in it. No one else I had met—not even in India—was so well informed and so enthusiastic. And he was young and fresh and very alert and able. His name was George Curzon; and this was his first appointment. My meeting with him then was the beginning of a friendship which lasted for thirty-four years, till his death.

The upshot of this whole incident was an apology from Russia, and the agreed establishment of a boundary on the Pamirs. "The Russians established a fortified post there in a most desolate region; and from that time to this, thirty-five years, there has not been a single other Russian incursion." Baulked of any further advance to the south, the Russians moved eastwards, built the Trans-Siberian Railway and commenced absorbing Manchuria, till stopped by Japan. "They moved from the inherent tendency of strong peoples to expand until they come up against something solid. . . . Our policy of active watchfulness and readiness to oppose aggression had provided this."

During his three months' leave at home, Younghusband again discussed with his father his project to leave the service and devote his life to the conduct of a spiritual campaign, not as an official of any organized church, but in some as yet undefined way. Events on the Frontier, however, supervened, of a nature which in his father's eyes and in his own demanded his return to his immediate post of duty, and caused him to postpone that project for many years. It was not till his old age that he wrote in a note-book:

Perhaps it was largely through sorrows and disappointments—through being forced down to the depths of myself and thus

made more sensitive and capable of sympathy—that I was able to see deeper into things. But this deeper insight was also due to my being keyed up by great enterprises to the highest pitch. In face of constant danger I was strung up to be at my alertest ; and from having to lead men—be dependent on them and feel them dependent on me—I had to know them, sympathize with their religion, attach them to my enterprise. And it was from this, as well as from book study, that I was able eventually to realize my desire and gain a satisfying conception of things.

All the hardships and sufferings I had had to go through may have hardened me outwardly, but they had also sensitized me within. Though I had to keep a steady hold of myself in face of the imminent dangers with which I was beset, and appeared very stolid and composed and unmovable, I was at heart exceedingly alive and impressionable. And as I made a point of searching for men of religion wherever I went and discussing their religion with them, whatever it might be, I was constantly keeping my inner soul alive. On all my journeys and in the midst of all my official duties I was constantly keeping before me that vision of a higher state of the spirit which is common to all religious men. I was inwardly setting my affections on things above. Looking back now over the many and varied experiences of my life, I have come to the quite definite conclusion that this is the supremely important thing. It is an actual experience here and now of that Kingdom of God which we are directed to seek first and above all else.

## Chapter XIII

### MISSION TO CHITRAL

JUDGED as literature, *The Heart of a Continent* is probably the best of Sir Francis' many books. Based upon his diaries and the official reports of his journeys, it is a personal record which covers in a continuous and fascinatingly readable form, the decade of his most strenuous physical activity—from 1884 to 1894. As such, it ranks very high among the classic records of the great explorers, in desert and in mountain, from the torrid to the frigid zones.

The last chapters, which deal with his tactful handling of a dangerous situation in two remote Himalayan States, reveal him as an imperialist. He accepted in principle the right and the responsibility of a humane and civilized Great Power to the exercise of a benevolent tutelage over primitive races, which might otherwise be the victims of internal dissension or of external aggression, and so become danger-points threatening international peace. During his short winter leave in England the Government of India had launched a punitive expedition, under the brilliant direction of Colonel A. G. Durand, against the State of Hunza, whose chief, Safder Ali, had been deaf to admonitions to end his terrorist raids upon peaceful nomadic tribes in the valleys. In the result, his territory had not been annexed by the British, who had merely deposed him and nominated his successor in native law ; no single native custom had been prohibited—unless raiding be called such ; and when Younghusband revisited that State eight months later to recruit levies for the Chitral campaign, he found its inhabitants not only peaceful, happy, law-abiding and loyal to the British, but actually eager to be of service, “ as if they had been born and bred under British administration ”. His comments must be quoted :

As I have already intimated, these people had no rooted antipathy to the British Government, and they form a remarkable instance of the good effects which come of following up a successful campaign by assuming a permanent control. Had we given these people a hard knock and then retired, as we so frequently do, they would like children have forgotten their lesson, and in a few years would have committed some act of

folly which would have necessitated another invasion of their country, and bad feeling would gradually have grown up between us and them, as it has in Afghanistan, although the Afghans were originally well disposed towards us. The theory that if troops are entirely withdrawn after a campaign and the people left quite independent, they would be more friendly, is not to be trusted. It sounds well, but is not borne out by facts. There are other ways of preserving such amount of independence as a semi-barbarous State situated between two great civilized Powers can have.

Nevertheless, it was also his considered opinion that this minor campaign against the Hunzas need never have taken place. Prevention is always better than cure, but no preventive measures had been taken by the Government of India. Since his own visit to Hunza in 1889 no other officer had been sent there. Personal contact with the chief and his people had not been kept; official notes had been exchanged, but that was all. "I think that if Manners-Smith (a young officer of the Gurkha Regiment, who afterwards won the V.C. in that campaign and was on that frontier since 1889) had been sent to Hunza—and sent pretty often—he would have been able to keep the Chief straight enough for all practical purposes." The dilatory and ponderous methods of officialdom, the policy of indeterminate drift, the impersonal habit of communication—these things were anathema to Younghusband and, as will be seen, were the cause of his dissatisfaction with Government later on, and of Government's dissatisfaction with him.

Meanwhile, on his return to India in the spring of 1892, he was first posted as Assistant Resident in Kashmir, and then in August sent to Hunza as Political Officer. Nothing could be more congenial. He was met a few miles from the capital with due ceremony by the new ruler, Mohammed Nazim, attended by all his principal men, by whom he was greeted almost like an old friend. His tent was pitched in an apricot-orchard, on a cool grassy plot at the end of a spur which gave a view down the valley of mountain peaks of upwards of 23,000 feet. The situation was romantic, the people were both virile and attractive, lovers of dancing and music, and especially of polo. They felt kindly towards him as the representative of a Power which gave them both independence and protection.

Even from the point of view of picturesqueness, it would be



a thousand pities to destroy the freedom of these mountain peoples; to break up those primitive courts where the ruler meets his people face to face, and knows each man among them as they know him; and to wither their simple customs, as the grass is withered by frost, by introducing the cold systems of British administration, the iron rules and regulations, and all the machinery of an empire into this little State. But when Government can see that the ruler is ready to help them when aid from him is required; when they see that their ruler recognizes how essential it is to his existence as ruler that he should have dealings with no other than the British; when they note that he governs his people without oppression; when ruler and people realize that Government has no wish to destroy their independence or to interfere with their customs—then it is evident that satisfactory relations have been established, and far better than if the country were governed directly.

What these rough hill-men like above everything else is being ruled by their own rulers—that is, by members of their own reigning families—and having their customs kept up without innovation. In Hunza they are now ruled by a member of a family which has sat on the throne for as long as their tradition goes back, and not by the murderer who brought their country into trouble, but by another son of the murdered father, by a man liked and respected by them.

The sole way in which the independence of little buffer-states like Hunza can be said to be interfered with, is in the direction of their foreign policy. But this by no means diminishes their dignity or their ultimate essential independence. It results in the relationship of mutual aid based on an alliance, rather than on the pupilage of dependence. Younghusband illustrates his point from the history of British rule in India: the Sikh State of Patiala from the first assisted the British Government, “and there is now not even a British Resident in it”. It was exactly the opposite in the case of Lahore.

Whilst he was engaged in building rough quarters for the troops and himself for the winter, and converting old matchlocks into hoes and spades—“turning swords into ploughshares and raiders into levies”—a letter from Colonel Durand informed him that the Mehtar (Chief) of Chitral had been murdered, and required his return at once to Gilgit with twenty-five levies. “On the frontier ‘at once’ means at once.” Within two hours Younghusband, having packed, handed

over to Lieutenant Gurdon, and requested the Chief for twenty-five levies (though he was offered any number up to two hundred), had started on his 65-mile ride, and arrived in Gilgit at one o'clock at night. By ten o'clock the next night the Hunza levies had arrived also. "They had traversed the same distance on foot in 36 hours, starting on the war-path at a moment's notice. And these were the men that not a year before had been fighting against us!"

It transpired that on the death of the old Mehtar a scramble for the throne had ensued between three of his seventeen sons, one of whom, Afzul-ul-Mulk, who immediately claimed it, had been murdered by his half-brother Sher Afzul, who usurped it, and against whom the eldest son and rightful heir Nizam-ul-Mulk, then in Gilgit, had appealed to Colonel Durand, who at once responded and caused him to be instated. On 1st January 1893, a mission consisting of Surgeon-Major (afterwards Sir George) Robertson, Captain Younghusband, Lieutenant (afterwards Brigadier-General) the Hon. C. G. Bruce, and Lieutenant John Gordon, with an escort of fifty Sikhs, was despatched to Chitral to effect a permanent settlement. To reach it they had to cross the Shandur Pass (12,000 feet) in midwinter; a few suffered frostbites, "and these Bruce at once tackled, rubbing the men's feet till they said they would much rather have the frostbite than the rubbing." It was during these marches that Bruce first suggested to Younghusband the climbing of Mount Everest, "but my mind was so absorbed with the business in hand that I did not pay much attention to it at the time".

Arrived in Chitral they were met in state by the new Mehtar, "a handsome man of about thirty-four years of age, very European in appearance, intelligent, and well-mannered; of medium height, thick-set, and strong". Younghusband's first impressions of the Chitralis, however, were not so favourable; in contrast with the Hunzas they seemed a gloomy and depressed people; but closer acquaintance with them caused him to revise that impression. Nor were the first few months in the capital very enlivening. "We lived in a native house, without windows or chimneys, and with only a hole in the roof by which to let in the light (and the snow and the cold), and to let out the smoke (and the heat) of a fire on the floor." But with the coming of spring—the young green in the corn-fields, the clothing of poplar, plane, and willow, the clouds of blossom in the orchards, the gemming of the riversides with purple primulas, crocuses,

and crimson tulips—all this was changed ; the snow suddenly melted, and there was a sudden burn in the sun ; the people lost their gloomy winter looks and betook themselves cheerfully to their out-door tasks ; and Bruce initiated Younghusband for the first time into the craft of mountaineering with orthodox Alpine appliances.

The choice of Dr. Robertson to lead the mission was sound : he had seen previous service in Chitral and, to judge both from his record and from his despatches to Government, he was a man of great capacity. On April 3rd he wrote : “ We seem to be living on the edge of a volcano . . . the atmosphere of Chitral is one of conspiracy and intrigue.” (In fact, but for the presence of British officers and their escort in the capital, for some weeks the life of Nizam-ul-Mulk would not have been worth a moment’s purchase.) But on May 12th he was able to report a great improvement in the situation, and on the 18th that “ there is profound quiet everywhere ”. At the end of this month he had “ effected a settlement ” and was recalled with Lieutenant Bruce to Gilgit, leaving Younghusband in charge at Chitral with Lieutenant Gordon and the Sikhs. In a final report from Gilgit Dr. Robertson wrote on June 6th :

There is now no reasonable risk in officers living in Chitral if properly protected ; any sudden withdrawal of my whole party would create such a feeling of insecurity that it would probably be impossible for the Mehtar to maintain his authority, even if it did not impel him to leave Chitral altogether. . . . The mission returned with no escort, unless Mr. Bruce’s four Gurkhas may be so denominated. . . . A district in the heart of British India could not appear more peaceful and quiet.

In forwarding these despatches to the Secretary of State for India on July 11th Government stated :

. . . It may be found possible hereafter to replace Captain Younghusband by a Native official, but for the present such an arrangement would fail to give the Mehtar necessary support and protection. . . . We have therefore decided that Captain Younghusband shall remain in the State at the present, though not necessarily at the capital itself. Colonel Durand has proposed that he should take up his headquarters at Mastuj, which, though within 63 miles of Chitral, which on emergency he could reach in a day, would be only 45 miles from our proposed frontier post

at Ghizur. We shall make it clearly understood that Captain Younghusband is not expected to coerce the Mehtar in any way, or to interfere with the internal affairs of the State ; but that he is deputed merely for the purpose of supplying us with trustworthy information, and of giving to the Mehtar that encouragement which the presence of a British officer within Chitral limits cannot fail to afford.

It was added that, to safeguard any Political Agent in Chitral, the retention of strong posts from Gilgit would be necessary, and the permanent addition of a Bengal infantry battalion as a garrison in Gilgit. To this proposal the Secretary of State for India responded on September 1st :

In determining our future policy towards Chitral a wider view must be taken. . . . It seems to me therefore premature to decide now on permanent political and military arrangements for this frontier. In the meantime I can only sanction the retention of Captain Younghusband as a temporary measure. I quite approve of the line of action which you lay down for him, but in regard to the subsidiary measures which you propose . . . I think that they should be reduced to what is absolutely necessary for securing his present safety, and for keeping open his communications with Gilgit.

Thus matters remained for some time, and there is no evidence in these official exchanges of any difference of opinion between Younghusband and his superior officers. But that such existed may be gathered in a vehement letter which he wrote to his father from the capital on August 14th. His opinion was that he could best serve the interests of Government by remaining where he was and continuing to cultivate the friendship of the Mehtar and his nobles, that half-measures were useless for the permanent pacification of so disturbed a State, and that even the appearance of a withdrawal would be fatal to our prestige as had so often been proved in the past. With these opinions it is evident that Dr. Robertson did not agree. In the event they were only too tragically justified. In this, as in other matters, Younghusband's ideas were in advance of their time. Meanwhile, his letter to his father displays unusual heat.

I am delighted to see in the Peshawar Confidential Diary (compiled from native sources) that ' Capt. Y. has gained much popularity in Chitral.' This indirect evidence will be a great

thing in my favour. The same diary says that if I had not been left here the country would have been in a state of anarchy and the Mehtar murdered. So if I can pull the country through this summer, with all the dangers that have threatened, without a disaster—that will be proof enough whether I am or not such a fool as Robertson is telling Govt. that I am. I have tried all along to do it without calling up aid. At one scare the Mehtar asked me for troops, but I refused. I don't believe it is necessary and unless it is absolutely necessary I would never call up troops because it means so much disturbance and trouble to the people in supplying food and transport and in the long run it reacts on us. Besides this, bearing a confident front in the midst of these periodic panics—when the people see as they have done now that that confident front was justified—gives them an immense idea of the invisible power we wield, and increases our influence in a way that moving up troops could never do. I tell you, Father, I will carry this country through and will force Govt. to acknowledge that I have done them a service worthy of recognition. I will *compel* them to if they don't cancel those criticisms which Robertson has passed on me. My blood is up now and nothing shall prevent me carrying things before me. What Govt. like is to be served by clever fools—fools who are clever enough to twist Govt. about till they convince them that the foolish things they do are just the very things Govt. most want. But I shall have none of this, and I shall go straight in and make them acknowledge that the work I have done is good and sound. It is impossible to work if I feel that Govt. have not confidence in me, and if they have not, why I must *force* them to have it, that's all.

Despite the frequency of alarms and the ever-present imminence of excursions, life in Chitral was very pleasant in the summer. There was leisure for intensive reading : biology, physiography, astronomy, sociology, biography, poetry ; it was in this solitude and among these scenes that Younghusband laid the foundations of a liberal education. As an offset to these intellectual exercises he would play polo with the natives, ride, walk, and climb. " For short sharp exercise I used to rush up the steep mountain side. At Mastuj I climbed 4037 feet in one hour and 33 minutes." The Mehtar, though a weak character, was an agreeable companion, with a passionate devotion to sport.

We always played polo together on the same side and always won, because he chose the teams. He was also an excellent shot

and devoted to hawking. Indeed, he and his nobles always went about with hawks on their wrists which added greatly to the attractiveness of their appearance. But he knew that his position was precarious. And his own idea of strengthening it was by having noble after noble assassinated. This I knew would never do. So one day when he said to me how sad it was that a certain noble had died the previous night, I replied, "Yes, it is most sad, and I have noticed that the rate of mortality among the aristocracy has been rapidly rising; the Government of India would be sure to notice it too and be asking me to enquire into its cause." He took the hint. And life insurance companies would again have been able to do business with the nobles of Chitral.

All the Chitralis, including the Mehtar, were illiterate and when they came to visit him—as they did three or four times a week—and carpets were spread and delicacies provided for their refreshment under the great plane trees in his garden, Younghusband would often interest them by means of illustrated papers and get them to converse upon the various subjects thus suggested. The Mehtar especially had a quick apprehension and an insatiable curiosity: inventions so dissimilar as an egg-incubator and a collapsible boat won his instant admiration and desire to possess them. Younghusband valued and enjoyed these visits because of the Mehtar's lively appreciation, and also because he would encourage his nobles and even his retainers to take part in the discussions. He would draw out his guests to discourse of their travels abroad.

The Mehtar had been to Calcutta, but complained that when he came back no one would believe the stories he told them. His old father, Aman-ul-Mulk, had believed him up to a certain point; he had believed about the railway and the telegraph, for he thought it possible that men who could make rifles as the English did, might also be able to invent some arrangements for sending men and messages rapidly along; but when his son told him that they made ice in the hot weather, he said he could not possibly believe that, for only God could do such a thing. He said he drew the line there, and told his son that he need not tell him any more of his stories!

In *The Heart of a Continent* Younghusband has given a very full and informative account of the manners and customs of the Chitralis,

their system of administration, their court of advisers, and their general council. Theoretically the Mehtar is an absolute monarch, but in practice he defers to his council at frequent durbars and to the wishes of his people. Space forbids any summary of this interesting theme, but the following observation must be quoted :

The system has many good points, the chief of which is that the ruler and people see each other face to face, and know each other man to man. An ebb and flow of men from the provinces to the capital is thus set up (by means of the durbars), and every man of note becomes intimately acquainted with the Mehtar and the Mehtar with him, and the greater part of the lower classes also come to know their ruler personally. . . . I found, indeed, that Nizam-ul-Mulk knew the name, the personal history, and the character of nearly every man in his country. Since he was a small boy he had attended his father's durbars. This personal intimacy between the ruler and the ruled, and the method by which he administers justice and governs his country face to face with his people, and not by deputy and by paper, are really good points in the system of government in Chitral.

In the autumn of this year Younghusband went—unarmed and without any escort—on a tour of the country with the Mehtar and his retinue. Every evening the Mehtar would come over with his nobles in waiting to the British officer's tent "and talk till midnight on every conceivable subject ; for being unable to read they acquired all their knowledge from man to man." Younghusband was himself entranced by the glory of autumn in Chitral : the apricot trees glowing with every tint of red and the planes ablaze with golden yellow, and every day dawning with a cloudless sky of the bluest blue. One day, when out riding, he remarked to the Mehtar on the beauty of the autumn tints. "He looked surprised. Then, turning his eyes on the valley, he said : ' Yes, it is beautiful. But we had never thought of this before. We had always looked upon the spring as beautiful, but never the autumn.' He was quite delighted and laughed and pointed it out to his nobles." In other respects, he exhibited the light-heartedness of a boy.

He would have liked me to give him whisky, and was not above asking for it. But he and his people were Moslems, and however popular I might become by giving him whisky, I knew his people would resent my doing so, so I gave him sherbet

instead. And he liked a little essence of peppermint in it to give it a nip. But for the unfortunate nobles he would give a double dose, and roar with laughter as the tears streamed down their faces.

As to the people, they were less grave than the people of Hunza. They loved singing and dancing, story-telling and acting. Their stories—mostly about horrible murders and bloodshed in various forms—would be told with the most dramatic gestures. They had stock dramas handed down from generations. But they would also compose new ones. And the 'production' was no very elaborate business. There was no stage. The audience squatted on the ground in some garden or the village street. And the actors rose from among them, performed their parts, and sat down again. All was deliciously informal, spontaneous, and intimate.

It is impossible to read Younghusband's description of life in Chitral as published, and also unpublished (from which these extracts are taken), without feeling convinced that if he had been left there to pursue his task in his own way, he would have succeeded in his main purpose : to secure the position of the Mehtar, and to unite his people, at the same time winning their loyal adherence to the British cause. But in the winter he was removed—not without protests on his own part—to Mastuj where he was out of direct touch with the Mehtar, and before his influence had had time to mature. The Mehtar too appealed for his retention in the capital, but in vain. From Mastuj, however, he continued to advocate a more active policy in Chitral, and it would appear that some of his recommendations at least were heeded. On 12th June 1894, a despatch from the Government to the Secretary of State for India contains the following :

We have received several reports giving the views of the local officers on matters connected with our policy in and on the borders of Chitral, and the whole question has been again considered. The recommendations of Colonel Bruce show that local officers advocate a policy of activity which we are not prepared to support . . . but the consideration to which in our opinion much weight must be attached is that, as noted by Captain Younghusband, immediate withdrawal from Chitral would deprive us of the best means we possess of watching events on the Hindu Kush frontier. The negotiations with Russia still continue. . . . [Mention is next made of a possible threat to Chitral by the Pathan chief, Umra Khan.]



The papers now forwarded include certain proposals as to the training of Chitral levies. During a recent short visit to the Mehtar's capital, Captain Younghusband made temporary arrangements for giving instruction in musketry to selected bodies of Chitralis. To this we have raised no objection, but we are not at present prepared to go further.

To this the Secretary of State for India replied on August 3rd :

Perusal of Captain Younghusband's interesting reports has satisfied me that the policy adopted last year, under Lord Kimberley's instructions, has so far been successful. The despatch of the mission and the retention of Captain Younghusband as Political Agent in Chitral have had the effect of ameliorating the conditions of government in that country, and of giving increased stability and popularity to the rule of the Mehtar, and at the same time have strengthened the ties by which he is bound to the British Government. . . .

I approve also of your decided rejection of the proposals for establishing a political officer and an escort in Yasin and for opening up the road between Peshawar and Chitral, but Captain Younghusband's more moderate suggestions for transferring his own headquarters from Mastuj to Chitral, and for removing to Mastuj the detachment now posted at Ghizr, seem to me to be supported by weighty reasons and to deserve consideration.

Younghusband's moderate suggestions were, however, adopted too late. He had pointed out again and again to the Government, which was anxious for his safety, that at Mastuj he was practically in as much danger as at Chitral, and that from that place he could not foresee trouble so well or forestall it so easily. Sir Henry Fowler, then Secretary of State for India, had seen this point and agreed with it. But the Government of India delayed too long in giving it effect, and when, early in March 1895, the trouble broke out which necessitated the Chitral Campaign, Younghusband had been replaced and had returned to England.

It is impossible also to read the prolific official correspondence between Calcutta and London (from which abbreviated extracts have been quoted above) without feeling the exasperation which a zealous frontier officer—eager for prompt decision and decisive action—must have felt at the procrastinations and hesitations involved by this ponderous and slow-moving machinery. What was the use of telegraphic

communication, when matters were critical and affairs were urgent, if it was not used? And to add to these annoyances was the fact that, engaged as he was in a task demanding all his vigilance and all his thought at every minute of the day, he was at the same time, all the time he was in Chitral, being "pestered by Government to pass examinations"—in the Indian Penal and Criminal Codes, Political Economy, and Indian History. Until he did so he could expect no permanent position.

Even when I did pass them I was put at the very bottom of the list. All the service I had done on my Missions in the Political Department counted for nothing in comparison with examinations. I made no complaint—perhaps I ought to have—but from this, and from finding that I had very little say in frontier matters, I took less interest in them. Government gave the impression that they could get on perfectly well without me. And that being so, I felt no call upon me to remain in their service. Whereas I did feel a very strong call indeed in another direction, to which I have already referred.

He is by no means the first far-sighted practical individualist, in this or in any other profession, who has been repelled by the dilatory and impersonal methods of officialdom.

But in October of 1894 he was cheered by the arrival of a very welcome visitor. This was Mr. George Curzon, with whom he had corresponded and who, his party being then out of office, was touring Hunza, the Pamirs, and Chitral. Here at last was a congenial friend, as well as one whose views on British policy entirely coincided with his own. In a posthumously published book Lord Curzon referred to this visit, and averred that the best drink he ever had in his life was the bottle of beer which Younghusband sent to him on his way to Mastuj.

But I have no recollection of having sent him this beer. What I do remember is that the next morning, when I was offering him some jam at breakfast, he said, "I'll bet this is your last pot of jam." I replied that as a matter of fact it was. He then banged the table and said, "There it is! Always on the frontier the guest finds the last of the best things produced for him!"

It is a tribute to Younghusband's psychological insight that he saw at once beneath the superior airs and arrogant mannerisms of the future

Viceroy into his real character, and the friendship which he formed with this extraordinary and brilliant statesman was cemented in years to come, when greater issues than the future of Chitral were at stake. For this reason his impressions of his guest are of interest.

Lord Curzon was then both a pleasure and a trial. He was perpetually discussing frontier policy, which was agreeable; but he was continually disagreeing with me, which was irritating. I did not discover till later that he was writing a series of letters to *The Times*, and that he was all the time forcing my views out of me. When he showed me the draft of the letter about Chitral which he had written, I found that it was entirely in accordance with my own views.

All the same, Curzon did have an argumentative turn of mind—I suppose it was the House of Commons debating habit—and it jarred on us up there on the frontier. We were most of us young men, and we were in responsible positions. We formed and expressed our opinions upon what was life or death for us personally in a quieter way than is usual in Parliament or at elections, where ability to talk and argue is the first consideration. And we resented Curzon's cocksureness. His manner grated on us on the frontier, as all through his life it grated on the British public. It might have been toned down if he could have been for a time with a regiment or served on the frontier. . . . But irritating though this manner was, it was yet compatible with remarkable tenderness of heart. In friendship he was warm and staunch. And for frontier officers he had a special affection. Soldiers in general he never understood or liked. But to frontier officers he always opened his heart, and all of us—and most certainly I—should be everlastingly grateful for the interest he took in our work and the way he supported us.

Together they rode down to the capital and were given by Nizam-ul-Mulk "the warmest possible welcome". They played polo and dined together, and the Mehtar rode out with them for several miles to say goodbye. It was the last they saw of him. Less than three months later this attractive young ruler was murdered by his half-brother and his country plunged in war—a tragedy and disaster which might have been averted if Younghusband's proposals had been adopted in time. He was himself in England then, having been replaced by Lieutenant B. E. M. Gurdon, who happened to be in

the capital when the murder occurred "and with great tact and coolness had held his own".

Younghusband reached home in December, intending once again to leave Government service, and spent a happy Christmas with his father. On New Year's Day 1895 he began the writing of his "book of travels" as he called it, but found little time in the whirlpool of civilization. On February 23rd he took stock of his position :

My real work does not lie in England at present. My rôle is to explore—to keep close to Nature : this always brings out the best in me ; return home at intervals to record results ; and to study science, especially nature and human nature—from people rather than from books. All this with the aim of fitting myself to my future life's work, namely, to the cause of a really living religion.

But a month later came news of the disaster to British arms in Chitral. In reply to his offer to return at once to duty, the Government cabled on March 25th that his services were not required immediately. Next day came a telegram from *The Times* requesting his services as Special Correspondent in Chitral. To this he replied in person accepting the offer if Government gave permission. *The Times* cabled in this sense, but Government refused on the ground that Captain Younghusband was still their political agent in Chitral. "This I took to be final," but not so Mr. Moberly Bell, who cabled again. On the 29th Younghusband packed his kit and left for India "in anticipation". At Brindisi he received a cable withdrawing objection on the understanding that it might be impossible for Government to employ him hereafter in Chitral. In the Red Sea on April 7th he confided again to his diary :

Not four months ago I left thinking I would never return. What exactly are the reasons for this change in my feelings ? Frontier work is a good and noble work—why ? Because it is nothing else than the spreading of our civilization to these wild tribes, and the essence of our civilization is the Christian religion : to infuse into them the nett result to date of Christianity in practice ; this has an appeal better than any declamations from the pulpit. I have felt that I should be on the spot during this crisis to help, and also—and this not least—to gather from our officers there something of that grand spirit of loyalty, self-denial and devotion, which they always show on such a campaign,

and which though always present is only then apparent to an observer.

We should interfere with the independence of these people as little as possible, but we must continue to control them in accordance with Christian ideals. This is true missionary work ; and this is the work I now definitely set my hand to.

A few days later he was with his brother George (then a Captain in the Guides) in the Swat Valley. Surgeon-Major Robertson and his escort of 400 men were besieged by Umra Khan in the Chitral fort, and the relief force was already on the way. Younghusband's own part in the affair was limited to a dash ahead of the relief force into the besieged fort. His sole companion was Major 'Roddy' Owen—"the man I came most to admire of all I have met in my life. He was a sportsman of the truest type. The best gentleman-rider of his day, he was utterly fearless, with a perfect physique, the eyes of a hawk, irresistible charm, direct speech, decisive act : he was the soul of honour. Courtesy to all, cordiality to most, friendship for the chosen—was the way of Roddy Owen."

When the Relief Expedition had crossed the Lowari Pass, 10,400 feet, and was forty-four miles from Chitral, I suggested to Roddy that we should ride on ahead straight through to Chitral in one day. He jumped at the idea. But we did not ask the General's permission, and he afterwards told us it was well we did not, for he would not have given it. . . . At dawn we slipped past the sentries. We soon came upon a small gathering of Chitralis. Whether they would shoot at us or be friendly I could not say, but we rode straight in among them, and luckily found them quite meek. They wrung their hands like children when I asked them why they had to be so silly as to rise against us, and devoutly wished they had not been so foolish. Passing on, we came to Drosh Fort, the residence of a Chitrali governor. I sent a Chitrali in to say that Younghusband Sahib was outside and wished to speak to him. He came out as mild as a lamb, and gave us ponies and a guide for Chitral. By dusk we reached the besieged garrison without mishap.

They found the officers occupying the same house in which Younghusband had himself been quartered for several months, and in which he and Curzon had entertained the late Mehtar in the previous October. These officers, who had conducted the campaign and the defence of

the fort with the greatest possible gallantry, received them with open arms. Pale and worn and thin, but overflowing with good cheer, they produced a bottle of brandy from the medical stores and a plum-pudding which had just arrived, to celebrate the occasion with their two visitors. They were as yet unaware of the honours that awaited them. The record of their exploits and of those of their colleagues is told in Younghusband's *Relief of Chitral* which he wrote in collaboration with his brother George, and which is a model of military history within the limits of a minor campaign.

He returned forthwith to Simla and found, much to his astonishment, that his views on the future policy in Chitral were greatly in request. "As an officiating Political Assistant of the 3rd Class, but scant attention had been paid to my opinions. As *Times* correspondent I was most graciously received by the Viceroy (now Lord Elgin), the Commander-in-Chief (now Sir George White), the Military Member of Council (Sir Henry Brackenbury), and the Foreign Secretary (Sir William Cunningham), and I was relieved to find that I could go whole-heartedly with them. They were all for the retention of Chitral." But the Liberal Government in London was once again in favour of withdrawal, though hesitant as yet of a decision. "There was fierce controversy going on at home, and George Curzon was in the thick of the fray contending lustily with Generals and retired Lieutenant-Governors." Soon, however, the Liberals went out, and the Conservatives came in again; Curzon was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and, largely as the result of his advocacy, Chitral was retained.

It is well that it was, for I afterwards heard that the Russians on the Pamirs had orders to march in if we marched out. And they might have been there to this day—a nasty thorn in our flesh.

And what has the light of experience to reveal about these happenings? Just this: that the Chitral campaign need never have taken place. If the headquarters of the political officer had been kept at Chitral, and not moved sixty miles away from it, and if Gurdon had been left to himself, in all probability the murder would not have occurred, or, if it had, Gurdon could have kept the situation in hand. That is my view, and it was Lord Curzon's. He said in public that if I had been there, and left to myself, I could have kept the place steady. Now, if I could have done this, *a fortiori* Gurdon could have done it, for, as he proved in subsequent years, he was the kind of man the

Chitralis take to. . . . And it is my firm belief that if, after the murder, he had been left alone to deal with the situation he could have kept it in hand. The mere fact of his being young was no drawback : it was an advantage. He was known to be a good man or he would not have been sent to so responsible a position. And being a good man, he should have been allowed to carry on. Left to himself, he would have saved a campaign.

In a memorandum submitting the last of Younghusband's despatches to the Secretary of the Foreign Department, and summarizing the results of his expedition, the Resident in Kashmir, Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., wrote :

It now only remains my pleasing duty to bring to the most favourable notice of the Government of India the services rendered by Captain Younghusband on this occasion in having conducted to so successful an issue the expedition entrusted to him. Whether you consider the tact, judgment, and ability this officer has throughout displayed in dealing with the people, all strangers to our rule, among whom he has travelled and which have certainly resulted in their forming the most favourable impression of Englishmen, and so increasing our national prestige, or whether you weigh the value of the excellent reports and maps now furnished to Government by Captain Younghusband, or if you bear in mind the extreme hardship and peril cheerfully encountered by him, and the little band he had to lead and encourage during several months of most lonely travel over passes and mountains, some of them 19,000 feet high through an inhospitable region of glaciers and trackless wastes in countries hitherto unknown to Englishmen, and among a lawless people who live mostly by violence and robbery, I would submit that Captain Younghusband has largely added to his reputation as one of the foremost of modern explorers, and has shown a devotion to duty most highly honourable to himself and the British Service. I am therefore convinced that His Excellency the Viceroy in Council and the Government of India will determine to reward Captain Younghusband's excellent and exceptional services with those coveted rewards and promotion which perhaps have never been better earned than on the present occasion by this most deserving and distinguished officer.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE JAMESON RAID

ON returning to England for leave in the autumn of 1895, Younghusband joined a physiological class in the College of Science. He had steeped his mind in the writings of Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer: "I wanted", he said, "to discover the source of life." But his studies in connection with this ambitious desire were interrupted by an unexpected summons, and this time to another continent. Late in December he was invited by Moberly Bell, manager of *The Times*, to go to South Africa for three months, ostensibly to report on mines, but actually to study and report on the political situation. The prospect of seeing a young colony in the making was attractive, and the fact that it was likely to be a storm-centre made it more so.

Anyone who desires a first-hand, accurate, and unprejudiced account of the circumstances which led up to that now half-forgotten event known as the Jameson Raid cannot be better advised than to read Younghusband's *South Africa of Today*. Written in 1896 and published in the following year it was in great demand until the Boer War, which it foreshadowed, partially eclipsed it; since then the eclipse has been, naturally enough, almost total. It has the advantage of authorship by a man specially chosen and peculiarly equipped for the task, and the merits of clarity in style and impartiality in judgment.<sup>1</sup>

Objective in outlook, conscientious and straightforward in expression, Younghusband is always at his best as a descriptive writer. He devotes an opening chapter to an informative estimate of the resources of the Transvaal, and another to a sketch of its history from the end of the 17th century when the colonization of the Cape, by a mixed emigration of Dutch and French Huguenot settlers, began. Having the virtues of courage, resolution, stubborn independence, vigilance against attack, and the strong religious faith which is born of a puritanical temper, they had also the defects of mental and physical indol-

<sup>1</sup> It is amplified in his book *The Light of Experience* (1927) by reminiscences of his contacts with the leading personalities in the drama as well as of the part he played behind the scenes.



ence in a land where the climate is kind, nature prolific, and native labour abundant ; incapable of cohesion or self-government, they always resented and resisted authority, even when it was self-imposed. Early, the oppression of Dutch officials in Cape Town drove them with their wives and families, flocks and herds, northwards across the veldt. A century later the reins of government passed from Dutch to British hands. Then in 1836 came the Great Trek across the Orange River into the Transvaal and Natal. Weak in prosperity they were strong in adversity, and in 1880 the Transvaal immigrants declared their independence. Being themselves uneducated they hired educated men from Europe to transact their public affairs ; but, finding their independence threatened by this expedient, they again united against the common danger. A nation of sturdy, self-reliant farmer-soldiers, never paid to fight, they had for two centuries maintained themselves against black men and against white. Happy in their domestic life, having strong family affections, free-hearted among themselves and open-handed, they had nevertheless, from close contact since childhood with the Kaffirs (whom they regarded as their natural slaves), lost that sense of veracity which was the virtue of their ancestors.

Summing up, then, the characteristics of the Boers, we may call them excellent pioneers, with marvellous powers of physical endurance ; a brave, self-reliant people, with high military aptitude ; peace-loving, yet ever ready to defend their independence ; slow to move, but bitter and obstinate when roused ; suspicious, but credulous, and sensitive to ridicule and criticism ; genial, hospitable, and affectionate in their family relationships ; a large-hearted people and, as a result of their stern life, possessed of a broad common-sense not always attained by more highly-educated nations ; yet at the same time a people who, from their tendency to shirk the competition of modern life and from the effect of their surroundings, have become indolent and devoid of any ambition beyond independence, deficient in honesty and veracity, ignorant, unprogressive, and in the most important respects two centuries behind other European nations. . . . A pastoral and nomadic people, impatient of control, sparsely distributed over an open country, with no natural barriers such as seas or mountains, would naturally tend to split up ; they would have little cohesion, and would gradually separate into a number of small communities.

Their Constitution was democratic in principle, but in fact patri-

archially despotic. In domestic policy the Volksraad could over-rule the President, but when—as during the recent period of intermittent disturbances—security was threatened from without, he was virtually supreme. It was for this reason that President Kruger, who thoroughly understood his people, had remained in office for fifteen years. But during this period the Uitlanders had come to outnumber the Boers by nearly two to one ; it was they who provided the wealth of the nation, but were subject to the heaviest taxation, and had no voice in the Government. They were in fact treated with less liberality than the natives of India by the British Government. For years they had remonstrated, but were without redress. Though their population was thoroughly cosmopolitan the majority were of British stock, and were the least likely to put up with incompetence and injustice.

Industry is as characteristic of the Uitlander as indolence is of the Boer. . . . If they are characterized by a gambling spirit which makes them nervous and excitable in comparison with their more stolid neighbours and if, from having to fight their way through the mass of unprincipled men who flock to a gold-field, and from leading a life free from the restraints of social opinion, few among them are either honest or truthful,—yet their wonderful enterprise and initiative must be admitted, and not many could be found who have had to work so hard, risk so much, and often undergo hardship to gain their money. They have no religion nor strong family ties to unite them ; for practically the only religion of the Uitlander is the religion of work, and the greater proportion are unmarried or have left their wives behind. Nor have they had experience of that military co-operation which has been the main cause of union among the Boers. But they have brought with them the business principles of modern countries, and they know the value of voluntary co-operation in the midst of competition. They possess, therefore, a faculty of which the Boers know nothing—of voluntary combination ; and as a result they have individuality and initiative. In so far, then, as the Uitlanders, not being formed into a separate state, possess organization, that organization has many elements of efficiency. As a body, they lack the steadying effect which old-established institutions and tradition give, but they have the advantage of being able readily to adapt themselves to new requirements. And this adaptability

to the needs of the occasion is likely to show itself in political life as it has already in industrial.

Enterprise, an irresistible force, found itself in contact with stolidity, an inert mass ; and none could foresee the outcome.

The headquarters of the Boers was in Pretoria, where they did nothing but sit and legislate ; that of the Uitlanders was round Johannesburg, where they worked hard and contributed the bulk of the revenue. The Boers regarded them with deep suspicion, and they the Boers with sullen discontent. It was true that, as things then were, the miners themselves were content with their wages, which were high ; but things would be different at the present rate of immigration which, if continued, would result in a falling market and in unemployment.

On arrival at Cape Town in mid-December, Younghusband went at once to ask Cecil Rhodes for information concerning the position in the Transvaal, but "found him anything but forthcoming". Rhodes invited him to dinner but "talked in a dreamy, soliloquizing way about many things" ; affected an ungracious manner ; and concerning the Transvaal referred him to his brother Colonel Frank Rhodes in Johannesburg. Thither accordingly Younghusband went, and found the Colonel, who invited him to stay indefinitely, most hospitable, kind, and confidential. From him and from the other leaders of the political agitation—the Reformers—who met frequently at his house he learnt much, and found "the atmosphere tense with conspiracy". Arms, they told him, were being secretly imported ; help was coming from British territory ; Jameson was ready to reinforce them from over the border when they were themselves ready to strike ; they meant to rise and seize the Government. But it was a big risk. Few at present were 'in the know' ; numbers were needed to ensure success, but with numbers there grew also the risk of exposure. (Listening to this talk with detachment, Younghusband reflected how difficult would secrecy be in the case of a rebellion in India, and also how difficult would be its detection.) But the Reformers were not revolutionaries at heart, and before the end of the month their ardour had cooled considerably. They asked Younghusband to go back to Rhodes in Cape Town, and request him to stop Jameson at once from entering the Transvaal to support a revolt, as that revolt could not be made—yet. On the 28th, however, Charles Leonard, Chairman of the Transvaal National Union, issued

a challenging Manifesto which declared for a genuine, free, and independent Republic—pending a general meeting to be held on January 6th.

I arrived at Cecil Rhodes' house at the time I had arranged with him, and found him seated in the verandah with about a dozen men looking as if they had nothing on earth to do except loaf all day long. He hardly noticed me when I joined in, but after a time said to me, "Where have you come from?" "Johannesburg," I replied. "How are things going there?" he asked. "Much the same as usual," I said. And he then began talking to the others. But presently he said casually to me, "Have you seen my hydrangeas? I should like you to see them." And off he lounged with me up the garden. But as soon as we were out of earshot he said, "Now tell me sharp what you have to say; we can't be away long or those fellows will be suspicious." I told him that the Johannesburgers were not for it and wanted Jameson stopped. He said, "What! do you mean to say that there is not a man in Johannesburg who will get up and lead a revolution and not mind if he's shot?" "Apparently there isn't," I said. "Would you do it yourself?" he asked. "Certainly not," I replied. "I don't want to lead revolutions in Johannesburg." He gave his customary grunt as if he thought the whole crowd, including myself, were a white-livered lot; and then he said as Johannesburg would not rise he would telegraph and stop Jameson.

Younghusband returned immediately with this news to the Reformers; but only a couple of days later, on December 30th, the startling report came that Jameson, ignoring Rhodes' message, was already marching to Johannesburg.

I well remember the looks of utter dumbfoundedness with which the news was received. It simply took men's breath away: the audacity of the move, and the awful consequences which it might involve. And upon none did it produce a greater sense of consternation than on the leaders of the political agitation.

They knew well that Dr. Jameson and his force had been on the Bechuanaland border for the past month, waiting and ready to come to their assistance when the need should arise; but they had made every effort to prevent his coming before they themselves were ready.

They had even given into his hands, when he was himself in Johannesburg six weeks before, the famous "Women and Children" letter, a provisional request for military aid *should disturbance arise*. But the disturbance had not arisen; on the contrary, the President had actually shown signs of taking notice of the Leonard Manifesto and had made promises. Moreover, the Reformers themselves were far from ready. A block on the railway had held up their expected supply of rifles; they needed and were expecting ten times that number. And finally, on comparing notes, they found that they had only three or four hundred men on whom they could depend. Their hand was forced, and prematurely. Nevertheless, without panic but in good heart, they dealt out what weapons they could, formed corps, and commenced drilling. Till then it was certain that the majority had not wished to fight, but now, in sight of these steady and efficient preparations, realizing that they had at last a fighting chance, and also that neutrality was no longer possible, they boldly joined forces with the Johannesburg insurgents.

On the evening of the 31st the Boer Government under General Joubert in Pretoria requested a deputation from Johannesburg to come and discuss arrangements for the avoidance of a conflict; and it was agreed on both sides that neither should meanwhile take any action against the other; that Johannesburg should retain its defensive attitude, and that Pretoria should not attack or invest it. There was, however, no agreement that action should not be taken against Dr. Jameson. Almost at the same time came a proclamation from the High Commissioner repudiating his action, and calling upon all British subjects in the Transvaal to render him no assistance. This was communicated also by telegram to the Reform Committee who, after considering it, authorized their representatives in Pretoria to inform the Government that, if they would allow Dr. Jameson to enter Johannesburg without opposition, they would guarantee with their lives to send him back. But meanwhile the High Commissioner was himself on the way to Pretoria to effect a settlement; so the Reform Committee despatched a member to meet Dr. Jameson with a copy of the Proclamation and induce him to stop. Meanwhile, however, rumour reached the city that Jameson had already engaged a detachment of Boers near Krugersdorp with success, and he expected to make a triumphal march into the city within a matter of hours. Such was his popularity among the Uitlanders, and so great their

admiration of his audacity, that "they would have given him an unparalleled ovation, accepted him as their future leader, and followed him unquestioningly through everything". When, therefore, on January 2nd he was within reach of the city, Younghusband rode out with a Dutch-speaking companion, Mr. Heygate, to meet him.

Galloping over the grassy plains about twelve miles out we met a Boer patrol, who pointed their rifles at us in an unpleasant manner; but we held up our hands to show that we were unarmed, and they let us pass on. On cresting a ridge we suddenly saw beneath us, near the hamlet of Vlakfontein, two bodies of men who we thought were on the point of attacking each other, till one party turned round and slowly marched back towards Krugersdorp. By the regularity of its movements we knew it could only be Dr. Jameson's force. . . . We then rode straight into a Boer Commando, and I went up to the Commandant, Cronje, told him I was Correspondent of *The Times*, and asked for news. He said the news was that Jameson had just surrendered, and that I might go and see him and his men being marched off. We were allowed to ride up to the retiring column, but not to converse with the officers and men, who were riding along in their shirt-sleeves unarmed between escorts of Boers. They looked terribly tired, but were as hard and determined a lot as could be brought together, and the bravery which they had displayed earned the unstinted admiration of the Boers.

They had marched for ninety hours and during the last twenty-four hours had fought almost constantly, with but a few hours' sleep on the whole journey and no time in which to cook their food. They had been out-manœuvred by the Boers, posted behind kopjes, into a shallow hollow from which they could not force a way out. They were utterly exhausted. "The whole affair was bad in its inception and miserably managed. No one knew better than Jameson what a horrible blunder he had made; and no man ever did more than he did to retrieve a blunder."

A detailed account of the raid was jotted down by Younghusband on the spot, as follows:

Field-cornet Potchefstroom told us that yesterday Jameson first attacked the Boer force at the George and Mary mine, two miles north-west of Krugersdorp (a small mining township)

twenty-one miles west of Johannesburg. Fighting took place from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m., Jameson making three principal attacks and doing great damage with his artillery which the Boers, having then no guns, were unable to reply to. He said that both then and to-day Jameson's men behaved with the greatest gallantry, and also that admirable arrangements had been made at Krugersdorp for nursing the wounded of both sides. This morning the Boers took up a position at Vladfontein—eight miles the Johannesburg side of Krugersdorp, on a circuitous road to the south by which Jameson was marching. During the night the Boers had been reinforced both with men and with artillery and maxims. Their position was exceedingly strong, on an open slope, but behind a ridge with rocks cropping up out of it. It was a right-angled position and Jameson attacked in the re-entering angle, thus having fire both in front and on flank. To attack, the men had to advance over perfectly open gently-sloping grass, while the Boers fired on them behind the rocks with rifles, artillery and maxims. The Boers, as far as I could see, were not much superior in numbers to Jameson's force of 700 men, but their position was unassailable, and Jameson, after making a desperate effort to break through, surrendered. I asked permission to see him but was refused, and it is, therefore, impossible to say why he surrendered, but it is known that he was made aware of the impossibility of sending assistance from Johannesburg. In any case it would have been no disgrace to have been beaten by so brave a foe as the Boers. These simple rough men, in ordinary dress with a rifle slung over their shoulders, spoke in feeling terms of the fine courage shown by their assailants. They were perfectly calm even in this their first flush of victory and without a trace of boastfulness. They simply said the thing was impossible and hence the present result. They only knew of about twenty of Jameson's men killed—no officer.

Younghusband galloped back as hard as he could go to Johannesburg, sent off his telegram announcing the surrender,<sup>1</sup> and then went

<sup>1</sup> The full text of Younghusband's despatch to *The Times* is given in pp. 145-146 of *The Transvaal from Within* (1900), by J. P. FitzPatrick, who was Secretary to the Reform Committee and suffered imprisonment with his colleagues. Of this book Lord Rosebery in a foreword wrote that "it bears on every page and in every sentence the mark of truth, and gives wholesale and in detail an extraordinary and appalling record of the way in which the Government of the Transvaal was carried on, and the subjection to which it reduced our fellow-countrymen there". FitzPatrick was also famous as the author of *Jock of the Bushveldt* and *The Outspan*.

straight into the Reform Committee Room. "I was the first to bring the news of the disaster."

The Reformers, whose position in the city was now quite helpless, desired him to go at once to Pretoria to ascertain what the feeling there was. Their case was indeed unenviable. An angry mob of their own citizens gathered round their offices, abusing them for having left Dr. Jameson in the lurch; and they could hope for but little mercy from the Boer Government. This was confirmed by Younghusband when he returned from an interview with General Joubert in Pretoria, where the principal talk was about "putting holes" through the Reformers. On hearing this, a few "who disliked having holes made in them said they had better off it to Cape Town while they could". But the four leaders who had signed the incriminating letter to Dr. Jameson never flinched for a moment.

Frank Rhodes, with that toss of his body so characteristic of him, and throwing out his legs, said that as he had gone in for the thing he was going to see it through at any cost. And George Farrar, with his usual tug at his moustache, similarly said that he for one was not going to run away now they were in a tight place. The other two who signed the letter—Lionel Phillips and John Hays Hammond—also determined to stay on and face the consequences, whatever they might be.

Apparently certain death, or at least a long imprisonment, awaited them on the one hand, and on the other they might quietly withdraw and in a few hours be out of all danger.

They were sentenced to death, though the sentence was eventually commuted to fines of £25,000 each. In imprisonment they were at first treated with extreme roughness—worse even than that accorded to Dr. Jameson and his officers. All England and all South Africa was appalled at the savagery of the death sentence. Younghusband bears witness to the fortitude with which it was borne, and vindicates them against the wholly unwarranted stigma of disloyalty. He makes it clear that "however much miscalculation and misunderstanding there may have been, there was no disloyalty", in the hope that "that deepest reproach of all upon the character of a man may be erased forever". And of them all he has the highest tribute for Colonel Frank Rhodes, whose motives were entirely disinterested.

But I may dwell for a moment on one pathetic figure, for whom no one can be so hard as not to feel some sympathy. It



is of the man who as a boy gained his cricketing colours on the playing-fields of Eton ; who for years served in one of the finest cavalry regiments of the British army ; who gained the D.S.O. for his gallantry on Herbert Stewart's hard desert march to the relief of Gordon at Khartoum ; who is the solitary survivor of Sir Gerald Portal's arduous mission to Uganda, and who, through loyalty to his younger brother, had engaged in an ill-fated scheme in which he had absolutely no personal interest, and which had now brought him, a colonel in the British Army, to the prisoner's dock, to be sentenced to death in a foreign country. . . . But what he must feel even harder than his death sentence, or the imprisonment in Pretoria gaol, or the fine of £25,000 imposed upon him, or the enforced resignation of his commission in the army and the consequent blighting of his whole career, is the persistency with which so many of his countrymen still believe that he and the other leaders were guilty of disloyalty to Dr. Jameson in not going out to meet him.

The whole political situation in South Africa was tense as a result of this abortive revolt. If Cecil Rhodes had entertained the idea of a United South Africa under the British flag, President Kruger was now believed to be equally ambitious to unite it under the Dutch. There was even talk of a repudiation of the London Convention, and of an attack by the Boers upon British Territory. Kruger was now in a position to pose before the world as the injured innocent. Young-husband, therefore, lost no time in seeking an interview with him, and with Joubert, and Chief Justice Kotze.

My interview with Kruger was especially interesting, for he is an altogether unique personality. In the old Puritan days there may have been men similar to him ; but certainly at the present day no one like him exists, and perhaps no one of his peculiar stamp will ever appear again. . . . Undoubtedly the principal impression given me was the rugged strength of the man. Here was one who had as a boy left the Cape Colony in the Great Trek of 1836, and spent his whole life in a struggle for independence. Personally brave and with a force of character which has bent the people who made him their leader to do his will, he has first made his country and then kept it intact from aggression. Uneducated in all else save the knowledge of human nature, he has skilfully guided his people through dangers which would have overcome most others. And if his constant reference to

Biblical texts give a stranger an impression of sanctimoniousness, this may be explained by the fact that the Bible is probably the only book he has ever read.

President Kruger cannot be numbered among the most enlightened and progressive rulers of the earth, and he has never shown indications of any feverish ambition to push his country higher up on the scale of civilization ; but he is astute, strong and firm ; he has one or two fixed ideas which he never departs from. . . .

On the present occasion I told him that I had seen and heard of the preparations which were being made, and I asked him what assurances he could give me on the subject. Sitting there in his well-known attitude in an upright armchair, smoking a huge pipe and expectorating profusely, he thumped upon the table at his side and bellowed back his answer, *that as long as his country was not attacked he would attack no one*. His people were scattered farmers and had no desire for the hardships of military service. If their country were invaded they willingly assembled for the defence, but they were in no way aggressively inclined. He acknowledged that his government was making considerable military preparations, but the Transvaal had been wantonly invaded once, and he must guard against its being similarly invaded again. . . . As he rose to say good-bye, he again repeated to me most emphatically that I might tell people in England that unless we attacked him he would never attack us.

I asked him if he could hold out any hopes of granting the Uitlanders the franchise. Yes, to all who were loyal to the State. What, I asked, was his test of such loyalty ? The taking up of arms in its defence. He distrusted the ordinary Uitlanders and especially the burghers of the city. They had once torn down the Transvaal flag, and had even hooted him, he said. That, to a man of Kruger's stamp, is unforgettable ; conciliation would not be his line, but rather dogged opposition and isolation. When I remarked that the Uitlanders furnished about five millions sterling out of the five-and-a-half millions which the revenue produced, but were not allowed one single word in regard to its expenditure, he simply said that they were at any rate free to make as much money as they pleased, and he asked me to name any people who were less heavily taxed than they were. When I showed him that the Uitlanders of the Transvaal paid about ten times as much as the people of Great Britain, he merely said that he had not heard it before. . . .

Younghusband attended several sittings of the Volksraad, and was confirmed thereby in his impression both of the sturdiness of the President and of his exasperating stubbornness. Dressed in an old black frock-coat with a broad vivid green sash over his shoulder, he sat beside the Chairman on a raised dais, round which the members sat in semi-circular rows. Rough-bearded men, in sombre black, they were reminiscent of "a country vestry meeting in an English parish". One after another they would rise and speak with great volubility and much gesticulation, but with little attempt at reasoning. Sometimes the Chairman himself would join, and still more frequently the President.

On my first visit there I saw Mr. Kruger, almost before the original speaker had finished, rise and roar in his deep big voice at the meeting, and almost break the table with his violent thumps upon it. I thought that something very important must be under debate, but was told that they were merely debating whether some minor official's salary should be cut down or increased. Mr. Kruger is always emphatic upon whatever subject he speaks. But when he wishes to really enforce a point he comes round to his great stock argument that the independence of the country would be endangered if what he wishes is not agreed to. This is unfailing, but must surely now be getting a little threadbare.

Much as he could not help admiring the old man's character and personality, Younghusband felt that he would only have received his just deserts if Jameson's raid had succeeded, and he had been turned out of office.

He returned to England in April and spent a week-end with the proprietor of *The Times*, where he met Lord Wolseley who said that "everybody was blaming everybody else for the Raid, but the only person he blamed was the man who put in Frank Rhodes to lead a revolution". He also met Joseph Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. "He had very clear, clean-cut ideas, and expressed them incisively. He had not much patience with the Reformers, but said that if Kruger attempted to carry out the death sentence on them it would mean war." In July *The Times* asked him to return to South Africa, go all round it and report again on the whole situation.

I went back to Johannesburg and Pretoria, had another interview with Kruger, now coming much under the influence of the Germans, whom Dr. Leyds was teaching him to look upon as a

counterpoise to the British, and then travelled through the Free State, visited Basutoland, saw something of the eastern province of Cape Colony, drove across Pondoland to Natal, returned to Pretoria, and from there went to Delagoa Bay, took a steamer to Port Beira, and, in a wagon with Harry Cust, trekked from Massa Kessi to Fort Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland.

He arrived in Bulawayo at the conclusion of the Matabele campaign. The fact that there had been a rebellion did not surprise him. The newly-formed Chartered Company of Rhodesia "had not the men to govern with". They were petty traders whose only qualification was that they could speak the native language, but they had no instinct for administration, and "in all good faith they did things which alarmed and irritated the Mashonas. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the Mashonas proceeded to massacre every white man they could lay hands on."

In Salisbury he stayed with Cecil Rhodes for a fortnight. The great empire-builder was in a somewhat chastened mood.

He made what in his curious way was meant to be his amends to me. 'I was rude to you at Cape Town wasn't I?'—'Well, yes, you were,' I replied.—'I was damned rude, wasn't I?'—'As you put it that way, you were,' I said. He gave me a grunt of satisfaction. Quite frankly, I did not take to him even then. He surrounded himself with a court of quite inferior men, and a lot of his talk was dreadful rubbish. . . . But I made a mistake in being put off by his idiosyncrasies. I failed to see the bigness of the man. . . . His settlement with the Matabele in the Matoppo hills was a fine example of his methods at their best, and of the influence of his personality. He hated danger. He was a business man, and from a business point of view it was silly to risk your life when you might be safe. Yet, when circumstances required it, he could screw himself up to face danger as composedly as the bravest. . . . It was a fine feat, and is a standing example of the wisdom of letting wisdom go by the board; and all the more remarkable because he was then without any official position whatever and was at the bottom of his luck. . . .

Allowing for all Rhodes' defects of character, defects of insight into men and matters, and mistakes in method, Younghusband recognized

that he was in his way a genius and that "at heart he was a great gentleman".

"Political events are always difficult to forecast, but in the case of a new country like the Transvaal it is especially necessary to make some attempt to forecast the future." The latter half of Young-husband's book is mainly devoted to this attempt, and also to a forecast of the probable trend of events in the Rhodesias. It is a reasoned and reasonable assessment of the balance of probabilities in a very complex situation. He criticizes the dilatory policy of the British Government which, blind to its opportunities and neglectful of its responsibilities, had led to a condition of affairs in the whole of South Africa which adequate foresight might have prevented; and the intolerant, obstructive policy of the Boers which, under President Kruger, provoked hostility from the very men who in ten years' time would turn the Transvaal into one of the great industrial centres of the world. "If this state of affairs continues, a revival of trouble on a greater scale may certainly be expected. . . . Gratitude is not to be expected between nations, but each has to see that it is used with justice by the other." He also foresees a probable rival in Germany.—He gives an astonishingly accurate forecast of the probable future of Rhodesia, as it unfolds itself before his eyes "as it were upon the just-invented Edisonian system of moving pictures"; emphasizes the necessity of "regarding the interests of the natives as inseparable from the interests of the country"; and concludes that on the whole and in the main "the pushing Chartered Company, spirited and generous as it has always shown itself, can do more for them (both black and white) than the slow and righteous Imperial Government ever would".—He considers all the factors—industrial, economic, geographical, and psychological—that should be taken into account in order to solve the whole complex political situation in South Africa.

When in Natal he was made acquainted with a Mr. Gandhi, then the leading merchant in Durban, but was not convinced by his arguments in favour of wholesale immigration of Indians into that colony. "He is the spokesman of the Indian community, and is a particularly intelligent and well-educated man, who has studied for three years in England and lives in a well-furnished villa at Durban." Gandhi invited him to a dinner where he met several other high-caste Indians, and together they ventilated to him their "grievances", which were

many. They claimed complete liberty in the colony on the ground of their status there as British subjects. Younghusband, however, was of opinion that such a claim was not justified.

The law of self-preservation is the first law of being ; and when we find young men in England advised against going to Natal and elsewhere in South Africa because the position they might have filled is now occupied by Indians, we need not be surprised that the colonists are so determined to restrict the immigration . . . And Indians have no great right to complain even if immigration is restricted ; for during all the centuries of the past they might have done with Natal what British colonists with courage and enterprise and resource have now accomplished. It can therefore be no special hardship or injustice to them if the colonists allow them to eat of the fruit of the tree of their own labours in limited quantities, and refuse to permit them to bear down the whole tree.

In the space of a brief chapter it is impossible to do even approximate justice to the political acumen, the moderation, fair-mindedness, attention to details and grasp of essentials, which Younghusband displays in this study of the South African scene. In default of such, we conclude it with a scrap of writing in one of his note-books, dated May 1899, while in Central India, and headed "Transvaal Situation".

Necessity to consider the situation without much reference to present actors on the spot. One cannot have much sympathy with the present-day Uitlander ; personally he is considerably less attractive than the Boer. The latter has a history and a romantic one ; he is a sturdy individual with an idea thoroughly imbued in his character—independence ; and for that idea he is perfectly ready to lay down his life. The ruling idea in the mind of the Uitlanders is money-making : for that idea they are not ready to lay down their lives, but they are quite ready to leave their country. In fact they all swore to do so in 1896 when they swore allegiance to the Republican Flag.

But the natural sympathy of Englishmen with the sturdy character of the Boers, and the involuntary dislike which often arises for pure money-grabbers, must not be allowed to cloud the judgment or blind us to the true elements in the situation.

What it comes to is this—that the Boers, a brave but an ignorant and backward people, are abrogating to themselves a very rich portion of the earth's surface, and by wasting it are making

mankind the poorer. Who can doubt that if the Transvaal had been in the hands of a civilized European power for the last twenty years, and especially if it had been in the hands of that power which holds the remaining part of South Africa and the outlet to the sea, it would now be twice its present population, and furnishing a living to perhaps millions who are now almost starving in Europe?

Have the Boers the right to stand in the way of progress? They have not been in the country for even a century; they were the pioneers, it is true; but others followed very shortly after and it was they, not the Boers, who discovered and developed its resources.

The Boers must be forced to surrender their present position,—but not by the Uitlanders themselves. Money-making men form a very useful part of the body politic—as the sustaining system does in the individual. But they have very little idea of public affairs or of regulating political conduct. Their business is to supply and they supply very well. It is not their business to rule and guide, and they consequently do it very badly, whenever they are called upon to do so. They might therefore be guided and ruled and controlled by those whose business it is to guide, rule, and control; that is, by the British Government through its Agent in Pretoria. It should be the Government and not the Uitlander who should take the initiative.

The object of that initiative should be . . .

Unfortunately the writing ends there. No doubt he would have made the objective explicit; but in general terms it may be summarized by a sentence in his book: “The future prosperity of the country depends upon whether those who have fought for it and those who have worked for it may be welded together into a united community.”

Again in 1900:

Everybody is astonished at the Boer armament, and it is taken for granted as evidence of the intention for a long time to establish a Dutch Republic. But it may be noted that every arm and ammunition now used has been imported since the Raid. At the time of the Raid none but Martinis. At that time, it was evident that leading men in South Africa did not think much of Boer strength or they would hardly have attempted to rush to the Transvaal with a few hundred men. It is a fact too that at that time Dutch colonial opinion was against the Boers of the Trans-

vaal and I doubt if a single one would have given his adherence to the plea of the Dutch Republic. The entire situation was changed by the Raid.—So much for history.

What would have been best to do at the time? Not much good making such reflections after the events. But yet they may help as a guide for future action. Well then, our best action would probably have been to still more distinctly repudiate the Raid by punishing its author, but at the same time to have sent troops to South Africa and called upon the Boers to stop arming, and redress grievances.

Finally, what should be our future course of action? . . .



## Chapter XV

### MARRIAGE: RAJPUTANA AND INDORE

**Y**OUNGHUSBAND concluded his book *The Heart of a Continent* with some well-considered observations on missionary enterprise in China, and on the effects produced upon himself by his travels. As regards the first :

I do not think that a mere casual traveller like myself ought to presume to judge in too assured a way the many really earnest men who, taking their lives in their hands, have gone out to impart to the Chinese a religion which they believe would help to elevate and rouse those ignorant of its blessings. . . .

And after stressing this point he continues :

I may say at once that my sympathies are entirely with the missionaries, and having seen the noble men I have met with in the far interior of China, and realized the sacrifices they have made, I say that the hearts of all true Englishmen and of all true Christian nations ought to go out to encouraging and helping those who have given up everything in this life to do good to others. I only wish that those who from the prosperous, comfortable homes of their native country so severely criticize missionary enterprise, could see one of those splendid French missionaries whom I met in North Manchuria, and who had gone out there for his life and would never see his home again. I feel sure that any fair-minded Englishman would see that this was a real man—a man to whom his sympathies might truly go out, and who was really likely to contribute to the elevation of the human race.

But he agrees with the critics that there are many missionaries who fall far short of that high level, and it is these unfortunately who, having never penetrated beyond the fringes of civilization, are the most frequently met with, and have often given cause for criticisms that are only too just. They are like camp-followers in the van of an army who prefer the base to the firing line. But it is not by these that genuine missionary enterprise should be judged. His own criterion is pragmatic—"by their fruits ye shall know them". Do

they make their converts better men than they were before, and are they better men themselves?—To intercalate the ideal, example is always better than precept. And if precept becomes dogma, it is worse than unedifying. As for the Christian missionary who can see no truth whatever in any religion other than his own, he had much better stay at home. Religion is a universal human aspiration and it is common to all peoples. And very many professed Buddhists and Mohammedans “lead lives not clearly worse than Christians”. Their devotion also is not less :

I remember the rude Mongols, far away in the midst of the Gobi Desert, setting apart in their tents the little altar at which they worshipped. I recall nights spent in the tents of the wandering Kirghiz, when the family of an evening would say their prayers together ; I think of the Afghan and Central Asian merchants visiting me in Yarkand, and in the middle of their visits asking to be excused while they laid down a mat on the floor and repeated their prayers ; of the late Mehtar of Chitral, during a morning’s shooting among the mountains, halting, with all his court, for a few minutes to pray ; and lastly, of the wild men of Hunza, whom I had led up a new and difficult pass, pausing as they reached the summit to offer a prayer of thanks, and ending with a shout of “Allah !”

As regards the second, his own impressions of travel, he attains a degree of eloquence not surpassed in his later writings. A traveller in such various scenes and climes, and among so many types of the human race, by whom he is constantly questioned about the natural phenomena around them, is compelled, he says, to reflect on the immense gulf that separates his knowledge from theirs, as well as upon the meanings of the things he sees, and further, “his fancy inevitably wanders into fields of discovery yet to come”.

No one, indeed, who has been alone with Nature in her purer aspects, and seen her in so many different forms, can help pondering over her meanings ; and though, in the strain and stress of travel, her deepest messages may not have reached my ear, now, in the aftercalm, when I have all the varied scenes as vividly before me as on the day I saw them, and have moreover leisure to appreciate them and feel their fullest influence, I can realize something of her grandeur, the mighty scale on which she works, and the infinite beauty of all she does.

It was in his long, lonely marches across the Gobi Desert (when he was only twenty-three) that the wonders of the universe entered into him and became part of the structure of his soul. "There, before me, was nothing *but* Nature. The boundless plain beneath, and the starry skies above." He had brought with him a book on astronomy, which he read by day as he read the stars themselves—"in the far, original depths of Nature"—during the long night marches. "In those pure skies the stars shone out in unrivalled brilliancy, and hour after hour I would watch them in their courses over the heavens, and think on what they are and what they represent, and try to realize the place which we men hold in the universe stretched out before me." He thought of their inconceivable number, their immeasurable distances, their stupendous sizes and velocities. And what lay beyond them? Is the universe infinite or finite? Will they eventually burn themselves out "till the whole universe is a whirling vortex of dead worlds? or are life and heat to come to them again by impact with one another, or in some yet unknown manner"? And what is happening in them now? . . . He thought of primitive men whom he had met in remote mountain valleys, to whom their valley was their whole world: who knew nothing of cultivated plains, or of the ocean; to whom such things as a railway or a telegraph would seem supernatural, and the men who could invent and make them as of an altogether superior order to themselves. He thought of the children of the desert for whom the little ball of fire they saw by day and the tiny specks they saw by night were really no more than they seemed to be; and the apparently illimitable desert a flat expanse which constituted the whole world. May there not then exist in other worlds beings of an intelligence and a spirituality vastly greater than our own?

Man is the highest form of living being in this single little world of ours—this little speck, which is to the universe as the smallest grain of sand to the stretch of the seashore. But is he the highest in the whole universe? Are not the probabilities overwhelmingly in favour of his not being so? Would it not be the veriest chance if, among all these millions of worlds, this one on which we live should have happened to develop the highest being?

Might there not be other beings in those other worlds with powers of vision which, compared with ours, could be both telescopic and

microscopic ; and with senses, not only keener than, but also different from ours ; with telepathic faculties of communication ; or longer lived, measuring their life-span by centuries instead of years, and thus accumulating stores of knowledge and experience far beyond our capacity ? There was the possibility too of intercommunication within the vast stellar spaces ; and of societies “ as superior to our own as ours is to the savage, where culture of the mind, where sympathy and love, and all that is noblest in man’s moral nature, have attained their highest development, and are given fullest play.” . . .

And yet, from the opposite point of view, how enormous to our seeing is this tiny mote of star-dust which we inhabit, whose magnitude, compared with that of its sun (itself an inconsiderable orb), is as that of a pin’s head to an orange. Those colossal mountains he had seen, and which now rose again before his mind’s eye in all their massive grandeur—the Tian-shan, K.2, Nanga Parbat and the rest—they were to the earth in which they were rooted but as the roughnesses on the rind of an orange to the whole fruit, scarcely perceptible to a spectator from another sphere.—And what of all the multifarious forms of existence to which this world, so huge and yet so little, gave life ? Its countless tribes of men and animals, its teeming swarms of birds and fishes and insects, its multitude of trees and plants and marvellous wealth of flowery beauty—are they not all branches of the same primordial root ? To what goal are they progressing, and upon what lines of evolution ? And as for humanity, is it not possible that for man there is a line of growth beyond the intellectual—namely, the moral and the religious ? For “ the brain capacities of primitive man are no smaller than those of civilized man, and his mental abilities are no less ”. The future line of advance for men lies in their recognition of their responsibilities as integral members of a social whole, “ in the subordination of their individual interests to the well-being of the whole society to which they belong ”.

Nowhere has this principle been more deeply impressed than on the society formed by the Christian religion, and may we not then conclude that, if that society now finds itself foremost in all the societies of the world, it is so because of the inherent superiority of the principles which it professes ?

★   ★   ★   ★   ★

But there was also another influence—a private one—to which at

this period of his life Frank Younghusband owed much. This was his friendship with a lady who, since his return to India after his winter in Kashgar, became his confidante and filled the place in his affections then vacant by the loss both of his mother and his love. In the spring of 1892 he was appointed Assistant Resident of Kashmir, where this lady's husband was an unofficial resident ; and until his marriage five years later, though they met infrequently, they corresponded constantly. On both sides the friendship was entirely open and unembarrassed. His first letter is dated from Gulmarg on 23rd May 1892 :

We have seen so much of each other lately and have gradually become friends, that I feel I should like to tell you one great thing about my life, a thing which I can hardly bear to speak about but which I should like you to know.

Eight years ago when I was a very young subaltern I fell in love with a girl and knowing it was no use thinking of marrying then, I set to work to gain myself a good position and took to this travelling. Four years afterwards, and after I had made my first big journey, I proposed but was refused for the time, but was eventually accepted. Then when my parents heard of the engagement they were very much against it, naturally perhaps, fearing that it might ruin my prospects of a career. The engagement was accordingly broken off and I immediately set out on another journey, remained a few months in India and then started off again on my last journey. While I was away this last time my parents wrote and said they no longer had any objections to my being married and I again wrote and proposed. I had to wait four and a half months for the answer, and then I heard that she was engaged to someone else. Five days later, I got the news—totally unexpected—that my mother had died, and these two shocks broke me down in a way I have not yet entirely recovered from, and have made me feel ever since nervous and uncertain when I am not really absorbed in a thing. I have been so much alone that I have got to shudder and shrink from solitude and from myself, and you cannot know what a relief it is to feel that I have at any rate one friend near me who knows about it all. I am all right and strong and cheerful and don't mean to have anything to do with desponding or moping or looking on the black side of things ; it is only that I feel a bit weak at times, and it really does relieve me just to tell you. . . .

[A few days later.] I am just struggling with myself to keep

from dreaming of all the past and the longings in my heart, and to try and get on with everyday life but I cannot bring myself to do it. My thoughts will go wandering off and the longing to have some one who should be all in all to me is so intense I can hardly bear up at times. I feel just as in a race when all the strength has gone out of you. I am not despondent though—I do know how much good and how much brightness there is in life. It is only that since that love was taken out of my life my strength seems to have gone too and I find it so hard to stand alone.

But a few weeks later it was his part to play the rôle of comforter, when his new-found friend was bereaved of her favourite brother. This event set the seal on their mutual trust and understanding. In July of the same year he wrote to her of the deepest secret of his life.

You know me well enough now to know that I do not care for cant or to parade my religious feelings, but I have been tried so deeply in my life and have had such opportunities, as perhaps no other living man has had, of communion alone with God and Nature, that I often feel as though I had got closer to God than other men and that I can help those around me to understand Him better. No one who has seen what I have seen, and still more surely no one who has been *influenced* as I have been by those beauties and grandeurs, those scenes of peace and rest, those scenes of might and strength—and by that spring within me which has even made me feel at times as if one day, when I have been tried and proved and tempered sufficiently, I shall be able to give a *message to the world*—by the griefs and pains of disappointed love and of the loss of the dearest one of all—by the joys of sweet home-life and heart-deep friendships; no one who has been *influenced* as I have been by all these things can doubt that there must be an all-pervading *Spirit* in Nature that has caused this influence, and this Spirit is God, and this Spirit, this God, must and does work for good—that everything *improves*, and above all *man*—he always has been, is now, and always will be improving, struggling and striving on to a higher and more perfect life, and he is urged and influenced on to this by that all-pervading Spirit and the essence of that Spirit is *Love*. It is by love that man—individually and collectively—will be perfected and that was the message of Christ—though the old original simple message has been distorted and hidden by the creeds and doctrines of religious sects, like every other religion

that has ever been. . . . These are the higher promptings in me, but God knows and you know how miserably I fail to carry them out.

There followed his two years absence in Chitral, and then his year in South Africa, during which the correspondence continued at intervals. He had intended to make a round trip of Central Africa, but a bout of fever in Beira reminded him that he was always fitter in the snows than in the tropics. At the same time an entirely new thought had entered his mind : it was the idea of " settling down ". From Beira en route to Salisbury, on 31st October 1896, he wrote again to the same friend :

It does seem foolish of me not to have stayed in England, and again I am making more resolves to have a real good spell there. . . . I believe now that I should marry if I stayed any length of time. Of course I have no one in my mind. It is only that lately I have felt quite differently than I used to do about it, and this racketing life is beginning to tell on me and anyhow I think I shall definitely give up the Central African trip. . . .

His expectations were nearer fulfilment than he guessed, as the following letters show :

*18 April, 1897. London.* When are you coming down? The week after next I am going down to Wales to stay with my married sister. My father and sister Emmie will be going down to Haslemere the same day. I want so much to see you quietly later on to talk over a matter which is filling my mind just now but which I will not write about.

*26 April.* Yes, dearest friend, that is it. I have fallen in love and have wanted so much to tell you. . . . It came about on board ship coming home. . . . You are the only person besides my father and my sister Emmie that I have told. She has been to our home and my old father is very pleased indeed and likes her so much. My poor little sister is almost heart-broken at the thought of my marrying at all. She has been so looking forward to keeping house for me in India. . . .

On July 22 he was able to tell her that his engagement could now be made public. It was to Helen Augusta, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Magniac, M.P., and of the Hon. Augusta Fitzpatrick (daughter of Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory in Ireland). They had met in







WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, INDIA, 1903

WITH HIS DAUGHTER, AT BATH, 1913

South Africa and he, already captivated, had pressed his suit impulsively on the voyage home. She, however, was slow to respond and it was only after considerable hesitation that she came to a decision. Perhaps she realized more clearly than he did the differences in the lives they had led and the settings from which they came, and therefore the big adjustments that each would be called upon to make. When her decision was finally reached it was made without reserve and she never swerved in her loyalty to him during the fifty-five years of their married life. The wedding took place on August 11th in Datchet Church near Windsor.

The motives which prompted him to take this serious and irrevocable step were certainly not unmixed with self-regarding interests: "the strain of my solitary life was becoming more than I could bear"; it was also marked by a certain impetuosity: "everything seemed to come with a rush." It lacked the simple uncalculating spontaneity and freshness of his young first love. It lacked also the strength and depth of mutual companionship which his recent 'platonic' friendship had shown to be possible. His wife, some years his senior and belonging to a family well known in the London society of the day, brought to their partnership those social graces which he so much admired and felt himself to lack. She had Irish wit and capacity for quick repartee, and took for granted as a natural right the cultivated leisure and assured position of the life into which she had been born. She was widely read, particularly in French 18th century history, and she was deeply attached to the stately houses and beautiful things amongst which she had been brought up. Yet all this she left to make a new life with him and to go out to the unknown world of India. The range of his intellectual interests and the depth of his spiritual insight were outside her ken, just as her delight in social intercourse, in old furniture and pictures and *belles-lettres*, was alien to him. They were too profoundly different, both in temperament and upbringing, to be suited to each other, yet he was the light of life to her, while he gave to her a protective love and loyalty which went far beyond conventional affection. Where failure, recrimination and disillusionment might have been there was at the end of their lives a partnership in homely things and a full acceptance of each other. He had indeed failed to find the thing for which he yearned throughout his life, but she suffered perhaps still more as she continued year after year to give a devotion which

she knew was not returned. Thus out of the very failure of their marriage to give them what each had so eagerly hoped for and counted upon in its beginnings, they yet built something fine.

His new responsibilities as a husband, added to the arguments of his "affectionate friend" Harry Cust, that his real work still lay in India, induced him to defer indefinitely any plans for a different kind of career (though he had been offered a permanent post on the staff of *The Times*), and he sailed with his wife in November for Bombay to seek employment again in the Political Department. But "the Government showed no marked enthusiasm in welcoming me back". He was posted as third assistant to the Governor-General's Political Agent at Mount Abu in Rajputana, "the lowest appointment they could give me, and I did not bless them". But at least it gave him—"for the first time since I was a subaltern"—a house to live in, and a garden, as well as his first experience in central administration. The latter was not very inspiring. It was not "man to man dealing", as frontier life had been; it was all "paper work". Cases were dealt with by means of interminable correspondence, summaries made, and suggestions for "disposal" were then invited. But the responsibilities for decisions were not his: "If they were I would feel quickened to make them; when they were not, ideas simply would not come." And the matters for decision, though innumerable, were not epoch-making, though the deliberations upon each of them were weighty—such as: should a certain Resident be allotted another messenger? In this case, prestige must be balanced against economy. Or: a broad river separates two States; each of the disputing Maharajas claims the farther bank as boundary; each supports his claim by masses of documentary evidence dating from time immemorial. "A brilliant idea occurs to me; why shouldn't the boundary be in the *middle* of the river? But the suggestion, to my chagrin, is turned down." And so on, and so on.

"For nearly a year I groaned and wrote notes and compiled 'annual reports'; and then I went to Simla to see if nothing better than this were in store for me during the term of my natural existence." There was: he was almost at once posted as Political Agent at Deoli in Rajputana. But meanwhile he had been stricken—and his wife much more—by a loss: the death in infancy of their son; and on August 25th he wrote to his sister Emily from the Agency's headquarters on Mount Abu:

This has been a very sad time, and I could never have believed the loss of one so young and tiny could have affected us so much. Poor Helen is inconsolable. But to me there is something very sweet in the memory of our little one so soon taken from us. He was wonderfully intelligent-looking for a baby—in fact I am not sure his little brain did not work too much—and what pleased Helen so much was that he looked exactly like me. She misses him dreadfully and we had been so looking forward to bringing him up.

It is fortunate that we are to move from here so soon. I have to join at Deoli on Sept. 6th. Helen will follow later, for she is still weak and could not stand a journey. The work will be very interesting, for I shall have three states to look after—two Hindu (Bundi and Shahpura), and one Mohamedan (Tonk). Deoli itself is in British territory, so I shall have a great opportunity of comparing British and Native administration, which is just what I wanted. There is a large house, all the reception rooms of which are furnished by Govt., and Govt. have just sanctioned the expenditure of Rs. 2500 on new furniture. We shall have the spending of this sum ourselves. Then a Victoria and a pair of horses are kept up for the Agent's use by one State, another carriage and pair by another State, and a tonga by the third. Lastly I have Rs. 3000 from Govt. to spend on new tents. So we ought to do ourselves very fairly well.

There is a note of complacency in this last, which is unlike him. Domestic cares and occupations had their distinct allurements, and it is evident that he was "settling down" with a good will. (He had a hearty enjoyment of creature comforts when they came to him, and his idea of the acme of physical well-being was a life of hardship and privation interspersed with these.) His letter continues :

There is a local native Regt. permanently stationed there with three officers, and there is a doctor and a missionary. The place is about 60 miles by road from the railway at Nasirabad which was, I believe, uncle Romer's last command, when he was on the Staff there in 1854. We shall probably stay at Deoli till next April when I shall take leave to Simla and have a talk with George Curzon.

It was a relief to be once more in a position of responsibility, but it was a safe life, a tame life. "Over all there was the blight of security—guaranteed security. How lifeless in comparison with the

frontier !” It was apparent that the *Pax Britannica* was a coin having its reverse, as well as its obverse, side ; and the two of them hardly seemed to be of the same metal.

The Chiefs were safe on their gaddis—safe from outside invasion and from internal disturbance. But not thus safe because they had won safety with their own right arm, or by the exercise of character ; only because the power of the British Government was shielding them. They had a right by treaty to this protection. Nevertheless, it had a most enervating effect upon them. Peace is an excellent thing, no doubt, but it has its drawbacks as well as its benefits. The sap seemed to have gone out of these people. There was no spring in them ; they lived in a past. That past had, it is true, its lurid side. It was a state of perpetual warfare between State and State, and between all the States and bands of marauders and aspirants, like the Mahrattas, to the throne of Delhi. And no one could wish it back. Still, this warfare at least kept them from stagnation. And I kept wishing some means could be devised for preserving the full life and zest of these people while maintaining their security according to treaty. Could not some form of emulation be devised which would keep the blood red ?

But, to judge from jottings in his note-book, there were also racial characteristics to account for this, and they were in marked contrast to those of the tribes on the frontier : there was a congenital listlessness and apathy ; the people are “noisy in speech, slow in movement, disregardful of time ; invertebrate, patient, submissive, resigned ; sense of authority and servility very marked, e.g. servant being slightly superior to coachman issues orders in a most dictatorial manner”.—But although these people were thus effortlessly immune from battle, murder, and sudden death, they were not immune from the equally terrible scourges of plague, pestilence, and famine, as the black year of 1900 was to show. In the summer of 1899 the usual monsoon broke and then suddenly ceased ; the crops had sprouted but quickly withered. In British-administered India, supplied with railways, roads, and canals, a famine can be averted by means of transport ; but in native-administered States—and especially in one so backward and remote as Bundi—this is impossible. Young-husband’s note-book for July and August is filled with scribbled sentences and a mass of arithmetical calculations and statistics. He



would appear to be constantly riding from village to village, sometimes on horse-back, sometimes on camel-back, sleeping anywhere, organizing what relief he could from whatever sources; hopeful for the preservation, first, of the maize-crops where irrigated; then of the jowar-crops where wells or tanks existed; "half crop may be saved if rain falls in a fortnight (or a week)" is a frequent entry; the parched crops were cut for fodder; but soon the cattle died, and there was no milk. The cold weather brought some relief, but too little; when it was over the climax of exhaustion was reached.

By May 1900 the worst began. The people ate berries and leaves and roots. I even saw men seizing burnt human remains from the funeral piles and gnawing at them. Scorching winds blew across the parched-up plains. The sun was pitiless. The wells were nearly dry, and what water remained in them was unfit to drink, yet the people drank it, and as a result got cholera. Cholera then raged through the land. With pure water almost unobtainable, and the people in the last stage of emaciation in spirit as well as body, they were an easy prey to it. Children hideously thin and mothers like skeletons appealed piteously for help, and dead bodies lay everywhere by the roadside. June came and passed. The heat grew intense. The monsoon ought to have arrived by now. But this year of all others it was later than usual. Not a cloud was there in the sky. The sun still burnt down like a furnace. The first week in July passed, and still no sign of rain.

A week later it fell, and in torrents. And with it a miracle—six thousand plough-cattle from Southern India. "A deeper satisfaction I have never had than when I witnessed this scene. . . . It was like life coming out of the jaws of death." He pays tribute to the devotion of his assistants whom he names, and but for whose exertions he estimates that 50,000 people, who would otherwise have perished, survived, and also that of his wife who "in spite of the horrible sights all round, and of the cholera, and of the heat, bravely remained with me through all that dreadful time, and administered relief in Deoli itself from funds which our relations and friends collected in England". Of his own part in the tragedy he has left no record, but he was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal for his services. (The Maharajah, whom he had with difficulty persuaded to co-operate with himself and with the Government in their organization of

measures for relief, and who afterwards co-operated with a will, was decorated with the Order of G.C.I.E.)

On New Year's Day 1902 their previous loss was assuaged by the birth of a daughter, christened Eileen Louise. And a few weeks later they were invited by Lord Curzon, then Viceroy, to be his guests in Simla, saying that "I was not to look upon him as Viceroy, but as an old friend and fellow-traveller".

The first part of his injunction was difficult to obey. It would have taken a man with a larger imagination than I have not to look upon Lord Curzon as Viceroy. But all Viceregal pomposity vanished as he welcomed us. There was not a trace of it as he laid himself out to make us enjoy ourselves. He was just the warm-hearted English host doing a kindness to friends who had had a hard time. And never once afterwards, even in the most official dealings, did he treat me as anything else but a friend.

Early in 1902 Lord Curzon posted him to the Residency of Indore. This was a change from the tragic to the semi-comic. "Bundi was poor; Indore was rich. The Bundi Chief was a gentleman through and through. The Indore Chief was not distinguished for the refinement of his manners." Among the new Resident's tasks in Indore was that of "virtually deposing this Maharaja"—whose name was Holkar—"a very ticklish job as he was for periods insane". On one occasion he had harnessed the Indore bankers (whose profession he disliked) into the State coach and, getting on the box himself, had driven them round the city. At such times, in moments of ungovernable temper, he might become a danger—even to a British Resident.

The day I arrived, he left for his seat in the country. As he showed no signs of returning I wrote to him that I would visit him there in order to make his acquaintance. He asked me to bring my own cook with me, so that if I died it could not be said that he had poisoned me. —When I saw him at last he said that I might have heard that he was disloyal. I said that I had seen no mention of it in official reports. He said, "Well, I am. I hate the Government of India, and I hate all you Residents." This I could understand, for we must be very irksome to Chiefs. But we have to be . . . He continued, "But I am loyal to the Sovereign." This statement should not have astonished me, for

I knew well how deeply attached the ruling princes of India are to the Throne. But coming from a man of so untamed a nature as Holkar's, I certainly was surprised. He added that he had heard Queen Victoria spoken of as an ugly old woman. All he could say was that such people could never have seen her, for, if they had, they would have known that she was divine. To be in her presence was like being in a temple.

Younghusband was tactful but firm in his dealings with this gentleman, who, besides his oddities, had his good points. He was astute, many-sided, a good sportsman, by no means unpopular, of large ideas, but incapable of sustained concentration. A Durbar especially would excite him. Other Chiefs were amenable to preliminary instruction in ceremonial etiquette; not so Holkar. "I could only keep him entertained and in a good humour up to the last moment, give him a few words of quick advice and trust to luck." Holkar gave an embarrassing example of his loyalty to the Throne on the occasion of the arrival of the Duke of Connaught, when all the Chiefs were drawn up at the railway station in strict order of precedence to receive the Queen's son.

As his Royal Highness alighted, Holkar made a great plunge forward to greet him. It was purely an impulsive act, but it would have deeply offended the more senior Chiefs if Holkar shook hands first with the Duke. There was no time for words; I had to act. I firmly seized his coat-tails as he made the plunge. They were of the most gorgeous silk; but they held, and the situation was saved.

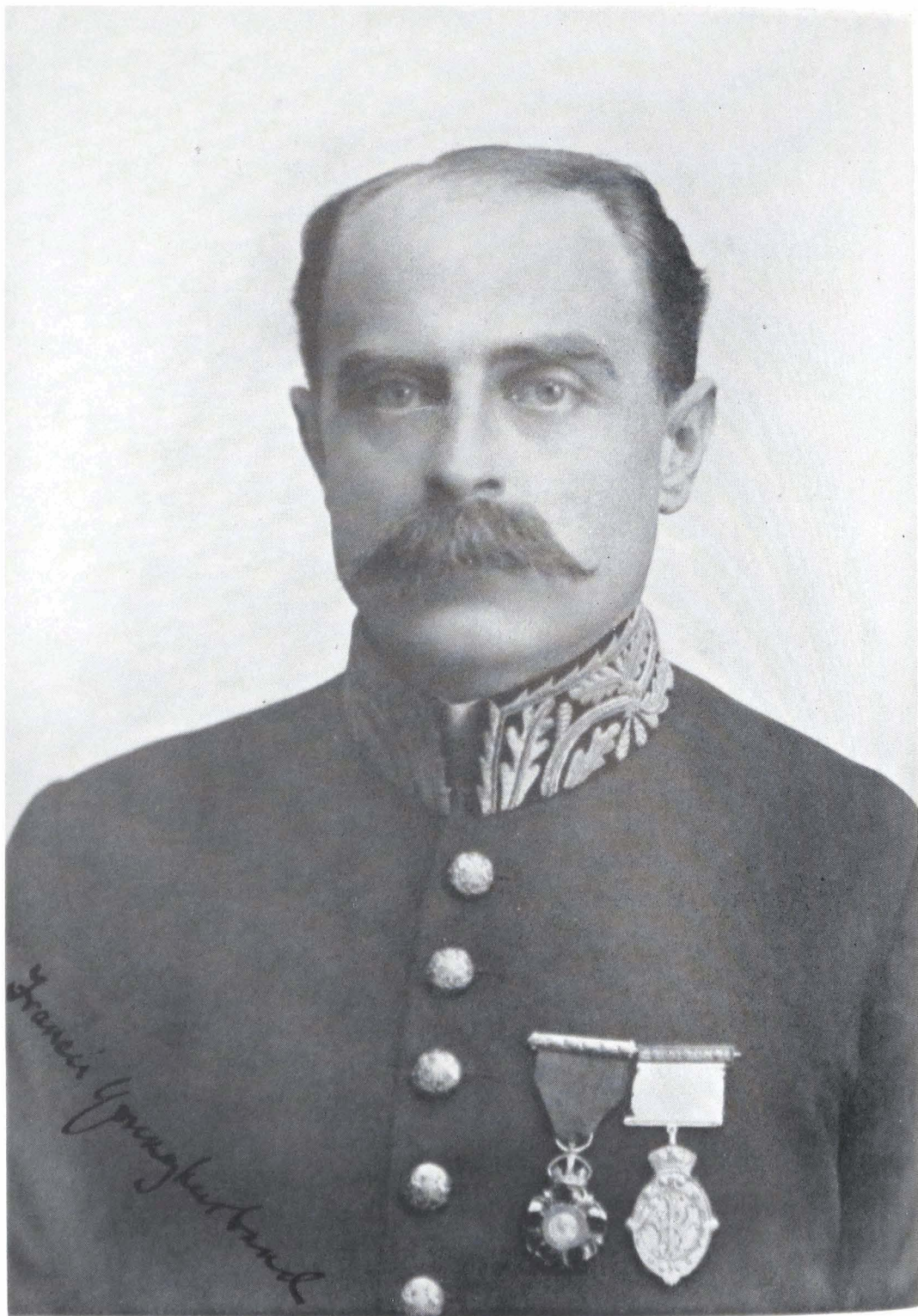
Soon afterwards Holkar abdicated in favour of his son, a minor, and a Council of Regency was formed, of which Nanak Chand was the Chief Minister and "one of the ablest Indians I have met". This man's chief interest was education, and it was shared by all the other Ministers. Younghusband encouraged it and "seeing that they knew much more about it than I did, I left them to their own devices". But he visited the schools and took an interest in their management. "And on one fundamental factor I took special care to inform myself. Nanak Chand was intent on giving the education a religious basis; and I so fully agreed with him as to the importance of religion in life that I discussed the whole subject deeply and frequently with him."—It was thus that Younghusband laid the foundations of his knowledge of Hinduism in all its various ramifications, and especially



with Brahmanism. Nanak Chand was himself a Vedantist, and lent him many books on that profound philosophy. But in its practical bearings the subject was controversial : which of the many tenets of this age-old universal religion called Hinduism should form the basis of religious instruction in the schools ? Younghusband left this matter to the decision of the pandits ; meanwhile he steeped himself in the sacred literature. And on one point at least it is apparent that the insight of the Christian thinker surpassed that of his Indian instructor. " He was a great admirer of Swami Vivakenanda, who was recently dead and who had made a considerable stir in Europe and America ; but who in my opinion was nothing like so spiritually great as his predecessor, Ram Krishna—a really saintly character."

It is evident from Younghusband's note-book that he had been preparing a book on the types of native government in the Rajput States, but he never completed this, for in May 1903 came a telegram from Simla which turned his thoughts in a new direction.





AT DARJILING, 1903

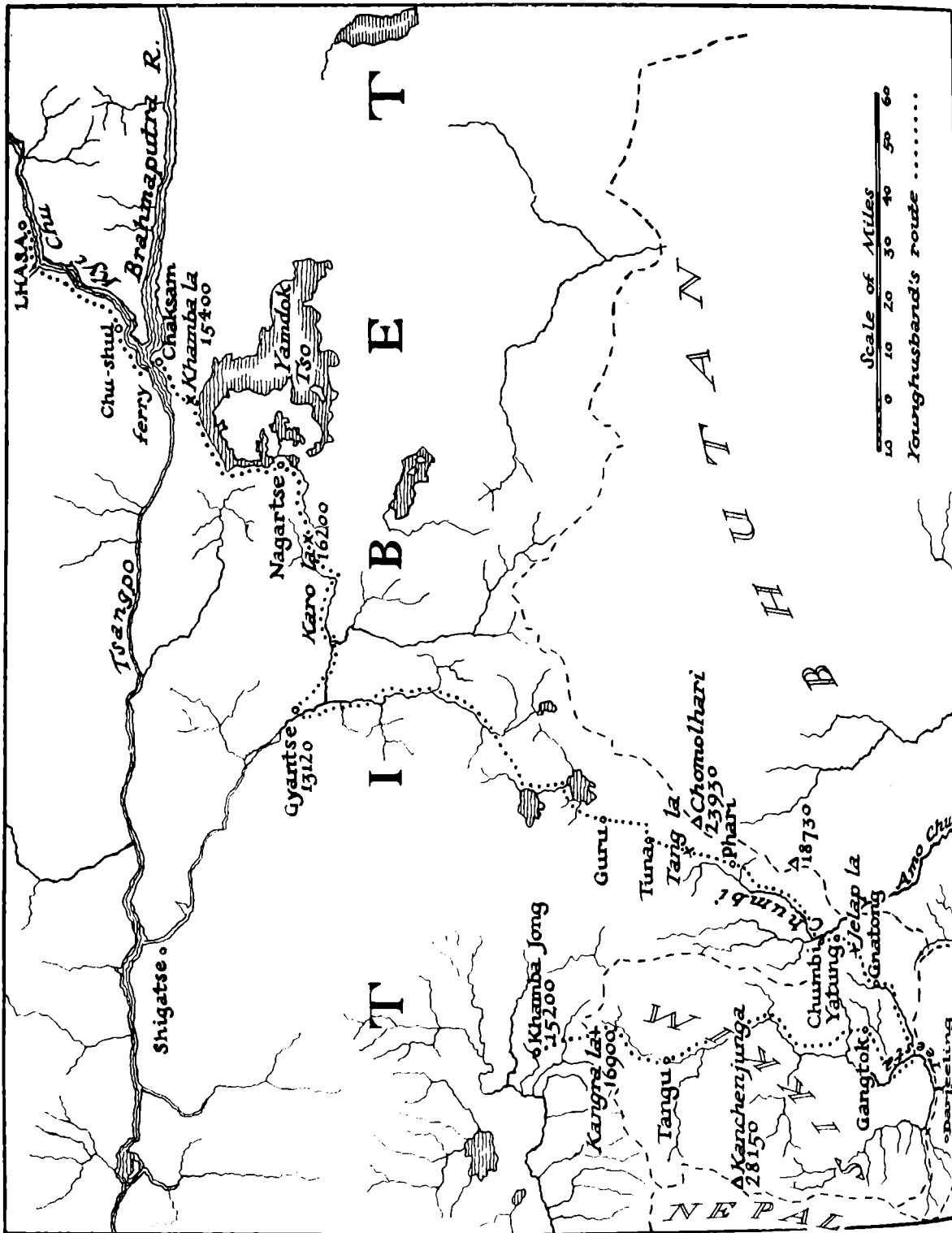
## Chapter XVI

### THE MISSION TO TIBET

As long ago as 1888, after his return from his Central Asian journey, the services of Lieutenant Younghusband had—all unknown to himself—been more than once requested for special duty on the Frontier by the then Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, to assist in a punitive expedition against the Tibetans who had invaded the feudatory State of Sikkim. His experience and knowledge of Chinese customs would, it was thought, be valuable. But in each case the request had been refused by the Government of India on the ground that this officer was required for the routine examinations necessary for promotion. Meanwhile the Tibetans were driven back across their own borders, after which Government troops were withdrawn ; later the Tibetans renewed their encroachments ; the Government formally protested, and there followed years of the usual British policy of forbearance and appeasement. Encouraged by this apparent indecision, the Tibetans broke their treaties, demolished their boundary-pillars, blocked the trade-route from India, ignored or returned letters from the Viceroy unopened, and began political and economic negotiations with the Russians. This last constituted a possible future threat to the North-Eastern Frontier, just as Russian aggression had done in the Northern and North-Western.

All this in general, and much more in detail, Lord Curzon unfolded to Younghusband as they sat in the shade of the deodars one afternoon pretending to watch some races at a gymkhana near Simla. He added that ever since he became Viceroy his aim had been to send a Mission to Lhasa and establish a permanent British representative there, but the Home Government would sanction no more than the despatch of a Mission to the *nearest place* inside the Tibetan border. Even this, in view of official lukewarmness on the one hand and of Tibetan hostility on the other, would be a risk. The Mission, if embarked upon, *must* be a success. Would Younghusband undertake it ?

I was proud indeed to have been selected for this task. It was like being awakened. I was suddenly myself again, and all



ROUTES IN TIBET

that exotic life of Maharajahs and Durbars and gold chairs and scarlet chupressies a sickly dream. Hardships and dangers I knew I should have. The whole enterprise was risky. But men always prefer risk to ease. Comfort only lulls and softens their capacities, whereas danger tautens every faculty.—And Lord Curzon was risking much in pressing his scheme forward against so much opposition. He was also risking much in sending me. I had never seen a Tibetan, nor served on the North-Eastern Frontier. I might make a hideous mess of it. I saw quite clearly the risks that he was taking, and this made me all the keener to justify his choice.

The first step, in accordance with official permission, was to attempt negotiations with the Tibetans inside their own border—at Khamba Jong. For this purpose two interpreters were needed; one fluent in Tibetan, the other in Chinese. They were found in Captain (later Sir) Frederick O'Connor, then stationed in Darjiling; and in Mr. Claude White, the Political Officer in Sikkim, whose long experience on that Frontier had acquainted him to the full with Tibetan obstructiveness. He was appointed Joint Commissioner with Younghusband; and an escort, at first of 200 men who had served in the Chitral campaign, was provided. The officer in charge of Transport and Supply (which, next to the leader's, was the most responsible task) was Major Bretherton, D.S.O., "a very old friend of mine in Chitral days, a man of unbounded energy, of infinite resource, and of quite unconquerable optimism".

From the first, the Mission was secret. "I departed from Simla in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, telling my friends, what was perfectly true, that I was going to see Darjiling." There he and Mr. White were joined by Captain O'Connor, and they set forth on 19th June 1903, in sweltering heat and in torrential rain which continued for days without cessation and reduced their waterproofs to pulp. Passing through the lovely gorge of the Teesta Valley in the hottest season of the year, he feasted his eyes on such a wealth of flowery magnificence as he had never seen, "a gigantic hothouse", and filled his note-book with botanical observations<sup>1</sup>; he

<sup>1</sup> Three chapters of his book *The Heart of Nature* (1921) are devoted to a detailed description of the flora of the Teesta Valley and the Sikkim Forest, and not only of flowers and trees, but also of birds, insects, butterflies, moths, reptiles, and mammals. These evince the acute observation of the born naturalist, and the description rises not seldom to the glowing language of the poet.

rested for a few days at Mr. White's beautiful residence in Gangtok; then proceeded upwards through the valley to Tangu (12,000 feet), where Colonel Brander and a supporting escort of 300 men were assembled. From this place Younghusband sent Mr. White forward with Captain O'Connor and his own escort to Khamba Jong, in order to arrange preliminaries. They left on July 4th, but returned in a fortnight having effected nothing. They had got through with the utmost difficulty, in face of attempted interception and actual threats from the Tibetans, who refused to acknowledge the boundary fixed by the Chinese Convention of 1890, and who now declined any sort of discussion. The two British representatives had behaved with commendable tact, had avoided any clash, and had conducted whatever conversations were possible in the friendliest spirit. But the Tibetans "had no machinery for the conduct of foreign relations", and the Chinese were powerless to enforce their own suzerainty rights. No representatives of high rank from either nation had appeared on the scene.

Having considered this report Younghusband rode straight through from Tangu over the 17,000-foot pass to Khamba Jong on July 18th, to form his own impression of how matters stood. "Just cross one pass, and all is changed. On the far side of the Kangra-la pass not a tree is to be seen. If in some secluded nook a plant a foot high is met with, it is a curiosity." It was a drop of less than only 1,800 feet from the pass to Khamba Jong, and from that altitude he could look back upon "the unrivalled panorama of the mighty Himalayas at the very culminating point of their grandeur, where all the loftiest peaks of the world were majestically arrayed before us."

As I looked out of my tent in the early morning, while all below was still wrapped in a steely grey, far away in the distance the first streaks of dawn would be just gilding the snowy summits of Mount Everest, poised high in heaven as the spotless pinnacle of the world. By degrees the whole great snowy range would be illuminated and shine out in dazzling, unsullied whiteness. Then through all the day it would be bathed in ever-varying hues of blue and purple till the setting sun clothed all in a final intensity of glory, and left one hungering for daylight to appear again.

Evening after evening he would walk out alone to feast his soul on the glories of the sunset skies. Nowhere in the world had he

beheld such effulgence. The clarity of the atmosphere, the immensity of the vista, the apparent infinity of space, combined to produce an influence that overwhelmed him. He would wonder what Turner would have made of such scenes ; but even Turner could only " draw attention " to reality ; he could not reproduce the effect of light, or the rapidity and yet the imperceptibility with which the colours that composed it changed and merged and intermingled. " The colour comes right *out* of the sky and has not the appearance of being merely plastered on its surface." With what earthly comparison could he compare these colours ? For the reds, he thought of the blood orange, the ruby, and the cardinal flower, and the lighter shades of the rose or the carnation ; for the yellows, the gold of the *eschsoltzia* or the primrose, and again of amber ; for the greens, the jade, emerald, and sometimes the amethyst. There were mauves and purples for which gems have no parallel and can only be likened to the heliotrope, the harebell, and the violet ; the blues ranging from the deep sapphire and gentian to the turquoise and forget-me-not. But neither flowers nor precious stones can give the effect of such transparency or such luminous depth or such measureless extension.

And I would feel myself craving to let myself go out all I could into these glowing depths of light and colour, and trying to open myself out to their beauty, that as much as possible of it should flow into me and glorify my whole being. I had the feeling that in those sunsets there was *any* length for my soul to go out to—that there was *infinite* room there for the soul's expansion. There was inexhaustible glory for the soul to absorb, and the soul was thirsting for it and could never have enough.<sup>1</sup>

Younghusband opened the proceedings at Khamba Jong unhurriedly and without fuss by exchanging ceremonial visits with the Chinese delegate, Mr. Ho, and with the Tibetan Chief Secretary. Two days later, he told them, he would unfold plainly and in detail the views which the Viceroy took of the situation, so that they might be ready to discuss them when formal negotiations took place. Meanwhile he had carefully prepared a speech, which O'Connor as carefully translated into Tibetan. But before hearing it, the Tibetans objected to the meeting being held in Khamba Jong. He overruled this objection, after patiently explaining the reasons for

<sup>1</sup> *The Heart of Nature*, p. 113.



its choice. They next objected to the presence of his escort as indicative of hostile intentions. He explained that it was no more than became his rank, was less than the Chinese Resident had taken to Darjiling, and was merely a protection against attacks from bandits. The speech was then read. It rehearsed the various acts of recalcitrance on the part of the Tibetans, alone of all the dependencies of China, during the past seventeen years, and the determination of the British Government that some definite and reasonable understanding should be reached. The speech was made, of course, for the benefit of the Lhasa Government. The Tibetans listened attentively, but refused to discuss it. Younghusband replied that he was aware that they were not themselves of sufficiently high rank to do so officially, but asked them, as a matter of courtesy, to communicate its contents to their Government. This also they declined to do, unless he withdrew beyond their frontier, to Gnatong. He replied that he would do so with pleasure, but that the frontier was not there, as they supposed, but was only ten miles distant from Khamba Jong. The Chinese delegate then interposed with an apology for the Tibetans who, he said, were ignorant and difficult to deal with, and proposed that they should be given a copy of the speech. "To this I assented with readiness. But they could not have got rid of a viper with greater haste than they got rid of that paper. They said that they could on no account receive it, and handed it on to Mr. Ho's secretary!"

Thus ended the first attempt to negotiate. The Tibetans withdrew sulkily to their fort, and Younghusband to his camp. There he remained for three months, receiving other delegates from time to time, who requested him to go away; despatching reports to the Viceroy; saturating his mind with the entire official correspondence on Tibet; and often joining his scientific staff on botanizing, geologizing, and fossil-hunting expeditions. On August 7th he was joined by Mr. Wilton, of the Chinese Consular Service, "and I had not spoken to him for five minutes before I realized what a help he would be to us". Mr. Wilton's view was that none, either of the Chinese or of the Tibetan delegates, were of sufficient status to negotiate, and that none below the rank of Amban or of Councillor would be of any use.

A slight chance of settlement appeared on August 21st when the head Abbot of a monastery near Shigatse arrived—"a courteous, kindly man". He represented the Tashi Lama, who was, spiritually,

of equal authority with the Dalai Lama himself. After the usual arguments for and against withdrawal had been exchanged, "I made some personal observations to the Abbot, and he told me that from a boy he had been brought up in a monastery in a religious way, and was not accustomed to deal with political matters. I told him I envied him his life of devotion. It was my business to wrangle about these small political matters, but I always admired those who spent their lives in the worship of God. He asked me if he might come and see me again, and I said he might come every day and all day long." The Abbot returned three days later, saying that he had done his best, but in vain, to persuade the Lhasa delegates to negotiate at Khamba Jong: he added that several hundred Tibetan troops were now assembled in the vicinity, but that if the British escort were withdrawn he himself would secure the removal of these. In declining this ingenuous guarantee, Younghusband advised the Abbot to prevail upon the Tashi Lama to represent matters directly to Lhasa.

The Abbot himself was a charming old gentleman. Whatever intellectual capacity he may have had was not very apparent to the casual observer, and he corrected me when I inadvertently let slip some observation implying that the earth was round, and assured me that when I had lived longer in Tibet, and had time to study, I should find that it was not round, but flat, and not circular, but triangular, like the bone of a shoulder of mutton. On the other hand, he was most social and genial. He would come and have lunch and tea with us, and would spend hours playing with gramophones, typewriters, pictures, photographs, and all the various novelties of our camp.

But the situation worsened. Reliable reports now reached Younghusband that the Tibetans were determined upon forcing an incident; that 2,600 men had indeed occupied the heights above the plain where he was encamped; and that, though their present policy was passive obstruction, they would almost certainly attack in the winter when the British lines of communication would be cut. All this despite the fact that the Dalai Lama (as transpired subsequently) had accepted Khamba Jong as the place of meeting, and the Chinese Resident in Lhasa had telegraphed the Lama's direction to the Tibetan delegates that they should meet Major Younghusband and Mr. White there.

On September 1st the Chinese delegate, Mr. Ho, left for Lhasa on grounds of ill-health. Younghusband took the opportunity of entrusting him with a very plain and firm message to the Chinese Resident, to the effect that if the Chinese Government continued to show incapacity in undertaking responsibility for the behaviour of the Tibetans, the British Government would adopt their own measures for effecting a settlement. At the same time he strengthened his escort by the addition of a hundred men from the 300 left at Tangu in support and, partly in order to impress the Tibetans with the fact that the Nepalese were friendly, he accepted the Nepalese Minister's offer of 8,000 yaks, and arranged for the transport of 500 of these—by the Tinki Jong route—and their formal delivery by a high Nepalese official in full view of the Tibetans, to coincide with the concentration of a battalion of the Pioneer Regiment near the Jelap-la Pass in a month's time. If these measures, and all argument and persuasion, failed, he would if necessary occupy the Chumbi Valley by force and, transported by the yaks, march across the plain to Gyantse (half-way to Lhasa). These plans he forwarded to the Government of India in the form of recommendations.

Neither Mr. White nor I, nor any of us, had any real hope of effecting a final settlement anywhere short of Lhasa itself; for it was quite evident to us on the spot that to carry the negotiations through we should have to come to close grips with the priestly autocrats who kept all power in their own hands. . . . But at that time it was high treason for me to whisper the word 'Lhasa' to my nearest friend, such agitation did the sound of it cause in England. So I racked my brains and everyone else's brains to think of alternative measures to an advance on Lhasa, which might be exhausted before this alarming proposal could be made. And I subsequently strove honestly to get the utmost out of each of those measures before suggesting the next, for I quite realized the difficulty which any Government at home has in securing support from the House of Commons in a matter of this kind.

It is indeed doubtful whether any man could have done more. His genuine friendliness, his unruffled temper, his adroitness in repartee, his unfailing courtesy and patience, his conciliatory address combined with his evident fearlessness and inflexibility on the major issue—all these qualities of personality appealed to the simple-hearted Tibetans. They responded to his approaches with their own native amiability

and politeness, but, in terror of their monkish despots at Lhasa, were powerless to give tangible expression to their own sentiments.

And so another month went by, with no easing of the tension, but with rumours of a general massing of Tibetan troops with a view to open war. Relations with the old Shigatse Abbot continued to be friendly, but quite ineffectual.

One day he lunched with us, and assured us that he had made a divination that Yatung was the place where negotiations would be carried on quickest. I said that what we wanted to find was a place where the negotiations could be carried on, not quickest, but best; and I asked him to consult his beads again, and see if Shigatse<sup>1</sup> would not be suitable in that respect. He laughed, and replied that the divination had to be made in front of an altar, to the accompaniment of music.

On October 7th Younghusband telegraphed to India that he was strengthening his escort by 100 men from the support, and followed this with a telegraphic résumé of the whole situation. Three days later he was summoned to Simla to discuss it before the Council.

On arrival I had a thoroughly characteristic interview with Lord Curzon. He first asked me to describe the situation. I did so. He then asked me what I would propose now to do. I said that I did not believe that we should do any business unless we went to Lhasa itself; at any rate, we ought to go to Gyantse, half way. He raised every objection. We might have the whole country up. We would require a considerably increased escort. How should we get them across the Himalaya, how would we get supplies, where could we find transport? Every objection he could think of he raised, and to all appearance he was turning down the whole proposal. But I knew his ways by now, and had my answers ready. And when I attended a meeting of Council next day, I found he had precisely the same views as my own, and pounced on any member who raised the objections that he had. The Council agreed with him. He sent recommendations home, and I awaited in Simla the orders of the Secretary of State.

The Viceroy telegraphed his recommendations to the Secretary of State the same day, but it was not till November 6th that a some-

<sup>1</sup> Shigatse and Gyantse were, except Lhasa, the only towns of any size or importance in Tibet.

what ambiguous reply was received sanctioning an advance as far as to *Gyantse* "with the sole purpose of obtaining satisfaction, and as soon as reparation was obtained a withdrawal should be effected. H.M. Government were not prepared to establish a permanent Mission in Tibet." The total force estimated as necessary to the Mission was also approved; one battalion of Gurkhas and two of Pioneers, two companies of Sappers and Miners, two mountain battery guns, two maxims, and two seven-pounders. The command of this force was entrusted to a Brigadier-General of the Royal Engineers, but was subject—for decision concerning their active employment or otherwise—to Younghusband, who as Leader of the entire Mission, was raised to the rank of Colonel. This dual control was from the outset an anomaly and an embarrassment. The Commissioner chosen by the Viceroy, though senior in status, was junior in rank to his military adjutant who had been selected, not by the Viceroy, but by the C.-in-C.

An important point for decision was the timing of the advance, since winter was fast approaching and the cold on the high tableland of Tibet would be intense. Moreover, the transportation of 2,000 fighting men with double that number of non-combatants, over passes that had never before been crossed from India in winter, "seemed a risky operation". Prudential considerations all argued in favour of a delay till spring. Nevertheless, Younghusband urged with Lord Curzon and also with Lord Kitchener the political advantages to be gained by an immediate advance. He had already discussed this with Mr. White, who knew the Sikkim frontier well, and who agreed with him that it would be a practicable proposition. Major Bretherton, whose opinion, as the officer in charge of Transport and Supply, was essential, had also agreed. ("For advance into Tibet in mid-winter animals like yaks, which hate being below 12,000 feet, and are stifled with the heat if the thermometer rises above the freezing point, were, of all others, the most suitable.") And politically, an immediate advance would be proof to the Tibetans of British capacity to enter their country at *any* time; delay would create an impression of incapacity and would also allow them the opportunity of delaying tactics till the following winter in the hope of forcing an eventual withdrawal.—The Viceroy and the C.-in-C. were persuaded by these arguments, and furs and sheepskins were provided for all in addition to warm underclothing.

A point upon which Younghusband was not quite satisfied was the composition of the troops : those detailed as escort to the Mission were all Indians. He represented to Lord Kitchener that, if only for the impression that would be created politically, there should be a nucleus of British troops ; they would also have a steadying effect "if we found ourselves in a tight place". Lord Kitchener readily agreed ; a British mountain battery replaced the Indian previously detailed, and half a battalion of Royal Fusiliers was added. Though Lord Kitchener did not like the demands made on his military budget for the expenses of the Mission, "he was a very reasonable man to deal with", wished it well, and was most appreciative of its subsequent achievement.

If he did not mean to do a thing he said "No" quite decidedly, and there was an end of the matter. If he meant to do a thing he said "Yes", and saw it through . . . Nor were his Staff officers going about with bated breath as if there were a lion in the room. He had none of the theatrical man-of-iron air about him . . . And he did not mind being stood up to. He liked it. He might growl a bit ; but he was big enough to see if the objector was right, and after the growl Kitchener would accept his point of view . . . Mere querulousness, however, he would stamp on at once.

On leaving Lord Kitchener, I passed a room with the words 'Inspector-General of Cavalry' on the door. I knocked and went in. I had been at Clifton with Sir Douglas Haig, but had not seen him since. He was too busy at the time to have a talk, but asked me to lunch, and I remember the power and keenness with which he questioned me about the situation on the frontier. . . . He had the reputation of a brusque manner and a rough tongue. If a man sees a danger ahead and wants men to prepare for it, he has to sting them into action. . . . This was the root reason of Haig's impetuous manner. With all his might he would force his branch of the army to be more efficient.

It is not surprising that an undertaking of such magnitude required a full month of final preparations, and the start was made from Darjiling on December 5th. "It was a sad day when I said good-bye to my wife and little girl to plunge into the unknown beyond the mighty snowy range which lay before us." Once more he rode up

through the tropical luxuriance of the Teesta Valley, but this time turned eastwards towards Gnatong.

Lest the withdrawal of the personnel left at Khamba Jong should be misconstrued by the Tibetans, it was timed to coincide with the advance of the main body from Gnatong into Chumbi ; and Major Bretherton had organized all his transport arrangements—a highly complex matter—with this end in view. “ But, as always happens, every additional unnecessary difficulty arose.” An epidemic of anthrax attacked the valuable herd of yaks imported from Nepal, and only a few survived ; rinderpest, followed by foot-and-mouth disease, infested the cattle. These losses were made good at short notice by Kashmir ponies, mules, and bullocks, and by Balti porters.

Of the published accounts of the Mission to Tibet the completest and most informative is Younghusband's book (of 445 pages) entitled *India and Tibet*. It opens with a reasoned and spirited defence of the policy of Warren Hastings, and traces with care the history of the two countries in their relations with each other up to the date of his own Mission, the narrative of which it then unfolds with the same objective detachment as that given to the achievements of his predecessors. If he himself has comparatively little, and his officers have very much, to say concerning the appalling severity of the conditions—climatic and other—which attended the whole expedition, this must be ascribed partly to his wish to eliminate the inessential and partly to the fact that he could endure these rigours better than any of them. Another well-informed account is *The Times* correspondent Percival Landon's *Lhasa* (in two volumes, beautifully and profusely illustrated), particularly for its descriptions of jongs and monasteries. Yet another is *The Unveiling of Lhasa*, by Edmund Candler, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (at that time a new and very successful newspaper), who was severely wounded in the brief battle that ensued before Gyantse. Colonel Spencer Chapman's *Lhasa: The Holy City* is valuable both for its own record and its appreciation of the “ Younghusband Mission”, as well as for its summary of the subsequent relations between Tibet and Britain, Russia, and China. It is introduced by Sir Charles Bell, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., who led the second British Mission in 1920, with the words :

The real opening of Tibet to the white races took place in 1903 when Lord Curzon dispatched a mission to Tibet under Colonel

Younghusband. . . . But for it, none of us who followed later could have gone and worked in Tibet.

But of greater human and personal interest than any of these is a brilliant article, entitled “ A Footnote ”, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February 1929 (that is, twenty-five years after the entire event) by a member of the expedition who signed himself “ Pousse Cailloux ”.<sup>1</sup>

Compounded of solid wholemeal, and spiced with piquant humour, it tells of incidents in their more personal bearing as these affected men and animals alike : from the strange unexpected behaviour of mules in snow-drifts, and yaks harnessed for the first time in their lives to *ekkas*, to the imprudence of an officer who put his false teeth in a tumbler of water at night to find them in the morning embedded in ice “ like a quail in aspic ”. It tells of the apparently insuperable difficulties of transport—especially through the nightmare bottle-neck of the Jelap-la Pass (14,400 feet)—and of the ingenuity with which they were surmounted ; of the successful application of the Theory of Advanced Depots, and the single-file progression, caterpillar-wise, across the bitter barrens of the high plateau ; of foot-wear frozen to the feet, and of breath frozen to the face to mask it like a vizor ; of the unbelievable squalor of native dwellings and the obstinately mediæval habits of their occupants ; of the painful, penetrating cold, “ still and sterile by night, rising to incessant grit-laden gales of icy wind which blew with devastating venom, day in, day out ”. But above all, it tells of the impression produced by the personality of the leader, not upon the writer alone but upon every man who accompanied him. “ If this footnote to a great adventure—which was Younghusband's own adventure—fails to show his wise directing hand in every little part of it, and the spirit of the man which inspired us all, then it will indeed have failed.”—It does not fail.

The unhalting success of the biggest shot in the dark, of our frontier history, I ascribe to the personality of one man. This man shared every littlest part of it with the least and lowest of us ; one man bore the dirt and cold and dinginess with less complaint than any of us ; one man took as many personal, and

<sup>1</sup> “ Footnote ” has a *double entendre*. Pousse Cailloux, the soubriquet of Napoleon's infantry, is “ pebble-pusher ”—the French equivalent of our “ foot-slogger ”. The writer, Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. Bethell, was then a Lieutenant in the 8th Gurkhas.



ten times as many moral risks. One man, short, sturdy, and silent ; not the strong silent man of fiction who is generally silent because he has nothing to say, but a man silent from experience and from an almost intuitive love of the waste places of the world. A man who, unassuming and courteous, had tasted adventure in wide variety ; who, ragged and toil-worn, hungry, thirsty, and begrimed, could view with joy a world of big deserts, hard living, and continual danger ; a world composed of a tawny-yellow plain supporting on its uninterrupted rim an immeasurable blue vault, and nothing in between but a line of plodding camels, a few silent camel-men, and a white man walking ahead across the endless wastes of the Gobi Desert ; a world of snow and ice and avalanche, with a few stout hillmen for companions, whose stiff courage needed just his added courage to induce them to venture, with him, the nightmare crossing of the Mustagh Pass ; a world of chattering diplomats and schemers ; a world of quiet peace inserted, at rare intervals, into the framework of great adventures. No world of them all but found him kindly of nature, forceful of character, direct and simple of purpose. A silent man. His head a little bent, his eyes a little sunken under beetling brows ; and the faintest, slightest lilt in his walk as of one who knew the world ungarnished, and all the simple straightforward men who used the world—and loved it all. . . .

Younghusband had anticipated opposition at the summit of the Jelap-la, since it was rumoured that the Tibetans were relying on Russian support ; but none was offered forcibly ; to every request made by the Tibetans that he would withdraw, he replied that his Mission was peaceful and that he would not fight unless his passage was actively opposed. The first sign of obstruction occurred at Yatung.

Turning a sharp corner, the advance guard was confronted with a solid wall stretching right across the valley. A flanking party was thereupon sent up the hills, and a skirmishing party to the wall.

As we approached we were met by the same officials who had visited us on the previous night. They asked us not to advance but we noticed that they left the gate open, so the advance-guard passed through. Then . . . I followed, and exactly as I passed under the gateway the local official seized my bridle and made one last ineffectual protest.

On the other side I called together all the officials and, sitting

on a stone, with a large crowd gathered round, explained to them the reason for our advance. I let them repeat their protests, for it evidently appeased the Tibetan General to say it in public ; but it did not strike me that he personally minded our coming, and the meeting broke up in great good humour.

This was an excellent beginning, and filled me with great hopes of effecting a settlement peacefully ; and as we advanced up the valley in the next few days we found the villagers ready to bring in supplies for purchase, and to hire out their mules and ponies, while the women and children who had run away to the hills returned to the villages in perfect confidence.

On December 18th a flying column was sent ahead to occupy the jong at Phari where a force of Tibetans was reported to be assembled for resistance, but none was encountered. Younghusband with the main body marched on to Chumbi, where his reception was friendly, and here he was joined by Mr. Wilton, Captain Ryder, R.E., the surveyor, and Mr. Hayden, geologist to the expedition. On Christmas Day he received a telegram of good wishes and encouragement from Lord Curzon ; and on January 6th the entire force reached Phari with no opposition as yet from man, though much from nature. "The cold was now terrible. Piercing winds swept down the valley, and discomfort was extreme." This is strong language for Younghusband. He adds : "Near our camp was a big waterfall frozen solid." We get a glimpse of him in these conditions from Pousse Cailloux's reminiscences.

Throughout every problem, hitch, and solution, we had the wise and steady guidance of our leader. . . . But even he could not help us—unless by sharing with us—what I was going to call our next problem ; hardly our next, in that it was with us from the outset and never abated. The cold . . .

He shared our daily life, subject always to the fact that he would interfere with no man's task when once that task had been set ; nobody knew better than he that the one way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him. But, the day's work over, somewhere before dinner-time any one of the several mess tents of the various units would fill up with a heterogeneous collection of soldiers, transport officers, interpreters, journalists, antiquarians, sappers of the Survey, the *omnium gatherum* of an expedition which brought the most divergent types into common

concord, and drove them to a 'rum-crawl' in one another's messes.

Then, through our blue fog of tobacco and a smell like the inside of a methylated spirit can, would peer a bearded face, and the sturdy, solemn figure of Younghusband would loom into the lantern light. A dozen would get up to offer him their camp-chairs, as he asked, "May I come in?" and closed the tentflap quickly behind him to keep out the bitter cold. The kindly blue eyes under the bushy eye-brows would put at his ease the most self-conscious subaltern among us; eyes that bent with a very human appreciation to the warm brown stuff handed to him in an enamel mug. One can still remember the characteristic push forward of the wide firm under-lip, which gathered in a mouthful of walrusy moustache whereto a few drops adhered.

From now on the prospects of the expedition were less encouraging. Functionaries from Lhasa, both monkish and military, arrived demanding withdrawal; they discouraged natives from selling supplies; there grew a general impression among the camp-followers that "we were advancing to our doom"; several deserted; thousands of Tibetan soldiers were reported to be massing on the far side of the last pass. Younghusband was aware that just beyond the head of this pass, the Tang-la (15,200 feet), there was a small place called Tuna. He was determined to establish a base there for a further advance on Gyantse. "There was a certain amount of risk in this; but to be among the Tibetans proper, and to compensate for the withdrawal from Khamba Jong, I thought it necessary to run it. Our prestige on the Sikkim frontier was quite astonishingly low. I had never seen it so low elsewhere." Accordingly, on January 7th they encamped at the foot of the pass in a temperature of 50 degrees of frost. "The stars were darting out their rays with almost supernatural brilliance. The sky was of a steely clearness, into which one could look unfathomable depths. Not a breath of air stirred." Tuna was reached on the late afternoon of the following day, "and was the filthiest place I have ever seen". He and his followers preferred the clean cold of their tents to the warm squalor of the houses, despite the fact that in the former they were practically defenceless against attack.

The saving feature was the grand natural scenery; it was a joy of which I never tired . . . The sight of the serene and mighty

Chumalhari, rising proudly above all the storms below and spotless in its purity, was a never-ending solace in our sordid winter post. . . .

The sun would strike our tents at about seven in the morning. The sky would generally then be cloudless save for a long soft wisp of gauze-like haze, and perhaps a few delicate streaks of pink or golden cloud poised motionless on the horizon. And the great snowy mountains, in the early morning when I used to go out and watch them, instead of being sharp, clear and cold, would be veiled in that blue, hazy, dreamy indistinctness which makes the view of Kanchenjunga from Darjiling so marvellously beautiful, and the hard stern mountains as ethereal as fairyland. . . . Almost invariably at ten or eleven a terrific wind would arise and blow with fury for the rest of the day . . . Sometimes for two or three days together we would be the sport of a terrific blizzard . . . with nothing visible save dull masses of fiercely driven snow, as fine and dry as dust, and penetrating everywhere. Our camp would be the very picture of desolation . . . Then one morning we would find the snow-clouds passed away, and see the great peak of Chumalhari emerging calm, strong, and irresistible from out of the mass of cloud still tossing wildly round its base . . . and above it lay the calm blue sky, illimitable in its restfulness and light—a sky of bright and liquid azure, through which one seemed able to pierce right into heaven itself.

On January 12th came a message from the Lhasa officials desiring an interview, and several hundreds of men appeared in the plain. Younghusband refused their request for a discussion there, having already invited the leaders to his camp. But he sent O'Connor to hear what they had to say. This, in effect, was a final demand for his withdrawal to Yatung; a repudiation of their treaty with the Chinese; a statement that any further advance would be resisted, and that if their resistance failed they would call in the aid of "another Power". But their demeanour was more cordial than it had been previously, and they ended by expressing a willingness, after all, to discuss matters at Tuna. Such was Captain O'Connor's report. But that night they did something else: they built them a wall.—The next morning the leader of the expedition was nowhere to be found. What could have happened?—At this point Pousse Cailloux must take up the story.

They had settled in a swarm at a point some seven miles in

advance of where sat Younghusband cheek by jowl with our foremost outposts. With the Mongolian inborn faith in a wall, a faith dating from pre-historical times . . . these Tibetans built them a wall where the open plain was narrowed by a large frozen lake and an outlying spur of one of the ranges. Inveterate builders, as all Tibetans are, they ran it up in a night. It was their equivalent for 'full stop'.

Reconnoitred, it was a wall right enough; and the area beyond was a brown and buzzing bee-hive.

Next morning, very early, our leader was missing. Who were we to question his movements? He had probably ridden back, on one of his errands, down the line. But that evening the lookout sentry signalled back to us the approach of two horsemen from the direction of the Tibetans; and, shortly afterwards, Younghusband rode in. He looked a little despondent, a little more silent than usual. Why? . . . I can remember the very way in which he held his reins bunched in his left hand, and the fact that his right hand was in his coat-pocket as he, coming in quietly by the back way, rode into camp that evening. And that was twenty-four years ago.

It was certainly a bold move that he had taken; perhaps, as he afterwards admitted, a trifle over-bold. "But I was heartily tired", he wrote, "of all this fencing about a distance: I wanted to get under their reserve." He had wakened that night with the strong conviction that this was what he ought to do, and early the next morning, telling no one but his "very wise and trusted adviser" Wilton, who tried in vain to dissuade him, and taking with him only Captain O'Connor who was fluent in Tibetan, and Lieutenant Sawyer who was learning it, he rode forth unarmed to beard the Tibetans in their own den. "I thought that if we could meet them and tell them in an uncontentious and unceremonious manner what all the pother was about, we might at any rate get a start. It seemed worth while to make a supreme effort to get this intrinsically small matter settled by peaceful means, even if a very considerable risk was incurred in the process."

Recalling this incident in his broadcast "With Younghusband to Tibet" in 1936, Sir Frederick O'Connor said:

One morning Colonel Younghusband sent for me and said: "I've been thinking things over and I'm going to ride over to the Tibetan camp this morning without any escort, just to have a

talk with their leaders and to explain our views to them in a friendly way. You'd better come along too."

I was a bit startled by this proposal as I realized its risks, but I understood the Colonel well enough to know that once he had made up his mind nothing on earth would change it, so I merely said: "Very good, sir, what time shall we start?" Another young officer, Lieutenant Sawyer of the Sikh Pioneers, on the look out for adventure, begged to be allowed to come too. . . .

He was the ideal leader. Quiet and strong, he was quite the most imperturbable man I have ever met. Nothing ever had even the slightest effect on him—night attacks, or cold, or fatigue, or, what is almost worse, weeks of inaction. He won the respect and affection of everyone with whom he came into contact.

The place where the Tibetans were encamped was a little village called Guru. On the way thither Younghusband was met by messengers with word that their chiefs now refused to meet him at Tuna. "I was all the more pleased that I had left Tuna before the message arrived." He rode straight into the village and asked to see the General. By him and by other 'Generals' the three British officers were politely received, and conducted to a room in the principal house where three Lhasa monks were seated, "and here the difference was at once observable. They made no attempt to rise, and only made a barely civil salutation from their cushions." A semblance of decorum was, however, observed by the General: cushions were provided for the guests, tea was served, and the usual compliments exchanged. Younghusband then opened the conversation by saying that he had not come to see them on a formal visit as a British Commissioner, but merely to make their acquaintance and to talk over their differences in a friendly manner. The General, who acted as spokesman, replied that Tibet was prohibited to Europeans; that its religion must be preserved; and that if friendly negotiations were desired they must take place in Yatung. Younghusband replied that Russian officials were already in Lhasa; that he could understand the Lama's wish to be friendly with both the Russians and the British, or else to be friendly with neither; but not their wish to be friendly with one European nation and not with the other. The General denied any friendship with the Russians, and the monks chimed in that "they disliked the Russians just as much as they disliked us".

Ignoring this obvious lie, Younghusband addressed them on the subject of religion, and asked if they had ever heard that we interfered with the religion of the people of India. They admitted that there was no interference there, but their own religion (by which they meant their priestly despotism) must be preserved intact. This was indeed the crux of the whole situation. The Tibetan people as a whole, and even the military, were disposed to be friendly; the monks, who ruled the country, were implacably hostile.

So far the conversation, in spite of occasional outbursts from the monks, had been maintained with perfect good humour; but when I made a sign of moving, and said that I must be returning to Tuna, the monks, looking as black as devils, shouted out: "No you won't; you'll stop here." One of the Generals said, quite politely, that we had broken the rule of the road by coming into their country, and we were nothing but thieves and brigands in occupying Phari Fort. The monks, using forms of speech which Captain O'Connor told me were only used in addressing inferiors, loudly clamoured for us to name a date when we would retire from Tuna before they would let me leave the room. The atmosphere became electric. The faces of all were set . . . One of the Generals left the room; trumpets outside were sounded, and attendants closed round behind us.

A real crisis was on us, when any false move might be fatal. I told Captain O'Connor, though there really was no necessity to give a warning to anyone so imperturbable, to keep his voice studiously calm, and to smile as much as he possibly could, and I then said that I had to obey the orders of my Government, just as much as they had to obey the orders of theirs; that I would ask them to report to their Government what I had said, and I would report to my Government what they had told me. That was all that could be done at present; but if the Viceroy, in reply to my reports, ordered me back to India I should personally be only too thankful, as theirs was a cold, barren, and inhospitable country, and I had a wife and child at Darjiling, whom I was anxious to see again as soon as I could.

This eased matters a little. But the monks continued to clamour for me to name a date for withdrawal, and the situation was only relieved when a General suggested that a messenger should return with me to Tuna to receive there the answer of the Viceroy. The other Generals eagerly accepted the suggestion, and the tension was at once removed. Their faces became

smiling again, and they conducted me to the outer door with the same geniality and politeness with which they had received us, though the monks remained seated and as surly and evil-looking as men could well look.

We preserved our equanimity of demeanour and the smiles on our faces till we had mounted our ponies and were well outside the camp, and then we galloped off as hard as we could, lest the monks should get the upper hand again and send men after us. It had been a close shave, but it was worth it.

I had sized up the situation, and felt now I knew where I stood. I knew from that moment that nowhere else than in Lhasa, and not until the monkish power had been broken, should we ever make a settlement. But it was still treason to mention the word 'Lhasa' in any communication to the Government, and I had to keep these conclusions to myself for many months yet, for fear I might frighten people in England who had not yet got accustomed to the idea of our going even as far as Gyantse.

No wonder that he was a little despondent, and a little more silent than usual, as he rode back into his camp that evening; for at the back of his mind was now the virtual certainty that the object of the Mission could only be attained by the means which he most earnestly desired to avoid, namely, the last resort of force. But what he leaves untold in his account of this strange and dangerous interview with the hostile monks, namely his personal bearing throughout, is admirably and picturesquely described by Pousse Cailloux from the reports of the two young officers who shared this danger with him.

We may imagine Younghusband—as we saw him often afterwards—well-versed in the punctilio of Mongolian debate, seated on a spread carpet facing the three big hats; legs crossed, hands up sleeves, sliding and slipping along in the sing-song monosyllables; each fresh sentence prefaced by the sizzling intake of breath through closed teeth, the hallmark of ceremony, and the slight bowing forward from the waist in rhythm with the points of his argument; the right hand only removed from within the left sleeve to raise it, palm outwards, forefinger and thumb joined, and the least little side-to-side waggle of the finger-tips till, the point made, the hand slid back up the other sleeve and the body half-bowed again from the waist; the little uplift of the bushy eyebrows, and the flattening of the deep rift between



the two big blue spaniel-eyes ; the halt on the rising voice, and the silence which marked the close of one more period of his argument.

Then the patience—the *La-lö* interjection at the proper places and the slight bow, as each of the points in the opposing argument was made.

Hour after hour, without a mistake, holding tenaciously and single-handed to a single purpose . . . no point of ceremony omitted, even though his legs must have passed from pins and needles to numbness, and on to an almost complete absence of feeling ; even though hour by hour his hunger must have grown ravenous, and he touched nothing ; even though his very life hung, as it must have hung in that campful of puzzled hostility, hour after hour by a single steadily fraying thread. . . . In word, in voice, manner and gesture, in play of features and in the instinctive tact of generations of good blood behind him, he, sitting alone on the roof of the world, must have come very near to convincing the mediævalism which faced him. . . . Be sure that when at last he failed, as fail he did, no other Englishman could have come so close to success.

At the end, the three big hats—standing most mannerly at bridle and stirrup—assisted him on to his horse. He rode silently out of their camp. Last and least little touch of ceremony, till he was well out of sight of the wall he forbore to turn up his coat-collar against the bitter wind.

And now do you understand me when I say that man's smallest wish, unexpressed or half-divined, was both law and stimulus to the least of us ?

The man is still alive ? Bad taste, this way of speaking of him ? Point-blank, I refuse to admit it . . . Are we to refuse to the most unpretentious of men, happily still with us, a little of what a whole province once gave to John Nicholson ? . . .

Well, well ; he did his best for them, apart from what he tried to accomplish for us and for our mission. There was brilliant unwisdom in it, for the expedition might well have been decapitated, and what other head could have taken his place ? Or, worse, he might have been held as a hostage for our return to India ; in which case he would undoubtedly have had to be sacrificed. He knew it, and faced it, he who held self so lightly and the job in hand so seriously. He did his best for the Tibetans ; and when, a short time afterwards, the main force had concentrated once more at his headquarters at the head of the line . . . he still did his best for them to the last possible moment.

It may be said that Younghusband's action jeopardized not only his own life but also those of the two officers who accompanied him. But this is not so, since one of them at least was as indispensable, as interpreter, to the Tibetans as to the British. If the lives of O'Connor or of Sawyer had been forfeited, the Tibetans would have deprived themselves of their sole means of communication with the British, and would also have been faced with certain war, which, as events showed, they were equally anxious to avoid. But they might well have held the leader of the expedition to ransom as a hostage. This was the possibility that weighed so heavily in the remonstrances not only of Mr. Wilton before the event, but also of Lord Curzon and others after it.

What was the motive which actuated Younghusband in making a decision which he well knew would be discountenanced by the judgment of friends on whom he relied, by his whole following, and by the Government whose agent he was? It was a putting to the proof of his religious faith, that optimistic trust in human goodness and divine succour which upheld him through life and in this crisis supremely: faith in the *spirit* which is immanent in human nature and which makes all men kin, the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind, which is able to melt all antagonisms and to sever all knots and entanglements. Here, for the first and last time in his life, it failed him—but not through his fault. For among the religious philosophies of the ancient world he revered profoundly the ethic of the holy, wise Gautama, who brought to Asia the light of truly spiritual life. But between that pure and lofty ethic and the idolatrous superstitions of these Lamas who used his venerable name as a peg on which to hang their monstrous tyrannies, there was as little in common as there was between the sublime humanity of Christ's music and the debased inhumanity of mediæval priest-craft. Between the Christ and the Buddha there was a common link—divine compassion and universal brotherhood; but between either and ecclesiastical despotism there was none.

## Chapter XVII

### THE MISSION TO TIBET (*continued*)

SOON after Younghusband's return to his camp at Tuna, he was visited by the Lhasa General who had been spokesman for the monks at Guru, and who again urgently requested him to withdraw to Yatung, where discussions could take place "most amicably". Younghusband replied that without intending any personal offence to the General, whose politeness he appreciated, the Lhasa Government must be given clearly to understand that he was no longer in a mood to be trifled with; and that, far from withdrawing or even from remaining where he was, he would advance to Gyantse, where he expected to be met both by the Chinese Resident and Tibetan officials of the highest rank and with sufficient authority to conclude a treaty. He had already waited six months for this; it was high time that the Lhasa Government took a more serious view of the situation. To other military delegates who came week by week to reiterate the same demand—"withdraw, withdraw"—and with ever increasing threats, he replied in the same terms; his tone was no longer conciliatory, but peremptory. Meanwhile, Tibetan soldiers massed in large numbers at Guru; he merely doubled his sentries at night, and on account of the cold relieved them every hour. At the beginning of March, the Tibetan New Year, an attack was expected; but instead, he was told that "the monks had set apart five days in which to curse us solemnly".

For three months—January, February, and March—and with no fuel but yak-dung, Younghusband remained with the van of his force at this dismal post, to allow for the consolidation of his lines of communication which must lengthen dangerously with each forward bound.

Was he back at the base, or even on the inner Himalayan slope where *some* fuel, at least, survived? Not he. Right at the top of the line, where discomforts were worst, and dangers afterwards thickest, he sat with an inadequate escort and gave his henchmen leave (as they also had the liking) to build up the show behind him till all might move forward again. He never hurried

nor worried us, even though the advanced bases, the accumulations for the forward bounds, moved slowly and more slowly, for by now it was obvious that the expedition would be opposed.

But he utilized this bleak and somewhat precarious delay in cementing an important alliance with the Bhutanese whose country lay on his right flank. They were closely connected with the Tibetans, and of the same religion ; but there was not a doubt on which side their sympathies now lay. " Like the Nepalese on our left flank, these Bhutanese on our right were most whole-souled in their support, and it greatly strengthened my position subsequently to be able to advance into Tibet arm-in-arm with Nepal and Bhutan." The Bhutanese Envoy went so far as to solicit from Lhasa, more than once and in person, suitable representation to negotiate with the British at Tuna ; but these efforts were ineffectual ; the Lamas would concede nothing unless the British withdrew to Yatung. This alliance had a still more important consequence, however ; for the Bhutanese, after the final settlement at Lhasa, formally placed their country under the Government of India as a Protectorate.

In the middle of March Younghusband wrote to the newly-appointed Chinese Resident in Lhasa announcing his advance to Gyantse for negotiations, trusting that the Resident would be there together with fully authorized Tibetan delegates, and warning him that the consequences of any resistance to his advance would be very serious. On March 31st, in bitter cold, the advance was ordered to Guru.

Soon after the start, a messenger from the Lhasa General rode up in hot haste demanding instant withdrawal, to be told to return with equal celerity and say that the advance would continue and must not be opposed. Less than a mile short of Guru, the Lhasa General himself arrived with a retinue, repeating the same entreaty and threatening opposition. A halt was called ; all dismounted ; rugs and coats were spread on the ground for this last palaver.

I reiterated the old statement—that we had no wish or intention of fighting if we were not opposed, but that we must advance to Gyantse. . . . They replied with the request—or, indeed almost an order—that we must go back to Yatung. . . . I pointed to our troops, now ready deployed for action. I said that we had tried for fourteen years inside our frontier to settle matters. I urged that for eight months now I had patiently

tried to negotiate, but no one with authority came to see me, my letters were returned, and even messages were refused. . . . I would give them a quarter of an hour after their return to their lines within which to make up their minds. After that interval General Macdonald would advance, and if the Tibetans had not already left their positions blocking our line of advance, he would expel them by force.

Edmund Candler wrote : " I do not think the Tibetans ever believed in our serious intention to advance. No doubt they attributed our evacuation of Khamba Jong, and our long delay in Chumbi, to weakness and vacillation. And our forbearance since the negotiations of 1890 must have lent itself to the same interpretation." How often have the tolerance and easy good nature of the British—both as individuals and as a race—proved liable to the same misconstruction, and with what dire results both to their opponents and to themselves ! But there was another factor in this strange and inextricable situation. In Younghusband's words :

There was no possible reasoning with such people. They had such overweening confidence in their Lama's powers. How *could* anyone dare to resist the orders of the Great Lama ? Surely lightning would descend from heaven or the earth open and destroy anyone who had such temerity ! The Tibetans had charms against our bullets, and the supernatural powers of the Great Lama in the background . . . They had formed no plan of what they should do if we did advance contrary to the Great Lama's orders. But for that there was no need ; the Lama would provide. It was, of course, an impossible situation.

The quarter of an hour's grace elapsed. The normal manœuvre would have been to capture the position by a surprise assault ; but of this Younghusband had already deprived his men by advancing towards it in the open and after fair warning. He was determined to gain his object without bloodshed if he possibly could ; and he now deprived his troops of a further advantage, namely of shelling the position with their guns and of long-range rifle fire. Instead, he deliberately risked their exposure and led his handful of men—100 British and 1,200 Indian—steadily across the open plain and up the hillside to the very muzzles of the Tibetan rifles as they crouched behind their sangars.

The troops responded with admirable discipline to the call. Some of them afterwards, and very naturally, told me that they hoped they would never again be put in so awkward a position. But I trust that their discipline will at any rate show those in England who spoke about our "massacring unarmed Tibetans"—that men on the remotest confines of the Empire can and do exercise moderation and restraint in the discharge of their duty, and do not always act with that wantonness with which they are often credited at home.

Not a shot was exchanged on either side. The Tibetans evidently had their orders, also, not to be the first to open fire. Slowly the Indian troops crept round their flanks; slowly the Tibetans gave ground and allowed themselves to be shouldered out of the way; soon they drifted away from their positions on the wall and even began to leave their post across the road. But then suddenly—at a summons either from the Lhasa General or from the monks—they came back, and though now completely surrounded refused to retreat.

Our infantry were in position on the hillside only 20 yards above them on the one side; on the other our maxims and guns were trained upon them at not 200 yards' distance. Our mounted infantry were in readiness in the plain only a quarter of a mile away. Our sepoy were actually standing up to the wall, with their rifles pointing over at the Tibetans within a few feet of them. And the Lhasa General himself with his staff was on *our* side of the wall, in among the sepoy.

Though in command of some thousands of armed men, and though I had given him ample warning of our intention to advance, he was totally unprepared for action when our advance was made. He had brought his men *back* into an absurd position; his action when he got them back was simply childish. I sent Captain O'Connor to announce to him that we had decided that his men must be disarmed; but he remained sullen and did nothing; and when, after a pause, the disarmament was actually commenced, he threw himself upon a sepoy, drew a revolver, and shot the sepoy in the jaw.

It was the match to the powder. Simultaneously Tibetan and British shots rang out; in a few seconds the ground was covered with 300 Tibetan dead—including the ill-starred Lhasa General; the remainder, in a huddled group, were retreating at walking pace down their ridge; the loss to the British was two wounded.

“It was a curious result, for we should certainly have lost more if we had stormed the position in the usual way. By asking our troops not to fire, I was asking them to risk much. But in the end they suffered less than if they had fired from the first.” A second or two before that fatal incident, Edmund Candler had dismounted to scribble a despatch that the position had been taken without a shot fired; the next, he was felled to the ground by a swordsman and hacked about in several places, but, protected by his heavy sheepskin coat, without mortal injury, though with the loss of his left hand. He describes the retreat of the Tibetans as “the most extraordinary procession I have ever seen. . . . They walked with bowed heads, as if they had been disillusioned in their gods. . . . The slaughter at Guru only forestalled the inevitable. We were drawn into the vortex of war by the Tibetans’ own folly. There was no hope of their regarding the British as a formidable Power, and a force to be reckoned with, until we had killed several thousand of their men.”

For Younghusband it was “a terrible and ghastly business, but, looking back now, I do not see how it could possibly have been avoided”. He calls it “The Guru Disaster”.

The Lhasa General, if left to himself, would no doubt have arranged matters with me in a perfectly amicable manner, for at Guru in January, and when he came to see me at Tuna, he had always shown himself courteous and reasonable; and his men had no antipathy towards us. But he had at his side, ruling and overruling him, a fanatical Lama from Lhasa. Ignorant and arrogant, this priest herded the superstitious peasantry to destruction. It is only fair to assume that, somewhere in the depths of his nature, he felt that the people’s religion was in danger, and that he was called upon to preserve it. . . .

What to me is so sad is that now, when the Lamas have discovered their errors and are imploring our aid, we can do so little to befriend them.

A hospital for the wounded Tibetans was at once improvised at Tuna, and of the 168 casualties who were treated only 20 died; the survivors were sent home cured. “They showed great gratitude for what we did, though they failed to understand why we should try to take their lives one day and try to save them the next.”

The march was resumed on April 5th in a temperature of 23 degrees of frost, and on the 11th, after another encounter with armed opposi-

tion on the way, the whole force reached Gyantse. But neither the Chinese Resident nor any authorized Tibetan delegates were in evidence there : only a further letter of apology for absence from the Resident. It was now quite certain that the Dalai Lama at Lhasa had no intention of allowing any negotiations to take place. In these circumstances Younghusband telegraphed to his Government on the 22nd a recommendation that negotiations should be conducted at Lhasa, stating specifically, as always, his considered reasons. Meanwhile he sent the main force to Chumbi where supplies were more readily available, leaving himself and Colonel Brander at Gyantse with an escort of no more than 500 men, two guns and two maxims, and a squadron of mounted infantry. But having received news of the massing of Tibetan troops on the Karo-la Pass (16,200 feet) on the Lhasa road, he sent Colonel Brander on May 3rd with two-thirds of this escort and the guns to scatter them before they could organize for attack on his lines of communication. This action, though attended by the loss of a fine officer, Captain Bethune, was completely successful ; and was unique in having been fought at such an altitude. But Younghusband had left himself with only 150 men at the Mission's Headquarters. At dawn on May 5th he was awakened by shots close to his tent ; 800 Tibetans had marched under cover of darkness from the Shigatse direction, crept up to the walls of his post, and were firing through the loopholes at a range of a dozen yards. By the gallantry of his little band of Gurkhas the attack was beaten off, but only in the nick of time ; it lasted for two hours with a loss to the enemy of 250 dead and wounded. Younghusband disclaims any active share in this fighting during the first few crucial moments, being " in pyjamas and only half awake," but according to Pousse Cailloux he seems to have enjoyed the sequel.

A merry night for Younghusband who, with a borrowed rifle and bayonet, took an hour's holiday from thinking and planning, and in the fore-front of it all fought as part of a group of elated little Gurkhas who knew not in the darkness, and little cared, who might be the berserk sahib among them who was making of it battle so debonair.

Meanwhile a transfer of office in high places had occurred in India : on April 30th Lord Curzon, whose sympathetic backing of all Younghusband's plans had been of the utmost encouragement to him, had



sailed for England, leaving Lord Ampthill as Viceroy pending his return. Younghusband could not but feel the loss of that warm personal support which had steadied him hitherto, against the lukewarmness of officialdom and the opposition both of the Home Government and of the military authorities. He felt it all the more just now when he needed it most. He was not to know till later that Lord Ampthill, though less ardent than his predecessor in Tibetan policy, nevertheless loyally supported and maintained it; and, further than that, that he supported Younghusband's execution of it even when disagreeing with it.

On May 14th Younghusband received a reply telegram from the Government of India that H.M. Government agreed that recent events necessitated *an advance to Lhasa* unless the Tibetans consented to negotiate at Gyantse. Reinforcements now arrived from Chumbi enabling Colonel Brander to take the offensive, and on the 26th he took the fortified village of Palla.<sup>1</sup> Younghusband, now in a strong position, made a last appeal to the Dalai Lama for negotiations at Gyantse, but, as before, his letters were returned. On June 5th he received instructions from his Government to return to Chumbi and confer with the military authorities as to future plans. This was another risk, though not this time of his own choosing. He knew that the route behind his head-quarters was infested with Tibetan guerillas; but he did not feel justified in leaving the Mission again with inadequate protection. Taking one officer, Major Murray, and an escort of only 40 mounted infantry he set forth at night and reached his first fortified post in the rear—40 miles distant—safely in the small hours; but rising at 4.30 the next morning, and having dressed for an early start, he heard "the peculiar jackal-like yell of the Tibetans" preparing to attack.

My language to our still sleeping garrison was appalling. It had to be. It was the only way of stinging them into instant action . . . We all, dressed or undressed, dashed up to the walls, seizing the first rifles we could find, and firing away as hard as we could. And here again the Tibetans just lost their opportunity. Sixty or seventy of their 300 were killed, and the rest drew off up into the mountains.

<sup>1</sup> British losses: one officer killed; three officers (including Capt. O'Connor) and nine men wounded.

This was not all, however. Two other bodies of "the best fighters in Tibet—Kham men", each 400 strong, now appeared, blocking the route east and west; but Major Murray with his handful of riders dispersed them over the mountains. "Then we had some breakfast, and I proceeded on my way to Chumbi!"—but with only half his escort. Arguing that after a repulse there would be less risk, at any rate for a day or two, he sent Murray with the other half back to Gyantse, and reached the next post which was garrisoned by a battalion of Pioneers in safety. Thence he despatched a telegram to his Government, in reply to its request received that morning for his views on the general situation. Government had been advised by the 'military authorities' that it would be impracticable to maintain troops in Lhasa after the autumn. Younghusband countered this by advising retention of the troops in Lhasa not only during the winter, but for a whole year, adding that if this was not allowed he advised against going to Lhasa at all. Again, he stated his reasons in detail. "The substance of this telegram I still think was perfectly sound, but its tone was too brusque."

I had this much in excuse. I had at dawn on the day I sent that telegram, and before having had my breakfast, been attacked by the Tibetans, and had to fight myself with a rifle in my hand. I had had, after breakfast, to ride nearly thirty miles with the constant risk of further attack on the way. I had had to do all this after being cooped up for a month in a house without being able to stir outside it. I had therefore to compose and cipher my telegram when I was physically exhausted and depressed in spirit. I knew that military considerations, and international considerations, and Imperial considerations, and every other consideration which hampers action, were dead against my proposal, and I was not in the mood to be respectful towards them. Still, I was ill-advised to let my telegram have the slightest tinge of brusqueness in it. . . . All this I note for the benefit of future leaders of unpopular Missions.

He was, in fact, nettled by constant and gratuitous interference with his plans by the 'military authorities'. His telegram therefore earned him a reprimand. "I must remember that the policy of H.M. Government was based on considerations of international relations wider than the mere relations between India and Tibet, which

were not only beyond my purview, but also beyond the purview of the Government of India.”

My reply to this is not published, so I will not quote it.<sup>1</sup> . . . I should have represented my views in less provocative language, I admit ; but the main contention was, I am sure, sound, and it would have been better now if it had been acted upon. If I had not been rushed at Lhasa, but had had plenty of time to gauge and report the situation there, and to receive the orders of Government on any modifications which might be suggested by circumstances, I should have been able to conclude with both the Chinese and Tibetans a treaty which my own Government as well as they would have accepted.

Younghusband was perfectly aware of ‘ the wider view ’, since copies of all the important despatches of our Ambassadors to Russia and elsewhere were sent to him ; but wider views, he opined, are not necessarily wiser because they are wider. Events were to show that his judgment of the Tibetan situation in relation to the international was perfectly right.

He reached Chumbi without mishap on June 10th, and spent a few days in discussing details of the advance with the military authorities.

The drop from 13,000 feet at Gyantse to 9,000 feet in Chumbi, and the change from constant risk to absolute security, all eased the tension on me ; and the joy of being once more amidst luxuriant vegetation, with gorgeous rhododendrons, dense pine forests, roses, primulas, and all the wealth of Alpine flowery beauty, was a softening and welcome relaxation.

Here too he had the happiness of meeting old friends again, some of whom had been with him in Chitral ; and especially his brother-in-law, Vernon Magniac, who was to accompany him now as private secretary, “ and whose companionship was the greatest relief in the midst of a host of the usual official worries ”. The arguments of the military authorities against advancing to Lhasa were :

It meant crossing a 16,000 foot pass with our whole force, and then crossing the Brahmaputra in full flood (and how ?), which

<sup>1</sup> In fact, he had offered his resignation, and was only persuaded to withdraw it on receipt of a strong official letter from Lord Ampthill enclosing a personal letter of encouragement.

if crossed would be behind us and cut off our retreat in case of trouble. They advised halting at Nagartse, at furthest, and holding out threat of advancing to Lhasa, but no more. I replied that nothing could be accomplished short of Lhasa, and that winter would compel our retirement unless we got there before winter set in.

To the objections of the military authorities must be added these factors which Younghusband fully realized, but the Government not so fully (else, it would never have sanctioned the advance) : the almost insuperable difficulty of maintaining lines of communication of such length across a terrain which from Gyantse onwards was unknown, to say nothing of the tactical disadvantages of combating an actively hostile, ubiquitous, and elusive enemy. Never were the fortunes of an expedition more *en l'air*. The feelings of the rank and file are best expressed by Pousse Cailloux.

The military situation was never free from anxiety, nor was there ever a time when our leader could have taken a liberty with the powers of our opponents. Had a disaster occurred, help from India would of necessity have been as slow to arrive as was our initial advance, and therefore valueless. In these circumstances, defeat or a decided check was out of the question. The fighting portion saw to that ; but Younghusband's was the foresight which never put us in an unmanageable situation. . . .

Slowly and painfully we had achieved the apparently impossible, and had brought half-way to its destination a force fit to cope with any opposition likely to be offered to us ; and this along a line of communications which lay astride country unmapped, unknown, and the most difficult outside the Arctic Circle. . . . Our main, our almost insuperable, difficulties lay in the cold, the lack of transport, and the bitter barrenness of the land. These, and not their armies, were the Lamas' strong and unfailing allies on which they counted for our eventual discomfiture. . . .

But how were we, with an equal distance to go, to duplicate the tedious strivings of the past nine months ? The country ahead of us might be expected to be at least as difficult as what lay behind us. It, and with it the road to Lhasa, was veiled in mystery . . . somewhere we should find one of the major rivers of the world . . . Tsangpo, which might eventually be the Yangtse . . . or the Salween, or Mekong, or the Irrawaddy, or (even more problematical) the Brahmaputra. Whichever it turned out to be, there would be no doubt of its size, and of the

impossibility of bridging it in a land devoid of timber. How was it to be crossed ?

It is doubtful whether any enterprise in modern history has been confronted with a greater collection of puzzles, or had more excellent reasons for avoiding foolhardiness by turning back. It is, on the other hand, doubtful whether any expedition had as leader a man of the forceful character of ours, or one richer in resource. Certainly never was there a leader in whom his following had blinder or more affectionate trust. . . . But the most venturesome among us would hardly have anticipated the decision to which Younghusband came.

What was this decision ? It was—from Gyantse, half-way to his goal—to proceed without dependence on his base either for support or for supplies ; in other words, to burn his boats, and launch out into the blue alone with his little force which, from first to last, was never outnumbered by less than seven (and once by ten) times its own numbers in any engagement with an enemy fanatically brave. To keep his ever-lengthening lines of communication intact would, he realized, be to impose an impossible, unendurable strain on man and beast, and to involve, besides, interminable delays. How then would the troops be fed ? By living off the land, was his simple answer. The nearer we get to Lhasa, so he argued, the more numerous will be the monasteries ; where there are monasteries there is hoarded grain and also mutton, always vastly in excess of the needs of the privileged parasites who had hoarded it ; and the wind-swept plateau of Tibet is a natural refrigerator in which food can be preserved for years without deterioration or infection.

Did he know it ? Was he told it ? He did not know it, neither did anyone tell him. . . . He simply took his courage in both hands and banked on what, to him, was a reasonable hypothesis ; nor did one of us for an instant question the wisdom of his decision. In the circumstances, a risk taken in the face of factors cumulatively unknown was as fine an act of courage as has been known in the records of frontier warfare. . . .

But never was a more cheerfully confident body of men and beasts (the mules, I am sure, caught the infection) than that which stepped out from Gyantse into the northward wilderness on that July morning of 1904. . . .

On the first evening our confidence in our leader had exact confirmation. At twelve convenient miles from our starting

point the valley opened out. There, in the middle, stood a small village by the river bank ; and there, perched above it on the cliff side, the inevitable attendant monastery.

They found grain knee-deep in the monks' granaries ; they found the " mummified carcasses " of sheep in thousands. Every ounce of the food thus requisitioned was scrupulously paid for, not to the overfed monks but to the underfed peasantry from whom the monks had exacted it.

This, however, is to anticipate. Though supplies thickened, resistance stiffened. No longer was Younghusband's progress disputed by bands of impressed peasantry, as at Guru, but by regular well-armed troops from Lhasa in strongly fortified positions ; and the first and most formidable of these was at Gyantse itself. The British vanguard had maintained itself for a month on the outskirts of the town, but was now encircled ; and the great Jong—of solid masonry on a precipitous rock—was held by a stubborn garrison and was believed by the Tibetans to be impregnable. Only after a week of preliminary skirmishes and a final day's assault, with considerable casualties on both sides, was the fort taken by storm on July 5th. Reconnaissance confirmed that the Tibetans had fled in every direction, and on the 14th the advance was continued.

At every stage of the advance hitherto, both before an engagement and after it, Younghusband, faithful to his promises and to his reiterated intention to avoid bloodshed if possible, had sought to negotiate with accredited agents from Lhasa ; even after the taking of Gyantse he was prepared to forgo the advance to Lhasa if only these could be induced to arrive ; and this despite the fact that the final date for settlement, June 25th, had already expired. On July 3rd, before the storming of Gyantse, the Ta Lama and Grand Secretary arrived after several days' delay. Younghusband had appointed the hour of noon for their reception, ceremonially, in full Durbar.

I waited for half an hour, but as at the end of that time the Tibetan delegates had not arrived, I rose and dismissed the Durbar. At 1.30 they arrived . . . so I had them shown into a spare tent and informed that I would not now be at leisure to receive them for another two or three hours. By four o'clock the Durbar was again assembled, with General Macdonald and his officers, all my staff, and a guard of honour. Captain

O'Connor then led in the Tibetan delegates, and showed them to their places on my right ; but I made no signs of receiving them, and remained perfectly silent, awaiting an apology. They moved about uncomfortably during this deadening silence, and at last the Ta Lama, who was really a very kindly, though perfectly incapable, old gentleman, and absolutely in the hands of the more capable but evil-minded Chief Secretary, murmured out a full apology. . . .

But this interview, like the rest, proved fruitless : “ the Grand Secretary was the evil genius of the whole affair.” Next day, through the Tongsa Penlop (the Bhutanese Envoy—afterwards Maharajah of Bhutan) as intermediary, Younghusband sent word to the Tibetan delegates that he expected the evacuation of the Jong at noon. If this warning were disregarded he would order an assault upon it half an hour later, and begged that all the women and children should be removed from the town. No notice was taken of this, and the fort was stormed. The storming of Gyantse was brilliantly planned and gallantly executed ; it provides indeed a minor epic in the history of frontier warfare. Not less gallant was its defence by the Tibetans ; but, when at last their resistance was broken, reconnaissance confirmed that they had fled in every direction and the coast was clear for a further advance.

Even then Younghusband delayed it for more than a week longer, hoping against hope for the arrival of delegates of peace. He was willing, even anxious, to forgo his own privately cherished ambition to visit Lhasa, if only he could conclude a treaty without further bloodshed. But none came, and on July 14th the advance was continued.

No European had entered the Forbidden City since *pères* Huc and Gabet, in disguise as Lamas, had done so more than fifty years before, in 1846. Save for the strange and adventurous journey of Thomas Manning in 1811, no Englishman had set foot there since Warren Hastings had sent first Bogle, and then Turner, on diplomatic missions, but that was as far back as the 18th century. Since those days British forbearance and attempts to conciliate had been met with a succession of affronts and indignities : the Chinese suzerains of Tibet shuffling and equivocal, the Tibetans themselves truculent and obstinate. To advance upon Lhasa was a grave risk. “ We knew not”, wrote Younghusband, “ what reception we should meet with.



THE TONGSA PENLOP (*centre*), VIRTUAL RULER OF BHUTAN, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION TO LHASA, AND (*right*) UGYEN KAZI, BRITISH INTERMEDIARY IN BHUTAN





We might have Tibetans buzzing about us in such numbers that we should be stung to death."

The Tibetans made their last stand on the Karo-la Pass, an ideally defensible position, flanked by impassable mountains. To dislodge them parties of Gurkhas ascended to heights of 19,000 feet whence from a glacier the position could be shelled by a mountain battery. This feat, unique in warfare, not unnaturally broke the nerve of the defenders; "they knew that the dreaded mounted infantry would be after them, so each determined that he, at any rate, would not be the last to leave."

Nagartse was reached without further opposition on July 19th, and here at last were hopeful signs of negotiations. Authorized delegates from Lhasa arrived, for the first time respectful and polite in their demeanour, but with them the recalcitrant Chief Secretary. Discussions proceeded argumentatively for two days and, according to Candler, "they exhausted everyone's patience except the Commissioner's. . . . He was equal to every emergency. It would be impossible to find another man in the British Empire with a personality so calculated to impress the Tibetans. He sat through every durbar a monument of patience and inflexibility, impassive as one of their own Buddhas. . . . How in the name of all their Buddhas were they to stop such a man?" The demand of the delegates was now for a withdrawal to Gyantse; to their excitability and querulousness Younghusband preserved an attitude which, though adamant, was as courteous as ever; the securing of a paper convention was for him of less importance than the establishment, if possible, of cordial personal relations with the officials from Lhasa. But on the 21st, it was found that they had decamped in the night. "So I marched very contentedly along the shores of one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen—the Yamdok Tso. It was 14,350 feet above sea-level. In shape it was like a rough ring, surrounding what is practically an island; and in colour it varied to every shade of violet and turquoise, blue and green."

On the 23rd the expedition crossed the last pass, the Kamba-la (15,400 feet), and thence descended to the bank of the Brahmaputra, itself 11,550 feet, 140 yards wide, and flowing with a strong current. Here two large ferry-boats were captured, and the village of Chaksam occupied; but whilst these activities were in progress Younghusband received a letter from the National Assembly in Lhasa, "the first

written communication which any British official had received from a Tibetan official since the time of Warren Hastings." It was in effect a last appeal to negotiate—anywhere short of Lhasa.

And now again arose the question whether we should make use of this new chance or should still press on. We had in front of us the serious obstacle of the Brahmaputra River which, if we crossed it, would be a nasty impediment to have in our rear. On the other hand, we had negotiators here with more ample credentials than any we had had before. The fear of our going on to Lhasa might have more effect than our actual presence there. The mere dread of our advance might make them agree to our terms, while if we actually advanced we might find that the most determined defence had been reserved for the capital. This was an eventuality on which I had to count, and of which I had been warned by speeches of responsible men in England (Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman). . . . It was an alternative which I had to consider ; but I felt fairly sure by now that I had rightly taken the measure of the Tibetans. . . .

He therefore replied to the Dalai Lama that more than a year ago he had waited in vain at Khamba Jong for the appointed delegates ; and again at Gyantse where, instead of peaceful negotiators, he had met with a treacherous attack by night ; that he had orders from his Viceroy to proceed to Lhasa, and these orders he must obey ; that he had no desire to create any disturbance there or to interfere in any way with the religion of the country ; no monasteries which were not occupied by soldiers would be attacked ; his own soldiers would not fire unless they were opposed ; all supplies taken from the peasants would be paid for. But if opposition were offered, the terms of the settlement would be the more severe.

The crossing of the river took the expedition three days. It was effected by the device of using the two ferry-boats as swinging bridges slung along a steel wire hawser ; each of them was 40 feet by 12 with a four-foot freeboard, and capable of carrying a hundred men. But in addition to them were several rafts, supported at either end by four collapsible Berthon boats brought from India, and it was in one of these, caught in one of the many dangerous whirlpools, that the saddest disaster befell the expedition. The raft was swamped, and Major Bretherton and two Gurkhas were drowned. The loss of this

officer was felt by every man as a personal bereavement, but by none more than by Younghusband.

It was hard that young Gurdon should lose his life just at the beginning of so promising a career ; it seemed almost more cruel that a man who had achieved so much, and who was just within sight of the goal for which he had worked longer and harder than any one of us, should have been swept away in an instant and have never seen his reward. It is in reflecting on cases such as these that one begins to wonder whether our touching trustfulness in the mercy of Providence is altogether justified.

This catastrophe left a lasting impression on his mind. He recurred to it and, at greater length, to the sceptical reflections to which it gave rise, in his book *Within* (1912), as one of several examples in his experience which confirmed his own intuitive disbelief in the existence of an external Providence directing or over-ruling the world's affairs and the life-destinies of individuals.

Further protracted but futile endeavours to negotiate took place whilst the troops were being transported, both on the hither and farther side of the river ; again at the village of Chusul, and, as an eleventh-hour effort, within twelve miles of Lhasa. This was on August 3rd, and on that day they started on the last short march. All eyes now strained eagerly forward for a first glimpse of the far goal.

It came at last. Round a corner of the mountains, from seven miles away out of a distant blue haze, there grew upon the sight a vast grassy plain—it was the Milk Valley ; and out of the midst of it, like an acropolis, the glittering golden roofs and finials of the Potala, “ the home of all the occultism that still remains on earth ” ; and below this, the vast curtain of stone with its slowly sloping buttresses and many-windowed walls curving steeply upwards in smooth terraces from their bases in the living rock ; and lower yet, the white stairways, and the grey squat roofs of houses, and the denser green of woodlands, and yellow fields of barley. This was attainment ; this was the sight that they had come so far to see, that the eyes of so few men of their race had ever seen before. The feelings of the rank and file are again best expressed by Pousse Cailloux.

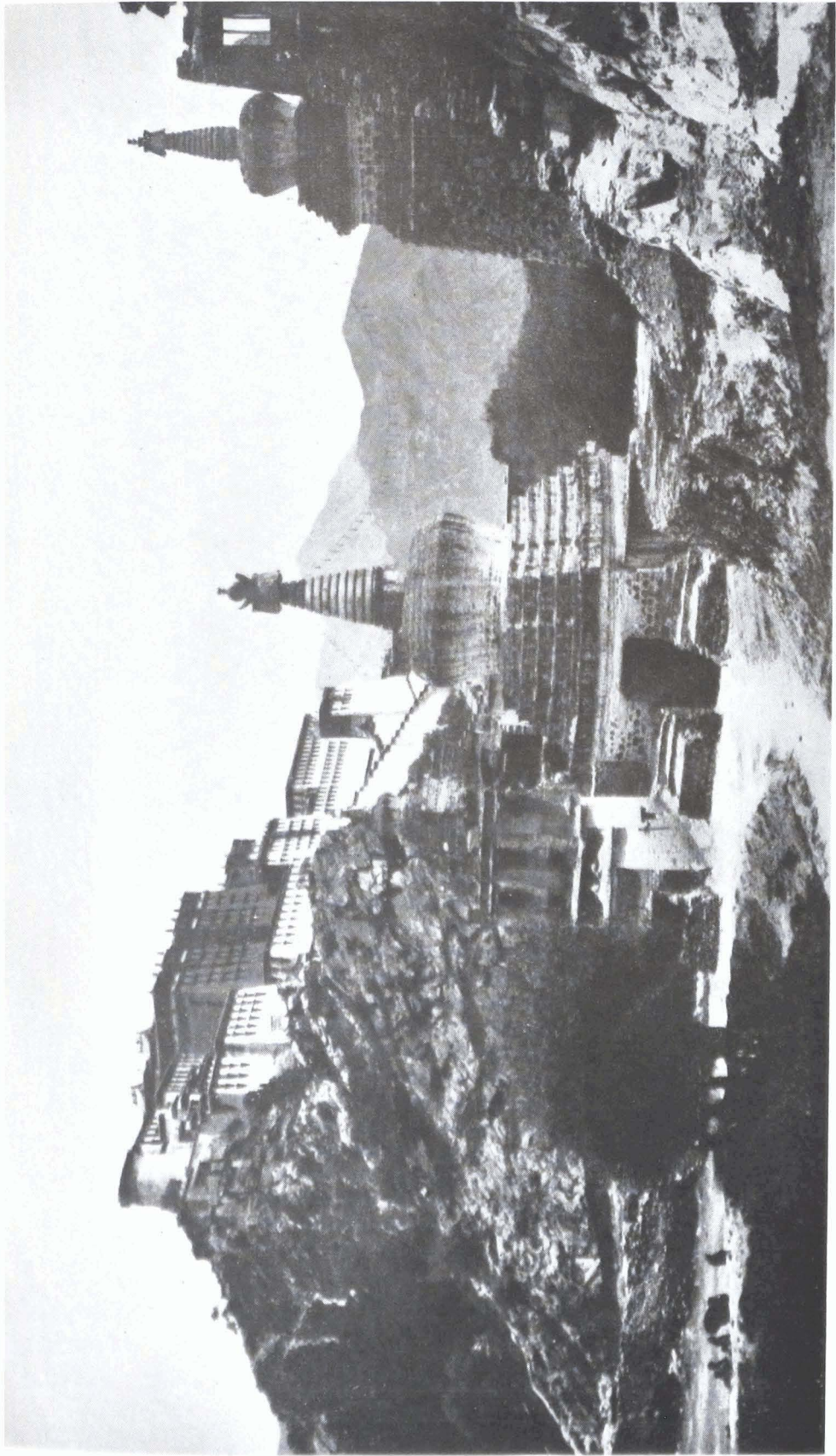
Two hundred miles we had come from the half-way point ; through mountain gorges, over open plains, across high passes, round the borders of unknown lakes, and across one of the major rivers of the world. Incidentally we held the world's record for altitude in a successful battle ; not flat, but up-ended between 16,400 and 19,000 feet. Every yard of our journey had been unknown, no yard of it mapped or described. Heel and toe at our best pace we had come, heads up and chests out and a straw between our teeth, and all at the bidding of one man who *knew* (may there be born to England more men with such knowledge !) that he could lead us successfully to our goal and that we would follow him ; and that no man of us, in a hard and stony land, but would have done his utmost bidding if only to give him a moment's comfort.

Others since then have striven to depict the breath-taking magnificence of the Potala, in words, in colour, and by photographs from every point of view ; but few perhaps with more feeling, both in words and colour, than Percival Landon.

Here, in these uttermost parts of the earth, uplifted high above humanity, guarded by impenetrable passes of rock and ice, by cliffs of sheer granite, by the hostility of man and by the want of food and fuel, here was no poor Oriental town arrogating to itself the dignity which mystery can in itself confer. From the first moment, the splendour of the Potala cannot be hidden, though, like all great monuments further acquaintance does but increase one's amazement and admiration. . . . Simplicity has wrought a marvel in stone, nine hundred feet in length and towering seventy feet higher than the golden cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Potala would dominate London—Lhasa it simply eclipses. By European standards it is impossible to judge this building ; there is nothing there with which comparison can be made. Perhaps in the austerity of its huge curtains of blank, unveiled, unornamented wall, and in the flat, unabashed slants of its tremendous south-eastern face there is a suggestion of the massive grandeur of Egyptian work ; but the contrast of colour and surroundings, to which no small part of the magnificence of the sight is due, Egypt cannot boast.

The vivid white stretches of the buttressing curtains of stone, each a wilderness of close-ranked windows, and the home of the hundreds of crimson-clad dwarfs who sun themselves at the distant stairheads, strike a clean and harmonious note in the



ENTRANCE TO LHASA : PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A MEMBER OF THE MISSION



sea of green which washes up to their base. . . . The central building of the palace, the private home of the incarnate divinity himself, stands out four-square upon and between the wide supporting bulks of masonry—a rich red crimson ; and, most perfect touch of all, over it against the sky—the glittering golden roofs, a note of glory added with infinite taste and the sparing hand of the old illuminator—recompose the colour scheme from end to end, a sequence of green in three shades, of white, of maroon, of gold, and of pale blue. The brown yak-hair curtain, eighty feet in height and twenty-five across, hangs like a tress of hair down the very centre of the central sanctuary hiding the central recess. Such is the Potala.

A thought of Egypt was again in the writer's mind when later, from the last point of vantage, he looked back upon it for the last time. "There the great structure stood, careless, impassive and eternal as the pyramids."

When Younghusband was asked for a description of his feelings upon entering Lhasa, he replied that he had none worth describing : his mind was too absorbed by the immediate business in hand. This was to gain a treaty and, still more important, to gain the good-will of the people of Tibet. "To break through the reserve of so exclusive a people, to make friends with men with whom we had just been fighting, still more time was essential. Yet it was just time that was denied me." He had but six weeks ; if only he could have wintered there ! It was only when he left Lhasa with the treaty signed and, better still, the certainty of good-will, that he could afford to give rein to his feelings ; and then they were of another kind than even the Potala could inspire. But as things were, time was the enemy.

We must be back before the winter. Thus tied, I had to set to work with all speed, but with the outward appearance of having the utmost leisure. Hurried as I was, I had yet to assume an air of perfect indifference whether the negotiations were concluded this year, next year, or the year after. And irritated though I might be, I had above all to exercise as much control as I possibly could bring to bear to keep down any feelings of hastiness or exasperation.

Space forbids recapitulation of these proceedings, though they provide good material for the libretto of a comic opera. Younghusband was hampered throughout by the fact that the proposals for



settlement, as authorized to him by the Government of India, had not yet been approved by the Home Government. Briefly summarized, these were : the acceptance by the Tibetans of a British Agent in their country, preferably in Lhasa ; the formal recognition of exclusive political influence ; the demand of an indemnity in compensation of expenditure incurred by opposition ; the retention of the Chumbi Valley as security, protection of treaty rights, and facilitation of trade ; the establishment of trade-marts at Gyantse, Yatung, Shigatse, and Gartok ; settlement of the Sikkim and Garhwal boundaries as laid down in the Convention of 1890 ; release of two British-Sikkimese captured in 1903 ; demolition of fortifications. The amount of the indemnity was to be left to the discretion of the Commissioner. It should be payable within three years, and should constitute " an adequate pecuniary penalty, but not be such as to be beyond the powers of the Tibetans, by making a sufficient effort, to discharge within the period named." But this latter part of his instructions did not reach the Commissioner till after the Treaty had been signed.

Younghusband began by receiving the Chinese Resident and informed him that he would demand from the Tibetans Rs. 50,000 per day from the date when the Mission was attacked at Gyantse up to a month after the date of final settlement of the treaty. Every day of negotiation would cost a similar amount, so that delay would prove costly. The Chinese Resident agreed that these terms were reasonable. Next day he returned the visit. The Amban's residence was on the far side of the capital ; to ride through the sacred city, swarming with hostile monks and their armed retainers, was a risk. Younghusband was determined to undertake it. He and all his staff donned their full-dress uniforms, and with a small escort similarly attired and " a sort of band from the Gurkhas ", marched with a flourish through the heart of the city ; they were met by a bodyguard from the Amban, armed with pikes, three-pronged spears, and many banners. The monks sulked, but the people were obviously entertained, and no mishap occurred.

The next question was to decide on a temporary residence for the Commissioner and his staff. Younghusband, as a feint, expressed a preference for the Summer Palace recently vacated by the Dalai Lama ; holy hands were raised in horror at such a sacrilege ; and the house of the first Duke was placed at his disposal. " The Dalai

Lama himself had withdrawn to Mongolia for three years' spiritual contemplation a few days before our arrival, so I had not the privilege of seeing him. But he had left his great seal with a venerable old gentleman styled the Ti Rimpoche—the chief personage, a Cabinet of Four, and the entire National Assembly.”

The Ti Rimpoche was the chief Doctor of Divinity and Metaphysics in Tibet and his disposition, unlike that of the Lamas in general, was humane and even humorous. After ten days' of passive resistance on the part of the Cabinet and Assembly he paid a personal visit to the British Commissioner.

After some polite observations, he asked me whether we English believed in re-incarnation. I said that when we died we believed that our bodies remained here and our souls went up to heaven. He said that might happen to the good people, but where did the bad people go? I replied that we had no bad: we were all good. He laughed and said that, at any rate, he hoped that both of us would be good during this negotiation. Then we might both go to heaven. I said I had not the smallest doubt that we should.

But even he, pleasant, benevolent, genial old gentleman that he was, had really very little intellectual power, and but a small modicum of spirituality. In both he was very distinctly inferior to the ordinary Brahmin in India. He liked his little jokes, and we were always on the best of terms. But his intellectual attainments did not amount to much more than a knowledge by rote of prodigious quantities of verses from the sacred books, and his religion consisted chiefly of ceremonial. The general run of abbots of monasteries and leading Lamas had even less to recommend them. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that in Tibet is to be found a pure and lofty form of Buddhism.

Further conversation showed the Ti Rimpoche to be personally friendly. He had himself no objection to the terms of settlement, except to the indemnity, which he considered excessive. But his was the only conciliatory voice in the general chorus of dissentients: the National Assembly would commit itself to no definite step without reference to the now invisible Dalai Lama, and he from his inaccessible sanctuary could not act without the sanction of the National Assembly. “Everyone was in fear, not now of us, but of his next-door neighbour: and each was working against the other.” The situation was

fantastic : it was like dealing with shadows instead of men, and hearing echoes instead of voices. In vain did the Chinese Resident, and both the Bhutanese and Nepalese Envoys, remonstrate and reason with the Cabinet and Assembly. Each member of it would have been willing to put his signature to the treaty, but none dared be the first to do so.

Time wore on to the end of August ; it was necessary to return to India before the winter began to set in—by September 13th at the latest. The actual signing of the treaty seemed as far off as ever. But meanwhile another factor, of even greater significance, was making its presence felt. This was the increasing friendliness of the Tibetans towards the British and Indian soldiers in their midst. Younghusband's own example of courtesy and consideration had told. Even the attitude of the members of the Assembly, though still obstructionist, was growing daily less provocative. Younghusband decided, after weighing all the factors, that the psychological moment had arrived. He said that he would give them one week more in which to make up their minds ; after that they must take the consequences. As to the indemnity, he was prepared to make modifications : the time-limit could be extended from three to five years, or even to a long term of years if they so desired ; but it must be paid in full. Privately, he knew very well that the sum demanded was well within the capacity of the parasitical Lamas. Here, however, the old Ti Rimpoche intervened.

He said, laughing, that we must remember the losses which not only we, but their own troops, had inflicted on the country. I repeated my old arguments as to the unfairness of saddling India with the whole cost of a war necessitated by the folly and stupidity of Tibetans. It was bad enough to impose on India half the cost, but anything more than that would be a great injustice. The Ti Rimpoche said that we were putting on the donkey a greater load than it could possibly carry. I replied that I was not asking the donkey to carry the whole load in one journey. It could go backwards and forwards many times, carrying a light load each journey. The Ti Rimpoche laughed again, and asked what would happen if the donkey died. I said that I should ask the Resident to see that the donkey was properly treated, so that there should be no fear of its dying.

A few days later the Ti Rimpoche informed the British Commissioner that the Tibetan Government were prepared to conclude

the Treaty if the term of payment of the indemnity could be made in seventy-five annual instalments of one lakh of rupees each.

Younghusband deliberated very carefully upon this proposal. There would be no time, under the circumstances, to refer it to the Government of India and await their reply. The despatch, containing his instructions on this very question, had not yet arrived. A telegram had specified instalments payable, if necessary, over a period of three years ; but had added that Colonel Younghusband must be guided by circumstances in this matter. Then also he had to ask himself : would occupation of the Chumbi Valley for seventy-five years compromise the Government in any pledge it may have already given to Russia ? Would it appear tantamount to annexation ? Weighing all the pros and cons he decided that it would not. He decided to accept the Tibetan proposal. " If I let it go I knew not what might happen." This decision, made as it was perforce almost on the spur of the moment, was afterwards considered by the Government in England to be " a grave error of judgment ", the indemnity was reduced, and the Commissioner censured. But the Government of India represented to the Secretary of State that, in their view, Colonel Younghusband had used his discretion in very difficult circumstances " with a fearlessness of responsibility which it would be a grave error to discourage in any of their agents ". And the subsequent course of events was to prove that Younghusband was right, and the Home Government wrong. After the evacuation of the Chumbi Valley within three years, the Tibetans appealed for succour to Britain against encroachments by China ; their appeal was cold-shouldered since Britain was no longer in a position to help. The position could only be clarified by the despatch of another British Mission to Lhasa in 1910. Such were the results of half measures and of short-sighted policy.

In another matter also Younghusband acted on his own initiative. He had received instructions to withdraw from the Treaty the clause which gave to the British Agent at Gyantse the right of proceeding to Lhasa to discuss affairs of commerce with Tibetan officials. He had not, however, at once withdrawn that clause from the list of terms, since it might prove a useful bargaining factor in the actual negotiations. Now, finding that the Tibetans raised no objections to it, he let it stand.

All was now ready for the signing of the Treaty ; but the place for

its signature had not been decided. Younghusband stipulated for the place in which the Dalai Lama would have received him had he been present—namely, the Potala. No European had entered those sacred precincts since the eccentric Manning in the year 1811. The Tibetans objected so strongly at first that Younghusband wondered whether, at this last moment, he had made a false step. “20,000 turbulent monks in and around Lhasa might flare up at the last moment, or commit some act of atrocity once we were inside the building.” But after all, “it was not in the temple of a god that I insisted upon signing the Treaty; it was in the audience-chamber of a political chief”. Calmly and firmly he repeated that no other place would be suitable; he was the King-Emperor’s representative, and as such must be fully respected. He knew the Asiatic well enough to know that he must do something to strike their imagination, something too that would be heard of outside the borders of Tibet.

The Treaty was signed on September 6th in a room specially selected in the Potala by his officers the day previously at his request. The proceedings were conducted with the greatest ceremony, and also with the greatest good humour. The Tibetan signatories laughed over the operation of sealing the document, and then came crowding round to shake hands with every British officer within reach. Younghusband concluded the ceremony with a speech which, though not a whit less dignified in tone than any with which he had addressed them, made them feel that this Englishman whom they had thought their enemy was in truth their friend.

During the next few days congratulatory telegrams came pouring in—from the Viceroy, conveying the appreciation of the King, from the Secretary of State, from Lord Kitchener, and—most welcome of all—Lord Curzon, and many others. They were followed by letters from Lord Curzon and Lord Roberts.

Younghusband spent his last fortnight in Lhasa in cementing those friendships with the Tibetans which he had already formed, and in cultivating new ones. He distributed presents on a liberal scale; he visited the monasteries; he discussed with them their religion; he was even invited to enter and inspect their Temple and when, being led by their Chief Priest round the equivalent of the high altar, he drew back protesting that this was an intrusion, his protestations were waved aside. It was a privilege that he had never

been accorded in any temple in India. Nevertheless, it was one which he would gladly have been spared.

I carried away with me an impression of immense impassive figures of Buddha forever gazing calmly and tranquilly downwards, of walls painted with grotesque demons and dragons, of highly decorated wooden columns and roofs, of general dirt and griminess, and of innumerable bowls of butter burning night and day, as candles are burnt in Roman Catholic churches before figures of the saints.

The religion of the Tibetans is grotesque, and is the most degraded, not the purest, form of Buddhism in existence.

Finally, he took farewell of the Ti Rimpoche.

Before leaving on the following morning, the Ti Rimpoche visited me, and presented each of us with an image of Buddha. He more nearly approached Kipling's Lama in "Kim" than any other Tibetan I met. We were given to understand that the presentation by so high a Lama to those who were not Buddhists of an image of Buddha himself, was no ordinary compliment. And as the reverend old Regent rose from his seat and put the present into my hand, he said with real impressiveness that he had none of the riches of this world, and could only offer me this simple image. Whenever he looked upon an image of Buddha he thought only of peace, and he hoped whenever I looked on it I would think kindly of Tibet. I felt like taking part in a religious ceremony as the kindly old man spoke those words; and I was glad that all political wranglings were over, and that now we could part as friends, man with man.

A mile out of the capital he found a large tent pitched and in it the whole of the Tibetan Council assembled to bid him and his staff farewell. "Tea was served, and then, with many protestations of friendship we shook hands for the last time, remounted our ponies, and rode away."

He had hastened his advance to the earliest possible date; he now timed the date of his departure a week later than was deemed safe. As early as September 1st—three weeks ago—snow had fallen on the hills round Lhasa and Nagartse, and heavy snow with severe frost had been reported from the Karo-la Pass. The return journey would take nineteen days.

The last word must be left with Pousse Cailloux.

The wisdom of our leader to brook no delay in advancing on Lhasa was apparent as we neared the passes. For forty-eight hours the approaching winter snowed the whole force up, solid ; and we just struggled out as the north closed down behind us in leaden cloud and blizzard after blizzard.

And there lay India, infinitely big and flat, infinitely clear in the rain-washed air of an approaching cold weather, a land of incredible distances as seen from the Himalayan divide.

And there, too, this scribe saw Younghusband at the top of the pass, looking southward, with who could guess what of thankfulness in his clean and steadfast heart. There and then it was borne in on us that the reality of leadership lies not, as so many of us suppose, in subtle manoeuvre or power of organization ; and when, in addition, the leader commands the faith and affection of every man of his following, what, indeed, shall withstand him ?

★        ★        ★        ★        ★

His experience of life up to the forties had been intensive, and his adventures—geographical, military, political—had been unique. Interpenetrating and irradiating them all had been his deep religious faith, and now, as the crown and culmination of them all, came that spiritual experience on the mountain-side overlooking Lhasa, compared with which all else was but as dust in the balance. For many years he held it in his heart, a guarded precious secret, but when in after-life he was called upon to address the youth of England in schools and colleges it was this experience that he chose for his theme in preference to his more obviously exciting adventures.

I went off alone to the mountain-side, and there gave myself up to all the emotions of this eventful time. Every anxiety was over. The tension was off. I could just rest and be thankful. And Nature was in tune with my feelings. The unclouded sky was of the clearest Tibetan blue. The mountains were bathed in purple haze. In mystery the sacred city was once more wrapped. But I had no longer cause to dread the hatred it might hide.

I was naturally elated at having brought to a successful issue a most difficult and dangerous mission. I was naturally full of good-will, since my former foes were converted into stalwart friends. But now there grew up in me something infinitely greater than mere elation and good-will. Elation grew to exultation, and exultation to an exaltation which thrilled through me

with overpowering intensity. I was beside myself with untellable joy. The whole world was ablaze with the same ineffable bliss that was burning within me. I felt in touch with the flaming heart of the world. What was glowing in all Creation and in every single human being was a joy as far beyond mere goodness as the light of the sun is beyond the glow of a candle. Never again could I think evil. Never again could I bear enmity. Joy had begotten love. I was boiling over with love for the whole world. I could embrace every single human being. And henceforth life for me was naught but buoyancy and light.

Such experiences are only too rare ; and they are all too soon blurred in the actualities of common life. Yet it is in those fleeting moments that God is made real to us. We glimpse the true reality of things. In those moments we really live. Each is worth a life time. Those who are thus privileged are convinced forever of the utter worth-whileness of life, however hard it may be. To them all life is sacred. What hurts one hurts all. Sceptics may have their place in the general scheme of things for the purpose of clearing ideas, but in the last analysis they will be submerged in an ocean of light. Disillusionments may arise, but in the end a surety which none can shake will prevail.

I had visions of a far greater religious faith yet to be, and of a God as much greater than our English God as a Himalayan giant is greater than an English hill. But just to have enjoyed that experience did not finally satisfy me. I would communicate it to all the world. I would have all others share the joy that I had felt. Yet how was this to be done ? It was all so sacred that I shrank from telling of it to my nearest friends. Moreover, I had not yet completed the intellectual framework of my conception of the universe, and until I had that clear in mind I would not break ground in public. Then at last I began to publish my conclusions . . .

So my greatest experience in life, though it occurred thirty-four years ago, had in it sufficient driving power to last me well past my allotted three score years and ten, and has indeed made me feel that I am even now only just reaching the climax of my life work. Whether I have been able to convey to a single other soul one hundredth part of the ecstasy I then felt—and which I experienced in England on two other occasions—I very much doubt. At any rate the agony of baring my soul to the world has been rewarded, for it has put me into touch with others who have had like experiences. Each has told of a different experience,



as indeed each of my own have differed. But all have spoken of the marvellous rapture which has swept through them. And all have been utterly convinced of the Goodness at work in the Heart of the World. The appalling misery in the world at this moment [1939] may seem to refute any such comforting conclusion. But if we look deep enough we shall see that the misery is only serving to evoke rather than to crush the innate goodness in mankind. Joy is the ultimate ground of being; it is what counts in the long run, and what is most worth cultivating in higher and higher degree till the last summit of perfection is reached and the Kingdom of Heaven is won.<sup>1</sup>

He was aware that words are inadequate, and in *The Sum of Things* wrote: "The only expression of it which at all approaches adequacy is what I heard recently in the Sinfonia of Bach's Easter Oratorio. Through the medium of music this deeply religious man was able to express what, so far as I know, no one has been able to express in words".

<sup>1</sup> *Vital Religion*, pp. 3-5.

TIBET: THE AFTERMATH

THE immediate sequel to the signature of the Treaty, in so far as it affected the Commissioner, must now be related. With characteristic magnanimity he omitted the details of it (which are discreditable to the then Secretary of State) from his book, and left them for his own future justification in the form of a private note :

Though I was convinced that I had acted for the best I was in doubt whether my action would be approved, and therefore awaited the reply to my telegram announcing the signature of the Treaty, as modified by me, with some anxiety. The reply came from the Secretary of State that my action was supported. This was dated September 13th and must have reached me at Lhasa about the 17th. But a few days later came a further telegram telling me to insert the word 'generally' before supported. Finally on the 22nd came a telegram telling me to get the Tibetans to modify the signed treaty back to the form of the original draft. The amount of the indemnity had always been left to my decision and I had fixed it at 75 lakhs. The Secretary of State now ordered it to be reduced to 25 lakhs, but it was to be payable within three years. I had already arranged to leave on the following day and I knew that if at the last moment I asked them to change what had been signed with such formality I should create an atmosphere of suspicion, spoil the whole result of the mission, and probably fail to get them to agree to the change. So I telegraphed back to Government that I was unable to carry out their instructions to remodify the treaty and that I was leaving Lhasa next day.

Subsequently the Secretary of State objected to my having accepted those modifications—which gave us the *right* to occupy the Chumbi Valley for 75 years as a guarantee, and also gave us the *right* to send the British Agent at Gyantse to Lhasa if occasion necessitated. These modifications were acceptable to the Tibetans and were also advantageous from our point of view. The question was whether they ran counter to any pledge we had given to Russia, and I had a private and very confidential letter from

Lord Curzon written from England after an interview with Lord Lansdowne (then Foreign Secretary) saying that in Lord Lansdowne's opinion the pledge we had given Russia not to occupy Tibet did not prevent us from occupying the Chumbi Valley. I have discussed this point in page 295 of my book, though I have not either then or in official papers or even in semi-official correspondence ever mentioned Lord Curzon's letter.

His defence for the terms of the indemnity is detailed in two letters from his camps on the return journey from Lhasa in September. These are printed in the full text of the correspondence preserved in the India Office Library.

*To Lord Ampthill from the camp at Peti Jong.*

The despatch from the Secretary of State in which it was laid down that the amount of the indemnity was only to be such as could be paid in three years did not reach me till some days after the Convention was signed. I thought the fixing of the indemnity was left to me, and if the Secretary of State did not wish me to demand more than the 25 lakhs he has now fixed, it would have been better to let me know, at once. I think I ought to have been allowed discretion, for till now we knew nothing of the conditions of the country. Compared with a native State in India it is rich. But there is no cash. The wealth of the country is not converted into money. Hence the difficulty of paying even 25 lakhs in 3 years. However desirable to fix 25 lakhs on to the monasteries which have caused the trouble, in practice that would be impossible. *They* would be the last people to pay it. The money would be wrung out of the cultivators and traders, and the monasteries would lay all the odium on us.

At the last moment the Regent made the 75 year proposal, and knowing that it did not bind Government in any way—for they need not, if they do not like it, occupy Chumbi all that time, but retire with the *right* to re-occupy if the annual instalments were not paid—I accepted the proposal.

*To Lord Lansdowne [then Foreign Secretary], from Gyantse.*

75 lakhs of rupees paid in 75 years is equivalent to only about half that amount paid in 3 years. 36 lakhs is only half-year's revenue of Indore State, and to ask anything less from a country so much richer in everything but cash would be unfair to Indian subjects who have to pay the balance. But to ask Tibet for 36 lakhs to be paid in 3 years would have left a sense of oppres-

sion. Government would have to squeeze money from poor people instead of making rich monasteries disgorge. They appear well content with the settlement. They have, without a single protest, agreed to send a party from Gyantse to Gartok and depute an official to accompany it. Some even propose appealing to us to take them under our protection in preference to Chinese.

This explanation fully satisfied both the Viceroy and the Foreign Secretary. But it did not satisfy Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary of State. On the Commissioner's arrival at his base camp, after a long day's ride, he was handed a telegram from the Secretary of State informing him that he had incurred a severe censure for having exceeded his instructions. Without dismounting he wrote on the pommel of his saddle the following reply :

When I reach Simla I hope to be able to show that I have disobeyed no order of His Majesty's Government which it was possible for me to carry out, and that the severe censure now passed by the Secretary of State on action, which only a week before I left Lhasa he said he would support, is wholly undeserved. My return to India is now marked by sense of deep regret that I ever consented to be an Agent in carrying out, in a time too limited to admit of proper reference to London, a policy decided on in detail by His Majesty's Government before they were aware what the political situation in Lhasa was or in what circumstances the Agent would find himself placed. I hope the earliest opportunity will be given me to return to England personally to represent the position to the Prime Minister and to His Majesty the King.

By the time he reached Simla where, with his wife and little daughter, he was the guest of Lord and Lady Ampthill for several days, he was seething with indignation. Lord Ampthill wrote in his diary, October 14th : " After lunch took Younghusband for a walk, and eventually soothed him down." The Viceroy was in fact, in common with all the Members of his Council in India, full of admiration for what he describes as " Younghusband's magnificent achievement " ; and regarding the Cabinet's censure, cabled to London his formal advice in strong terms that the Commissioner should be recommended for a high order of knighthood, namely the K.C.B. Since this was unheeded he cabled again, urging his reasons for

considering that any less distinction would be prejudicial to the public interest and a slight upon the Government of India. No arguments, however, had any weight with the Secretary of State, not even when urged by Sir H. Earle Richards, the distinguished Legal Member of the Viceroy's Council, who volunteered to appear before the Cabinet in person on Younghusband's behalf. Mr. Brodrick remained deaf to persuasion and would consult no one. Though Secretary of State he had himself never up to that point set foot in India—still less in Tibet—and was totally without experience of the conditions that prevailed in those countries. He had refused the Commissioner's request for permission to remain in Lhasa through the winter in order to cement friendly relations with the Tibetans and allow time for the ratification of the Treaty; now he complained that the Commissioner had not awaited further instructions before leaving Lhasa—even though the Commissioner had waited a week longer than the date fixed by the military authorities as the latest possible before winter set in. When asked by a Member of the Cabinet what means the Commissioner could employ to secure immediate reception of further instructions, the reply of Mr. Brodrick was: "Why, he was at the end of a cable!" Answer: "I suspected that you were not aware that the field telegraph was distant four days' hard riding from Lhasa."

Another unexpected champion of Younghusband's Tibetan policy appeared in the venerable geographer and explorer Sir Clements Markham who, in his Inaugural Address at the opening of the Faculty of Geography in Cambridge University, gave several instances of political blunders caused by simple ignorance of geography on the part of statesmen. A report of it concluded:

A much more recent example of such ignorance was shown in the case of the Chumbi Valley, respecting which Sir Francis Younghusband made a well considered treaty with the ruling lamas of Tibet. This excellent clause in the treaty was disallowed and its adoption was censured at home, because Ministers were ignorant of the position and history of the Chumbi Valley, and of the race to which its inhabitants belong. They thought it was in Tibet. It had been occupied for some years by aggressive lamas, but is entirely on the Indian side of the Himalayas, wedged in between Sikkim and Bhutan, and the inhabitants are not Tibetans. This disastrous reversal of a wise and far-seeing

arrangement was, in the opinion of Sir Clements Markham, detrimental to the interests of our Indian Empire.

The Blue-book on the Mission to Tibet was edited by Mr. Brodrick from the mass of documentary material provided by cables and correspondence which passed between London and Simla and the Commissioner in the field. Obviously it was impossible to include the whole ; but a comparison of it with the total material, preserved in printed form in the India Office Library, reveals the suppression of certain inconvenient facts. A proof of the Blue-book before publication was sent to Younghusband accompanied by a note asking whether "in the interests of the Empire" he would consent to its publication as thus arranged. Tired by this time of the whole business, Younghusband agreed. Mr. Brodrick then issued advance copies to the Press with instructions as to the despatches which he wished emphasized and circulated ; namely those which contained his views. A copy of this letter was sent to Younghusband by a pressman who said that his paper would like to know "the other side". Younghusband then merely referred him to the despatches which contained his own views.

On Younghusband's arrival in London he was greeted by Lord Curzon "who wrung me by both hands and with tears in his eyes said : 'If your Mission had been anything but the most complete success it would have been the ruin of me. Remember, throughout the rest of my life there is nothing I will not do for you.'"

The next day he was requested to attend at the India Office. There he was received by the Secretary of State alone, who handed him a copy of a memorandum despatched four days previously to the Government of India, reiterating the censure—against all the Viceroy's protests. No comment was made, no questions asked ; the brief interview, on both sides, was icily punctilious and polite.

The burden of the censure was as follows : Younghusband had "exceeded his instructions" ; his treaty with Tibet was tantamount to annexation ; and further, its conclusion had provoked the remonstrances of Russia. It was represented that one clause of the Treaty—the extension of the period for payment—was not only in contravention with the Government's instructions to Younghusband, but also with its promises to Russia. Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, and Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, had given positive assurances that no annexation was contemplated. Nor, when

Younghusband was directed to modify the terms before leaving Lhasa, did he obey. His action, therefore, though successful was high-handed, and merited censure rather than praise. The facts were ignored that the Government's final instructions reached Younghusband too late, that is, a week after the Treaty had been signed ; that to amend its terms afterwards would have been gravely prejudicial to British prestige ; that the extension of the term of payment to seventy-five years was made at the expressed wish of the Tibetans themselves ; that the latitude of discretion allowed by the Government to Younghusband on the one hand and its step-motherly interferences on the other had left him in a condition of great perplexity ; and that his Treaty was not intended by him nor was it regarded by the Tibetans as in any sense an annexation, but as the establishment of a sphere of influence beneficial both to India and to Tibet, and as a counter-interest to the embraces of the Russian Bear.

There was, nevertheless, one personage of importance who regarded Younghusband's conduct of the Mission and his conclusion of the Treaty with unqualified approval. This was the King. A few days later he sent for Younghusband and in an hour's private interview placed him completely at ease. It may be assumed that Younghusband, loyalist to the bone as he was, would be predisposed to form the most favourable impression of his Sovereign, and that if disappointed he would have concealed the fact. He was gifted with an unusually keen and quick discernment of the essentials of personality and his judgment of character was sound. And though indeed he always saw the best, his estimates of characters whom he admired were never fulsome. That which he formed of Edward VII has its own personal interest.

He placed me in a chair by his desk, and then in some indefinable way made it possible for me to speak to him as I would have to my own father. He was himself most outspoken. He did not merely ask questions in a perfunctory way, but took a genuinely keen interest in our proceedings. He warmly praised the conduct of the troops. He was well aware of the deeds, and even character, of individual officers, and he spoke most feelingly of the loss of Major Bretherton, of whose splendid work he was fully cognizant. It appeared to me that it was men, and not politics, which chiefly interested him : human personalities rather than abstract principles . . . No one I have

ever met has given me such an impression of abounding vitality and warm-blooded humanity, full and overflowing. And I left his august presence not only rewarded, but re-inspired.

So much Younghusband allowed himself to publish (in 1910, the year of the King's death) ; but the royal appraisal of the characters of individual officers may tacitly be taken to include some disapprobation, in no uncertain terms, where it was due. Younghusband regarded these confidences as inviolable and never committed them to writing even in his private note-book. One thing however which the King said to him he did record, not for publication, but for his own personal comfort : " I am sorry that you have had this difference with the Government. All Governments have their little ways, you know. But don't you bother your head. I approve all you did." The King's approval had expressed itself by his strong recommendation to the Secretary of State for India that Colonel Younghusband's name should be submitted to him for a knighthood.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Brodrick had at first demurred, and his reply to Lord Knollys on 5th October 1904 (that is, before their official interview) displays an ingenuous sidelight on the Government's ' little ways ' :

The King has repeatedly pressed me to submit Younghusband for a decoration. I do not know Younghusband, but all I have heard of him points him out as a man of ability and courage. But he went to Tibet (before I was Secretary of State) fully determined on the policy of our staying there and controlling the policy of Tibet. The Cabinet, which early in 1903 absolutely declined his policy, re-affirmed their decision most firmly in November 1903, when the Mission started for Gyantse . . . Younghusband was left no discretion as to terms except as to the amount of indemnity which was to be such that it could be paid in three years. . . . He nevertheless fixed an indemnity of 75 lacs spread over 75 years. He was at once told to alter the agreement, but left Lhasa without attempting to do so, merely proposing to discuss it at Simla . . . I telegraphed to the

<sup>1</sup> And as a further mark of his approval the King caused the Union Jack—centred with the Star of India and motto " Heaven's Light our Guide "—which Younghusband had with him throughout the Mission, which was carried before him on every march, planted before his tent in camp, flown over the Mission quarters at Gyantse, and placed on the table on which the Treaty was signed in the Potala at Lhasa—to be hung over the statue of Queen Victoria in the Central Hall in Windsor Castle.



Prime Minister, who came here, and considers that the honour of the country, as well as public policy, is involved ; that we must throw over Younghusband and make it clear that he acted in direct disobedience of orders. I am very sorry, but I see no alternative.

The above letter is quoted in Vol. II of *King Edward VII*, by Sir Sidney Lee, who adds : “ In December, however, Mr. Brodrick gave way to the King’s urgency so far as to agree to the bestowal of a K.C.I.E., and the King did not press his point further.”

When Sir Ernest Wilton’s attention was drawn by Lady Younghusband to Mr. Brodrick’s statements, in a letter enclosing a copy of them, his reply (from which the more purple patches are here omitted) was as follows :

The deliberate statement that Younghusband went to Tibet fully determined to stay there and control the policy of Tibet seems to me nothing more nor less than an outrageous lie. Then again, how could we have stayed on in Lhasa and revised the Treaty at that moment when the ink was barely dry ? . . . Why, even before the Treaty was signed, the brigadier was wiring to India that the passes would be closed and the expedition cut off and starved through a Tibetan winter. He might at least have consulted Younghusband who had an experience of Himalayan passes which neither he nor any member of his staff possessed . . . I felt more vexed than I can say after reading your enclosure. It is a strong remark to make—but I felt more indignant and annoyed than if it had happened to myself.<sup>1</sup>

The K.C.I.E. was in fact the lowest order of knighthood which India could bestow ; and the honour did not assuage Younghusband’s grief on seeing most of the results of his Mission thrown away. For at the end of 1905 the Liberals came into full power, and the Chumbi Valley was evacuated. This withdrawal involved for Tibet the loss of the long arm of British protection, for though the Russians, baulked of their designs upon it, sought other fields for aggression in Manchuria, the Chinese—perceiving Russia preoccupied elsewhere,

<sup>1</sup> The controversy was re-opened by the publication in 1939 of Mr. Brodrick’s (then Lord Midleton’s) *Records and Reactions*, in which he sought to discredit Lord Curzon’s statesmanship both in his support of the Mission to Tibet and in his break with Lord Kitchener. This drew sharp protests in letters to *The Times* from Sir Francis Younghusband, from Lord Curzon’s brother, and from Sir Frederick O’Connor.

and Britain inert and indifferent—proceeded comfortably to occupy Tibet.

When at length his book *India and Tibet* appeared it was the subject of a remarkable review of two full columns' length in the *Times Literary Supplement* (10th November 1910). The reviewer notes that the author, having now resigned from Government service, is free to express himself freely. On the contrary, he expresses himself with restraint.

Sir Francis Younghusband has been discreet, perhaps almost too discreet, considering that he is now unmuzzled. There are several topics, familiar to those who know the inner history of the Expedition, on which he preserves an honourable silence. He makes no complaint and utters no reproaches . . . It must not be supposed that the book is either a defence or an apology. It sheds much light upon the motives which guided his decisions, and explains some things which had remained obscure; but there is little in his work which required apology, for he made no capital errors of judgment. That was reserved for others far from the scene of action.

It was not, however, till 1917 that the required apology on behalf of those 'others' was made. In that year Mr. Austen Chamberlain held the office of Secretary of State. Having read carefully through all the documents relating to the Mission to Tibet he requested an interview with Sir Francis Younghusband, informed him that he realized that a grave injustice had been done to him, and that he proposed now to recommend him for the K.C.S.I., the highest order of knighthood in the Indian Empire. This honour was forthwith bestowed by King George V.

It has been said of Younghusband that "his judgment was not always good, because he was too prone to apply his gift of far vision to the ephemeral conditions of the moment. Had he had less prescience, he would not sometimes have come to conclusions on important questions which did not command general acceptance. But to know Younghusband was to admire him. He had a fine simplicity of character, and no more honourable man ever served King and Empire."—If this implies a criticism, it is as sound—no more and no less—as the criticism that a great statesman can never make an astute politician, or that high strategy is incompatible with good tactics. And certainly, if policy in Tibet be the criterion in this

particular criticism (as it quite obviously is), subsequent history proved that it was the judgment of politicians in Westminster which was faulty, and not that of Younghusband, or of Curzon, or of Edward VII.

And yet Younghusband was a good tactician too. Strategically, his whole career as a Frontier officer had been devoted to a single aim : how best to frustrate Russian machinations on the outposts of the Indian Empire. Tactically, his experience had taught him the application in practice of two principles which his intuition recognized as vital to that end ; and one of these was Safety in Risk.

Time after time, risk pays. Deliberately, and with your eyes open and in full confidence, run a risk for a good end and you will come out safe with your end achieved. Shrink from running a necessary risk, and danger will relentlessly pursue you, hunt you down and crush you. . . . The cautious is not necessarily the best course. In most cases it is the worst.

The other principle was Readiness to Seize Opportunities.

An opportunity should never be lost. A frontier agent should be as alert as a hawk to snatch it. It comes and goes in a flash ; and failure to seize it may mean years of ponderous and expensive effort for Government. . . . Opportunities here occur which if seized lead on to fortune. But action must be swift. And if it has to be swift, and if it is not to be rash, there must be full previous knowledge of all the conditions, and perpetual fitness in the agent to play the decisive part he may be called upon to take.

As to the nature of the relations that should exist between a frontier agent and his Government ; the unforeseen factors that sometimes make for disagreements, and the qualities needed on both sides for reconciling these, as well as those entailed by a conflict between military and political interests ; the value of youth in frontier work—probably no wiser words have been written than those of Younghusband condensed into seven pages in his book *The Light of Experience*. They were written retrospectively in 1927 in the mid-trough of two World Wars, when the heyday of British Imperialism was long past ; its sun had set and left only a pale after-glow. These pages breathe the spirit of an age as remote from ours as the age of Augustus Caesar, they read like the epitaph of a civilization over which might be written, by some wistfully, by others vauntingly, the word *Ichabod*. But he would never have written that word, for he believed with

unconquerable optimism in the eternal vitality of England and the English spirit, and he was even then looking forward with confident certainty to its rejuvenescence.

In 1925 Lord Ronaldshay's three-volume biography of Lord Curzon was published. Lady Younghusband, always jealous for her husband's honour, wrote to Lord Plender a just complaint that "references therein to the Blue-book on the Tibet Mission do not correctly convey the facts, and also that a wrong construction was placed upon what does appear in the Blue-book." She asked whether some public action should be taken to correct misapprehensions created or revived by this publication. Lord Plender replied suggesting some possible courses of action, but considered them unnecessary. His letter ends :

When others are forgotten who played a great or ignoble part in Indian and Tibetan history, the name of your husband will live as one of the pioneers of Empire who with great courage, endurance and patience, did his duty regardless of personal advancement or selfish ambition.

And that, after all, is the last word.

## Chapter XIX

### RESIDENT IN KASHMIR

**D**ESPITE official censure, Younghusband and his lady were in much request as guests of those at the helm of the country's affairs, and notably of those two statesmen—Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne—whose public utterances on foreign policy he was supposed to have disregarded ; as well as of the Princess Christian, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Zetland (to name a few), and several City Companies. English society was then at the zenith of its Edwardian brilliance : “ things were done on too lavish a scale, perhaps ; but the old starchy primness was beginning to melt, and men and women were encouraged to be human.” And though opulence was admittedly gaining an ascendancy over birth and breeding, the great old country houses—where life moved leisurely and graciously—had not yet been taxed out of existence. It proved to be a brief-lived Indian summer ; next year the British taxpayer was to hear in the Limehouse speech, and to see in the new Budget, the beginning of the end of the old feudal ways in England forever—but by that time Younghusband was back in India. He was also the recipient of other honours : from the University of Cambridge with the Rede Lectureship and an Hon. D.Sc. ; from the Universities of Edinburgh and of Bristol with the Hon. LL.D. ; and, what he valued even more, the rare distinction of being elected an honorary member of the Alpine Club.

One shadow clouded these bright skies. It was the resignation of Lord Curzon from the Viceroyalty as a result of his conflict with Lord Kitchener. Younghusband met him at Dover and spent the night with him there. In an article which he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in May 1925 he briefly describes the incident, and does justice to Lord Curzon's stature both as a statesman and as a friend. He does not spoil it by attempting a vindication of Curzon's case in this controversy, though he does feel that the Viceroy was treated unfairly by the Government. Instead, he gives a balanced and critical estimate of Curzon's character, paying warm tribute to its finer qualities without extenuating its defects. What, he enquires

in conclusion, was the real reason for these latter? Curzon was not temperamentally a religious man; he clearly recognized the presence of a Divine Spirit in the world, but his faith in it was intellectual rather than experiential.<sup>1</sup>

Yet at the close of Lord Curzon's life the thought does keep forcing itself upon me how greatly he would have been helped in his career, and how much more he would have been able to do for the Empire, if he could have found more comfort and inspiration in that great national institution which is designed to represent the religious side of our life. . . . If this great Englishman, who sacrificed so much for his country, could have found in the Church of England that deep satisfaction for his soul which every worker needs, how much greater might his work have been. If in the Church, with its combination of the great arts—of architecture, of ceremonial, of music, of painting, of oratory—each inspired by religion and all united together and directed to the worship of God,—he could have been lifted out of his ordinary self into unison with the great heart of the world, and yet all the time remained his own greater and more real self, he would have gone about the affairs of his country in a very different spirit and with far greater effect. Reverence would have deepened him. And with deeper reverence would have come that finer courtesy and nobler consideration which are so essential in conducting the affairs of men. . . .

He found time in the whirl of social engagements and public functions to attend two meetings of the Welsh Revival of 1905. In *Modern Mystics* he traced the history of this movement in detail, describing it as a notable example of "mass mysticism". His own reaction to its influence, however, was not immediate, "for in spiritual matters I am very, very slow of apprehension". But even at the time he was impressed by the force of a striking contrast. "Conventional clergymen occasionally offered up some stilted prayer. But these were as dry sticks beside a living, swaying tree. Then prayer would give way to song. And here, again, the ordinary Church singing was as water is to wine." It was only after his return to London, however, that he felt a personal impact.

<sup>1</sup> The fullest statement of Lord Curzon's personal religious faith is contained in a long letter to Younghusband from Hackwood, dated 23rd January 1914. The essential passages are quoted in the Epilogue to Lord Ronaldshay's *Life of Lord Curzon*, Vol. III.

Then it came upon me with such terrific force that I had to struggle with all my might to keep it down. It surged through me with such intensity that I could not have borne it a moment longer. And when it at last calmed down, it left me in such a state of ecstatic exaltation, I felt as if I were in love with every man and woman in the world. All life seemed of one rose-coloured hue and intensely bright. The troubles and trials of life appeared mere trivialities. All sordidness and baseness was shot through with a radiance that utterly purified their dross. And heaven seemed for the moment established here on earth.

Such experiences do not last ; they soon pass away. But that they *occur* is the point here to note. They are evidence that working within men there is an impulse of tremendous potency which is, in its pith and essence, purely good. The conditions of existence may be too hard for this impulse to fulfil its splendid purpose now ; but that it exists, and is good, there is no doubt.<sup>1</sup>

I had known what it was to be on the height, and life on the plains would be for ever after something different from what it was before. A man cannot always be 'in love' ; but life is a different thing for him after having been in love once.

And, as it seems to me, it was this joy and gladness, this holy ecstasy of life, that Jesus was trying to communicate to men rather than any hard-and-fast doctrines. Only by diligent and disciplined search will this treasure ever be found, and Jesus had to show men the way to it and warn them of the perils they might meet with in the pursuit. But what more than all else He was wishing to communicate was surely this inexpressible gladness He had known—this experience He had of what God's love for man is.<sup>2</sup>

In the Spring of 1906 Younghusband returned to India, and pending his appointment to the Kashmir Residency he was attached for a couple of months to the Foreign Office in Simla. Here he was entrusted with an unusual but congenial task. This was to examine the claim of the Maharaja of Benares to the restoration of certain lands, originally granted by Warren Hastings to Cheyt Singh on certain conditions and afterwards withdrawn by him. For this purpose Younghusband examined all the original documents, including Hastings' letters and his summary of the whole case, "written in a clear, even hand, in perfectly straight lines, and composed of those interminable sentences which were the fashion of the time". The

<sup>1</sup> *Within*, pp. 71-5.

<sup>2</sup> *The Light of Experience*, pp. 207-8.

case was one of those indictments upon which Hastings had been impeached, and it figures prominently in Macaulay's famous essay. Younghusband had no difficulty in showing that the present Maharaja had no shadow of claim to these lands, and he had once again the happiness of vindicating the character of Warren Hastings against his defamers.

Kashmir is by common consent the paradise of the world, and in the bygone days of British imperialism no post was more coveted by political officers than the Residency. With its beautiful house and garden at Srinagar, its house-boat on the river, its winter-house in the plains at Sialkot, and its bungalow in the mountains at Gulmarg—to say nothing of its larger vistas and of its climate—"it must surely be", as Younghusband affirmed, "the most delightful appointment in the whole world." It had been familiar to him in earlier days as an abode of infinite rest each time he had stepped off from civilization into the Himalayas, and the more so after every return. So it was with a grateful heart and pleasurable anticipation that, on 26th June 1906, he set forth in comfort with his wife and little daughter on the 200-mile drive from Rawal Pindi—up the Jhelum Valley with its rushing torrent, and on through the deodar forest bordering Rampur, till at last the hill-sides parted and the glorious Valley of Kashmir lay wide and peaceful before them, and beyond it the lofty snows of the Himalayas hung impalpably in a cloudless sky. Few Residents can have been better equipped than he, both by temper and self-training, to appreciate either the magnificence of this wonderland or the wealth and variety of its vegetation. Two years later he poured forth all the stores of his knowledge and love of natural lore and of native history in his book *Kashmir*, which is still the classic on its subject. It was written with all his accustomed thoroughness, poetic sensibility combining with scientific accuracy to form a perfect guide-book, at the request of his friend Major Edward Molyneux, D.S.O., who illustrated it with no less than seventy exquisite water-colour sketches, the beauty of which sacrifices nothing to truth. Of these it must be said, as Younghusband gratefully acknowledged, that their artistry excels his own word-painting.

Old friends from far and near flocked to the Residency, and entertainment ran hard on the heels of official business. Such pastimes as duck-shooting, trout-fishing, riding, garden-parties, games, dances and the like were interludes in the arrangements for more organized



sports: polo-matches, deer-stalking, and racing. Younghusband was blessed with a hostess whose social grace and capability rose to every occasion. Among the guests whom they delighted to honour during the first few months may be mentioned Lord Kitchener, "the easiest of guests to entertain, for he was out to enjoy himself, and what he was out to do he did"; Lord Minto, the new Viceroy, who "though he had neither Curzon's ability nor capacity for work, had what Curzon lacked—a good manner and a power of intuition"; the Maharaja of Kashmir, "a great gentleman, devoted to children, very loyal, and punctilious in all his religious ceremonies"; H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi, "an ideal explorer, courteous to the natives, full of daring and ready for every hardship"; and—most welcome of them all—"dear old Shukar Ali, the most faithful and most favourite of all the servants I have ever had".

The duties of the Resident were multifarious. Besides supervision of the administration of the State (the executive control of which was in the hands of the Maharaja), he was responsible for the assessment and collection of land revenue, construction and improvement of roads, prevention of floods, provision of hospitals, establishment of schools and supervision of education, maintenance of justice, police protection, promotion of agriculture and of trade, conservation of forests, protection of the frontier. For this last he was particularly happy in that his old friend Colonel Gurdon, who had succeeded him first in Hunza and then in Chitral, was now Political Agent at Gilgit; so that all was quiet on the outposts. This, however, was by no means the case in India as a whole in 1907 (fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny). Sedition was rife, and a serious riot had occurred at Rawal Pindi. Agitators were even invading the State of Kashmir, and some were threatening a general massacre of all Europeans. The nearest British troops were 200 miles away from the capital. What steps could the Resident take for the protection of a practically defenceless population?

The Maharaja, though not a very capable ruler, was a personality and was popular with his subjects. Younghusband, in his personal and official dealings with him, had always treated him with the punctilious deference due to a native Prince. But now, at a garden-party in the Residency grounds, he took him aside, and talked to him informally and confidentially as man to man. He reminded him of his father's loyalty to the Crown; advised him that his own loyalty

would serve his best interests in the long run ; with much else to the same effect ; and said he well knew that by lifting a finger the Maharaja could settle this business. The response of the Maharaja was immediate. "Leave it all to me," he said. "I will soon settle these agitators." The next day he issued the strongest possible proclamation ; the agitators disappeared ; "and to the end of his life he remained staunch in his loyalty to the British Crown, and sedition never had the slightest chance in Kashmir."

It was to this Maharaja, Major-General Sir Pratap Singh, that Younghusband dedicated his book *Kashmir*, "in recognition of much hospitality and in token of a friendship of many years".

But there were very many other matters of internal and domestic policy with which Younghusband—with his instinct for progress and thirst for enterprise—would fain have interfered : matters concerning the social welfare of the natives, economic relaxations, hygienic reform in the villages, prevention of cruelty and the like. But what he could not effect directly by legislation he effected silently by the sheer force of his personality. As an example of this his friend Dr. Tom Longstaff writes :

To me his most striking quality was equanimity—real *aequitas* in the classical sense. He was never ruffled by anything. He told me he was not good at languages : therefore I concluded that his influence and success with natives was due to this quality—combined of course with his very high character. He certainly did have great influence both with rulers and tribesmen. I remember, when walking with him near Srinagar, we met a native beating his wife : this was of course a perfectly legitimate and reasonable action in native law, and made Younghusband's interference a matter of great delicacy. The very quiet and unexcited way in which he remonstrated was completely successful. I thought he had saved the woman's life.

I wish I could add one white stone to his cairn. He struck me as of infinite solidity. Always in balance.

He had, immediately upon assuming office in Kashmir, addressed a circular letter to all political officers serving in the State. It was based upon his own experience of service on the Frontier and in Central India, and may well serve to indicate his views in general upon British responsibility for the tutelage of the Indian people, though in a chapter on Indian States in *The Light of Experience* he has dilated on them more

precisely. The keynote is moderation and restraint ; the principle “ non-interference ”, except of necessity. “ Probably,” he concludes, “ I myself interfered more than I realized ” ; and admits that he was once mildly rebuked by “ superior authority ” for such interference : it concerned his active intervention in securing the dismissal of a corrupt native court official.

The following is an extract from his circular letter :

The question will be constantly arising whether you should leave the State officials to conduct affairs in their own ways or whether you should practically set aside the State official, and, by direct advice amounting to instruction, yourself assume a definite control. You are doubtless constantly seeing on all sides ways in which improvements can be made. You are brought in contact with State officials whose standard of efficiency and public honesty is far below your own. You see where the construction of a new road or irrigation channel or the opening of a new industry would greatly better the lot of the people. You are full of energy and full of anxiety to do something for the people. You feel restive at the dilatoriness and may be the indifference of the Durbar officials. And you very rightly and properly crave to exert yourself to at once remove <sup>1</sup> the impediments to progress and to give an impetus forward.

Your natural inclination, which you very possibly think both wise and justifiable, is to brush aside the Native Agency and to forthwith assume the management of affairs yourself, to initiate improvements yourself, and yourself push improvements through.

I quite acknowledge that this is for the moment the most effective method of improving the lot of the people, and in time of emergency, such as flood, famine or pestilence, its adoption may become a sheer necessity. But it is not the method which I personally incline to or which I would care to see adopted, till the method of relying mainly on Native Agency has by patient and open-minded trial proved an utter failure. For by openly setting aside the authority of State officials you naturally incur their secret resentment ; you offend the dignity of the Ruler of the State, and curtail his authority over his own people ; and you weaken that loyal regard and almost religious veneration which all Indian peoples, of whom I have had any experience, have for their Chief, and which, in my opinion, it is unwise in any way to check or discourage.

<sup>1</sup> Younghusband's use of ' split infinitives ' was deliberate. He defended their use for certain purposes and in any case he detested pedantry.

I would rather prefer, therefore, methods of furthering the welfare of the people which are less likely to provoke the resentment of their natural rulers and to damp down any embryo impulses to development which may be nascent in them. I would then advocate, in the first instance, giving State officials every inducement and every support to initiate and prosecute improvements themselves. I would not be too critical of their methods, nor too lightly assume that what we think is the best is really the most suitable to the people or, even if it is the best, is practicable. Nor would I too readily assume that the Native officials are not themselves anxious to do their best for the people under their charge. They have many difficulties and much indifference to contend against. They are weighed down by custom and inherit centuries of misrule. Zeal in the past may only too frequently have brought them into disfavour with their superiors and earned for them little gratitude from those it was meant to benefit. Slackness was therefore almost inevitable. But I would not on that account assume that the State official of to-day has no regard for the welfare of the people in his charge. His ruling tendency is to take the cue from those above him ; and if his superiors set the tone of regarding the welfare of the people rather than their own personal advancement as the main object of their endeavours then he also will quickly imitate the public-spirited tone and set to work in an altered spirit.

To infuse such a spirit rather than to directly manage State affairs which ought to be managed by State officials should, in my opinion, be the object of us British officers. We enjoy many advantages which State officials have never had. Bred in a more vigorous climate we have a larger initial store of energy upon which to draw. Our prospects for life are assured, and if we had any inclination to dishonesty we do not have much chance of indulging it. We have not therefore that necessity for spending so much energy in looking after our own interests which a struggling poorly-paid State official, with a large family dependent on him, has. And we can better afford to be altruistic.

I would then urge officers to be lenient towards the defects of those whose heredity and surroundings have denied them certain advantages which we enjoy—though, be it noted, this same heredity and environment may have also saved them from many disadvantages which we labour under. And I would advise officers to rather watch for and encourage tendencies in whatever direction they may point which will yet make for the eventual welfare of the State ; to be in fact on the look for the good rather

than for the bad. And a steady and well-considered encouragement of favourable tendencies combined with a corresponding disparagement of inefficiency and dishonesty ought to have the effect of infusing that public-minded 'spirit wherever it may be lacking.

By such a method the carrying out of many an "improvement" will be delayed, and it will often seem to a keen and zealous British officer that he will have to wait till doomsday if he has to wait for a Native official to initiate it. But vastly important as are improvements affecting the material welfare of the people, what is more important is the strengthening of the fibre of the administration. No native administration can be expected to develop or take any pride in itself if it is to be constantly interfered with from outside and if it is led to believe that in our opinion it is useless and worthless. Under such chilling treatment it must necessarily wither and fade when our object ought to be to vivify and vitalize it. And to further that object I would have British officers wait on the initiative of the State officials rather than initiate improvements themselves.

Yet while I would like direct interference to be resorted to as infrequently as possible I would by no means inculcate lazy indifference on the part of British officers. To do nothing and simply keep every one happy and contented around you is often much more difficult than the initiation and prosecution of great schemes of reform. And I would wish officers to take infinite pains to keep themselves informed of what is taking place in their charges; to keep in constant and close personal contact with both the officials and the people; to be readily accessible to them; to take an interest in what is going on and give informal hints and advice in conversation with them; to be ever in and out among them so as to know what their real requirements are and what changes or improvements are possible and to be able to detect those budding efforts towards development which it is our object to foster and develop. The British officer should in fact bear himself so as to be regarded not as the rigid "inspector" whose eyes are ever on the watch for defects, nor yet again as the irrepressible initiator of "improvements", but as the ever accessible friend to whom the State official or ryot can always go for help, advice and encouragement. The Indian Political Department has in the past produced many a British officer who has won for himself such a position in the eyes of the officials and people of a Native State, and every officer serving in Kashmir should strive to attain a similar position.

He should moreover remember that no unimportant part of

his duty is to give the officials and the people opportunities of understanding himself as typical of the British race ; to explain to them British ideas and methods and ways of thought and the objects of Government policy, not only as it directly affects them but also in its general scope. Avoidable difficulties often arise not merely from our misunderstanding Indian character but just as much from Indians misunderstanding ours. And desirable as it is to understand them and their ways of thought, it is no less desirable to give them opportunities of learning our characteristics and modes of thought. Instead of isolating ourselves in offices we should be out among them where at any rate they can stare at us and take stock of us ; and if in addition we can give them informal disquisitions on things British in general we shall probably be doing much more good than writing reports to Government.

And in such intimate conversations it would not be amiss to let them feel that in spite of appearances to the contrary we do not attach supreme importance to merely material progress but do appreciate intellectual, moral and spiritual progress as well. On religious matters it is the wise policy of Government to preserve a strict neutrality and avoid all interference. But it would ever be a matter of regret if Indians came to think that because we preserved a cold neutrality towards different religions, we were therefore indifferent to religion. Whether we agree or not with their religious opinions we should like them to believe that for religion we have the highest regard and consider that more important far than their material condition, or their intellectual development or even their moral progress. Asiatics are by nature less material-minded than we are, and though it is no part of the duty of a Government official to interfere in the smallest degree in religious matters, yet if he is ever to get in touch with Asiatic natures he must let them feel that, neutral though he is, he is not therefore irreligious, but in his own way may be just as fervent as they are in his worship of that God whom all acknowledge but each approach by different ways.

Sir Francis was himself no orator, and perhaps his own faith in the *worthwhileness* (to use his favourite word) of British imperialism in India is most fitly expressed in the glowing sentences which his friend Lord Curzon addressed to his countrymen on the eve of his departure from its shores in 1905.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Biography of Lord Curzon : end of Vol. II.

But it was not alone of India, nor of England, nor indeed of their great continents east and west, that Younghusband was thinking when he too set sail for home: it was of the whole world. His dream was of a universal federation without barriers or bounds, and beyond that of an unimagined field for spiritual exploration. Something of what was burgeoning in his mind is forecast in the words with which he ended his book *Kashmir*.

After tracing the geological evolution of the Himalayas from their uprising from beneath the sea perhaps a hundred million years ago, first as an archipelago of volcanic islands, to the appearance upon their surface of "those microscopic specks of slime imbued with that mysterious element which distinguishes life from all chemical compounds however complex", he proceeds to survey the origins and histories of diverse primitive organisms and their eventual development as mosses, insects, reptiles, birds and mammals, and thence finally the emergence of the human species but little more than a quarter of a million years ago, his recorded history being but a mere fraction of that time. He concludes:

Does it not seem almost criminally childish for us—Hindus, Christians, and Mohamedans alike—to be so continually and incessantly looking backward to the great and holy men of the past, as if all the best were necessarily behind, instead of looking forward to the even greater men to come—to the higher species of men who will yet evolve, of whom our greatest and our holiest are only the forerunners. . . . With our imagination tethered to the hardrock fact that man has developed from a savage to a Plato or a Shakespeare, from the inventor of the stone-axe to the inventor of telegraphy, in the paltry quarter million years of his existence, may we not safely give it rope to wander out into the boundless future? We are still but children. We may be only as young bees, crawling over the combs of a hive, who have not yet found their wings to fly out into the sun-lit world beyond. Even now we suspect ourselves of possessing wing-like faculties of the mind whose use we do not know, and to which we are as yet afraid to trust. But the period of our infancy is over. The time to let ourselves go is approaching. Should we not look confidently out into the future and nerve ourselves for bold, unfettered flight . . . and maybe swarm away to some far, other sun-lit home?

## Chapter XX

### PHILOSOPHY: AND THE EXPERIENCE OF PAIN

SIR FRANCIS had two great loves, India and England : the one the field of his most arduous toils and hazards, and incidentally also the land of his birth ; the other his homeland, the traditions of which were in the marrow of his bones. For twenty-eight years he had given of his best to India and had served its Government with complete loyalty, though not without criticism. He admired the consistency, the rectitude, the fair-mindedness of its policy, but (save for the initiative of a few outstanding individuals in high office) it had seemed to him too impersonal and unimaginative, lacking in flexibility, enterprise, and resolution. Finding now that the more responsible appointments were reserved for the Civil Service and that his own active experience on the Frontier carried no weight, he decided that he could retire from the Service with a clear conscience and turn at last to that inner activity which should determine all endeavour, political and national no less than personal, and serve his country more directly in the sphere that touches "the deepest springs of its existence".

Another General Election was in progress when he landed in England in January 1910. "I plunged recklessly into it—but I was a dismal failure on the platform." How could he be otherwise? Simple, direct, slow of speech, devoid of subtlety—he had none of the tricks of the politician's trade.

His brother George recalled an amusing incident in connection with his brief electioneering campaign which is entirely characteristic. Mr. Roosevelt, having visited Egypt, had remarked : "If you British mean to stay in Egypt, be strong ; if you don't, git !" Sir Francis, taking this as his text for a speech, observed that the same principle was true of India, but that it was unheeded by the Government then in office.

Next morning my brother Frank received a peremptory order to go and see a certain Cabinet Minister, the fact having been overlooked that he was now a gentleman at large. He was ushered into the great man's study, and there received with considerable coldness.



“Do you know, Sir Francis, this is not only an attack on the Government, but a personal attack on *me* !”

“Well, sir, I am sorry you take it so, but”—in a burst of candour—“to tell you the truth, I *meant* it to be !”

That was one of the sweetest moments in his life, for the politicians had treated him badly over his great achievement in Tibet.<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, short-lived as it was, “I enjoyed the experience.”

I was impressed with the virility of these English crowds and their strong sense and directness, and with the pluck and good temper required of a candidate. To face these masses, sometimes cheering sometimes jeering, shouting criticisms and questions, and often deliberately trying to put the candidate off, he must have every weapon at its keenest, his wits must be sharpened to meet every argument, and his courage dauntless. And yet it struck me that it was not by wits and argument alone, or chiefly, that the victory was won : generous blood, human sympathy, cheerfulness and buoyancy, were every bit as necessary.

But European politics are actuated by motives of expediency, not of idealism ; materialistic considerations, not spiritual values. To Younghusband this was as sensible as putting the cart before the horse. In Asia the opposite was the case : religion in its many varieties, or ethics (as in Confucianism), came first, politics second. And yet he sensed in England, beneath its political preoccupations and controversies, a genuine hunger and thirst after righteousness, the satisfaction of which alone could give to its policy both stability and direction. This was therefore the theme of an article which he contributed to the *National Review* in March, and entitled “The Emerging Soul of England”.

Behind all political effort and all social endeavour must be the impulse which religion alone could give. It was for the renewal and revitalizing of our religion that the English people really craved ; for no political effort had weight, momentum, or lasting effect which had not running through it the impulse and inspiration of religious feeling. We virile races of the North required a religion of *our own*, evolved from our midst and fitted to our character—a religion based on the eternal verities, in touch

<sup>1</sup> *A Soldier's Memories* by Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G.

with reality, and human with the humanity of the home and the streets.

Years before this, after Chitral, he had felt the inner urge to devote himself to this enterprise, beside which “ all other work seemed trivial in comparison ”—to break through the trammels of conventional religion and carry his countrymen on to the freedom of the heights. “ The exploring spirit was on me. I would go in front and show the way across the spiritual unknown. ” But first he felt it incumbent upon him to pioneer the route. Feeling certain that the universe must be governed by its own laws and not by external interference, and also that there could be no ultimate incompatibility between science and religion, he set himself to study the physical causation of events, and, beginning with Darwin, had gone on to acquaint himself with the latest results of research in biology, botany and zoology. This study had brought him under the influence of Herbert Spencer, “ that dreary old philosopher ”, whose works he read extensively.

The wide sweep of his outlook greatly appealed to me. And to all appearance he was so calm and unbiassed that I thought him the acme of wisdom, and only realized long afterwards what incalculable harm he did me by drying up the fountain springs of my being ; and how underneath his apparent impartiality lay a petty-minded hatred of religion.

Spencer’s theory of the continuous adaption of the organism to its environment by the gradual adjustment of means to ends leads the unwary enquirer on, stage by stage, from biology to sociology, to a materialistic explanation of all life by efficient rather than by final causes ; and, fascinated by the apparent impeccability of this argument, Younghusband had begun to assume that science explained everything. It was whilst he was employed at the Royal College of Science “ in the gentle occupation of cutting up rabbits, and was anxiously awaiting the moment when we should arrive at the study of the brain, and the instructor would inform us how it produced intelligence and affection ”—that he had suddenly been swept off to South Africa and the Jameson Raid.

The sturdy character of the Boers had greatly impressed him and set him thinking in a different direction. He could not but respect—even though he could not share—the faith that produced such manhood. Then followed his marriage, and the birth and death of an

infant son, and then experience at close quarters of the Great Famine in India. He had long since (indeed since he first began to think for himself at all) abandoned all belief in what he called "the bullet-deflecting type of God", that is, in a Deity who in response to petition providentially intervenes to alter the laws of His own universe: it is but a pathetic form of wishful thinking; all experience contradicts it: it lies at the roots of primitive magic, not of genuine spiritual aspiration. The Great Famine, while it confirmed his disbelief in any supernatural interposition in the course of natural events, confirmed his positive belief in "an inherent motive force impelling to all that is good and great"—a belief, namely, in the efficacy of final causes whose nature was spiritual, not mechanical. And when later Resident in Indore, he had absorbed the essence of the higher Hinduism, as contained in the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita, this had proved a liberating influence.—But even more so had been his intensive study, in the vast, high silences of the Tibetan plateau, of the essential ethic of Buddhism: that is, of the teaching of the Buddha in its original purity (not in the travesty of its guise and disguise in Lamaism). "Here," he said, "I finally rid myself of the dessicating influence of Herbert Spencer." And this is very interesting. For he must have felt the impact both of a far profounder mind and of a far mightier personality than the best that European philosophy had produced in the 19th century. Moreover, in the Buddha's doctrine of Dependent Origination (Wheel of the Twelve Causes) he must have found that inter-related blend of physiological with psychological causation which he had sought in vain in the naturalistic theories of the West; in the Eightfold Path a foreshadowing of the Sermon on the Mount; and in the concept of Nirvana the negative side of the same eternal truth which Jesus enunciated positively. Already he was beginning to breathe in a clearer and more invigorating mental climate than either science or theology could provide. And his continued reading of the poetry of the nature-mystics—Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Whitman—and of William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, kept the springs of his being fresh.

But he still felt a need to come to grips with the intellectual thought of the West. While in Kashmir he had read with close attention two stiff philosophical works, *Some Dogmas of Religion* and *Studies in Hegelian Cosmology*, by Professor McTaggart of Cambridge University, who, as it happened, had been the person chosen to confer upon him

the honorary degree of D.Sc. in 1905 ; and his perusal of these books determined him to make closer acquaintance with their author. Accordingly, on his return to England he lost no time in bearding this formidable, and at first sight somewhat forbidding, philosopher in his den. Aware that McTaggart denied the existence of a personal and transcendent Deity, and correctly surmising that he affirmed that of an impersonal and immanent Spirit, Younghusband went straight to the point.

I wanted to know whether there was any conscious purpose in that spirit ; whether there was any definite end at which it aimed ; or whether it was merely a drift or tendency and, if so, whether we could direct the tendency and control our destiny. Then I wanted to know what was the goal we should aim at ; what was to be our standard of right ; what conduced towards our reaching the goal ; and whether we had any justification for believing that good would prevail over evil. Finally, where could I find the best metaphysical demonstration of the truth of immortality.

McTaggart's replies were equally straightforward. The immanent Spirit expressed itself in human personalities, tending to unify them. It was not necessarily either conscious or purposive. He was in general agreement with Bergson about this. We could control our destiny, but only within limits. He was not so sure as he had once been that all things necessarily worked for good. But the ultimate goal was unity—another name for love. This fact was realized by mystics of all ages and of every religious persuasion. He was himself working upon a metaphysical proof of immortality, but had not yet reached it. It had not yet been proved, though Hegel had come near it. Of contemporary thinkers he regarded Bergson as the greatest, though uncertain of his precise meaning ; and Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* as the best contribution to recent philosophy, though he did not himself agree with it. He recommended his enquirer a course in philosophical reading, and upon this Younghusband forthwith embarked and steadily pursued it, with the characteristic comment—"hard work, but bracing !"

These conversations were the prelude to a close friendship between the explorer and the college don ; and Younghusband found in this dry, shy, austere philosopher a deeply sensitive and warm-hearted human being, as well as a fellow-pilgrim, and one moreover whose

speculations on the ultimate ground of Being were based, not on abstract thinking only, but on a mystical experience of the infinite, akin to his own. "He was a religious and a good man; and I am proud to remember that he gave me the privilege of his friendship up to the day of his death."

It was chiefly as a result of this, and of other philosophical contacts which he made both in Cambridge and in Oxford, that Younghusband became a member of the then famous 'Aristotelian Society', though to judge from the names of its leading members and from those who were invited to lead its debates, it had more fitly been called the 'Neo-Hegelian Society'. Some of these names are to us now almost legendary: Wildon Carr, Bradley, Croce, Bergson, Sorley, James Ward, G. E. Moore, Whitehead, Alexander, Lloyd Morgan, Bosanquet, J. S. Haldane, and von Hugel, as well as Hastings Rashdall, Inge, D'Arcy, and Temple among Anglican churchmen. And the personalities of these various thinkers interested him no less keenly than their thoughts.

The influence of that great master-metaphysician of the early 19th century, Hegel, still dominated the thought of the early twentieth.

But there is nothing new under the sun, and this is true in the realm of abstract thinking. There are adumbrations of Hegelianism, as well as of its several variations, in the great philosophical systems of India centuries before the same problems dawned upon the European mind; and to Younghusband the essential features of idealistic monism must have been familiar in its guise as Brahmanism, and some of its pluralistic variations as western equivalents of the Samkhya doctrine. It would seem that, recognizing in the Idealism of the West some elements of mysticism (even if this was unsuspected by its exponents), he assimilated these and wove them into his own more concrete interpretation of the meaning and purpose of existence. And what attracted him as much as the speculative theories advanced in these discussions, were the contributions made by the avowed mystics, especially Dean Inge, and by scientists such as Haldane, psychologists like G. F. Stout, and ethical thinkers—most of all L. A. Reid (then a young man), whose paper on Creative Morality "gave me the impression of being on the verge of something of great importance. I owe very much to him, and am confident that he will one day produce a book of great value." (He was right: Mr. Reid's book appeared with the same title in 1937.) And intellectually stimulating as the subject-matter of these

discussions was, their interest was enhanced enormously by such close personal contact with some of the finest minds in Europe, and Young-husband has much to say of the personalities behind the minds: the polish and grace of Bosanquet, Ward's nobility of purpose, Bergson's simplicity and sympathetic manner, Moore's sledge-hammer bluntness, the profound spirituality of Baron von Hugel. With Whitehead, a thinker with a mind of "liquid clarity, an imperturbable temper, and a saving humour", he had a long talk on the future of religion and found himself in close agreement; and in Bertrand Russell, a professed agnostic, he found the most agreeable companion of all and on a later day voyaged with him to America.

But there was something lacking in these discussions.

Sometimes as I watched and listened, I would wonder whether by too incessant intellectual discussion the debaters might not lose—or never acquire—that feeling of awe and reverence on the one side, and of devotion on the other, which a contemplation of the world should bring. This hard thinking and conflict of opinion were necessary and useful, and cleared away many misconceptions. But with this intellectual effort, and perhaps actually arising from the clash of argument, must be that intuition which flashes straight up from the soul. And sometimes in the conflict I would see it sparkling. There would be a sudden melting of the intellectual hardness, and the truth would emerge simply and easily as if it were the most natural thing in the world. . . . But there were some who had overestimated the power of Reason. They had not *felt* the love of God.

Having tested his faith against the keen edge of their intellectual criticism, he set to work to give it shape and definition in a book to be entitled *The Inherent Impulse*. With the nearly completed manuscript of this book in hand he accompanied his wife to Spa in June 1911, where there befell him "an experience which was of the greatest value to me", unlike any he had ever undergone, but of a kind which he would by no means have sought. "Never in all my expeditions had the smallest accident befallen me. Now, when walking along a perfectly straight road in a civilized country, there was nearly an end of me."

Returning with a companion from an aviation meeting along a Belgian main road, thronged with other pedestrians and with motor-cars, his companion suddenly shouted, "Look out!" He turned too

late to see a car almost on the top of him. "I gave one desperate spring—then came the crash. I seemed to be whirling in a wild struggle with the machine, and all in darkness." Was this to be death? If so, it would be as painless as that of a crushed insect, or "like an electric lamp when the current is switched off". He found himself dazedly sitting by the roadside, with a leg "which felt elastic and soft as putty" curled under him, gazing at the scared faces of a collecting crowd, listening to their sympathetic murmurs. "When you are on the very verge of leaving the world you realize how lovable the world is and how much you love it." Strong arms lifted him into the car, one held the injured limb; the car was now in motion and with every jolt on the cobbles he winced as the broken edges of the bones, protruding through the flesh, jarred against each other. The pain was just *beginning*.

It was a double fracture of the leg, and (though this was not discovered till long after) a double fracture of the ankle also. Meeting his wife coming down the stairs of the hotel as he was being carried up, "I tried to assure her that I was not seriously hurt." Her distress, then and afterwards, accentuated his own pain. "We love sympathy; but sometimes we would like our actual suffering to be hid from those it hurts and to crawl away and hide alone."

For "three terrible hours" they awaited the arrival of a surgeon. There followed blissful unconsciousness, and then a night of agony; the bones had not been set under the chloroform, only a splint strapped to the leg. Injuries to the ankles and the heel, a deep cut on the other knee, bruises to the knuckles and the forehead—these now also began to make their presence felt, "a tangle of aches and shooting pains and twinges". And to shift his position was now impossible. It was the shortest night of the year but the hours never seemed so long. A twelve-mile drive, much of it over cobble-stones, to a convent nursing-home next morning; and once again the bliss of oblivion, only to awaken to "a dull heavy pain, made up of multitudinous, interwoven aches and twinges, never ceasing for the fraction of a second". Morphia that night; next morning a 'window' cut into the plaster-of-Paris for the ordeal of the first dressing; the dressing removed; the wound probed and dressed afresh: "I thought I had already reached the limit, but I had not till then." Enforced starvation, combined with the effects of the drug and with loss of blood (which the surgical dressing failed to staunch effectively), weakened his powers

of resistance, and added to these was sleeplessness. Cramps in the foot were bad enough but "harder still were the terrific spasms which convulsed my whole body and sent fearful additional pains shooting down my leg, the instant I fell asleep". It seemed as if a demon were crouched at the foot of his bed waiting for this moment to seize his leg and shake it violently. Though worn out with sleeplessness he deliberately kept himself awake; to sleep with the risk of such spasms was worse than the wakefulness of pain.

At the end of a week pneumonia set in. This was caused by the movement of a clot of blood from the leg to the lung. He could now breathe only in gasps. "Even the terrible pain of the leg was forgotten. The mere fighting for breath took up all my thoughts and little remaining energy". The antiquated method of cupping was applied but with no relief. Three times he was almost gone. The medical and surgical treatment which he received were in fact totally inadequate and the nursing facilities deplorable. But for Lady Young-husband's insistence upon the provision of expert aid from England he would certainly have died. But Sir John Broadbent arrived from London in the nick of time, and with him Nurse Gifford, under whose care he gradually revived. The clot dissolved, but for many weeks he dared not laugh or yawn or sigh. Laughter, provoked by a book read to him by his wife, was followed by such an access of pain that jokes were forbidden. The pneumonia germ now infected his leg-wound and the discharge began to poison his whole system. There was a severe recurrence of the lung infection: "the old clutching pain crept about my chest". Leeches and hot fomentations of various kinds were applied, but all in vain: the pains grew more intense, the struggles for breath more difficult. The Belgian doctor arrived and informed the nurse that three days was the utmost that the patient could now live.

With the morning, however, the worst of the paroxysms had passed and the patient still lived, and was able to inform Sir John Broadbent who had just arrived again in response to a cablegram that he felt prepared to go home. Next day he was conveyed in an airless and almost springless horse-drawn ambulance to the railway station. It was a distance of only two miles, but "many degrees worse" than the drive to the hotel had been. Also, the heat was appalling. (The summer of 1911 will be remembered by many of us as the hottest in our memories). The relative comfort of a bed in the invalid carriage



of the train was an enormous relief, except for the heat. Even more so was the refreshing sea-breeze in the cross-Channel boat ; “ and the sight of healthy human beings all about me was even more invigorating than the glorious air ”. Arrived at Dover, after another ambulance drive, “ I was nearly at the end of my resources ”. His temperature had risen alarmingly, but his spirit had returned : “ There was inexpressible relief in being back in England.” Three days later he was pronounced fit for the journey in an invalid carriage to London, and there once again underwent a serious operation. The whole leg-wound was reopened ; fragments of decaying bone removed and with them the ‘ stitch ’ of silver wire ; the whole area disinfected. There followed more weeks of ceaseless pain and nearly sleepless nights, and at last in September the leg was incased in plaster so as to allow a slight movement of the knee and the marvellous relief of being turned from his back on to his side. “ The relief of lying on one side and feeling my cheek against the pillow was unimaginable.” But it was short-lived : the change of position brought on cramp, and again, except for brief intervals, he had to lie on his back.

But the leg-wound still continued to discharge. Examination by X-ray showed that the bones were not properly knit and required readjustment. For the fourth time he was placed on the operation table, and the bones pulled into a position to set. Then the leg was kept stretched from foot to thigh in a steel splint : “ but it might just as well have been put in the rack ”, so intense was the pain for three days and nights. But recovery was now in sight, and after a final operation in November to remove some remaining bone-splinters he was on his legs again. None but an unusually tough physique, and a power of will to match it, could have stood this hammering and survived it without amputation.

The experience had been “ of the greatest value to me ”. In what sense ? Not, he stoutly maintained, in any salutary effect upon his character through what is called the discipline of pain. Surely for that “ a much more efficacious means than suffering might have been employed ”. It had been cathartic in another way : in the opportunity it gave him to clear his thoughts and rid them of the last remnants of illusion, and to enlarge imaginatively his own powers of sympathy with the sufferings of others, and further to find that sympathy returned to him exceeding abundantly above all that he asked or indeed felt possible.

From now onward I felt myself increasingly sensitive to every emotion and deeply responsive to any impression. The shell in which I was, like others, encased for the hard business of the world was broken through, and as they approached me, others also seemed to set aside their shells. The bare souls were exposed ; and of warm human sympathy I had more than I had ever dreamed possible should be given me. To an intense degree I felt the oneness of all humanity. As I lay at death's door I was extraordinarily susceptible to every touch and shade of human feeling. In some unknown way, I seemed to touch heart to heart with every human being. It was a revelation such as it was worth all my suffering to experience. Men and women whom I had never suspected of more than an ordinary regard for me showed such affectionate sympathy for me as to alter my whole view of mankind. . . . I felt I could never again think hardly of a single human being. The slightest reflection on anyone touched me to the quick.

With humility and gratitude he records all the many tokens of kindness he received—in ready help from porters, maids, policemen, English visitors and Belgian residents in Spa, and in messages from Royal personages in England and India, old school-friends, fellow-soldiers, scientific societies, old comrades of every rank from all over the world. Three incidents stood up sharply in his mind.

When the pains in his leg were at their height the London surgeon, Mr. Clayton Green, arrived at Spa.

I told him that if all this pain was unavoidable I would stand it as best I could, but that if it could be assuaged or prevented I should be very grateful if he would prevent it. His words in reply, and his strong, firm, confident look, are stamped into me so that I shall never forget them. "It *must* be removed, it *can* be removed, and it *shall* be removed," he said. . . . To him and to the very efficient London nurses (subsequently) I owe it that my leg was saved. Some may say that it was an outside Providence who saved it, but those who say so would also have to admit that it was the same Providence who broke it. A more tenable proposition is that it was the carelessness of man which broke it, and the efficiency of man which saved it.

Again, when he was stricken with pneumonia and the pains in his chest were at their worst so that he felt literally at his last gasp, Sir John Broadbent entered the room. "Here again I felt the relief of

a strong efficient man devoting his whole mind to my care. On one occasion he seized me tightly in his arms and seemed to literally hold me together when I appeared to be falling to pieces."

And again when he could not move and could scarcely speak, there crept into his room a well-known figure. It was not the self-confident, arrogant George Curzon of other days, but the true-hearted comrade he had always known, who tiptoed to his bed and almost timidly whispered, "My dear Younghusband, how are you, my dear fellow?" and continued: "Now, as soon as ever you can move, you are to come to Hackwood and bring your wife and your nurses and anyone you like with you. And you shall have rooms on the ground floor, so that you can get out easily into the garden. Whenever you want to see me I shall be there to see you; and if you want to be by yourself, I shall leave you alone. You shall do just exactly as you like."

"I have described my sufferings at length and in detail not because there is anything unusual in them, but because they are so very common . . . Cases such as mine are brought into the hospitals every day of the week, year after year." And his case, after all, had been only that of one of the lucky ones. From first to last he had been blest with the tender care and affection of his wife, surrounded with every care and attention, spoilt with every comfort and even luxury. But what—so he asked himself during these weeks of convalescence—what of those who were *not* so privileged? of the wounded on battlefields, or those injured far away from civilization, or the poor who cannot afford medical aid? What of the incurably afflicted who suffer life-long torture, or of those who suffer chronically and never enjoy good health? What of the blind, the deaf, the dumb—permanently denied one of the joys of living; or, again, of women in child-birth "who suffer for no other reason than for doing their duty to the human race"?

Physical suffering is bad enough, both in quantity and in quality; but what of mental anguish? Of lives spent in one continuous struggle for bare subsistence? Or of those born handicapped, with *no* future before them? or of those tempested in a sea of troubles who lack the strength to hold their own?

And what, too, of those who feel great things within them, who crave to put them forth, but who in the barbaric civilization of today find their tender delicate aspirations blighted and crushed,

and themselves borne helplessly along in a black and ugly stream? And what of that most exquisite suffering of all—the suffering of one who has freely given out all his most tender and sensitive love, poured out his inmost and secret and sacred being to another, and found its holiness unrecognized and his love without return? . . .

The sum of suffering is stupendous. And for all we know, the suffering and evil in other parts of the universe may be even more appalling than it is on our planet. Human beings do all they can to lessen and assuage it. Can we really believe it is deliberately caused by a Just and Merciful Providence for our welfare?

This—the age-old Problem of Pain—was the theme of his meditations during convalescence, and this he determined to take as the *raison d'être* for his nearly completed book, with another title—*Within*.

It was published in the autumn of 1912 and by a coincidence simultaneously with another, similar in subject and intention, though very different in approach and conclusion, namely *Thy Rod and Thy Staff*, by that attractive and meditative essayist, Arthur Christopher Benson. In both the subject is introduced by personal description of severe illness: the one occasioned by a broken leg, the other by a nervous breakdown. The manner of the one is almost cheerfully objective, that of the other pensively introspective. Both were reviewed together and at length, by way of comparison and contrast, in the *Times Literary Supplement*. And since the opinion of the present writer concurs in part with that of the anonymous reviewer, he cannot do better than take the liberty of quoting extracts from the latter.

Mr. Benson's malady was of the mind, and by the advice of a friend he has carefully omitted all physical symptoms. Sir Francis, on the other hand, has no such scruples. His first chapter is nothing short of a lively description of an accident in Belgium. . . . In crisp, decisive sentences, and not without a tinge of proper pride now that all is blessedly over, he tells his story.

It is prose straight from the shoulder, without Mr. Benson's lulling fluency and grace. And though Sir Francis vigorously shares many of Mr. Benson's new convictions, their differences are acute. He is very far from summarizing his message, as Mr. Benson does, by citing the Twenty-third Psalm: though his ordeal brought him also face to face with many of life's deepest problems. It is the old, old question. Can we believe in a

personal Providence, in a God of Pity, in an omnipotent and loving Creator, when throughout the heavy centuries the whole creation has groaned and travailed in pain together until now? Sir Francis confronts the difficulty in all its guises . . . He is convinced that we are realizing nowadays that the old guardian God of our childhood never existed. "He did not make us. We made him." And so, only in our own selves, in our common heroic humanity we must put our trust. "The Kingdom of God is within," whence every noble and selfless impulse arises. As from the most rudimentary speck of life Man has been evolved, so towards heights as proportionately distant he may climb the steep ascent. Love alone is the redeemer of mankind, the love that transforms, transmutes, burns away all dross. "While Knowledge and Will and Virtue and the capacity for enjoying all the Beauty of life are essential as ingredients"—Love, immeasurably above the rest, "is the one thing to clasp through all the cares and sorrows, and in all the stern complexities of life." . . .

In both these volumes questions are asked which few mortals can altogether escape, though perhaps it is the gift of the happiest to seek and need no answer. . . . One thing at least is certain; that neither the kindness and humility of the one book nor the fearless unfaltering destructiveness of the other is the last word. Even Sir Francis only substitutes for the Great Artificer and Organizer a Great Purpose. A bold, self-contained heart may dare death, even life, in the strength of that abstraction. His very candour obliges him to confess that the nuns who nursed him with such serene devotion, in praying, as they sat telling their beads by his bedside, "to a Divinity, may unwittingly have been drawing inspiration from that inherent Spirit which animates us all." The same soldierly and practical directness, too, which finds even duty not an end but a means, proclaims with an ardent heart that the lovely is "pure good in itself." One brief story has a curiously haunting and beautiful, even if unintentional, touch of mysticism. "I once saw a botanist most tenderly replace a plant which he had inadvertently uprooted, though we were on a bleak hillside in Tibet, where no human being was ever likely to see the flower again."

Destructiveness is certainly not the last word, and it was not so for Sir Francis, even in this book. His scepticism is directed against the validity of either theological or scientific theories to interpret the

nature and purpose of life in the universe, not only because both of these seek an explanation from outside life itself (the one from an extraneous supernatural providence, the other from the effects of environment upon life), but also because both are falsified by experience as we know it. For example, in disproof of the applicability of the law of the survival of the fittest to the fulfilment of being in the life of the higher organisms, he says: "The fittest to survive are not necessarily intrinsically the *best*. . . . We have the impulse to eat and drink and to *sustain* life. We have the impulse to avoid dangers and so *preserve* life. But over-riding and transcending these there is still another—it is the impulse to completely *give away* oneself. It is the impulse which makes us feel that we would rather die and have done our best than survive with the best undone."

No one who reads this book without prejudice can fail to be moved by the refreshing buoyancy of the religious faith which inspires it, the intensity of its conviction of the *worthwhileness* of living. It carries with it the infection of a good courage. But it does not represent Sir Francis' last word on the subject. He criticized it himself in later life on two points: one, that he had overstressed personal freedom at the expense of social discipline; the other, that he had overstressed divine immanence at the expense of divine transcendence, that is, that he had failed to recognize sufficiently that in the life of the spirit there is a pull from beyond as well as an impulse from within.

He was astonished at the reception which the book received, from correspondents known and unknown, and from many parts of the world. A few—and some of these his friends and relations—condemned it in such unmeasured terms as to make him wish that he had never written it; but by far the majority wrote in gratitude. One of these was H. G. Wells, who told him that it had been of great value to him in the writing of his own book *God: The Invisible King*. (Younghusband could well have dispensed with the compliment, however, since he felt unable to return it.)

There exists a very touching and remarkable book by Sir Francis Younghusband called "Within". It is the confession of a man who lived with a complete confidence in Providence until he was already well advanced in years. He went through battles and campaigns, he filled positions of great honour and responsibility, he saw much of the life of men, without altogether losing his faith. The loss of a child, an Indian famine, could shake it

but not overthrow it. Then coming back one day from some races in France, he was knocked down by an automobile and hurt very cruelly. He suffered terribly in body and mind. His sufferings caused much suffering to others. He did his utmost to see the hand of a loving Providence in his and their disaster and the torment it inflicted, and being a man of sterling honesty and a fine essential simplicity of mind, he confessed at last that he could not do so. His confidence in the benevolent intervention of God was altogether destroyed. His book tells of this shattering, and how laboriously he reconstructed his religion upon less confident lines. It is a book typical of an age and of a very English sort of mind, a book well worth reading.

That he came to a full sense of the true God cannot be asserted, but how near he came to God, let one quotation witness.

“The existence of an outside Providence,” he writes, “who created us, who watches over us, and who guides our lives like a Merciful Father, we have found impossible longer to believe in. But of the existence of a Holy Spirit radiating upward through all animate beings, and finding its fullest expression, in man as love, and in the flowers as beauty, we can be as certain as of anything in the world. This fiery spiritual impulsion at the centre and source of things, ever burning in us, is the supremely important factor in our existence. It does not always attain to light. In many directions it fails; the conditions are too hard and it is utterly blocked. In others it only partially succeeds. But in a few it bursts forth into radiant light. There are few who in some heavenly moment of their lives have not been conscious of its presence. We may not be able to give it outward expression, but we know that it is there . . .”

God does not guide our feet. He is no sedulous governess restraining and correcting the wayward steps of men. If you would fly into the air, there is no God to bank your aeroplane correctly for you or keep an ill-tended engine going; if you would cross a glacier, no God or angel guides your steps amidst the slippery places. He will not even mind your innocent children for you if you leave them before an unguarded fire. Cherish no delusions; for yourself and others you challenge danger and chance on your own strength; no talisman, no God, can help you or those you care for. Nothing of such things will God do; it is an idle dream. But God will be with you nevertheless. In the reeling aeroplane or the dark ice-cave God will be your courage. Though you suffer and are killed, it is not an end. He will be with you as you face death; he will die with you as he

has died already countless myriads of brave deaths. He will come so close to you that at last you will not know whether it is you or he that dies, and the present death will be swallowed up in his victory.

It was but for a brief while that that fine intelligence cherished these heroic sentiments—to revert to what he called “the sturdy atheism of his youth”. Then he apologized for them as an ephemeral fantasy: that vision to his ageing sight was seen only as a mirage. It is not for us to asperse the final scepticism of a sane and great-hearted humanist, who lived to despair of humanity and of the eventual worth of human aspirations. He is not by any means the only one who has done so. The deserts of scepticism are strewn with the bones of pioneers who sought in vain for some thirst-quenching oasis. But though he too found none, he never relinquished his intellectual integrity, even when disillusion had dried up the sources of his faith.

To Younghusband there was opened another way. He could never have accepted Wells’ too soon found and too soon lost solution: it did not sufficiently interpret the *whole* of life. He avoided that ultimate dualism which made shipwreck of Wells’ religious thinking: the Veiled Being who is transcendent and incomprehensible, and the Invisible King who is immanent and personal. For him the universe was interrelated and interdependent in all its parts, which were inescapable and integral units in a single Unity, namely the self-same Eternal Spirit which from age to age and from day to day is bringing all things to perfection.



## Chapter XXI

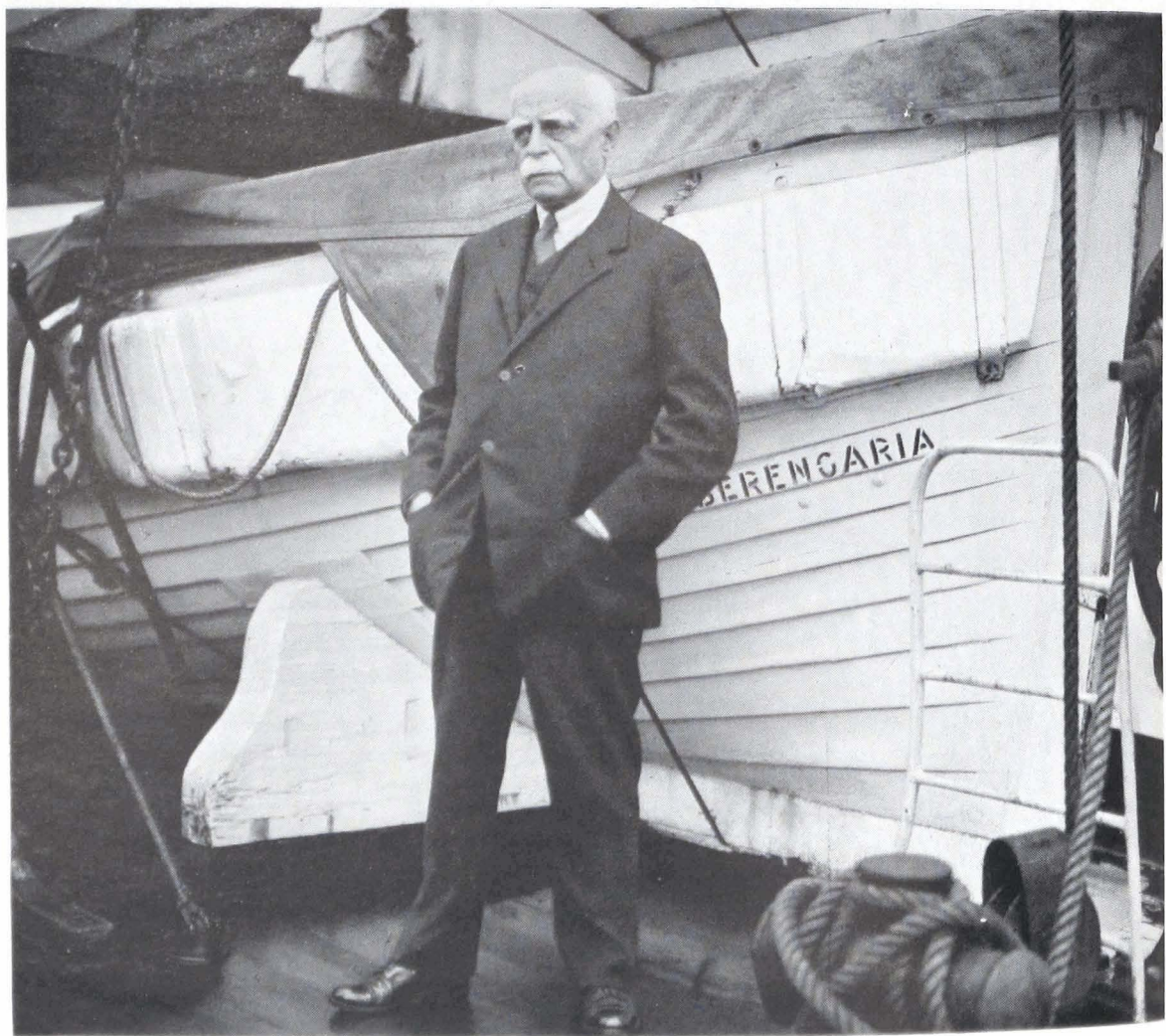
### THE EMPIRE AND THE FUTURE OF INDIA

IN the autumn of 1908 Sir Francis had spent a short leave from Kashmir in visiting all the capitals of the Near East, and in January 1909 he contributed to the *National Review* a report of his impressions. This paper evinces not only an acute observation and assessment of the complex political and economic problems which then confronted the Balkans, but also an unsuspected knowledge of the centuries-old historical factors which engendered an impending deadlock. He foresaw the possibility of a Balkan war (which occurred in 1913), and his plea was for a clear definition of British policy to forestall it, and thereby prevent the possibility of a major conflict. His own hope for a peaceful settlement was in a united support by the Great Powers to the Young Turk Party, which, despite its alien religion, was progressive and the most ready to adopt the principles of political freedom which prevailed in the West.

After his accident in 1911 it was a long time before he could get about again, but in February 1914 he was fit enough to go for a two months' tour in the United States. "I found the energy of American life most invigorating, and the general good cheer and boundless hospitality most refreshing." He visited the great capitals in the east, the middle-west, and the west. California "almost took the palm for beauty from Kashmir". At Yale he lunched with ex-President Taft, "the perfect type of American gentleman". Of Theodore Roosevelt, whom he greatly admired, he said, "He would have made a great explorer if he had not thrown himself away in politics." At Chicago he was made a life-member of the Adventurers' Club. Of Americans in general, by way of summary he said: "Politically we are foreigners, socially we are cousins. We slip up if we make too much of the cousin-ship idea in politics; but socially we cannot make too much of what is between us."

Returning to England in the summer he found the political weather sultry, with every sign that it was brewing up for a thunderstorm. He believed, as many others have believed then and since, that a forthright declaration of British policy might have averted the disaster.





FROM A SNAPSHOT ON BOARD THE *BERENGARIA*

In view of the challenge to democratic principles and parliamentary institutions which more ruthless forms of government have since then presented, his reflections upon the First World War are worth quoting.

The unbelievable had happened before we knew where we were. . . . Keeping our heads is an excellent thing, and we are fairly good at it. But making up our minds on the instant, and for decisive action, is still better. Soldiers by the nature of their calling have to be decisive. But statesmen by the nature of *their* calling have to be deliberate. This deliberation, however, should not be counted unto statesmen for righteousness. It is a defect. And our national affairs will not be properly conducted till we have found a means of making up the national mind much more quickly. These immense debates in huge Cabinets and in Parliament are too slow-footed to meet the dangers which befall a nation—and which, from inside and without, will beset it just as much in the future as in the past, and much more suddenly. We shall have to devise swifter methods of coming to a decision in an emergency. Probably the Prime Minister, as the chosen leader of the nation, will have to take full and sole responsibility upon himself in a momentous crisis, and be held to account for approval or censure afterwards. And this need not mean dictatorship, for we have ample means of replacing leaders of whom we disapprove.

He offered his services first to the India Office, then to the War Office ; both were declined ; he had been out of military employment too long. He then offered to raise a Travellers' Battalion on the same lines as the Sportsmens' Battalion ; this also was declined on the ground that it would be redundant. But in November the India Office requested his services for a task for which he was well qualified by his earlier success as a war correspondent. This was the preparation of daily news telegrams to the Viceroy for dissemination to the Indian people through the Indian Press. The prompt and accurate reports of such news would, it was felt, do much to allay the wild rumours that were spreading among the Indian populace, and there was no man better fitted than Sir Francis Younghusband on account of his understanding of the Indian mind. "Not very satisfactory employment," was his own comment. Before the end of the war he was requested to go to France to address the troops on the part

which India had played in it, and also by the Admiralty to visit the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow on a like errand. Of Sir Charles Lucas's monumental volumes *The Empire at War*, subsequently compiled for the Royal Colonial Institute by various experts of the British Commonwealth of Nations, Younghusband's section on India was regarded as the most important and the most comprehensive.

In 1916 he founded a Society which he named "The Fight for Right" and enlisted the services of Sir Frederick Pollock as its Chairman, with Lord Bryce as its President. Among its members were Lord Bryce; his old friend and schoolfellow, the poet Henry Newbolt; the Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges; the novelist Maurice Hewlett; Wilfred Ward; Dr. Jacks; Professor Gilbert Murray; Professor Ramsay Muir; Philip Kerr; A. F. Whyte, M.P.; Wickham Steed; William Temple (later Archbishop); Evelyn Underhill; Arthur Boutwood; and M. Painlevé (French Minister of Instruction). These all delivered lectures or wrote essays which were widely circulated. At Robert Bridges' request Sir Hubert Parry composed the music for Blake's "Jerusalem" and presented the Fight for Right Society with the copyright for its rallying hymn.

His endeavours to cement friendly cultural relations between East and West found scope in many ways. As far back as 1901 he had conceived the idea of retiring from the army to stand for Parliament and also to found what is now the Royal Central Asian Society. He had confided this plan to Lieutenant P. M. Sykes (later Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.), then of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who thus wrote of Sir Francis: "I was shocked at a man of such parts giving up his career until he had reached high office, and, since I was able to suggest a suitable substitute in the person of Sir Edward Penton to act as Hon. Secretary, he finally agreed to this proposal. I personally owe much to his advice. He represented a fine type—honourable, brave, calm, determined. He was one of the founders of the Society and an Hon. Vice-President from 1934 till his death." He was also a member of the Royal India and Pakistan Society (formerly the India Society) for twenty-three years and Chairman for eighteen years. The President, the Marquess of Zetland, wrote:

I first met him more than forty years ago in the spacious days of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. I was myself bound for Central

Asia when he was making for Tibet, and his suggestion that I should attempt to enter that country from the north and join him as he made his way in from the south was a tempting one, but the difficulties proved too great. . . . His was an outstanding personality which was marked by its spiritual evolution throughout a career of no mean value to the State, and, as the years passed, to the ideal of a more spiritual way of life. . . . It was natural that the objects of the India Society should make a strong appeal to such a mind ; and those who worked under his guidance know how whole-heartedly he threw himself into the cause which it serves. His friendship with the Indian Princes enabled him to appeal successfully to them for their patronage, with results which we see to-day.

He was Vice-President also of the Royal Society of Literature ; his lecture on " Culture as the Bond of Empire " appeared in Vol. I of its publications, and he wrote the foreword for Vol. X, which he also edited. He was Chairman of the Society for the Study of Religions, and Vice-Chairman of the Religion and Ethics Branch of the League of Nations Union, and a Past President of the Institute of Sociology.

When the end of the war was in sight he received a confidential Note from the Secretary of State for India requesting his views on " Indian Constitutional Reform ". The following is an extract from his reply, dated 26th July 1918.

I think it would be in accordance with the general spirit of our race and of these great times, and would be worthy of the high occasion, if, in introducing the reforms, we stated clearly and decidedly that when India became fit to be responsible for her own Government she would be left free to choose whether she would remain within the Empire or not. If the declaration were made, Indians would be able to feel that they could call their souls their own. . . .

In conclusion I would suggest that one word should be said to indicate that, while the reforms deal only with the political side of our relations with India, and do not deal with matters of religion and culture, this must not be taken to mean that we as a nation do not attach importance to these things, but only that they are considered to lie outside the sphere of political action. Indians are apt to think that Englishmen do not attach importance to these things. . . . An authoritative statement is

required now and then to affirm that we as a nation do hold spiritual matters in high value, but rely upon Indians themselves to develop this supremely important side of their national life.

In forwarding this Note, Sir Francis added : “ Such changes would have been premature and wholly impossible but for the war. The war has made all the difference, and we must take the position as we find it, seize the great advantages and make the most of them.”

In the years between the wars the question of India's future was a matter which continually occupied his mind, and he sought by means of lectures, letters to the Press, broadcasting, and finally by his book *Dawn in India* to prepare the British public for the inevitable—and desirable—change in its Constitution. As an Imperialist he had always maintained the right, or rather the responsibility, of western nations to the tutelage of the less developed races of mankind until such time as the latter proved capable of self-government. And among western nations the British had proved themselves, by virtue of their tolerance, humaneness, and administrative experience, the best guardians of the interests of the governed. True, they lacked two most desirable qualities : sympathy and comprehension of customs alien from their own. Nevertheless, there was no question but that the Pax Britannica had been on the whole indispensable for the advantage of India. But for it, during a century and a half, that sub-continent of 350 million souls would have been torn by internecine strife and its inhabitants the victims of unscrupulous rulers. Politically British occupation had been justified. If, with regard to social welfare, its efforts had not been so successful, this was largely due to the continuance of the age-old caste-system and to the torpor of the Indian mind. And though the natural aloofness of the English and the natural gentleness of the Indians was the cause of a temperamental barrier between them, yet, when it came to sport and when it came to soldiering that barrier fell away and a genuine spirit of comradeship revealed itself. Furthermore, Englishmen have as much to learn from Indians as to teach them : and chiefly the virtues of gentleness and humility—an inner culture—in one word, spirituality. England had no such geniuses of the spiritual life to show as Ramakrishna, Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Das Gupta, Sadhu Sundar Singh ; or the Muslim poet Iqbal ; no such Christian movements as those in Hinduism and in Islam, as the Brahmo-Samaj and Arya-Samaj, and the Ahmadiya. The future he envisaged was an Anglo-Indian

alliance, born of comradeship, as of proved brothers in arms and in the quest of truth.

But he foresaw trouble if the change of Constitution was sudden, and still more if it was unduly delayed. When in May 1930 the Simon Report was being awaited, and a hundred American clergymen urged immediate withdrawal and the Northcliffe Press clamoured for firmer control, he wrote temperately to *The Times* advocating saner counsels. Immediate withdrawal would court the possibility of leaving the country open to foreign invasion and to the certainty of civil war; stern measures would invite rebellion. The problem was delicate and must be handled with scrupulous forethought.

In February 1925 he delivered the Cust Foundation Lecture at University College, Nottingham, and took for his text the words, "Trust India." He deplored the pusillanimity of previous British Governments in granting concession after concession in response to the shrieking of Indian agitators, which, he said, lacked the authentic English spirit, and he called for a clear-cut positive definition of its policy at the highest level, so that the reins of government could be handed over without loss of dignity either to Great Britain or the Dominion. Britain should take the initiative, and he advocated the holding of a Great Durbar at which the King-Emperor or his representative should solemnize the transfer by a Ceremony of Devotion in the presence of all the Maharajas and leading men, dedicating India and its peoples to the service of God. Nothing less than that would satisfy the religious genius of the Indian people.

Not only Governmental hesitation, however, but also Indian agitation was responsible for the misunderstandings that fomented hostility and protracted the issue beyond the time when generous-hearted proposals could have been tendered and accepted with mutual good-will. But with characteristic optimism Sir Francis believed in the possibility of a peaceable solution. In a broadcast on July 1931, entitled "India's Renaissance", he contrasted British practicality with Indian idealism, showed that they were not incompatible but complementary, and explained to his countrymen the need for India of the leadership of a saint like Gandhi, strongly as he disapproved of Gandhi's political tactics.

The loyal adhesion of India to the cause of Britain on the outbreak of the Second World War should have been made the occasion of a forthright declaration to the people of India that "the very year



after the armistice they be left to decide for themselves whether or not they wish to remain within the Empire”, and he appealed to his countrymen “to stop this niggling, and do the big and gracious thing”. His utterances were hailed by the Indian newspapers, the editor of *The Hindu* writing in a leading article in October 1941 (with some pardonable exaggeration):

There speaks a man who is that unique combination—soldier, scholar, and mystic—who lived in India for years, fought gloriously in the closest comradeship with her sons, has for decades reverently studied her ancient wisdom and consistently endeavoured to lead a life modelled on her ideals and thus gained a true insight into workings of the mind of modern India.

Sir Francis Younghusband tears the mask from the face of hypocrisy when he asks whether the freedom that Britain liberally promises to Syria and Abyssinia will fail to agree with the delicate digestion of India alone. His appeal is prompted not only by that self-respect which makes it repugnant for the really freedom-loving man to constrain another—be it a man or a nation—against his will, but also with a statesmanlike regard for his own country’s best interests.

The change of Constitution in India came, however, too late and when it came was too precipitate—with all the dire consequences which Sir Francis foresaw. . . .

In January 1937 he set out like a schoolboy on a holiday to revisit India after an absence of eighteen years. The chance came with an invitation to address the Parliament of Religions in Calcutta, held in honour of the centenary of Ramakrishna. From Paris to Genoa and thence to Cairo his companion was Rom Landau, the young Polish sculptor and writer, who in a critical book of essays entitled *Personalia* (1949) devotes a chapter (notable for its entire absence of criticism) to ‘Tibet’ Younghusband.

I do not remember ever having heard so wholehearted a laugh as Sir Francis Younghusband’s when the dining-room steward addressed me at breakfast as ‘Sir Younghusband junior.’ . . . The Italian steward thought that I was the son of Sir Francis and evidently imagined that the offspring of an English knight shared the knighthood with his father. For a minute or two tears were running down the old man’s weatherbeaten face, and he had to put his knife and fork down while he wiped them off with a

handkerchief. Both the schoolboy and the Englishman in him had been tickled by the steward's manner of address: for in spite of his advanced years Younghusband still retained something of the schoolboy; and his many cosmopolitan interests had deprived him of none of his essential Englishness . . .

On February 24th he was met by Colonel Lindbergh and next day 'flown' by him in his private monoplane from Bombay to Nagpur, and the day after from Nagpur (with a halt at Raipur) to Calcutta: in all  $7\frac{3}{4}$  flying hours. Sir Francis was then in his 75th year. Colonel Lindbergh writes:

He was a wonderful man, and it is a privilege to have been among his friends, even for the brief period during which I knew him.

My wife and I had met Sir Francis and Lady Younghusband and their daughter Eileen, in England in 1936. We had been interested in his writings, and I was at the time carrying out some research which involved physical and mystical phenomena reported as occurring in India. Sir Francis talked to us on several occasions about such phenomena, and put us in touch with some of his friends in India who were more or less interested in the subject. But—aside from his desire to be of personal help to us—he himself considered the physical to be of quite secondary importance, and said so more than once during our conversation.<sup>1</sup>

My wife and I had for some time been planning a flight to India. With some slight modification of our plans we made this coincide with the visit of Sir Francis to Calcutta to attend the Conference held in honour of Ramakrishna, and were present with him at several of the meetings.

You ask concerning the type of my monoplane. It was a Miles Mohawk, specially built for long flights, two-place, tandem cockpits, single engine, Menasco 200 h.p. We presented it to the British Government during the early part of World War II.

I believe that Sir Francis thoroughly enjoyed his trip. He spoke of his interest in seeing a country from the air which he knew so well on the ground. He made an excellent passenger.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be noted that Sir Francis had no interest in psycho-physical phenomena or in self-induced states of consciousness. These and other occult exercises, such as those practised by adepts of the *yoga* systems, he regarded as types of a pseudo-mysticism.

Sir Francis' own comment in a private letter was :

It was really far more wonderful than I had ever expected : quite a different thing from flying in those great dull monsters. It was quite small, with a glass cover, so that we could see out on either side, and we flew quite low. It was all great fun and I would pass a slip of paper to him : "Tigers in these jungles"—"Elephants below here." Then in the evening, light slanting on a vast city of white buildings on the banks of the Ganges, we slid down into Calcutta. The meetings and social entertainments were nothing like such organized affairs as ours in London. They flowed along much more informally and spontaneously ; there was a good deal of rubbish talked, but not a meeting in which something really striking did not occur. Most of it was in English but every now and then some real Indian 'holy man' in the scanty attire of an ascetic would give an impassioned address in Hindu which fortunately soon came back to me as I listened. We had tremendous big public meetings in a hall holding 2,000 and every time it was packed. I loved every moment of it.

Then by great good luck a big Lama who had known me in Lhasa appeared and we had lunch with him in a Chinese restaurant. And in the evening we dined with a rich Bengali. They were delighted with Mrs. Lindbergh and dressed her up in Indian fashion as a bride with a crown of flowers on her head and armlets and wristlets of flowers. So pretty she looked.

I was taken about to temples and to functions of all kinds and had to make speeches two or three times a day, but that was no strain, for these Indians were so keen and eager they seemed to draw the words out of one—very different from the good old stolid British audiences.

Then I had a great honour done me. The most conservative and orthodox of all the Hindu Universities conferred upon me the title of 'Krama Kesari' which means Lion of Enterprise. Rows and rows of the most learned Pandits all seated on the ground. The President made a speech in Sanskrit and handed it to me on a scroll. They told me that they had never before conferred the title on a European.

After I had left Calcutta I was entertained by the Hindu University at Benares, the very sacred place of the Hindu, and was asked to deliver an address. So affectionate they have all been.

He recorded his impressions of this Conference in a stirring broadcast address entitled "The Indian Spiritual Revival".

Feeling that public opinion required enlightenment on the whole subject, he sought to inform it truly by means of lectures and articles in periodicals at home and in America in which he sketched the history of Anglo-Indian relations from the break-up of the Moghul Empire to "India Today". This is the title of his most comprehensive article, which appeared in *Asia* in August 1941, only a year before his death. In it he traces the stages by which the early British traders gradually ousted foreign competition and gained the monopoly of Indian markets, emphasizing that India was never conquered by force of arms. But the preservation of order within and the prevention of attack from without necessitated the retention of a military force: and this leads to the first count in his indictment of British administration. "It is only quite recently that Indians have been allowed to hold commissions in the Indian Army: they have far too long been denied self-reliance in the defence of their own country." And yet in the Civil Service they were admitted to the highest positions. Another defect was this: "The British sought to superimpose their ideas of western culture on India." Warren Hastings indeed was one among few who were brilliant exceptions, and who deliberately encouraged Oriental learning, literature, and art, and a culture which is by no means inferior to that of Europe. A third defect was the worst of all: "The English left their manners behind them when they went to India, and their women were worse than their men." Too many were blatant and vulgar, and that too among a people who are among the most courteous and cultured in the world. Nevertheless, despite everything, no other race than the British could have done more to prepare India for freedom and self-government. First the Civil Administrative Offices were staffed with Indians, then the Legislative Council, then the Executive Councils, and the Council of the Secretary of State for India in London. Then, after seven years of deliberation, first by a Parliamentary Commission to India, then by a joint Round Table Conference in London, and lastly by a prolonged debate in both Houses of Parliament, a new Constitution for India was framed in 1935. But not yet by the Indians themselves. In 1940, however, this principle was at last conceded: it was a recognition of India's status in advance. Its significance was not however appreciated by the Indian Leaders themselves. They persisted in an attitude of non-cooperation, and refused the Viceroy's invitation to join his Executive Council—in a

substantial majority over the British members—not as mere advisers, but as Ministers responsible for the great Departments of State. The Viceroy therefore addressed himself directly to those leading men who by their ability or representative character were best fitted to strengthen the Government in the actual work of administration: fortunately, these, with hardly an exception, responded. The consummation devoutly to be wished was now in sight.

What was it that England had given to India that Indians could not give themselves? It was order with freedom. Freedom was impossible without order. It is true that England had stressed order at the expense of freedom. Authority is not an end in itself; it is only a means to an end. The end is freedom. But, with all her faults, England has never forgotten that freedom was the ideal for India. Her task would have been completed long ago but for the recalcitrance of the Indian National Congress Party (essentially Hindu), which was assuming a virtual dictatorship and antagonizing the Muslim minority.

Who are the natural leaders of the Indian people? They are not the politicians, but the geniuses of religion. India's spiritual eminence among the nations of the world is already higher than any political status which statesmen could confer. And these religious leaders—not only Hindu and Muslim but also Buddhist and Parsi—have already shown that they can meet on equal terms with Christians at Inter-Religious Congresses in England and, despite their credal differences, agree upon the essentials of the spiritual life. A Round Table Conference of the Spirit is no fantastic dream, but has proved itself capable of realization. It is to religion, rather than to politics, that we should look for lasting reconciliation.

Early in 1942 came Britain's final definitive offer of self-government for India and amongst those who hailed it most appreciatively was the Hindu philosopher and erstwhile revolutionary, Aurobindo. There was no Indian whom Sir Francis held in greater esteem, and he hailed his accession to the ranks of the peace-makers in a broadcast address beginning, "A star of the first magnitude has risen in the spiritual firmament of India"; and thus in a letter to *The Times* dated 12th April 1942.

Little notice has been taken of Aurobindo's telegram of appreciation to Sir Stafford Cripps welcoming the British offer as

giving India an opportunity “ to organize her freedom and unity and to take an effective place among the world’s free nations ”. Yet we might well be gratified by these words for they come from a man who thirty years ago was leader of the revolutionary movement in Bengal, who since then retired into spiritual seclusion in Pondicherry but who now has the eye to see that what he fought for has been achieved. Aurobindo happens to be also one of the greatest men India has ever produced. In intellectual calibre, in spiritual attainments, in width of vision he is pre-eminent. And his last work “ The Life Divine ” has been recommended for the Nobel Prize.

With him too, it is noticeable that the cry is not wearily : “ India, India, nothing but India.” It is of India with Britain stepping towards that “ greater world union in which as a free nation her spiritual force will continue to build for mankind a better and a happier life ”.

Is it any wonder that when Sir Francis died the editor of a leading London newspaper caused these words to be added under his name : *Mediator between East and West*. And perhaps that is his truest epitaph.

## Chapter XXII

### THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND EVEREST EXPEDITIONS

**I**N 1919 Sir Francis succeeded Mr. Douglas Freshfield as President of the Royal Geographical Society. He had already delivered four lectures to the Society : in 1888 on the Gobi Desert and the Mustagh Pass, when he was elected its youngest Fellow ; in 1891 on the Hunza and the Pamirs, when he was awarded the Gold Medal ; in 1895 on Chitral ; and in 1905 on Tibet. As is the custom when explorers are invited to address this select and learned Society, his lectures had been scientifically descriptive of his journeys, but in his Presidential Address at the anniversary meeting on 31st May 1920 he deliberately struck a new note, reflective rather than descriptive, poetic rather than scientific. His main points were these :

The earth, a minute speck of star-dust but of seeming immensity to its inhabitants, is composed of insubstantial particles which are centres, not of matter, but of radiant energy. These are self-active and interdependent, organizing themselves into an integrated and living whole. . . . Geology concerns itself with the anatomy of the earth, geography with its outward features. These features are measurable, but they are also beautiful, and beauty is their 'most valuable characteristic'. The cult of Beauty would, he hoped, establish a new tradition in geographical science. . . . The quest for Beauty should go hand in hand with the lure of physical discovery : the explorer should have in him something of the poet and the painter. Maps are necessary for accurate configuration and photographs for perspective, but coloured landscapes alone can portray the soul of a landscape from the view-point of the individual beholder.

In this lecture he also referred to a project then under discussion tentatively, initiated by himself, as affording

an excellent opportunity of applying the principles I have been trying to persuade you to adopt. . . . We hope within the next few years to hear of a human being standing on the pinnacle of

the Earth.—If I am asked, "What is the use of climbing this highest mountain?" I reply, "No use at all." . . . It will not put a pound in anybody's pocket. It will take a good many pounds out of people's pockets. . . . But if there is no use, there is unquestionably much *good* in climbing Mount Everest. The accomplishment of such a feat will elevate the human spirit.<sup>1</sup>

His hopes were abundantly justified. The years between the wars—in metaphor as much as in fact—represent the peak period of mountaineering, and in this as in other feats of endurance the men of English breed again showed themselves pre-eminent. Explorers in general are men of artistic and poetic sensibility; and the annals of the men of Everest and of the other Himalayan peaks during this period are unsurpassed among geographical records for their quality as literature, in photography, and—if to a lesser degree—in artistry. Sir Francis indeed professed to have "a hatred of all photographs of the Himalayas. They degrade the mountains in the minds of all who have seen them. When I look at these photographs—the best that man can produce—I almost weep to think how little of the real character of great mountains they communicate to us." Not even the fine productions of his friend Frank Smythe converted him—though he acknowledged them to be in a class by themselves—and it was only with reluctance that he complied with his publishers' requests to include some photographs in his own two books, *The Epic of Everest* (1926) and *Everest: The Challenge* (1936).

As Sir Clement Markham was the 'Father' of Scott's Expeditions to the Antarctic, so Sir Francis Younghusband was the 'Father' of the Mount Everest Expeditions. Both were Presidents of the R.G.S. under whose auspices these enterprises were launched, and both enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of the men they fathered. Both were themselves veteran explorers, though in regions somewhat different from those of which they promoted the exploration: Markham in the Arctic, not the Antarctic; Younghusband in the passes, not the peaks, of the Himalayas. Neither of the enterprises which they sponsored was actually the first in its own field; navigators before Scott had touched the fringes of the Antarctic, and climbers before Mallory had ascended some of the lesser Himalayas. But none before them had got so far or climbed so high, or by their

<sup>1</sup> Mallory's answer to the question, "But *why* do you want to climb Mount Everest?" is the classic one.—"Because it is *there*."



heroic exploits—ending in tragedy—had captured so enduringly the imagination of the world.

Members of the R.G.S. and of the Alpine Club combined in 1920 to form the joint Mount Everest Committee under the Chairmanship of Sir Francis. On the testimony of all who served with him, his infectious enthusiasm was an inspiration to all concerned, whether geographers or mountaineers, one of whom, Dr. Longstaff (himself a naturalist and a climber of renown), writes :

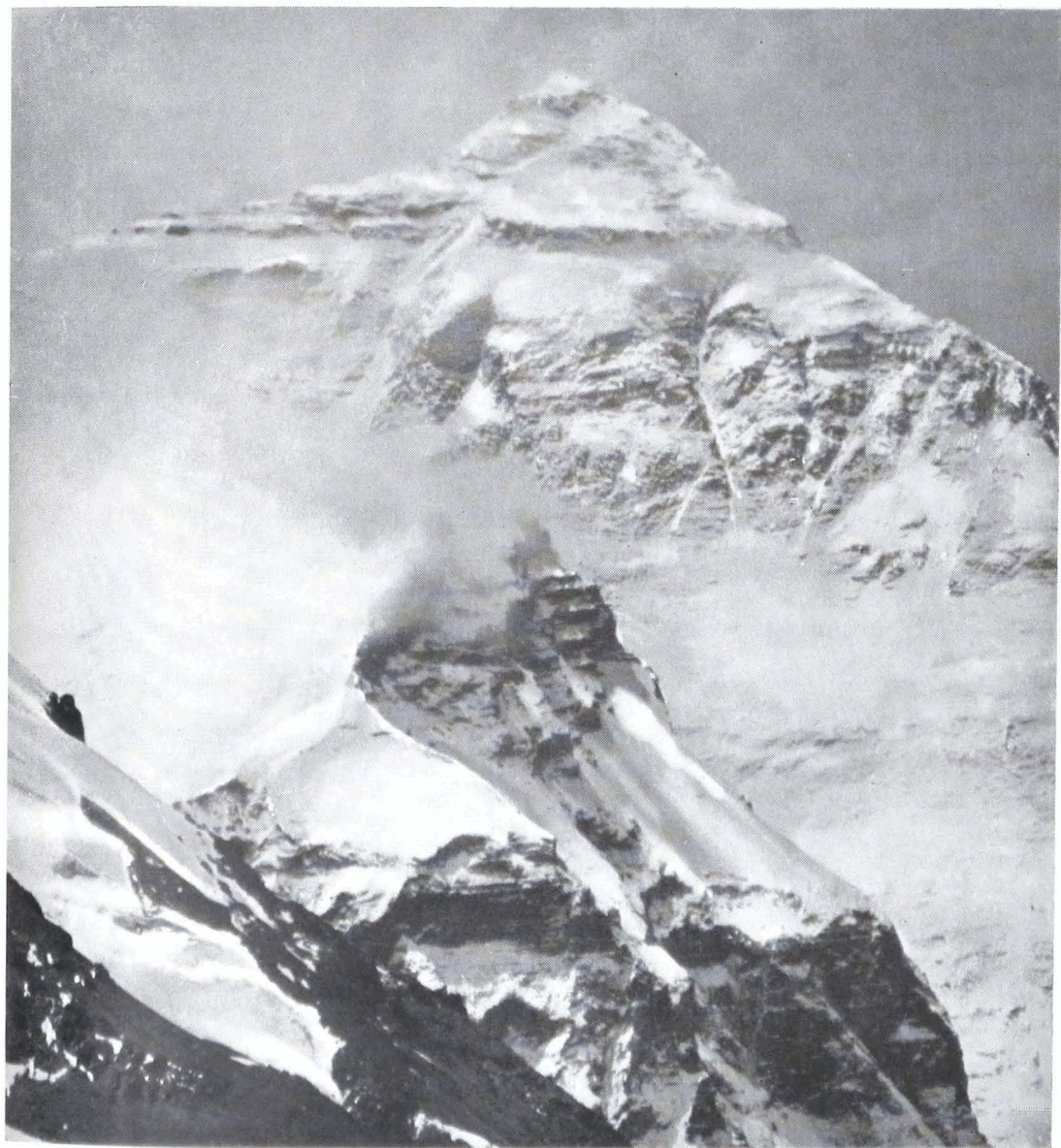
I have served on several 'Everest Committees', and the only really peaceful ones were under his chairmanship. There is always so much contention about who is to be chosen from the crowd of applicants. . . .

He was an ideal chairman ; sticking always to the point himself, he, *very* courteously, forced others to do so ! I saw that he held strong views of his own but would always listen to advice, and if convinced take it, so that there was always a final decision taken on any matter that arose at any of our numerous sessions. Once a leader had been selected Younghusband always backed him up and insisted that he should have a free hand. Indeed I never worked with a better man ; never ruffled, never excited.

And another, Hugh Ruttledge, who led the expeditions of 1933 and 1936, after summarizing the work of his predecessors in *Everest 1933*, wrote :

I cannot close this chapter without paying a tribute to the tenacity of purpose which Sir Francis Younghusband has devoted to the pursuit of this great venture. No difficulty, no discouragement, has had the power to divert him by one inch from the path of steadfast endeavour. When success is at last attained, as it will surely be, I trust that men will not forget what they owe to his patient work and tireless resolution.

The object of all the Everest expeditions was twofold : to study the meteorology and the natural history of the mountain, and to attain the summit. Consideration of both was therefore a determinant in the selection of applicants. For the choice of the leader personal qualities were a prerequisite : self-control, a harmonious disposition, the faculty of command, caution as well as daring, the feeling of responsibility. The man chosen to lead the first expedition in 1921 (The Reconnaissance), Colonel Howard Bury, D.S.O., was



MOUNT EVEREST

FROM A TELEPHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY FRANK SMYTHE



possessed of all these qualities : though not himself an expert in high mountain craft, he was already a traveller of wide experience and high repute in Asia, and a specialist in botany. He writes :

I originally met Francis Younghusband many years before the Everest Expedition through a mutual friend, Charles MacCarthy. As I had been brought up in the Dolomites and loved the mountains too, we had at once a common bond. Keen and various as his interests were, he was above all a nature-lover, and of the many books he wrote I have always thought that his book *The Heart of Nature* is the one which most reflects the man. I never met anyone more full of enthusiasm and with a stronger determination to carry any project through successfully—with every detail carefully thought out beforehand. His was a charming character—so simple, so natural, yet gay with a great sense of humour and *joie de vivre*. He knew what he wanted and how to get it, and was so tactful that he never made an enemy and always got the best out of people. His advice was always sound, always sensible. I could not have had a more delightful and understanding chief, under whom it was always a genuine pleasure to work.

With him Younghusband kept up a constant and friendly correspondence, eagerly awaiting every cablegram, and living on the news as it reached him at intervals from the scene of action. The copyright of these cablegrams was sold to *The Times* newspaper and they were therefore an important asset to the funds of the Expeditions. Hence the need on the part of the Chairman of the Committee to cajole the leaders into sending cablegrams often enough and long enough—as thus, date 30th June 1921.

My dear Howard Bury, Another first-rate cablegram in from you. You really are a born literary character and your telegrams are a joy to read. How well I remember everything you describe—those infernal winds at Tuna, where I spent three solid winter months—and that magnificent Chumalhari, and Bamtso with its reflections,<sup>1</sup> and the Brahmini ducks,<sup>2</sup> and the trumpet-shaped flowers.<sup>3</sup>

Poor old Kellas ! It is sad losing him like that ; but after all,

<sup>1</sup> This lake reflects the whole range of which Chumalhari is the most prominent peak.

<sup>2</sup> The ruddy shelduck.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. purple *incarvillea*.

a much better death up there in the mountains than perhaps only a few years later in some obscure place here at home.<sup>1</sup>

Well, now I am frightfully keen to hear about Mount Everest itself and am longing to have a thousand-word telegram at ten times the ordinary rate so as to know what you are doing at this very moment. It is most tantalizing having to wait while your telegrams proceed round in a leisurely way by post to Simla. I fear from what you say in your letter from Phari received last week—for which many thanks—that these telegrams are a fearful bore and trial to you. But let me assure you they are immensely appreciated and most keenly looked forward to. It is the greatest blessing having them. And keep on recalling to your mind that they are read by people who know absolutely nothing about Tibet or mountains, so go on writing as you have done so that the most ignorant may understand. . . .

I hope you are all managing to pull together. I know there *must* be difficulties and fellows get a bit bored with each other. But all that, though it looms very large at the time, does not amount to much by the end of the expedition. . . .

The result of the first expedition was an unqualified success. Mallory, Bullock and Wheeler, proceeding up the East Rongbuk Glacier, attained the summit of the North Col (23,000 ft.) from whence they could discern an apparently practicable route to the summit of Mount Everest along the North East Ridge.

For the second expedition of 1922 (The Assault) Brig.-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce was available. It was he who had first suggested to Younghusband the possibility of climbing Everest when, as far back as 1893, they were on their way to Chitral together. Since then he had achieved a reputation as a mountaineer among the hill-men that was unique; his experience of the Himalayas and its people was unequalled; his personality with its mixture of boisterous joviality and dogged pluck made him irresistible as a leader. And his team comprised a larger number of expert climbers than before, including that veteran campaigner Dr. T. G. Longstaff, who had discovered the Siakim Glacier in 1909, and who held the record for the highest

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kellas died of heart failure when the party were en route to Kamba Jong. "He was buried on the slopes of the hill to the south of Kamba Jong within sight of Mount Everest. And we like to know that his eyes had rested last on the scenes of his triumphs. The mighty Pauhunri, Kanchenjhow, and Chomimomo, all three of which he—and only he—had climbed, rose before them on his last day's journey."

actual summit—Trisul (23,406 ft.) which he attained in 1907. He was, however, unfortunately incapacitated at Camp III (21,000 ft.) on the East Rongbuk Glacier and obliged to return to the Base Camp. Mallory and Somervell, with one porter, succeeded in getting a little tent up to Camp IV on the North Col by means of step-cutting up a difficult and dangerous ice-slope, and a few days later they, with Colonel Norton, Major Moreshead, and Colonel Strutt, established a camp there. Strutt was forced to return, and the assault on the mountain itself was launched on 20th May 1922, by the other four men. They attained an altitude of just under 27,000 feet.

Descending from the face of the North Col, the exhausted party were met by another coming up to attempt a climb with oxygen. These were Captain Finch, Captain Bruce (a young cousin of the leader), and the Gurkha porter Lance-Corporal Tejbir carrying the cylinders. These were joined later by Captain Noel with a cinematograph, but this apparatus was too heavy to be taken higher than the North Col Camp. By prodigious exertions this party attained an altitude of 27,235 feet, half a mile from the summit and 1,765 feet below it.

A second attempt, made early in June, ended in disaster. Mallory, Somervell and Crawford, with fourteen porters, were swept down by an avalanche below the North Col and seven of the porters hurled over the edge of an ice-cliff and lost. "The climbers", wrote Younghusband, "were deeply concerned at the disaster. They felt it as a slur on their character as mountaineers. But, if slur it was, Mallory and Somervell amply removed it two years later on this very same spot."

A feature of the second expedition was the use of oxygen at high altitudes. This was a subject upon which the Chairman held strong views. He had been opposed to it from the first, for three principal reasons. Its advantage as an aid to respiration was not sufficient compensation for the exertion entailed in carrying an extra weight of 30 lb. The natural elasticity of the human body is such that it adjusts itself to rarified air by slow acclimatization, the effect of which can be sustained for short periods without undue deterioration. Dependence upon the adventitious aid of scientific or mechanical expedients is an ignoble substitute for self-reliance; it discounts faith in the resilience of the human spirit.—In deference, however, to the strong advocacy of two of the most experienced climbers he

withdrew his objection, though he remained of the same opinion ; and his conviction was unshaken by the fact that, in the result, Finch's party with oxygen got higher than Mallory's party did without it, since several other circumstances on the expedition fortified his faith in the doctrine of slow acclimatization. And his contention was supported later by Dr. J. S. Haldane who, in a lecture to the British Association in 1926, said that new physiological facts of a striking character were elicited by the experiences of the Mount Everest expeditions : the undoubted fact of acclimatization to rarified air could be accounted for by the capacity of the lungs to actively secrete oxygen inwards.—But for Younghusband the question was more than a merely practical one ; it was part of his whole philosophy of life. Even if the summit of Everest had been attained by the use of oxygen, we should have lost more than we might have gained. “ We should have remained ignorant of the extent to which man by exercising his capacities can enlarge them. . . . A branch of science might have won a success. But man would have lost a chance of knowing himself.” The experiences of the third expedition, on which oxygen was again taken, were to prove him in the right even on practical grounds.

The third expedition of 1924 (The Fight)—the climax of a series—is memorable for the severity of its hardships and hazards, for heroism in adversity, success retrieved from disaster, and the tragedy of its final achievement.

It was now the turn of the President of the Alpine Club to take the Chair of the Home Committee, and he was none other than Brig.-General Bruce, the leader. This was, wrote Sir Francis, a most happy combination. Bruce was, however, stricken down with sickness at Phari en route to Rongbuk, and the command passed to Lieut.-Colonel Norton. “ It was he who set the tone and formed the code for all future Everest Climbers.” It is to him, now Lieut.-General Norton, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., that the present writer is indebted for the following appreciation of Sir Francis :

I first met Sir Francis Younghusband when, on being selected for the last place in the 1922 Mount Everest expedition, I was invited to meet him and General Bruce.

The interview sticks in my memory by virtue of the very marked personalities of the two men. General Bruce was a Homeric figure, with his magnificent physique, his abounding

vitality, his charm and his great infectious laugh. Yet of the two I was even more impressed by the small quiet man beside him. His eyes were remarkable: one often reads of an "eagle eye" but I don't know that I ever saw such a thing until this day. They were dark blue and of extraordinary brilliance, very deep set under a penthouse of white eyebrow: they seemed to look right through you and the likeness to an eagle was accentuated by his eagle beak.

No one meeting the glance of those eyes could for a moment doubt the essential straightness of the man nor his dominating character and yet this formidable impression was tempered by a kindly benevolence. Those were my first impressions and they were confirmed by all my subsequent relations with him.

Before leaving for the 1924 expedition General Bruce and I were summoned to an interview with the Mount Everest Committee. We were told how much money and effort had been put into this mammoth expedition and how much was expected of us—at least that is my recollection of the gist of our instructions and I remember thinking that it was rather a chilly send off. Then the meeting broke up and this impression was at once dispelled as Sir Francis came round the table, warmly shook my hand and said "Never forget, Norton, that we have the greatest confidence in you." And this was said in such a way as to send me off with a glow of resolution to try and be worthy of this grand little man's confidence. Thereafter when I took command of the expedition he wrote to me repeatedly and every one of his letters was an inspiration.

I enclose nine of them and I think they speak for themselves. When I say that his influence was an inspiration—not only to me but to the whole expedition—it is not merely my imagination that credited him with a capacity to project his personality afar; the following incident proves it.

I once met at the R.G.S. an English Missionary from the extreme Eastern confines of Tibet, who was the recipient of one of the annual medals or awards of the Society. He told me that in this remote corner of Central Asia the name of Englishman stood for inflexibility of purpose, absolute straight dealing and absolute justice and that this was due to the influence of Sir Francis Younghusband and his conduct of the Lhasa expedition twenty or more years ago.

The ascent of the precipitous ice-slopes of the North Col was recognized as the most serious hazard and its configuration must have



changed considerably in two years. But this expedition's first attempt to gain a footing even on the base of that obstacle was not successful : the fury of the elements drove the advance party (Mallory, Odell and Irvine) and their supporting parties down the Rongbuk Glacier to the Base Camp. The spirit of men less steeled against disaster might well have been daunted by this tremendous blow and have called a retreat. But Norton with the help of Mallory and Geoffrey Bruce reorganized the parties with such vigour and efficiency that only twelve days were lost, and on May 17th another attempt to establish a route to Camp IV was made by Norton, Mallory, Somervell and Odell. Arrived at the foot of the North Col they made their way along the lip of an immense crevasse, but found in it a deep transverse cleft. By superb ice-craftsmanship they cut a step-way down this chasm and up an ice-chimney the other side, and at length after negotiating a maze of snow-ridges and partially concealed crevasses they established a route to Camp IV. Returning along the old 1922 route to save time, Mallory, despite due caution and unobserved by his companions, fell through a snow-bridge into a crevasse and extricated himself unaided by a miracle of skill, nerve, and self-resource. But the exertion cost him several sleepless nights.

The next task was the actual establishment of a camp on the shelf selected by Norton at Camp IV. Somervell, Hazard and Irvine, with twelve porters, set forth on May 21st, but found the track (so laboriously stamped and cut by Norton and Mallory) now obliterated by a fall of snow, which also made the steps up the face of the North Col impracticable for carrying loads. These were therefore hoisted up the ice-chimney over an obtruding bulge with great difficulty by Somervell and Irvine, who then returned to Camp III, leaving Hazard and the porters to pitch camp on the shelf above—in a heavy snow-fall. This snow continued for two nights and days and was followed by a day of piercing cold. Hazard's return was therefore awaited with acute anxiety ; and when at length he arrived on the evening of the third day it was with eight porters only and the news that the other four were marooned on the shelf at Camp IV, paralysed with cold. By this time snow was again falling. Of Norton's decision at this moment of crisis, Sir Francis wrote :

What should be done, Norton does not seem to have doubted for a moment. Some men might have hesitated. Some might have thought the position irretrievable. Not so Norton. He

might justifiably have argued with himself that the weather was too hopelessly bad for anyone to venture on those ice-slopes. . . . But he did not reason at all. He instinctively acted. All along, his one fixed determination had been that on no account must there be any casualties among the porters this year. They must be got down alive at all costs. Further, he must himself be of the rescue party—he and two others, and the two very best climbers—Mallory and Somervell. Only the best would do for this work. And this decision he came to—and the other two equally with himself contributed to it—although they were all three ill from their exhausting experiences at this 21,000 feet camp, and from their arduous work in pioneering the way up the North Col. . . .

Fellowship told. And this sense of fellowship must have been deeply ingrained in the very texture of Norton, Somervell and Mallory, for in their present condition of cold and misery it would be only the deepest promptings that would survive. Unless this sense of fellowship was a root disposition with them . . . nothing would have been seen of it now.

Coughing and breathless and wallowing waist-deep in snow, they took it in turns to lead. They hauled themselves up the 'chimney' of the great crevasse by a thin rope secured previously to the top by Somervell, who now insisted on leading across the final dangerous traverse. How these three men, themselves almost at the limit of their physical strength, drew the first two porters, numbed with cold and dazed with fear, safely across the precarious ledge, whilst the other two slipped over the ice-edge; and then how Somervell let himself down the rope's length till he could just grasp them one by one, and chaffed and coaxed them into activity—all this, and the thrilling detail inseparable from every moment of it, stands out as perhaps the highest episode in the whole history of mountaineering.

Somervell all the time that he had been punching those steps across the slope had been coughing and choking in the most distressing manner. Mallory's cough kept him awake all that night. And Norton's feet were very painful. The three had saved the porters' lives, but at what cost to themselves they were to discover when only a thousand feet from their goal.

Recuperation was imperative, but so also was speed: the monsoon was due to break in six days. On June 2nd Mallory (still far from

fit) and Geoffrey Bruce succeeded in pitching two little tents, "perched on an almost precipitous slope", Camp V, under the lee of the North Arête, intending to establish Camp VI next day and make for the summit. But the bitter cold reduced their porters to immobility and they were forced to return.

Norton and Somervell with three most gallant porters followed them up the day after and their performance is an epic in itself. Their porters pitched a fragile tent on loose stones in a narrow cleft of rock at 26,800 feet; this was Camp VI. And there, having sent the porters back, they slept a night, June 3rd: "the best night since I left Camp I" (Norton); "well rested and untroubled by breathing and other effects of great altitudes" (Somervell). Somervell (still in trouble with a bad sore throat) succumbed near the level of 28,000 feet, telling Norton to go on, "and then he settled down on a sunny ledge to watch him do it". Norton took an hour to ascend another 100 feet in a distance of about 300 yards: his altitude was later fixed by theodolite observation at 28,126 feet. By this time he was not only at his last gasp literally but had contracted double vision. The considered judgment of Dr. Longstaff is that both these men would have reached the summit and returned without injury, but for their previous over-exertion in rescuing the porters. And they had got 1,000 feet from the summit, and less, without oxygen.

It remained for Mallory to make the final attempt, and to choose his companion. The choice was between Odell and Irvine. None of the three was an enthusiast for oxygen, and Odell least; but Mallory considered that, if only for the sake of experiment, the last attempt should be made with oxygen. He therefore chose Irvine who, despite his youth, had proved himself a mountaineer of the first calibre, and was also an expert in mechanical contrivances. These two arrived at Camp IV without a halt on the same day, June 4th, that their predecessors on Everest came down: Somervell almost in collapse from choking, and Norton totally blind from snow-blindness. They rested there that day, June 6th, and reached Camp V with their four porters the next day, Odell following in support a day behind. On the 7th they moved on to Camp VI, and Odell to Camp V. On the morning of the 8th they made for the summit, but, for some cause unknown were apparently nearly five hours late, as Odell still following in the rear thought he could see as he stood on a crag somewhere midway between Camps V and VI.

There was then much mist about the mountain. It parted for a few moments, during which he had a glimpse of a single figure on a snow slope approaching the first rock-step.<sup>1</sup> A second figure followed. Then the mist closed round them; they were never seen again. Whether they reached the summit will never be known. Young-husband wrote :

Where and when they died we know not. But there in the arms of Mount Everest they lie forever—10,000 feet above where any man has lain in death before. Everest indeed conquered their bodies. But their spirit is undying. No man onward from now will ever climb a Himalayan Peak and not think of Mallory and Irvine.

#### EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND TO COLONEL E. F. NORTON

*May 12.*— . . I was most devoutly thankful to note that you had got together to work out a definite plan of attack. I regard this as very important; and the expedition will have the great pull that the leader will be on the mountain himself. I am counting very greatly upon your being able to hold the expedition together and give it firm and definite direction.

*May 22.*— . . You are a first-rate leader and after I read your telegram I was more hopeful than I have been yet. . . . Though your telegrams are just exactly what I as a traveller most approve of, I am only rather afraid that the light way in which you treat difficulties will make the public think that there was nothing in it after all. But I will see to it here that this is not so.

*June 8.*— . . This blizzard set-back is most terrible bad luck—a blow straight between the eyes—and we are all waiting most anxiously to hear how you have been able to get over it . . . You have not now such a good chance as you had and I hardly dare hope you will pull through. If you cannot—well, we here will know that it was not through any lack of good leadership. . . . The Expedition was referred to with great appreciation at the Annual Dinner of the Geographical Society a few days ago, especially by Prince Arthur of Connaught. . . .

*June 18.*—You are indeed having cruel bad luck and we can

<sup>1</sup> Or the second: at that distance it was impossible for Odell to be certain. But it is probable that his last glimpse of his two companions was an optical illusion. Compare the similar experiences of Smythe and Shipton in the same place, *Everest: 1933*, pp. 152-3.

hardly hope now that you will reach the top . . . What we admire particularly is the way you three went to rescue those porters on the North Col, though I hope you hanged them afterwards ! . . . You could not possibly contend against such calamities as you have had, and you have won everybody's admiration for your leadership. I do hope you are not utterly done up. . . .

*June 25.*—The news of poor Mallory's and Irvine's deaths was a frightful blow—it came like a great thud . . . But I want immediately to say this, that we all have the greatest confidence in your leadership . . . and I have it in Mallory's handwriting that he had the greatest confidence in you as leader and not only confidence but admiration. . . .

*June 26.*—I am leaving for Birkenhead to attend the Memorial Service but write a line to congratulate you and Somervell on your perfectly magnificent achievement. . . . I was speaking to the King yesterday and he is tremendously keen.

*July 3.*—We had a Committee Meeting yesterday and everyone of them was very deeply impressed with the way you have run the whole expedition, and especially your wonderful feat in reaching 28,000 feet without oxygen. . . .

*July 8.*— . . . You speak in your despatches of the loss being out of all proportion to the results—and so it is in a way. But the results of this year's expedition are much greater than you perhaps can realize on the spot. From this distance we can see them better . . . And you have no idea what an impression all over the world the story of your adventures has made. . . .

*July 21.*— . . . Please do not for a single moment think any of us were 'disappointed.' Not one of us has the thought of 'disappointment' or 'failure'—it never crossed our minds . . . You have all of you, not only by your pluck and endurance but by the whole tone and temper with which you have carried it out, immensely impressed the country and have set up a fine standard for all future expeditions. You would be surprised if you knew how in quite unexpected places just reading your telegrams has given a thrill. It is a great thing for the country and you have done something you will look back to with pride for the rest of your lives. . . .

In Younghusband's view, two of the most important results of this expedition were the facts that porters could carry a tent to near 27,000 feet, and that climbers could sleep there. In addition there

were these : Norton and Somervell without oxygen had attained an altitude never known to be surpassed (Mallory's and Irvine's unknown height being excepted) by any of their successors who used oxygen. Odell, without it, following in the wake of Mallory and Irvine from Camp VI (26,800 feet) and shouting and whistling as he went, ascended twice in ten days to 27,000, and in the interval was able to climb with a laden rucksack back and forth between Camps VI and IV. And Mallory's last note to him, before leaving Camp VI for his last climb, stated that the modified oxygen apparatus which he and Irvine were carrying (20 lb. each man) was a nasty load for climbing. All these facts confirmed Younghusband in the opinion that slow acclimatization is better than oxygen.

This was the view also of Rutledge, who led the expeditions of 1933 and 1936—the great names associated with which are those of Wyn Harris and Wager, and Shipton and Smythe. They, in separate pairs, and all without oxygen, attained the height of approximately 28,100 feet reached by Norton and Somervell : Smythe, like Norton before him, left his companion at about the same place and went on alone to attain the extra 100 feet. Smythe also slept without oxygen for a night alone at 27,400 feet.<sup>1</sup> This was in 1933. The expedition of 1936 ended in failure : heavy and continuous snow drove the climbers back before ever they reached the North Col.

The bolt had been shot. Man had had his go : and had failed. He had gone all out, but on three occasions he had been brought up at the same point, and that point a thousand feet below the summit. He had not reached the base of the final pyramid. . . .

The actual climber of Everest, at the actual moment when he is standing on the summit, will have no appreciation of its glory, or even pride in himself. From want of oxygen he will be in no state to feel anything. It will take all his remaining energies to enable him mechanically to descend the mountain. But once he is down at sea-level again, how will he be able to do anything else than rejoice that he has been able to carry to final fruition what his predecessors had prepared for him, and that

<sup>1</sup> Smythe was in the estimation of Sir Francis "the ideal mountaineer". In the *Alpine Journal*, vol. XLVI, Smythe gave a very carefully considered and detailed opinion on the way in which the final pyramid of Everest should be climbed. He also led the expedition to the summit of Kamet, of which Sir Francis wrote with admiration an account in *Everest : The Challenge*.

as the representative of man he has been able to put the mountain under his feet?

None more than he will respect and admire the mountain. Its glory and splendour will even for him be in no way dimmed. And for the rest of us, while our pride in the spirit of man will have risen, will not the mountain still stand out in untarnishable glory?

Besides his two books which recapitulate the whole story of these five expeditions, Sir Francis wrote by request the Introductions to each of two large volumes compiled by their leaders and personnel. For him these expeditions represented, more vividly than any other human endeavour, the ideal which inspired his own whole life's endeavour from youth to age, to express which most succinctly these words—not his own—might well be chosen: *My Utmost for the Highest*. For him they were an active, acted parable of natural law in the spiritual world. The principle of bodily acclimatization to high altitudes was the symbol of a far diviner principle: the acclimatization of the human spirit to the realm of the eternal. In one of these Introductions he wrote:

It was an attempt of the human race feeling its way in its natural surroundings, measuring its capacities against physical obstacles, seeing how far it could go, testing the extreme limits of its capacities. . . . Then, as the different expeditions proceeded, man found to his satisfaction that his organism did adapt itself to some extent to the higher regions. As he exercised his organism to the extreme limit, so did his capacities to some extent increase. . . .

And then came slowly into view the real significance of the whole enterprise. Those who would presume to pit themselves against the highest mountain in the world must not only be at the top of their physical development and be possessed of the highest mountaineering skill, but, more important still, be animated by an invincible spirit—a spirit firm and tenacious and ambitious enough to drive on the body to its seemingly last extremity, yet selfless enough to throw away all hope of the prize in order to stand by a comrade or to give place to another if through him the goal might the more surely be achieved.

So gradually there emerged the spirit of Everest as a symbol of the loftiest spiritual height of man's imagination. And the sight of the Everest climbers struggling ever upward, never

losing heart, never despairing, but returning again and again to the struggle, was found to hearten many an aspirant to the heights of the spirit. If these men could fit and train themselves to suffer and sacrifice and endure merely to achieve a great physical height, how much more readily ought they to face the suffering and tribulation and sorrows of life in order that they might attain the highest spiritual height—the whitest, purest, holiest heights of the spirit?

Man's supreme adventure in the material world was seen to be symbolical of supreme adventure in the realm of the spirit. And this record of the Everest climbers' undaunted efforts has come to be an inspiration not only to mountaineers and geographers, but also to that far more numerous host of humble yet ambitious strivers after the topmost pinnacle of achievement in the various branches of human activity. It has even given new heart to many a lonely invalid struggling through all adversity to keep his soul steadfastly set on the highest. Its appeal is universal.

In a chapter of one of his books entitled “Holy Himalaya”, he advocated the use of view-points of scenic grandeur in the mountains as centres of religious pilgrimage. Commenting upon this in a thoughtful review Basil de Selincourt wrote: <sup>1</sup>

Sir Francis Younghusband is not only an enthusiast for everything that can evoke in men a spirit of endurance and gallant rivalry in facing the ultimate odds, he is also a man enamoured of the beauty of the world, and convinced that, the higher the mountains rise, the greater the beauty that attends their rising. He has, in fact, lived among the great peaks of the Himalaya, and they are to him, in their majesty and purity, the natural cathedrals of the world.

Venturing to demur a little from the apparent exclusiveness of this proposition, the reviewer concludes very finely and in terms which Sir Francis himself would be the first to endorse:

For the world is a temple; the spirit is all, is everywhere; and our greater realization of it in one place or in another depends on more or less accidental evocations. Revelation comes only to the dedicated and devoted soul, the most obvious kind of dedication being renunciation and denial. Anything complete

<sup>1</sup> *Observer*, 22nd March 1936.



is good and is rewarded, even denial itself. But the main and more difficult road is the road of acceptance and enjoyment and affirmation, and it must be followed, as denial is followed, in a concentrated and consecrated energy. Alas ! how much more difficult ! Great mountaineering feats are only sport, yet while they last they call upon this concentration and even upon this consecration, since life is at stake. They call on it, they also isolate it, they show us what it can be, what it is. There is no finer school of comradeship, Sir Francis says, than great mountaineering. German and Englishman, Englishman and Indian, become one in the fervour of it ; it fans that central fire which is spirit and life in every one of us. As games do in their smaller way, it makes the vital issues plain as in a parable, and by teaching the ultimate lesson of whole-heartedness helps to release those hosts of inconspicuous virtues to which little by little the treasure-house of the world unlocks its doors.

#### NOTES

1. The mean height of Mount Everest was computed at 29,002 feet in 1849 by a series of observations at six stations in the plains of India, of which the most distant was 118 miles away. In 1905 another set of observations was taken from six other stations in the outer Himalaya, both nearer and higher than the original set, and allowing a mean coefficient for refraction, which obtained a mean height of 29,141 feet. In 1920 another computation, taking into account several intricate mathematical problems involved, was taken, with the result of a provisional estimate of 29,080 feet approximately. The whole subject was discussed in an interesting correspondence in *The Daily Telegraph* in November 1949 ; but for official purposes the original height of 29,002 feet still stands.

2. "The use of oxygen is an adventitious aid." Yes. But it may perhaps be permitted to a layman with all deference to question whether the use of native porters may not also be such. Surely if the aim in view is that a party of European climbers set out to attain the summit of the mountain, it would give them greater satisfaction to achieve that aim entirely "under their own steam" in both senses ?

THE LIVING UNIVERSE

THE substance of Younghusband's religious philosophy is contained in his two books, *The Living Universe* (1933) and *Life in the Stars* (1927). His theme is that the whole universe is spiritual both in its totality and in all its parts. This is true of the parts whether they be organic or inorganic, since the substance of all that is called 'material' is energy, and where there is energy there is life, and where there is life there is spirit. Science has reduced the apparent solidity of 'matter' to an immaterial cloud of tiny whirling electric charges, and the distance between each of them is as great proportionately as that which separates the suns in the interstellar spaces ; and the atoms themselves to the bipolar interplay of protons and electrons comparable with that of the planets in a solar system. The atoms which group themselves into molecules resemble the clusters which compose a constellation. The ultimate units, even the most infinitesimal, affect every other unit and also the whole ; they are interconnected and interdependent. For example, cosmic rays from distant stars can penetrate lead to a depth of 12 feet.

The Law of Entropy, according to which the radiation of energy tends towards its increasing dissipation and so towards an eventual static uniform temperature resulting in absolute dissolution, assumes a postulate of Irreversibility : that is, there is no possibility of return along the same path, no re-concentration of energy into units : there is a perpetual 'running-down', but no compensatory 'winding-up'. But this assumption contradicts the principle of rhythm and pulsation which we observe everywhere in the world we know, and also in what we know of the origination of the world itself. It is also strangely at variance with the observed facts of astronomy. For the telescope reveals nebulae at every stage of growth and dissolution. If dissipation of energy is observable in certain parts of the universe, re-concentration of energy is to be inferred in others. It would seem that centripetal forces are in operation concurrently with centrifugal forces in the same universe ; that with the 'running-down' in some

nebulae there is a simultaneous 'winding-up' in others. And what is observable at large is observable also in little.

The sun, a sphere of flaming gas in process of radiating its energy outwards, threw off, by the gravitational pull of another passing star, a filament of flame.<sup>1</sup> But this filament, instead of dissipating its energy by expansion, cooled and contracted to a drop of gaseous vapour to form satellites—the earth among them. Concentration of atoms upon its surface formed a crust, and ages hence there occurred a 'jump' in its development of momentous consequences. Two parts of one of its gases—and that the most constitutive gas in the universe—combined with one part of another to form an entirely new element—water. By vaporization this formed an atmosphere of air, which condensed by cooling into a permanent roof of cloud in the form at first of steam. As the earth cooled it fell upon it, filling up the hollows. The hollows also deepened as the crust shrank. Seas then began to encompass the bases of mountains. With the ebb and flow of the tides over these shores, and the alternation upon them of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, the atoms of sea-salts combining with the atmospheric gases caused them to coalesce into molecules and thence into complex chemical compounds. They would be open to the influence too, not only of solar, but also of stellar rays. Most of these inorganic compounds would indeed break down almost as soon as formed; but others would persist. One such, given exactly the right temperature and combination and every other favourable condition, would be capable of assimilating materials from its surroundings and of re-forming itself as it broke down. Hence occurred another 'jump' in the history of the planet, and of even greater consequence—the appearance of organic structure. This primordial germ, or protoplasm, is the ancestor of all the 'life' we know. But it is not enough to suppose that so marvellous an event can have been due to terrestrial influences only, or that the potentiality of all the subsequent manifold forms of life was already latent within the primordial germ, or that organic life 'emerged' from inorganic without external direction of some kind. No theory of 'emergent' evolution can sufficiently explain how chemical compounds, however complex, massed themselves into a world of Beauty. Cosmic life-giving influences proceeding from that greater environment, the

<sup>1</sup> The fact that this theory has since then been superseded by the Binary Theory does not affect Younghusband's argument.

starry heavens, must also have had a part to play. At first this infinitesimally minute jelly-like substance would be indistinguishable from the slime about it, and yet it must have been composed of innumerable particles tinier still. It was "a store-house of tremendous pent-up energy". The characteristics of this organism would be its sensitivity to external stimuli and its capacity for unceasing change. The metabolism of a living organism, even of the most elemental, itself provides an example of the reversibility of thermo-dynamism: it is a perpetual transformation of energy, a breaking-down and a building-up, rejection, absorption, and dissipation and renewal. And further, there is an invisible nucleus within it which persists through all its changing states, enabling it to maintain its own identity, to be itself and not another. And so, in the course of ages, it becomes a cell.

A question of far-reaching importance now presents itself. Is the appearance of organic life possible on any other world than ours? The question occupies a 'no man's land' between the astronomer and the biologist. Formerly it was answered in the negative by both. The astronomer held that the very existence of another planetary system was improbable, since the incursion of one star within such proximity to another as to cause a gravitational pull (the tidal theory), resulting in the formation of satellites around it, must be of such extremely rare occurrence in the immensities of space as to constitute an almost unique phenomenon; and further that there is no positive evidence for the existence of life on any other of the solar planets.—But according to later views, the rotation of a star by its own velocity normally results in an irregular fracture of its mass into two unequal parts and also into lesser 'splinters' (the fission theory). If this is correct, then the formation of planetary systems in the universe would not be unique, but common.

The biologist denied the possibility of life on other planets on the ground that life could exist only within such an extremely narrow range of temperature as approximately  $-60^{\circ}$  and  $+125^{\circ}$  (and the temperatures in the universe range between millions of degrees). Further, not only the presence of moisture but also a highly complex combination of four different chemical elements (carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen) is required for the origination and preservation of the primordial germ. Is it conceivable that such a concatenation of favourable conditions could occur elsewhere?—But there are no

less than eighty-eight other chemical elements on this very earth, and all these elements are known to exist in other worlds than ours. Is it not possible that life could have selected a different composition of elements, and that too in other climatic conditions, to form a centre of energy having the potentiality of a germ. And, given a germ, of another kind, the evolution of organic life in directions unimaginable by us is not only possible but certain. Also, on general grounds, the habitability of our world alone—a mere mote of star-dust—and the uninhabitability of any other, is a fantastic supposition.

The cell divides to reproduce itself. The cell responds not only to external stimuli but also to its own inner impulses. Its self-activity and initiative suggest the presence within its physical structure of a psychical quality: the germ of consciousness. To account for all the multitudinous and multifarious forms of organic life that have descended, or rather ascended, from the bivalvular cell—in plant, tree, mollusc, fish, insect, reptile, bird, mammal—the theory of Natural Selection alone is not sufficient. Darwin himself recognized this: “It has been the main but not exclusive means of modification.” Natural Selection operates upon the variations, but does not produce them. As to what produced them Darwin professed himself ignorant, though he was convinced that they occurred within the reproductive system.

Younghusband suggests two probable causes, the one from outside and the other from within the organism: first, its increasing susceptibility to long-distance stimuli; second, its development from sentience to consciousness. The variations would be specially conspicuous in creatures that have become vertebrate: the nerve-cord is the forerunner of the brain. These would be not only adapting themselves to their environment, but would be beginning to adapt their environment to their own inherent needs. A spirit of adventure is born; and this is very different from the primary instinct of mere self-preservation.

The ascent of life from its lowest and simplest to its highest and most complex forms, though steady and continuous, has not been uniform. It has been undulating. Some creatures have apparently attained the term of their development, for they have passed away. There has been a rhythmic waxing and waning of species, genera, and phyla. But these undulations are subsidiary to the great onward upward march. It is a remarkable circumstance that the lowest forms of

life, the microbes and algæ and amœbæ, co-exist to this day with the highest. "Just as in the growth and development of a man, or of any other creature, from a single germ-cell there is repeated in brief the whole evolutionary process, so at any moment may be found actually living at that moment representatives of almost every stage of that development."

The power to discriminate—select or reject—is the first symptom of intelligence in a sentient creature : it displays purposive activity. Intelligence differs from instinct in that it makes use of memory, whereas instinct is congenital behaviour and by contrast is fixed and automatic. In man alone intelligence has developed into the capacity to reflect, to reason, to form judgments. And in man alone instinct has become intuition. The combination of these faculties has begotten another, and it is fraught with the most momentous consequences either for good or for ill ; it is the faculty of imagination, and with it the apprehension and appreciation of Beauty. It is also the source of Creative Love, which in its essence is sacrificial. In man alone this love, when it results in marriage, is—or should be—first imaginative, and only secondarily physical ; the physical union is the outward expression of a union on a higher level. And the love particular is but a foretaste of the love universal. . . .

Thus far, this imperfect outline of Younghusband's philosophy of life does less than justice to the extent of his knowledge of natural science in its several branches : astronomy, physics and chemistry, geology, biology, botany and zoology, psychology and anthropology ; this must be apparent to any reader of his books. Inspired as he was by the feeling that all life is sacred, he had all his life pursued these studies in a spirit of reverent curiosity and enthusiasm, tempered by a passionate desire to know nothing but the truth. An attempt must now be made in anticipation to summarize the content of his religious faith in relation to his philosophy.

Nature never repeats herself ; there are no duplicates in Nature. This principle of individuality is the marvel and glory of creation. Not only are no two human beings alike and never have been, but no two blades of grass are similar ; and it may be taken as a legitimate inference from natural law that no two atoms are identical, even though of the same constituents, since each, differently situated, must be differently affected by externals. Since each existence is unique, each is of supreme importance to the whole. We are integral,

unescapable units of the World-Soul. We have the capacity of thrilling in living response to the movement of the Eternal Spirit which pervades all things, and this is true also of the tiniest germ. Our individuality is most truly realized in active and conscious participation in the Life of the Spirit, which is the focus of all free spirits "made in his image, after his likeness". Younghusband would echo the prayer of St. Augustine: "O thou good Omnipotent, who lovest all as if all were but one, and lovest each one as if that one were all. We behold how some things pass away that others may replace them, but Thou dost never depart. Beauty of all things beautiful, Truth of all things true, to Thee will we entrust whatever we have received of Thee, and so shall we lose nothing. Thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." Each of us, he would say, has a place in the great scheme of the universe that no other can fill; each of us has a place in the great heart of the Eternal that no other can share; each of us has a part to play and a work to do that no other can do as well. For each personality springs from its own roots and has its own contribution to make to the sum of Reality. Yet we are not independent, but interdependent; our lives interpenetrate and are interpenetrated by all the other manifestations of the divine life around us, as well as by influences that are invisible. God, within us and around us, is the source, the way, and the goal of our pilgrimage. It is for us to enter into our true heritage, to realize our divine origin and our divine destiny. . . .

The love particular is a foretaste of the love universal. The mystical experience is a sense of oneness with the Universal both in its totality and in all its parts. It is not absorption of the finite into the Infinite; rather, it is a fulfilling of the finite to the utmost bounds of its being by the Infinite which comprehends each one. It results not in loss of individuality, but in its expansion, integration, intensification. The goal of human evolution is unity with the Source and Ground of Being, and simultaneously with all the manifestations thereof in the plane of phenomena: moments of mystical experience are intimations of this consummation. Every stage of evolution is characterized by an increasing individuation and singularity of the unit; it grows away from conformity-to-type. Unity in diversity and diversity in unity—not an indistinguishable uniformity of standard or behaviour—is the hallmark of development. This reaches its

highest potential in the extraordinary diversity and variety of human minds, still more of their personalities ; and with it comes an ever increasing capacity for co-operation. The fully self-conscious human being knows himself to be not only a part of the Universal, but also a microcosm of it. This consciousness comes to its fullest realization in the mystical experience. He who experiences it is aware, as never before, that he is in very truth " a partaker of the divine nature ". As a microcosm he reflects, from the particular angle of his own personality, one aspect of the everlasting Light. In the words of another apostle : " We all with open face beholding (reflecting) as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory."

To the question, is God personal?—the answer must be : the Creator of all human personalities must be suprapersonal. Personality by its definition implies limitation and finitude, and God is infinite. As the Creator not only of the entire universe, but also of beings far beyond our ken and of celestial intelligences higher in the scale of being than we are from the creatures of the wild, the attribution of personality involves a derogation. (Because the human body is an organized system of a million cells, each with its special function, we do not for that reason call it cellular.) It is not as magnified Personality that God is revealed to us in the mystical experience, but rather as the ineffable omnipresent Source of Light and Life and Love. But God is not to be equated with the totality of his universe. He is the invisible Creator of all that exists as the visible organic expression of his eternal Will ; related to it as the mind is to the brain of man. Neither is he merely the animating principle or impersonal Life-Force of the universe ; he transcends the universe in which he is also immanent, as a man's mind both transcends and pervades his vital processes. And by man who has come to full self-consciousness, that is, become aware that his own personality is a microcosm of the divine, he is recognized as Father ; for we are his offspring, made in his likeness, after his very image.

To the question, is Christ the final revelation of God?—the answer must be : he is the highest manifestation of God yet known to us in terms of human personality. In profundity of intellect, in scientific knowledge, in imaginative genius, others have surpassed him both before and since ; as a historical figure he was, like others, the child of his age ; as a distinctive personality he had his own qualities, his



own temperament, his own character. His supremacy among the sons of men, and his right to be called the Leader of our Pilgrimage thus far, consists in this, that he is the most perfect embodiment of *holiness*, of God-consciousness, of the power of redeeming love, that the world has yet known. He is the prototype of a humanity that is yet to be ; not the great Exception but the great Example ; the *first-fruits* of every creature, the *first-begotten*, no half-brother to mankind but Elder Brother, the *fore-runner* of our race. " He that is perfected shall be as his Master." The fullness of the measure of his stature is not beyond attainment by the least of his brethren. . . . But as in the spiritual life, by virtue of its very nature as pertaining to the realm of the eternal, there is never any ending, so in the revelation of the things of the Spirit there can be no finality. Now we know in part. We see not yet that which shall be.

Why is the mystical experience granted to some and not to others ? —A tentative answer may be offered in the form of an analogy. There are moments when a fraction of the earth's surface is in closer contact with the sun, which is the source of its life, than at others—at its meridian in high summer. Then the potential for that fraction's reception of life-giving solar energy is at its highest. But, for the potential to become actual, the moment of this contact must coincide with the moment when the inherent capacity for response on the part of the recipient is also at its zenith. So in the life of the Spirit, there are moments when the Universal Power of the universe is turned towards the individual with a special attractive force, but unless this coincides with the moment of a corresponding upsurge and aspiration on the part of the individual that attractive influence will not be consciously felt. The coincidence of such moments is at present, in the nature of things, very rare ; the obscurations of earth-mists too often intervene to veil the beatific vision, and in the present immature stage of human development the flower of the spirit is, so to speak, still enclosed within the calyx. *Homo sapiens* is not yet *Homo mysticus*.

Younghusband's two books, of which the above is an all too condensed summary, are written in so simple, attractive, and conversational a style as to be intelligible to a sixth-form school-boy. They read less like a treatise than an exciting adventure story. It has been impossible in so brief a compass to do justice to the closeness of the reasoning with which he builds up his argument step by step,

or to the wealth of illustration and analogy with which he supports it. As a philosophy of life it owes much to his contemporaries, especially to Whitehead, and the debt where due is always faithfully acknowledged. Its own special and peculiar merit is its concreteness, and the imaginative insight which translates theoretical abstractions into concrete terms. There are also certain features in it which have a distinct claim to originality; and there are others which call for comment or emphasis.

1. *The Law of Entropy.* By a coincidence *The Living Universe* appeared in the same year in which Dean Inge's noteworthy lectures were published with the title *God and the Astronomers*. Employing the same or similar arguments, against the background of his immense erudition, with logical acumen and all his accustomed delicious irony, Inge reduces the postulate of Irreversibility to a mental figment which contradicts the mathematical premises on which it is based. He condemns it also for the same reason as Younghusband, namely that it would undermine the rationality of creation and vitiate our whole root-attitude to the worthwhileness of life.

2. *The Law of Rhythm.* Brahminic speculation in the Upanishads envisaged the coming-to-be of existences in manifestation as due to the expiration of the Breath of Brahma, and their passing-away to their reabsorption in his unmanifest Being through the act of his respiration: a cyclical recurrence in the intervals of measureless æons. The idea is impressive, and Younghusband must have been acquainted with it. But he confines himself to the facts of science and the inferences that may be drawn from them. He does not envisage a periodic rhythm of the Whole universe, but rather internal rhythm of the parts within the Whole. He takes the simple example of the foxglove, which buds, blossoms, and fruits simultaneously in its various parts, to illustrate the rhythm of waxing and waning which is also observable in the world at large, and may be so also in the universe.

3. *Life in the Atom.* Students of philosophy, who may have read *The Living Universe* as a whole (not this inadequate summary of it), must have been struck by many parallels in it with the thought of Leibnitz. The principle of Continuity by infinitesimal gradations in all life from existence to sentience and from sentience to consciousness; the theory that atoms are in their essence centres of force, corpuscular units or monads, microcosms reflecting the universe, progressively realizing each one its own inherent ideals of perfection—

these seed-thoughts, and several of the many corollaries resulting from them, are Younghusband's also. And yet it is a fact that he was entirely unacquainted with the works of this most fascinating, suggestive, and prophetic philosopher. His own knowledge of philosophy was confined to its later developments in contemporary thought. But the influence of Leibnitz was still a force to be reckoned with by members of the 'Aristotelian Society'—especially, for example, by Bertrand Russell. There are, however, two important points in which Younghusband would have dissented from that too subtle metaphysic: one, the theory that monads, though they mirror the universe, are 'windowless' to each other; the other, resulting therefrom, the theory of a 'pre-established harmony' to account for their interaction. This would have been too mechanical and arbitrary a theory for Younghusband. For him each and every unit is open to the influence of all the others; there is interpenetration and reciprocity, not isolation and independence, between all the parts within the totality. But he would have agreed with Leibnitz's 'optimistic' conclusion, that the universe is friendly and not hostile, even perhaps also with the more dubious proposition that this is "the best of all compossible worlds".

4. *The Influence of Cosmic Rays.* The theory that these are potent factors in the production of life on this planet and in the determination of its multifarious forms is, as far as the present writer is aware, original. It must certainly be reckoned as a brilliant hypothesis. If radio-activity emanating from the most distant stars can penetrate so dense and inert a substance as lead to a depth of several feet, what must its effect be on so plastic a substance as a colloid, or so intricate a structure as an organic cell?

5. *Persistence of Identity.* Biologically, the germ-cell breaks down to reproduce others of its kind. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground *and die*, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." This utterance of Christ, which has reference to his purpose as the world's Redeemer, was developed by St. Paul with remarkable power in proof of the resurrection of terrestrial bodies into bodies celestial. But like all arguments from analogy it suffers from logical inconclusiveness. The invisible nucleus within an entity which persists through all its changing states enables it to maintain itself till death but no longer; this is no proof of the perdurance of its identity beyond death.—Among philosophers perhaps Lotze,

with his doctrine of ' transeunt causation ', came nearer than Hegel to establishing a proof of the continuous identity of the conscious self.

6. *The Personality of Jesus*. In 1930, being at that time anxious to introduce dramatic art into the churches, Younghusband composed a little drama entitled *The Reign of God*: a version in dialogue of the Gospel story, and mostly in biblical words. He was not skilled in this kind of composition and the result is unsuccessful (but less so than many banal attempts to do so in modern idiom). Its interest lies in the profound sense of reverence, of solemnity, with which he approached the subject. It may be taken as the confession of his personal faith in Christ. Beginning from the belief of the writers of the New Testament, and of Christ himself, that he was the destined Jewish Messiah, the Inaugurator of the coming Kingdom of God on earth, he is led on from that—not to abstruse theological definitions of his Person, ambiguously derived from the metaphysical thought-forms of Aristotle—but to personal allegiance to him as the Leader of a new type of humanity. No one who reads the Introduction and more especially the Epilogue to this little book can for a moment doubt the ardour of the writer's devotion and the sincerity of his loyalty. But for him the Faith of Christ was not a present possession; like Everest it was as yet unscaled, and to be scaled only by the adventurous, the courageous, the persevering. And there are other peaks in the same grand chain, from whose summits also extend unimagined vistas.

7. *The Mystical Experience*. This is an intuitive awareness of the all-encompassing and all-pervading presence of a Reality beyond sense-perception or even mental processes: the apprehension of an infinite, eternal, invisible and universal Reality, transcending and permeating all finite, temporal, visible and particular appearances, in comparison with which the latter seem now to be illusory. This Presence is felt by the percipient as an illimitable extension and intensification of his inmost life and being; not as alien but essentially akin; just as the minutest drop of sea-water contains all the properties of the ocean. Whatever be the *form* of the traditional cult or creed which divides the religious faiths of the world from east to west and from age to age, it is this which gave to them all their original impulse and inspiration, and which, beyond time and clime and beyond all differences of outward form, unites them at their root. Being both indescribable and unexplainable it escapes intellectual formulation.

So far as the present writer is aware, Younghusband's surmise to account for the comparative rarity of the mystical experience is entirely original. But there is another Christian thinker with whom also he was quite unacquainted and yet with whom he would have been in the closest agreement. This is the too neglected Schleiermacher, whose complete system of philosophy was based—unlike that of any other western thinker—directly upon mystical experience. A few extracts from his writings must suffice to show this close correspondence of thought, and the sentence in italics may be read as a possible anticipation of Younghusband's surmise.

Christ is the prototype of a new mode of God-consciousness, which is an immediate experience of, and response to, divine Reality.

At the moment when Feeling and Presence Felt are one and indistinguishable, the first contact of the individual with the universal Life is made and you lie directly on the bosom of the infinite world. . . .

The whole religious life consists of two elements: that the individual surrender himself *to that side of the universal which is turned towards him and be influenced by it: and that he transplant this contact into the inner unity of his life and being* . . .

On blazing up in the soul, the sacred spark spreads to a free and living flame fed from its own atmosphere.

Finally, there is an estimate of Younghusband's position as a religious philosopher by an anonymous writer of an obituary notice in the *Observer*, which deserves to be recorded.

It is very hesitatingly that one presumes to discuss his philosophy. The man was greater than his message. What he gave us, in such books as *The Living Universe* and *The Coming Country*, though valuable, was only a small part of what he was. Strange as it may seem, he died with much of his music unexpressed; for he was one of those men whose meditations, when put down on paper, altered from glimmering stars to common or garden flowers. But he possessed a rare gift—that of transforming a life by a few brief ejaculatory phrases. He had something of the saint in him. He saw not a fitful gleam, but a steady and continuous vision which he followed as best he could. Creative thinkers are those who are not dominated by theories and who do not let single, isolated ideas tell out of proportion to the various strains in their theme. They contemplate life with a Brahma-like omni-

presence and geniality. Constructive thinkers, on the other hand, are mainly preoccupied with their own speculations and build out of these, with the help of the cement of logic, rounded systems of thought. The value of their efforts depends on the beauty of their intellectual edifices and on the truth and coherence of their respective visions of reality. Frankly, Sir Francis cannot be placed in any one of these two classes of thinkers. He did not try to see life through the eyes of various characters, nor did he elaborate a new theory of the cosmos. His importance lies elsewhere. He was an instinctive lover of the beauty of thought, or rather, a born connoisseur of ideas.

Spiritual arrogance would seem to be the bane in most theologians and thinkers. Many cultivated spirits in the West believe that their wisdom is the highest attainable by man. Most Easterns hold the same lofty opinion about the illumination of their race. Sir Francis was refreshingly free from this myopia of the spirit. Indeed, his was a stereoscopic vision, which embraced the best of the Orient and the Occident. Although a good Christian he appreciated, nay revered, the spirit of Asia. He held that the soul of Hinduism and Buddhism was at one with the heart of Christianity. He was thus a real reconciler. He believed that the more intensely spiritual we became, the more quickly we would meet and mingle and broaden out into a happy brotherhood of man. This conviction led to the founding of the World Congress of Faiths, which owes practically everything to him. Sir Francis was sure—and he had a faith that dispels all clouds of doubt—that a new Renaissance, more glorious than any that went before it, was upon us. This is the marriage of East and West.

WORLD CONGRESS OF FAITHS

**T**HOUGH Sir Francis was the Founder of the "World Congress of Faiths" the idea of it did not originate with him. The 19th century had seen an awakening interest, within Christendom, in historic faiths outside it, but the study of these was mainly the province of specialists, and it was not till the year 1893 that a conference called, sanguinely enough, "The World's Parliament of Religions" was held on the occasion of a World's Fair in Chicago—with a view to promoting the spirit of human brotherhood and in the hope of securing permanent international peace. It was there that the Indian Yogi, Swami Vivekenanda, first proclaimed the teaching of Ramakrishna to the world. In 1900 an "International Congress of the History of Religions" was founded in Paris, and this was repeated at Basle in 1904, at Oxford in 1908, at Leiden in 1912, and again in Paris in 1924. On the occasion of the British Empire Exhibition in the same year, 1924, Sir Denison Ross, on the suggestion of Mr. Loftus Hare, arranged for a course of lectures upon the various religions within the British Empire. A Society for Promoting the Study of Religions was then formed with Lord Zetland as President, Sir Denison Ross as Chairman of the Council, and Sir Francis—who was requested to deliver the opening address—as Chairman of the Committee. Impartiality, he said, was the prerequisite of an Empire which comprised so many and such diverse creeds. But impartiality did not mean indifference: it meant understanding, good-will, federation and good fellowship.

The British Empire should be a mighty agent in leading the nations of the earth along the paths which would bring them to that fellowship in which the principal rivalry would be, not of trade or territorial expansion, but of spiritual achievement.

Religion in the past had been a perpetual source of dissension. But an instrument which, if carelessly used, might be exceedingly dangerous, could with proper use be made superlatively effective. Each might hold that his own religion was more completely perfect than any other. But even then he might recognize that

God revealed himself in many ways, and that to followers of other religions God might have revealed what could be of value to them. . . .

I expressed the hope that the present Conference might stir in men the spirit of emulation—of emulation in capturing more and more successfully that Divine Spirit which animated the world. . . . With an unwavering faith that truth led only to good, and good was only strengthened by truth, might we not in the future discuss the great ultimate problems of life—the nature of the world we lived in, our relation to it, the aims we ought to have, and the way to reach them?

On the occasion of another World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 was held the "First International Congress of the World Fellowship of Faiths" with a view as before, not of attempting any sort of synthesis, but of fostering mutual comprehension and fellowship. Extensions of this were held in New York the following year and in several other American capitals, and at these Sir Francis was again invited to speak. He was then desired by the organizers of these meetings to inaugurate another such Congress in London. No other centre in the world, it was represented to him, offered better facilities, nor was any other man better qualified to lead it. Feeling that this was the long-looked-for opportunity of fulfilling his life's purposes he accepted without hesitation. He had not sought it; it had been put into his hands.

"The beginning", said Aristotle, "is half the undertaking." In this one the first objective was to enlist the support of the leading representatives of religion. "I must seek first for quality; the quantity would then follow. It is the aristocratic principle; but democracy itself must have leaders. There is no democracy which does not have an element of aristocracy in it—a choice of the best. It must be controlled and guided by men who are in closest touch with the Spirit of the Universe and act in conformity with what we can find out of the fundamental universal laws. It was not an easy task for, quite naturally, leading men hesitated to give their names to a project which was still in the air."

Naturally, it was to the leaders of the Christian churches that he first addressed himself. It was not to be expected that so highly exclusive and dogmatic a communion as the Roman Catholic, or (if in a slightly less degree) the Greek Orthodox, would provide



a representative; yet contributions from independently-minded members came from each of these, and they proved to be among the most stimulating and enlightening of all. But for a leader from the Anglican Church the organizer looked in vain: much more support came from members of the Free Churches, and especially from the Society of Friends.

Sir Francis fully understood the reasons for the neutrality, even for the strong disapproval, of the leaders of his own Church. Custodians of a great and ancient institution, jealous of its traditions, rites and formularies, they could hardly bring themselves to consort on terms of equality with adherents of other faiths. . . . But he had hoped that there might be found amongst them some at least of larger and more enlightened views, and there is a touch of asperity unusual with him in his comments.

When I had to show the list of my supporters, the names of leaders of the Church of England were conspicuous by their absence. It was only from men below the leaders that I got encouragement.

This attitude seemed strange to me. For the Church makes gallant efforts to convert "the heathen", and I have long admired those efforts and the splendid men the Church sends into the mission field. Yet when these men of other faiths come here to England itself, the Church loses the splendid opportunity of influencing them. . . .

The cause of this compunction must have been either that Christians had nothing to gain from non-Christians, or that Christians had something to lose from mixing with them. The Church had "the Truth" and to listen to anything but this Truth would be to throw men into doubt and perplexity. For my own part, the impression left upon me by the Congress was that it deepened each man in his own faith. By that I do not mean that it made each man fanatically bigoted. I mean exactly the reverse. . . . Each was driven down to his foundations—down to where he had perhaps never reached before. Each sought the permanent and abiding amid the great diversity of gifts. No Christian who attended that Congress was the worse for it. . . . Indeed, considering how very ignorant ordinary Christian clergymen are of any other religion than their own, it is surprising that they did not flock to the Congress in their hundreds.

I have in me an ineradicable streak of loyalty to my native

religion and like to consider myself a Christian. . . . But this loyalty to Christianity is strained almost to breaking point by the air of superiority so often adopted by Christian leaders in their attitude towards men of other religions. . . . The essential spirit of Jesus as it arose and spread in Palestine nineteen centuries ago must and will spread all over the world ; but that all Indians and Chinese should become Roman Catholic Christians or Church of England Christians is, I should say, neither likely nor desirable. I believe, indeed, that any Pope or any Archbishop would find inspiration from a Hindu like Ramakrishna or a Muslim like the Bab. And Christians might well reflect that God must always have been working in non-Christians as well as in Christians, and that it is ultimately to GOD that all men's eyes should be directed.

(Surely this attitude of mind is in accord with the spirit of him who said : " He that is not against us is on our part," and " He that gathereth not with me scattereth.")

He had worshipped, as perhaps few other members of the Anglican Church have done, in the churches and chapels of every other Christian denomination, and in several of them more than once : from the gorgeous ceremonial of High Mass to the simplicity of Quaker meetings—he was familiar with them all. He knew the differences that separate Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists and the rest, and, looking to the best in all of them (just as he did with individuals), was convinced that the differences which divided them were negligible in comparison with the essential Christian spirit which united them. His loyalty to his own Church was, to be sure, not unmixed ; he saw *through* it ; he saw that it, like the others, was only paddling in the shallows, afraid to launch out into the free and infinite ocean of God's love. Few men relinquish the form of faith in which they happen to have been born and nurtured, unless impelled thereto by an invincible conviction. He himself felt no such compulsion, and if asked how with his larger vision he could tolerate the Church of England's restricted scope, would have replied that of all the Christian denominations it offered the happiest combination of dignity with comprehensiveness, order with freedom. True, it erred, just as the British administration of India erred, in overstressing order ; both ecclesiastically and doctrinally it was stereotyped and retrospective, it lacked spontaneity and flexibility to changing conditions. But for

all that, it was the Church of his home and of his homeland, to which he was attached by the deepest, dearest, and tenderest associations. He had welcomed the amended Prayer Book of 1928, only regretting that the revision did not go far enough. Its forms were still too Latin ; they were not sufficiently adapted to the spirit of the English people. The English were essentially a religious folk, but they had never made the Christian faith their very own ; they had taken it at second-hand. And similarly, attempts to superimpose upon oriental races an anglicized or a latinized form of the Christian faith seemed to him as artificial as it was arbitrary, and as arbitrary as it was soul-stifling. The faith of Christ was large enough to assume a great variety of forms, forms to be shaped by the natural culture of the races which embraced it. There were some great missionaries from the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches who had recognized this fact, but all too few. If only a gust of the diviner air might blow through these churches, what new comprehension, what new clarity, what unity there might be ! He had hoped that close contact in fellowship with one another, and with men of other faiths, might help them to strike their roots into deeper soil. But in this he was disappointed.

Two years later, in a broadcast address on 19th July 1938, he adverted to this disappointment. After briefly explaining the aims of the Congress he continued :

Crisis after crisis is arising in world affairs. The world's supreme need is spiritual equipment to meet the incessant stress and strain. Our Congress hopes not only to provide this spiritual reinforcement but also to give the world a lead to peace. And we would do this by marshalling the spiritual forces of every religion.

Now this is a very simple if ambitious project and I should have thought one which all would endorse. But, to my surprise, I have found that many of the most earnest, the most high-minded, and the most spiritual men and women have objected to it. To them Christianity was the one and only true religion, and to meet Hindus, Buddhists, and Muslims on terms of anything like equality, to mix with infidels and idolaters, was being disloyal to Christ and Christ's Church.

To find this hostility came as a shock to me until I recalled that fifty years ago I had precisely the same feeling—even in regard to any outside the Church of England. How then did it come

about that I now take so different a view? Because it so happened that in explorations, . . . in the conduct of political missions, . . . in civil administration work, . . . I have come into close touch with men of all the great religions, and with men of all grades. And the effect of this varied contact has been gradually to bring about in me a complete change of outlook. I was humbled by seeing so much of the finest spirituality in these men of other religions. They had far too refined a spiritual courtesy to show me any airs of superiority. Indeed they have often invited me to speak at their own religious gatherings. And that is how it came so naturally to me to invite them to join with us in a common effort to promote a spirit of World Fellowship.

Having convened a gathering of some fifty representatives of all the great religions of the world to form a nucleus of the eventual Congress, Sir Francis gave them an outline of the principles and ideals which he had in mind. And since these have been consistently maintained by his successors ever since, the salient points in them may be quoted :

He had spent the best years of his life in close contact with Hindus, Buddhists, and Muslims, and had been impressed by their devoutness ; and equally too by their reverence—not for the formulas of Christianity—but for the spirit of Jesus, and the fruits of that spirit in the lives and deeds of missionaries. This was evidence that mutual benefit would be gained by such a fellowship as that now proposed. . . .

Some might withhold their support on the ground of their allegiance to a religious body with the age-old traditions built up by saints and martyrs and great theologians, and therefore they had nothing to gain. But surely they had much to give. . . .

Others again, of every religion, convinced that theirs was the only true faith, might feel themselves in conflict with those which they considered false. If so, by their example, and even by their opposition, they might stimulate a more fervent faith in others. . . .

Equally acceptable would be the contributions of those who professed no creed but who had a deep faith of their own, and who by their deeds promoted that faith, believing that they were thereby advancing the welfare of mankind. . . .

To promote the spirit of fellowship was the one aim of the

Congress. The organizers had no intention of formulating another eclectic religion, nor of appraising the value of the existing religions, nor of maintaining that all were equally true, nor of seeking the lowest common denominator and building on that. Not breadth without depth did they seek, but only that breadth which comes naturally by deepening depth. . . .

This conception of unity in difference, of differentiation in unity, of the reciprocal need of the whole for the part and of the part for the whole, till the incohesion of a crowd could be transformed into the fellowship of a choir was, indeed, the basic conception upon which the Congress was founded. . . . They looked to the day, however distant, when the universal music of humanity might rise and swell into a world-anthem in which all the discords would be merged.

Efforts would be made to take a world-view, to develop a world-consciousness, and to create a sense of world-fellowship ; and a world-soul might result therefrom. But such a world-soul would never stifle the soul of the individual : indeed, the precise opposite would be the case.

As to details : outstanding representatives of the various great religions would address public meetings upon what each of them considered to be the supreme universal Ideal for mankind. Here the stress would be on fellowship and ultimate unity. . . . But at meetings of the Congress one or other of the major problems of the time would be discussed and practical solutions suggested. Only one topic would be taken at a time, and the risk of diffusion avoided. The problem selected would be submitted well in advance to representative leaders who would write their respective solutions, which would be printed and circulated to members before the meetings.

In all discussions the discipline of spiritual "good manners" must be observed. Opposition was bracing and would be encouraged ; but disputants would be expected so to school themselves as to preserve their equanimity even under direct provocation. . . .

Social gatherings would be a feature of the Congress. They would afford opportunities of forming friendships and, with the exchange of deeply-felt ideas, occasions might be found for that intimate communion which is the culmination of all great fellowship.

Promises of support from leading Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and

others were readily obtained, as well as from a small host of personal friends, and his name and reputation were sufficient to secure the active interest of several persons of political or social or literary influence. His next care was to select members of the Executive Committee, to prepare a small pamphlet, to hire a hall for the general meeting, to make choice of twenty fit speakers, some of whom "had to be brought literally from the ends of the earth". A suitable room for the Committee's headquarters was already provided by the kindness of a friend, Miss Sharples; and the problem of financing the enterprise, which might have been the main one, was solved by the generosity of its supporters. But he was fully prepared, as he told his Committee at the outset, to encounter difficulties, disappointments, and disillusionments; and these indeed were not lacking. Several, on whose help he had counted, refused it; others, who gave it, criticized the choice of speakers; there were many unavoidable set-backs—but "we gradually accustomed ourselves to such 'blows'. Indeed, every morning as we began work one or other would invariably ask: 'Well, what's the blow to-day?' Blows and good news had a tight race for it. But in the long run blows could not stand the pace, and good news won."

He was most anxious to have the blessing, if not the official sanction, of the Church on these proceedings, and the first piece of really good news came with the cordial response of Dr. W. R. Matthews, the successor of Dr. W. R. Inge as Dean of St. Paul's, to the Committee's request that the entire Congress be admitted to Evensong in the Cathedral before their first session. This was more than a mere gesture; for the Dean himself signified his approval by becoming a member of the Congress. Another encouragement came from the B.B.C. which, at short notice, allowed him to broadcast an address almost on the eve of the first general meeting. Yet another was the consent which he gained from the Government for a Reception at Lancaster House; and Lord Zetland, then Secretary of State for India, received the Congress on the Government's behalf. Sir Francis had already requested the Gaekwar of Baroda, whom he knew in other days, to act as President of the Congress, and now—feeling that one last and most important step must be taken—"I went to see the King's Private Secretary at Buckingham Palace and set forth the nature of the Congress, and suggested that on the opening day the President might send a message to His Majesty to which the King might be

graciously pleased to make acknowledgment. After a few days came the reply that this procedure was approved."

At length on 3rd July 1936, after six months' strenuous and sometimes anxious work, the opening meeting was held in the Queen's Hall. A hundred and fifty choristers conducted by Dr. Brockless were grouped under the organ, and the platform decked with flowering shrubs chosen by Captain St. Barbe Baker. After a minute's silent prayer the whole assembly sang the hymn "All people that on earth do dwell" and the meeting was opened by Dame Elizabeth Cadbury. The Gaekwar of Baroda then rose and announced that he had received a message from His Majesty. It ran as follows :

I am much gratified to receive the message which Your Highness sent me on behalf of those attending the World Congress of Faiths. Please express to them my sincere thanks.

I earnestly hope that the deliberations of the Congress may help to strengthen the spirit of peace and good-will on which the well-being of mankind depends.

It is impossible to follow the course of this Congress, or of those which followed it year by year with regularity and with ever-increasing interest, even in the war years. But since it happened by a coincidence that the present writer was asked to contribute a review to the *Times Literary Supplement* of the Report of its proceedings, some extracts of what he then wrote may serve as a general impression of the whole.

To convene in the cause of faith and good fellowship a Congress representative of all the religions of the world for the purpose of a full, free and frank discussion is a task, one would think, requiring at the least a high degree of courage and tact. It calls for the leadership of an idealist who has himself lived largely, strenuously and dangerously in the realm both of thought and of action. And few could be found better qualified to fulfil it than Sir Francis Younghusband. . . . Distinguished as a soldier, explorer, administrator, he is a man who has already deserved well of his country in many ways ; also he is a man inspired by an indomitable passion to scale the heights, whether of the Himalayas or of spiritual experience. . . .

No impartial reader of these addresses and of the discussion which followed them can fail to be impressed by their extraordinarily high spirituality, or escape the conclusion that their







WITH LORD SAMUEL AND PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY, 1936

spokesmen, whatever their creed, come nearer in heart and mind to the Founder of Christianity than do many of its professed adherents. Some echoes of the authentic music of Christ, freed from the clamour of disputatious minds, could be heard at this gathering on the lips of Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem, Confucian—to name no more. So harmoniously indeed were the proceedings conducted that exercise of the special qualities necessary to the Chairman, courage and tact, were never once called for. Men gave expression to their deepest convictions without disguise and without offence.

It is notorious that the various religions of the world, if compared separately and as it were 'vertically', present many obvious differences; but if compared simultaneously and as it were 'transversely', they present similarities which are striking; cross-sections reveal a homogeneity of strata at different levels. This is perhaps most striking in the parallel but independent development of Christianity and Buddhism, the two faiths which, if only on the ground of their extent, are best entitled to be called universal. A deeper reason for this astonishing unanimity between the spokesmen at the Congress may be found in the fact that they were in the main representative of the best minds of their respective faiths. Their knowledge of God, to put it shortly, is experiential and original, not derived. 'Great minds think alike,' says the adage; in other words, the higher facts of life are to be apprehended only by the quickened perception of those who live on the higher levels. 'Many are the thyrsus-bearers; few are the Bacchoi.'

Mysticism is a word of ill favour with the rationalistic or dogmatic theologian, and yet if mysticism be taken to mean conscious and direct apprehension of the invisible, eternal and spiritual beyond the visible, temporal and material, it was just this touch of mysticism which made these spirits kin; and it will bear repeating that they were the recognized leaders of their respective faiths, quick to seize essentials and to ignore irrelevancies. While appreciative of all, the Chairman remarks that some of the addresses were better than others. He mentions four speakers whose personalities were outstanding: Suzuki (Zen Buddhist), Sir S. Radhakrishnan (Hindu), Berdyaev (Greek Orthodox), and Lord Allen (Independent). To them might perhaps be added three, statements from whom were in their unavoidable absence read: Professor Massignon, who has passed from agnosticism, through Islam, into Roman Catholicism; Shoghi Effendi, the present head of the Bahai movement; and the late

Dr. J. S. Haldane, the noted physiologist. The Congress also gained much from the support of such men as the Muslim Yusuf Ali, Sir Herbert Samuel, Professor Emile Marcault, the psychologist, and the Chief Rabbi.

The Congress of 1937 was held in Balliol College, Oxford, when Sir Francis, afflicted with a strained throat and a strained heart and strictly forbidden to speak at all, insisted on being present not on the platform but among the audience. His place was most admirably filled by Lord Samuel. The hall being filled beyond capacity, he stood. Perhaps it may again be permitted to one, who was then privileged for the first and only time to stand close to him, to record an impression of his personality. It was an impression of gravity and profound composure : a rock-like self-possession and a dauntless resolution that no obstacle could thwart. His head was slightly bent and his heavily-lidded eyes, arched with two cascades of white brows, were veiled as he listened attentively to the addresses. The large white military moustache drooped over his chin like a torrent, concealing a long firm lower lip. His face was ruddy and weathered ; he seemed a late survival of the Victorian age. His immobility as he stood there seemed to embody an interior stillness ; immense reserves of energy held in check. But when, in the intervals of the addresses, someone would speak to him or shake his hand, the fine blue eyes, that had seen so much and seen so far, looked up with an alert expression, and the stern features broke into a pleased and affectionate smile.

Sir Francis continued to conduct the affairs of the Congress, to preside at its meetings, and to write the quarterly circular letters to its members, until his death. As time went on dignitaries of the Church of England, and more than one bishop, espoused its cause. Prominent men and women in many different walks of life came to recognize its importance and gave it their support. The inspiration of the Founder became more and more steadily felt in its deliberations. But the field of the world is sown with tares as well as wheat, and though the good seed took root in good soil and brought forth abundantly, the enemy was at work in other less favoured lands. This fact however never depressed the spirit of the Founder for a moment. When things were at their worst during the terrible war years he radiated good cheer. His was that invincible Christian

optimism which knows that at long last and in spite of all appearances to the contrary, nothing is too good to be true.

There is not one of all his many surviving colleagues who would not wish to place on record a tribute to his memory. Alas, that space permits the inclusion of so few. The first, kindly communicated to the writer, is from Baron Palmstierna, G.C.V.O., later Chairman of the Congress :

I will never forget an afternoon when my housekeeper announced that a man, whose name she could not pronounce, called at my flat in Chelsea. He entered, a small man with white bushy eyebrows and very deep-set eyes. I had no idea who he was and even when he said his name it told me nothing. I knew not about his extraordinary exploration of Tibet. He invited me to join the Executive Committee of the World Congress of Faiths and explained its object.

Sir Francis impressed me less as a thinker and organizer than as a visionary of rare radiance, who attracted through the magnetic force of a saintly personality ; endowed with simplicity of faith, subtle, spontaneous humour, and whole-hearted devotion to a cause which was his life. He left fame as an explorer and administrator behind and set his mind to enlighten fellow-wanderers on earth on their inner unity and common origin. He ever remained a Christian and a British patriot. The cavalry officer stuck in him. No thought of a world religion entered his mind. He understood the futility of such an enterprise and constantly stressed the point that everyone should remain faithful to his own sincere conviction, respect those of others, and grasp the fact that all seekers travel towards identical ends and ought to recognize their unity of purpose.

To him this was not only a spiritual conception of a mystic regarding man's need, but practical politics. We now witness the breakdown of structures which were built on materialistic interests and feel the misery of a world that has neglected human fellowship.

Sir Francis thus became a beacon that attracted wayfarers and guided them. He offered no new creed nor system of philosophy, but was active for the deepening of spiritual life within all forms shaped during human progress. He stood as a typical pioneer. The unexplored drew him whether it lay behind the mountain range of Himalaya or of the human mind. He had the

courage to break through obstructions that barred his way, but never forced anyone to comply with his demands. An autocrat he was, tenacious and rather unbending, who took matters in his own hand and never lost the grip, but he was courteously grateful for all assistance rendered.

He was a figure of a late Victorian age and its traditions, but had lived so long in India and among various races that he had learnt to listen to what other people could bring forth of value and he gave an example of patience that was extraordinary. He endeared himself to all who had the privilege to get into contact with him and they simply loved to do any little service for his sake. That is, after all, a mark of a great personality.

The next is from Miss Beatrix Holmes, who may best be described as the 'maid-of-all-work' to the Committee from its inception.

Sir Francis was the happiest person I have ever come across; he simply radiated happiness, and it was most infectious. Even after the war had got going the influence of this inward happiness of his diffused itself upon his Committee which had started its proceeding in a somewhat sombre and apprehensive state of mind. It was an irresistible happiness—a something-more-than-cheerfulness—and, even after the many and serious trials he had to endure in his latter years, he was always urging his sometimes rather puzzled and wondering audiences to cultivate "Joy". Of course, if we were very good we should be very happy; well, he was exceedingly good, and this more-than-cheerfulness of his I could only describe as "holy joy". It was a delight to witness.

Other characteristic qualities were these: his deep appreciation of any help or advice given him; his extreme willingness to listen to and consider suggestions; his unflinching and exquisite courtesy to all and sundry; his marvellous power of concentration on the task in hand; his great magnanimity towards people who sometimes must have tried it sorely; his extreme modesty; his total unselfishness; his singleness of purpose; and, by no means least, his delicious sense of humour—for all his deep seriousness he was full of fun. It was Love which permeated his life—love for God, love for his fellows, love of the universe. love for this world over which he had travelled so widely and whose beauty in all its aspects he so much appreciated. And then there was Joy. It was the joy that only mystics know, which springs from the fact that you *love* what is separate from yourself, and

that love unites you. It springs from a condition in which you yourself *are one* with what you love, and from that complete unity there springs this indescribable and unimaginable joy.

Rom Landau's account of the World Congress is valuable because he could view its proceedings with detachment. Mentioning as he does with appreciation the contributions of various notabilities to the meetings, he says :

But everyone else was completely overshadowed by the inconspicuous figure of Sir Francis Younghusband. . . . He might wind up a debate, or take the chair for another speaker, but otherwise remained in the background. Nevertheless it was *his* presence that gave the congresses their distinctive character, and that infused into the gatherings of so many races and creeds the sense of unity and fellowship.

Spiritually, Younghusband would have been equally at home with the Hebrew prophets, the Muslim sufis, the first Christian crusaders, or men of George Fox's quality. Yet in the company of any of these he would have stood out by virtue of a shrewd common sense, not often to be found in dreamers and mystics. . . . He was first and foremost English and Victorian : he was loyal to the Church of England, and derived profound satisfaction from its services, as indeed from those of any Church, Christian or non-Christian. For unlike most churchgoers, he knew that the divine spirit was not the monopoly of any one creed, and that the establishment of a link with God depended on the worshipper himself, not on dogma and ceremonial.

Unlike so many people engaged in religious work, he abhorred verbosity and never uttered one word beyond what was necessary. He also had a certain soldierly brusqueness that intimidated people who knew him but slightly ; and even his oratory was that rather of a soldier than a mystic. He employed no oratorical tricks, never made any gestures, and only seldom modulated his voice. But he spoke with a child-like simplicity and sincerity that seldom failed to be impressive, and often were profoundly moving. . . . According to him the only thing that stood between man and miracle was lack of faith.

He was far too shrewd not to realize that what he preached was nothing new. But he also knew that in a world that was turning its back upon religious and spiritual values certain fundamental truths had to be repeated again and again.

Religious pride and intolerance were the only subjects certain

to rouse his animosity. Only modesty and perfect manners stopped him from expressing that animosity in forcible language. . . . Only a sudden angry spark in his eye would betray his feelings ; but not a word from his lips would disclose what he really thought of this archbishop or that Church leader who imagined himself the exclusive fount of truth and wisdom.

It was a real tragedy that just when the World Congress of Faiths was getting into its stride and beginning to make itself felt, war broke out, and soon afterwards Sir Francis died. How much the Congress depended upon him became evident as soon as he was gone. What was on its way to becoming a major centre of spiritual radiation in the modern world shrank to the dimensions of a minor society whose lofty aims were its only assets. However loyal his successors might be to its ideals, the clarity of the founder's vision and his unswerving faith were lacking. Yet upon these two rested the whole edifice of the Congress.

. . . The frail old companion who had needed my pedestrian help during our voyage in 1937 ; the fine-clayed leader who had commanded my affection ; the mystic whose great experience had not blinded him to the spiritual quests and lesser achievements of men of other moulds—he was gone, and I found that I could no longer give whole-hearted allegiance to the cause when its torch-bearer had passed from my sight.

A tribute of a more personal nature is kindly contributed by Lord Curzon's daughter Irene, Baroness Ravensdale, who undertook and still fills the position of honorary Treasurer to the Congress :

There never could be any question of a light hidden under a bushel with Sir Francis Younghusband. I was too young to remember him when my father was Viceroy of India, but I am sure that the faith that glowed in him glowed in my father as well, and made a bond between those two. When Sir Francis spoke to my father of his dream to found a World Congress of Faiths for a greater brotherhood amongst all adherents of their own creeds—from West and East—my father's letter to Sir Francis is evidence of his conviction that he should work for this.<sup>1</sup> So when years and years later, in 1936, Sir Francis approached me to come and work for the W.C.F. what could I do but accept, both for the sake of my father's love for Sir Francis and because of his own final speech on leaving Bombay in 1905 to all those serving India.<sup>2</sup> . . . The Almighty had touched

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Lord Curzon*, vol. III, end.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. II, end.



Sir Francis with that dedication too, and though I think his vast concept is still ahead of our times, I could but serve in a very humble capacity under him.

That small man with the snow-white hair and those piercing eyes had the secret of the Higher Life ; he was of the stuff of the great Universalism of God. He was a white flame of spiritual conviction, and his was the spirit that dominated every meeting and congress we ever held, at home or abroad, in his lifetime. He was no orator, but he spoke in such a way that people were compelled to listen, because they knew *he knew*. It was because he was already on that higher road and we were stumbling along behind, that he could be autocratic on occasion—and no doubt with good reason, since without his searing clarity of vision ours might have been too nebulous. That vision of his, I would say, is slowly—oh, how slowly—coming to be more widely acknowledged because of a mortal fear of our common enemy. Denominational barriers must fade out in the face of such a threat to all that he—and spiritually-minded beings the world over through all the ages—have striven to live and die for. He could make men of all Faiths at those Congresses rise above their political jealousies and realize their brotherhood with one another.

Perhaps the fittest halo that should surround his head in memory of his life's work should be the dedicatory prayer with which we open every meeting, and have done so from first to last. It is his own prayer. "That the Spirit of Fellowship may quicken within us and abound amongst us now and always."

On the outbreak of the war he accepted with great pleasure a suggestion made to him by the members of the Congress that he should keep in touch with them by means of personal letters from time to time. These letters reveal the intensity of his own faith as a Christian, the essence of which is comprised in texts that he loved to quote, such as these : "I and my Father are one."—"My Father and your Father, my God and your God."—"One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."—"Till we all come, in the unity of the same Spirit, unto a perfect creature, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—The more the war-scene darkened, the more his spirit quickened and his letters take the ring of an almost apostolic fervour. He showed an ever-increasing sympathy with the individualists and the independently minded. Unity in diversity was more than ever his theme.



. . . Perhaps there has been over-much organization and too little scope for individuality . . . Perhaps the different religions, and the different sects and denominations of each religion, have kept themselves too much apart and even antagonized one another. Perhaps oecumenicity has not been sufficiently oecumenical . . .

Here is a grand opportunity for us to come forward. . . . We have not to await the tardy erection of some gigantic world organization. We can act at once. We can act through individuals and small groups. Here and now each one of us can get to work.

Union with the Universal Spirit is an ever present fact whether we are aware of it or not. The essence of religion is the making of ourselves really and truly conscious of this union of man with God, and having this consciousness as a steadying and guiding factor in our lives. As this is a matter for the individual, not for the organization, each man and woman must reach this consciousness for himself. Though he may, and should, seek all the aid and stimulation he can get from others and especially from attendance in a Church, a Synagogue, a Temple, or a Mosque.

Mutual respect for each other's beliefs is a marvellous stimulant and intensification of our own. And the setting aside of airs of superiority brings with it an unsuspected liberation of the spirit, and with the liberation exceeding great joy. To some may come a feeling of spiritual solitude. They will yearn for spiritual companionship. And some of these may find what they want in the strong, firm authority and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. To others the very idea of having their inmost spiritual life ordered for them is repellent.

It is to these latter that I am perhaps best able to give advice for on that line I can speak from my own personal experience. To each lonely individual seeker after God I would say then: Go on and on forming and re-forming your conception of God—of the universe and your relation to it. Go on and on forming and re-forming your conception of Christ, of Buddha, of Mahomed, and of the great religious geniuses of the world down to the present day. No pursuit is more absorbingly interesting. Nothing ultimately of more practical value. Study the opposition to religion—*why* there is such opposition, *why* such determined efforts made to root it out. And follow the example of the Indians, go about from one teacher to another till you happen on that one with whom you feel yourself in real affinity. Go from one denomination to another, from one religious movement

to another. Seek out that one, old or new, which most deeply appeals to you . . . Or you may have a natural compunction to joining any definite group and you may prefer your own way unfettered. Possibly this may be well in your own particular case, but only as long as you pursue it persistently right through to the utmost limit ; and then you will find yourself not alone but with the whole company of heaven around you. In religion you cannot really be solitary.

Above all, pray. Collect together every tiniest atom of yourself and then throw your whole complete soul out in one tremendous and sustained effort after the highest you know. And meditate—as you are on your way to commence your day's work or when you find a chance of getting away to some quiet spot in Nature, just slowly ponder in your mind what really is most worth striving after. Let your mind be still, till all that is trivial, insignificant, unimportant, quietly sinks to the bottom, and what your best self, your real self, tells you is of most worth rises to the top. And listen to what great men are saying about the things most worth striving after. They are speaking out in a way they would not dream of employing in ordinary times. Listen to what they say. Do not lightly reject what great leaders through the centuries have said. Make up your own mind. . . . Make one supreme effort to understand yourself and your relation to our common world.

He ended on a prophetic note :

Before any New World Order can be established there must come a drastic spiritual upheaval—a purification and rejuvenation of Christianity, Hinduism, and Islam alike. We shall have to take a World Outlook which must be combined with the narrowest, pin-point, centre-piercing inlook. A World Loyalty will have to be instilled into men ; but above it and beneath it and permeating it through and through must be a God-Loyalty and a Self-Loyalty—the two at the deepest foundation being the same. Loyalty to the greatest and noblest that man has ever conceived—loyalty founded on the conviction that it is this greatest which is ultimately governing the world and which must in the end prevail, but which imperatively demands of each that he does his duty without fail. Just as his country expects each patriot to do his duty, knowing full well that it is only through the loyal service of every one, down to the humblest, that victory will ever be won—so does God expect of us, His agents, that we give

Him our best. This best, then, each one of us must give in this New Year if we are to rouse that spirit of fellowship which is of literally *vital* importance for the New World Order. For without that spirit the New Order will be a static, steely structure, lovely in design maybe, but with no capacity for growth or adaptation ; while with the right spirit it will be a living, breathing, growing organism—an enduring expression of the common humanity of men and of their aspiration after the Divine.

Of the very many Societies with progressive aims and ideals kindred to those of the World Congress of Faiths, which Sir Francis sponsored and promoted with untiring zeal during his last years, space unfortunately permits mention of only two.

The Society of the Men of the Trees was founded in England by Captain Richard St. Barbe Baker in 1922, after an adventurous career in afforestation in other lands. In the sanity of its aims, combining natural and practical with spiritual and ethical values, Sir Francis recognized the realization of an ideal kindred to his own ; and in the personality of the founder he rejoiced to discover a man after his own heart. Second only to his love of wild-flowers—if indeed second—had been his love of their big brothers, the trees ; and his heart echoed responsively St. Barbe Baker's words : “ We shall enter the sanctuary of the woods as if treading on holy ground, seeing that we are in company with tree-beings who respond to our attitude towards them. As our vision is enlarged and our love of the trees becomes real, we for our part gain a share of their vitality.”

Upon their introduction by the Hon. Mrs. Grant Duff he accepted the Founder's invitation to act as Chairman, and became the first President in 1934. Richard St. Barbe Baker writes :

Sir Francis was a valued friend and councillor and was most punctilious in attending both Council and General Meetings over which he presided with great charm and understanding. At the outbreak of World War II he said to me, “ St. Barbe, don't you think we should do something for our overseas visitors ? ” —From then on we invited members of the Corps Diplomatique and representatives from the Dominions to an annual gathering, with the result that forty-four countries are co-operating to prepare a world-charter for Forestry : *Green Glory : The Story of the Forests of the World*, now translated into many languages. It was characteristic of Sir Francis that he should open our meetings

with prayer, for, as he said, "Underlying this love of trees is a deep religious feeling which links us together." We all loved him and he was held in affectionate regard all over the world.

The last meeting at which Sir Francis presided was at the headquarters of the Overseas League on 28th May 1942. He was due also to preside at the Annual General Meeting of Men of the Trees at Puncknoll Manor, Dorset, on July 23rd, but by then he was lying surrounded by the trees in Lytchett Manor not far away in preparation, only a week later, for another and more august appointment. In an obituary note for Men of the Trees, Richard St. Barbe Baker wrote :

I vividly recall a morning in London during the time of the blitz when I was visiting him at Ashley Gardens on business of the Society. Some of his belongings were being removed, and I asked him if he had been bombed. It was so, but he treated the matter as a trifle. "Just a small bomb," he said, "but my wife thought it might be as well to move some of the more valuable things to make room for the builders." He took me away from the damaged part of the flat, and pointed out his study window which overlooked the length of the street. Then he told me of his fire-watching work and pointed to a house half-way down the street. "A bomb fell on to that house the other night, and they knew nothing about it till I knocked them up and saved the building." Almost next to it was a church, and Sir Francis was very proud that he had been able to give warning in time to save it from complete destruction when an incendiary fell through the roof. It amazed me that a man of his age should be doing the work of a younger man, and entering into it with keen delight.

It was due in the first instance to "the initiative, faith and courage" (to quote Sir Francis) of Mrs. Olive Stevenson that the Religious Drama Society, which is interdenominational, was founded in 1930 "for the furtherance of God's Kingdom on earth by dramatic representation of Divine Truths and the teachings of the Christian Faith". Its function was, not to produce plays, but to assist and advise in their production and so to raise the standard of sacred dramatic art. At the outset Mrs. Stevenson enlisted the help of Sir Francis to serve as Chairman both of the Council and of the Executive Committee. He had in that year witnessed the Oberammergau Passion Play and had

been profoundly impressed by it, as he had been also in former years by the performances in India of the classical dramas of the great religious epics, to which multitudes of Hindus flock as a regular part of their religious training. The project was also supported by Dr. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, who willingly consented to act as President and who was already a valued member of the World Congress of Faiths. For Vice-Presidents the services were secured of Dr. S. M. Berry, Moderator of the Federal Council of Free Churches, Dr. F. W. Dwelly, Dean of Liverpool, Laurence Housman, Sir Barry Jackson, and Sybil Thorndike. Of the members of the Council, the greatest assistance of all came from Mr. E. Martin Browne. The idea appealed to the imagination and gained the active support of several other prominent churchmen, actors, writers and musicians: among them Dr. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, Sir Frank Benson, Charles Williams, William Armstrong, Dr. Percy Dearmer and Dr. Martin Shaw—to name only a few. Drama schools and conferences were organized, not only in London but in cathedral cities: Salisbury, St. Alban's, Chelmsford, Chichester, Canterbury, Tewkesbury, Birmingham, Peterborough; and sacred plays were taken to many different sections of the community: colleges, schools, Sunday schools, youth clubs, churches and church halls, as well as to factories, hop-fields, and mining villages. These plays were performed by 'The Mystical Players' under the direction of Miss Creagh Henry and Miss D. Marten, two of the earliest members of the R.D.S. Two notable performances arranged under the auspices of the Religious Drama Society by Mrs. Stevenson were *Christ Crucified*, a Passion Play by Margaret Cropper, produced by Eileen Thorndike in Southwark Cathedral in 1933, and *The Acts of St. Peter*, by Gordon Bottomley, produced by E. Martin Browne at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1934. These were in a sense pioneer performances showing something of the power of modern religious drama. A feature of the R.D.S. productions was that rehearsals and performances were always introduced by prayer. To Miss Joan Stevenson we are indebted for these reminiscences of the inception of the Society and for her personal memories of Sir Francis:

The Religious Drama Society was founded by my mother. The initial ideas were hers and she worked unceasingly to build up the Society, but without the unfailing support of Sir Francis and of other devoted helpers it could never have come into

active existence in so short a time. Sir Francis always seemed to understand and to share my mother's ideas. Their approach to the whole subject of religious drama (and to the many problems involved in its revival) was fundamentally the same. It was their fervent belief that spiritual truth could be conveyed through religious drama to people (and especially to young people) who were deaf or indifferent to more orthodox methods of Christian worship and religious teaching.

In his foreword to a little book on *Worship and Drama* (Allen Lane, 1938) by the Rev. W. Sidney Scott (a member of the R.D.S.), Sir Francis wrote: "We are constituent members of a living, spiritual universe—of a universe animated, permeated, controlled, and directed by the Holy Spirit of God, who is in all, through all, and above all. But though we may intellectually recognize this tremendous fact, we may not profoundly feel it. . . . This deepened sense of unity with our fellows and with God has to be evoked . . . for this purpose art, and in particular the dramatic art, must be used. . . ."

I have some of my mother's notes of an early Religious Drama conference at Bournemouth, at which Sir Francis spoke, as Chairman. He said that the problem was how to present the Christian faith to the England of to-day. There were some who doubted the wisdom of religious plays, or their efficacy. Drama could of course be merely a spectacle, as on the cinema or the stage. But drama could also be a communal act of worship, with the audience living in the play and the actors infusing faith into the hearts of the audience. We needed to move away—backward historically—from the 'picture stage' and get right into the auditorium; that is, to take drama back to the Church and to the religious themes from which it had sprung.

Sir Francis gave unsparingly of his time and energy to the work of the Religious Drama Society, and on countless occasions I have heard my mother say how invaluable his advice and help had been. They also shared a community of interest in international work. My mother had been active in the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches (now World Council of Churches), and so was interested in the World Congress of Faiths. Sir Francis came to R.D.S. meetings and committees whenever he could. He was a man of few words and yet he always had the right word at the right time. He would sometimes remain silent, with a detachment which to those who did not know him might make him appear vague or even aloof, but at a given moment he would join in the discussion,

and in a few sentences crystallize the point at issue and make it valuable. His personality and presence seemed to give sense and co-ordination to any gathering formal or informal, whether he spoke much himself or not. My earliest impression of him (when I was still at school) was that he had a wonderful 'informing power' which gave point and purpose to anything he had on hand. It is not easy to define. It was perhaps a gift of concentration—which is one quality of a great soldier: and there was always a sense of discipline in all he did. He made you share his own purpose, which was quite *practical*, while at the same time you were subconsciously aware of his own devout faith and of a peace of mind instinct with reserves of power. There was a greatness about him always and a simplicity. I was at school when I first met him and I was not in the least afraid of him. He talked to you as though you were grown-up and never made you feel stupid or unwanted.

Sir Francis seemed to me to have great things and everyday things in one focus. You had only to watch him striding down a London street (and perhaps endeavour to keep up!)—in imagination the pavement would disappear and you saw him crossing some mountain terrain far more geographically exciting than Victoria Street. Sir Francis once showed me the model of Everest at the Royal Geographical Society and described the difficulties and dangers that had to be met. I can realize now that his description was a fine demonstration of his own character—the simple approach, the practical detail, and the calm survey of the great issues involved in the Everest expedition, which seemed for the time being to symbolize all the hazards and opportunities life could offer. It was part of his genius that he could make you aware of those great heights which you had neither the vision to see nor the spiritual power to approach. He gave you, beyond doubt, the certainty of their existence.

And to Mr. Martin Browne for the following :

My knowledge of Sir Francis Younghusband was not nearly so intimate as I could have wished, for he was one of the rarest of spirits. I first met him in 1930 when I joined the Religious Drama Society of which he was one of the founders. But it was not until 1938, when I became its first Hon. Director after a reorganization, that I saw much of him. He was Chairman, so I used to go to his flat in Westminster to talk things over with him. He was a courtly host, and the bustle outside was quite

absent from within his home. But there was something much more than an absence of hurry : there was a positive and shining peace. Looking back now on those visits, what remains most clear is this impression of tranquillity.

He had a penetrating vision, too. Often he would talk of something else when I wanted to pour out my problems and ideas : but when we did ' get to business ' I would find that the problems had solved themselves and the ideas had sifted themselves. It was the same at meetings of the Society : he might seem to be slow and indefinite, but when the crisis came it was he who met it, with that same positive tranquillity. Was it because there was so little of self and so much of God in this fine soldier-spirit?

But it was not till the Christmas of 1941, a few months before his death, that Sir Francis found the model for the type of production which he had been seeking. This was a Nativity Play arranged and produced by Lady Lees in Lytchett Minster.

Here I found what I had sought—something to grip the people. The whole village was obviously moved by it—because it was something which had sprung from their own soil. It was written, produced, and performed by themselves. And the entire village—Anglicans, Free Church, and Roman Catholics—had worked together to produce it. And, while the children and young people were carrying out the actual performance, their elders employed themselves behind the scenes in making the costumes, scene shifting, coaching for rehearsals, teaching the children to speak, and so on.

This is a flower of genuine natural growth, and of a rare beauty. And once it has come to bloom it spreads. What has been done here may be done elsewhere. Future performances will doubtless be strengthened through competent advice. Also with the Vicar, Free Church Minister, and Roman Catholic Priest—all so keenly interested—special efforts will be made to strengthen the religious spirit of the village.

The Kingdom of God will have to be made by men and women with the hearts of little children. We may hope that this Nativity Play in Lytchett Minster is only the beginning of a mighty movement making for England's Resurrection.

He little guessed when he wrote these words that in the space of seven months his body would be laid to rest beneath the trees in the shadow of the Minster that he loved.



## Chapter XXV

### LAST YEARS AND THE LAST ADVENTURE

FOR ten years after Sir Francis' recovery from his accident in Belgium the family occupied a flat in 3 Buckingham Gate; in 1921 they bought a house, Currant Hill, outside the village of Westerham in Kent. This was their home for sixteen years.

To Miss Younghusband we are indebted for a description of their home and for her reminiscences of those small human characteristics, those lighter touches, which vivify the portrait of her father.

Currant Hill stood just outside the village with lovely views over the Downs on one side and the hills beyond Limpsfield and Brasted on the other. An ugly early-Edwardian structure, it provided a very inadequate background for the fine English and French eighteenth-century furniture which was my Mother's chief pleasure and pride. The garden had a poor sandy soil which could grow little but trees and shrubs. But it faced south and was full of sunshine and they were very happy there, she sitting in the garden reading eighteenth-century French memoirs, and he going for long walks on the Pilgrims' Way or in the woods and lanes, or else rushing to catch a train on the little branch line with its station almost at the bottom of the garden. There was no late train back in the evening but he thought nothing of walking the seven miles from Sevenoaks after a dinner in London.

Walking was his favourite exercise; he disliked being taken anywhere by car. He whistled as he walked, at a fast rate, and swung a stick or prodded the ground with it at an angle of 45°. He always went for a brisk walk before breakfast in the country, or up and down the garden: "Does your Father always walk up and down like a caged lion?" asked a mutual friend. He whistled about the house and garden or would sing a mixture of the music hall songs of his youth and psalms and hymns and anthems, but never remembered more than the first two lines of any of them.

His suits were usually baggy, and the pockets stuffed with note-books. In addressing an audience he stood up squarely with his hands thrust deep into his jacket pockets. He had only two

gloves, one black and the other white, for use only on ceremonial occasions : " my funeral glove and my wedding glove." He wore soft felt hats (chosen with great care) at a most rakish angle, " to the shape of my head." His umbrellas were disreputable. He started with a 5/- umbrella and (by steadily taking the wrong one from his Club) worked up to one with a gold handle which, like the others, he left about here and there. The situation changed when my Mother gave him a Briggs, umbrella with a silver band inscribed " Stolen from Sir Francis Young-husband. Travellers' Club".

He thoroughly enjoyed good food, but buns out of paper bags pleased him just as much. He liked plain food, not what he called " dodged-up stuff". He had a special partiality for rich plum cake : " Nona makes jolly good cake." If offered a box of chocolates he would scrutinize the contents with care, then very deliberately take one, saying, " I think this is the biggest." He rarely drank anything stronger than water, but occasionally a glass of wine " to buck me up ". Normally he was in bursting good health. But when ill (seriously in 1911 and 1937) he was a very good patient, obeying orders exactly and doing so as thoroughly as he did everything else : " That infernal fellow's keeping me in bed."

When we travelled abroad he could never bear to spend more than a night or two in the same place : " Well, we've about done so-and-so. I vote we go on." He paced up and down when talking or thinking. Family saying (derived from my Mother) : " For goodness' sake come in and sit down and don't fidget ! " He never wanted to stay long at a party or on a visit. When he and I were sent off to receptions he would talk to a number of people for a short time, then whisper to me, " Don't you think we've acquired enough merit to go home now ? " Another family saying : " Don't come fidgeting home as soon as you get there ! " And yet he was never flustered, never in a hurry, and never said he hadn't got time. On the contrary, he always gave the impression that he could do a lot more.

He wrote ceaselessly on a pad on his knee, anywhere and everywhere, completely absorbed ; but never minded interruptions ; he said they helped him to concentrate. He would look up with complete good humour, his mind obviously far away, answer the question, give his opinion, and go on writing. All his tastes were exceedingly simple, and books were his one extravagance. They were everywhere—piled dizzily on his writing-table and all over his bedroom—nearly all on philosophy, religion, and mysticism.

He did not buy travel books but many were sent him to review. But he also revelled in comedy and whenever tired or ill would read P. G. Wodehouse till he was too convulsed with laughter to read more. Then he would fling the book away, gasping, "Oh, take it away—I can't bear it!" He took a childish delight too in the theatre and loved being taken to a cinema.

He knew every one of the village children in Westerham intimately; they ran out of the cottages and along the streets when they saw him coming. He would give them sweets and walk hand in hand with them. He welcomed all my friends and the sons and daughters of his own friends; laughed and joked with them; took them for walks; showed them his mountain photographs and his Chinese costumes from Tibet; gave them parties at the R.G.S.; took an intense interest in them, and was loved, admired and enjoyed as "dear Sir Francis" by them all.

It was indeed in the company of the young that he was at his best and freest. They came to him instinctively with all their childish enthusiasms, discoveries, and questionings. He treated them respectfully, answered them directly, gave them his confidence as they gave him theirs. They accepted him as one of themselves, a good companion, and a jolly playmate too. And he was equally at home in the company of adventurous youth, of either sex. Whether their ambitions were for mountaineering or aviation, scientific research or soldiering, scholarship or athletics, it was all the same to him: age dropped from him as he listened, advised or encouraged them. One of them, now Mrs. John Grey Murray, writes:

I well remember walking round and round our kitchen garden (I was about seventeen) discussing happiness with him, and holding forth and saying how true happiness could only be gained through unhappiness, and Sir Francis listening so intently and alertly and humbly and disagreeing so diffidently. I am really embarrassed when I think of it now and what utter rubbish I must have talked! I am sure it was as a listener that he encouraged young people particularly. So few people when they are old will ever listen to the young. He was a *constructive* listener, turning his whole mind and concentration on to what was being said in the most encouraging and even flattering way.

When I started flying seriously he was quite as excited and keen about it as I was and, again, so anxious to hear about it all. I remember coming home in a small dilapidated open car from

Woodley aerodrome after having taken my first solo flight, and finding Sir Francis waiting for me in the porch tremendously excited and anxious to know how everything had gone and exactly how it felt to go up alone. I think he was particularly interested in flying, and that was partly why he went on that long flight with the Lindberghs across India.

How I wish now that I had listened more and talked less with Sir Francis, but how irresistible it was to have someone so distinguished and wise, so anxious to hear whatever one had to say.

My young John was born at Oxford during the meeting of the W.C.F. there in 1941. Sir Francis arrived late having waited to hear the news, and stopped the meeting to announce the birth of our youngest life-member !

One of his happiest retreats was the Smythes' home in the heart of the Sussex country with its glorious rose-garden and acres of woodland walks. There, in long tramps afield in all weathers, or in a deck-chair on the lawn or before a log-fire at the wide hearth, with country sights, scents, and sounds all round him out of doors, culture and comfort and good cheer within, and the gay company of two young souls whose language he understood and who were all in all to one another—there he could find unalloyed refreshment in repose and repose in refreshment. An incident is remembered characteristic of his unconventionality and entire unselfconsciousness. He had an assignation—not connected with mountaineering—with Frank Smythe at a summer meeting of the Alpine Club. When the members had assembled in the hall and were preparing for the business of the day, in strode Sir Francis. The President went forward with much pleasure to greet him and express the members' gratification at his presence in their midst. He gazed round upon the company and replied, " Oh, I've only come to get Frank Smythe's strawberries ! " These were duly produced, whereupon with a cheery wave to all and sundry he strode out again.

★   ★   ★   ★   ★

A page of 'jottings', written a few months before his death and intended for his biographer, is headed ' Defects and Deficiencies ' :

I have been defective in the appreciation of art. I did not take sufficient advantage of my dear Mother's talent for music and painting. . . . I would have been all the better for a finer

appreciation of art, and I might have written better books. I have written twenty-three, but not one really good book. I have not acquired the art of communicating my thoughts and feelings to others.

Yet another defect is the meagreness of my sense of compassion and of my feeling for the under-dog. I have never had any strong impulse to go out and alleviate the suffering of the world or to go 'slumming' in the East End.

I have not been active enough in keeping up with friends, as my Father did with his old Indian friends. In my enthusiasm for my life-work I have rather let friends go.

Another defect was being too easy-going in private life when I ought to have been decisive,—too inclined to avoid trouble by letting things slide instead of facing up to situations.

I have lacked moral courage in home-life especially. I have shrunk from hurting the feelings of others and so have not said the things I ought to have said, or helped those I ought to have helped.

The self-criticism is of interest, however, less for what it admits than for what it ignores. He was curiously blind to the defect which deprived his domestic life of its fulfilment and which, in another man who lacked the immense reserves of inner strength that he possessed, would have spelt frustration. This was his ingenuous lack of all sense of the practical responsibilities of married life. "I was not really suited to my wife," he wrote simply. The sentence is an understatement; the converse, though unstated, was equally true. On his side, the relationship which began with admiration of her social gifts never blossomed into the love which is fulfilled in marriage; it was sustained only by an habitual selfless devotion, the pillars of which were honour and duty, and though he wrote freely of the bliss and beauty of the married state it remained for himself personally an unrealized ideal, a happiness outside his experience. On her side the relationship, accepted only after much hesitation and against her first misgivings of its ultimate success, developed beyond all expectation into jealous womanly devotion. The result was a married life of forty years in which, though neither admitted failure, there was no complete satisfaction. She was worldly, conventional, and ambitious for his career; he was other-worldly, quixotic, and ambitious only to excel in virtue. It was because his ideals were so completely beyond her that she could never reach him, whilst he for his part

could never satisfy her emotional life ; and because she loved him increasingly despite this, her love could only express itself in irritability—exacerbated all the more by his steadfast serenity, kindness, and unfailing patience. An exacting wife and a forbearing husband—so they seemed to ‘ society ’, yet to the end they continued to address one another, in public and in private, in the endearing terms of Victorian sentiment—and to neither of them did it seem a mockery.

Temperamental incompatibility? Yes, but it may be doubted whether Sir Francis would ever have been temperamentally suited to a life-partnership with any woman. He was always at heart a solitary. And, always an idealist, he idealized women : it is likely enough that his first love in the hill station at Kasauli was little more than the romance of ‘ love’s young dream ’. When years later he sought and in some measure found solace and sympathy in the companionship of woman friends in whom he recognized a ‘ spiritual affinity ’, this was in part compensation for all that he had missed in marriage. But it was sometimes returned to him with an adulation which was too flattering to his self-esteem, though this was at the same time a source of amusement to him.—“ Do you know,” he said with a chuckle to a lady of the younger generation who was to him as another daughter, “ I’ve discovered today that I am really a great man ! ”—“ Who told you that ? ”—The informant was named.—“ You know you’re nothing of the kind,” was the indignant rejoinder. “ You’re just an ordinary person like everybody else ! ”—The chuckle then became uproarious laughter.

Among men he had a host of friends, of diverse races and in various walks of life. He has recorded many of their names with words of affection or gratitude or admiration. And yet for all his many friendships he could never—or only rarely—put himself alongside his fellowmen and converse with them freely as one man to another, sorely though he longed to do so. He lacked the natural gift of companionability, always felt himself to be somewhat remote ; there was a reserve within himself through which he could not completely break. He wrote much of human fellowship ; it was indeed the cardinal pivot of his faith and the goal of all his life’s endeavour ; yet he never achieved it personally as he longed to do. Perhaps he was too sensitive by nature, perhaps he took himself too seriously, was too deeply introspective. Yet he was by no means an ‘ introvert ’. And he was very tolerant, always saw the best and believed

that the best is truest. He was a shrewd judge of men and could be critical, but never unkindly. If there was one human frailty that he distrusted and detested in word or in behaviour it was any trace of theatricality; if he detected it even in personalities whose deeds or writings bore the stamp of greatness (Lawrence of Arabia, for instance, or Rabindranath Tagore), it made no difference to his instinctive aversion. For himself, he had no enemies; everyone liked, respected, and admired him; but only a very few—among them Curzon and McTaggart—knew him at all intimately. Thus far they could go and no farther, and it was the same with him. The magnetism of his own simple straightforward character attracted men to him, and very many of them would do anything to serve him. By some he was thought, but not fairly, to be 'unpractical'. It is true that the success of his leadership both in the military and the religious sphere is due to the fact that his courage and contagious enthusiasm and high example attracted to him men who, though of lesser stature, could be safely left to carry out executive details.

His best friends after all were his own thoughts. It was on the plane of intellectual and spiritual ideals that his real life was lived. And yet there again—as he finally came to realize with a sense of disappointment—he could never express them satisfactorily with tongue or pen: the essence of them escaped utterance. He was not, nor claimed to be, an original thinker. He was one of those rare spirits who feel with their minds instinctively whatsoever things are true, lovely, honest, pure: as a bee that brings to the hive nectar culled from many meadows. It has been said of him that "the man was greater than his thoughts". But he was not so. He was greater than the *expression* of his thoughts, not greater than the thoughts themselves. As a mathematician by every digit added to the recurring decimal approximates ever more nearly to the perfect number, so he by every aspiration of his being approximated ever more nearly to the Ideal he saw and set before him as his goal. Among all the many varieties of religious experience his must be classed as a fine and rare type of the 'religion of the healthy-minded': there was no trace of the 'sick soul' in him. He must be counted among the great company that includes the poet-mystic Traherne. The burden of life's mystery was not felt by him as an intolerable weight: for him "life means intensely and means good". He recognized the fact of the problem of evil in the world, but he saw it as no more

than a series of obstacles to be overcome by the gallant-hearted as a means to self-development. Or else he saw it—as on his bed of pain in Belgium—as merely a nuisance. He did not perceive the inconsistency of this. It is in line with the fact that he lacked any really profound sense of the overwhelming tragedy of life that he lacked also, as he himself confessed, a sense of compassion.

★       ★       ★       ★       ★

The many interests and activities which consumed his energies in these latter years were all harnessed to a single end: the goal of universal human concord in the unity of spirit and in the bond of peace through conscious realization of the power of the divine indwelling.

On 1st October 1925, after several weeks devoted to the quiet reading of religious philosophy and to the preparation of two addresses, he had retired for the night without any sense of mental or physical strain. Next day he confided to his diary what happened to him then. The fact that this record was intended for his own eyes alone accounts for the *naïveté* of its telling; and though more than ten years later he included it in the Personal Note with which he pre-faced his book *A Venture of Faith* he did so without any alteration of its phrasing. It was evidently a psychic rather than a mystical experience; but the soul is the vehicle of the spirit just as the body is the vehicle of the soul, and the boundaries between our respective states of consciousness escape definition.

Last night as I lay in bed, I had a strong premonition that the power of the Spirit would come on me again as it had on two other occasions in my life. . . . But this time I *feared* it. I feared that I was not strong enough to bear it. (I was 62 years of age.) I feared that it would overpower me and I meant to fight against it, to hold my own, and keep myself, and be myself. I wanted to keep my intellect clear so that I could think and not be swept away. All this I felt most strongly as I lay in bed, and I collected all my strength and all my presence of mind to resist the onrush when it should come. This was my frame of mind when I went to sleep.

In the middle of the night, about three, I awoke; and I immediately knew that the Power was coming. I made one desperate effort to resist, and then it was on me. I felt it in my legs



first. They were convulsed and shook violently. Then it came all over me till I was filled with it. And now I gave great *puffs*—as it were to blow the spirit out of me before it could overwhelm me. But I was filled and filled with it and could no more fight against it. It took absolute possession of me and I just settled down and lay there. Then a wonderful peace came on me, most beautiful and sweet, and a feeling of great *thankfulness*. I kept murmuring to myself: "I thank Thee, O God! I thank Thee." And all to-day I have felt very collected and composed and full of power. I had been so afraid that if this came on me it would shatter me and I should become nervy. But it has been quite the contrary. I have felt steadied and reinforced. And the experience has strengthened my conviction that I must devote myself to religion—not exclusively, but mainly—and I feel now that I have added power to do this. I have a sense of the greatness of the work to be done, but I also feel the vital necessity of keeping myself in hand, of keeping my wits about me and my mind clear and strong. I have been able to work today at my addresses and not feel in the least jumpy at the usual interruptions and the ordinary annoyances of life. My nerves have been steadied instead of shattered. I also see more clearly into essentials. And that Power forcing its way so terrifically through me has had an extraordinary purging, purifying effect. I feel like the clear sky after a storm.

★   ★   ★   ★   ★

In the autumn of 1935 he visited for the first time the old homes of his forefathers in Northumberland: Budle, Tuggal Hall, Adderstone, Elwick, Bamburgh; and found with pride no less than eighteen tablets to their memory in the Chancel of Bamburgh Church. Lady Younghusband was as much interested in the present domestic possibilities of these old dwellings as he was in their past. But more impressive to himself than these was a Sunday spent alone on Holy Island, from whence he wrote to a friend on September 10th.

I drove across from the mainland in a quaint old horse and cart at low tide through shallow water for half a mile. Then another four miles of smooth sand to the village of about 500 inhabitants. I went straight to the ruins of the Abbey—of rich red sandstone and very fine. Inside is the very smoothest greenest turf—finer than any College Court. I sat there and ate my lunch and thought and felt so happy. Then I walked along the shore

to the Castle which is built on a high protruding rock. It is a kind of miniature of Bamburgh and is conspicuous from the mainland. I walked along the sea-shore, all quite unpopulated but full of sea-birds. And such thoughts come to me at times like this.

Early in January 1937 he confessed to "feeling a bit off colour" and had to "lie up" for a few days. He was determined that nothing should prevent his trip to India the following month and the flight across it with Colonel Lindbergh. But the indisposition was a warning. In June of that year when at home again, "I was one day brought suddenly to a standstill. All capacity for doing things seemed suddenly to stop." His doctor pronounced heart-strain and ordered him to bed in a nursing home in Sevenoaks for six weeks. In fact, he was suffering from coronary thrombosis.

So for six weeks—and one extra for feeling my legs again—I had a gloriously restful time. The nursing home was set in a big garden surrounded by trees. My bed was drawn up to the window every morning, and there I lay in the sunshine looking out into the garden. People used to think that I must be chafing with resentment at being thus laid low. As a matter of fact I enjoyed every moment of it. Quite misplaced sympathy came pouring in upon me. All I had to do was to lie still and ruminate.

Every morning before four I would be awakened by the singing, first of thrushes, then of blackbirds. I would touch my bell and the cheerful night nurse would appear with cocoa and biscuits and prop me up in bed. Then, as soon as she was gone, I would take out a secretly hoarded pencil and note-block and slowly transfer to paper the cream which had formed in my mind as the result of my ruminations. There was no exertion or strain. Indeed, there was a positive relief in getting it off my mind. In the silence of the summer dawns what was in mind would flow naturally and easily out of it. And when the flow had ceased I would lie back and go to sleep again, till the time for the morning wash came round.

The result of these matutinal ruminations was his book *The Sum of Things*. It is, as it were, the digest of all that he had assimilated in a life-time of purposeful activity; it reads like a hymn of praise for all that he had thought and suffered and enjoyed and been privileged

to do ; and expresses his considered conviction that the ultimate secret of the universe is the Happiness which is begotten of Love.



He made a great recovery from this cardiac attack and as soon as he was on his legs again attended his committees and took his exercise with all his accustomed energy. In 1938 he moved with his wife and daughter to a flat on the top floor of Ashley Gardens, Westminster. The flat below was occupied by Miss Hilda Martindale, C.B.E., late chief lady Inspector of Factories, who soon became a close friend of the family and who, in her book *Some Victorian Portraits* (1948), gives a delightful pen-picture of Sir Francis.

From my windows I used to watch him setting out each morning to walk across the Park to his Club which he reached punctually at ten o'clock, walking rapidly and always with a purpose, and on Sundays walking back slowly from Church with Lady Younghusband, rather bent, leaning on his arm and he upright and solicitous for her. . . .

I remember meeting him one day outside the Army and Navy Stores with a book in his hand which he gleefully explained was just the present that he wanted for his daughter's birthday, and finding it was *Women Servants of the State*, a book I had recently published. . . .

When it became obvious in 1940 that we who were remaining in London might have to seek protection from air-raids, Sir Francis and I met and planned our little shelter in the basement of our flats, making certain that we had two exits, sufficient ventilation, and any comforts we could procure . . . Lady Younghusband, my housekeeper, and myself reclined in comfortable armchairs while Sir Francis moved about at his fancy, and whenever we heard a bomb fall he went out to see if he could render any help. Usually he came back with reassuring news, but not always, and then he would busy himself by making cups of tea to be distributed to those outside the shelter who were in need. . . .

He never showed any irritation or impatience or allowed his habitual philosophic good humour to be in the least degree disturbed, and he was invincibly cheerful. He remained, in fact, quite imperturbable through it all—like a rock. . . . He could, of course, express indignation ; he felt that it was ignoble of the smaller European nations not to come into the war on our side.

He was patriotic to the extreme. One day he gathered together all his gold medals and decorations and insisted on taking them to the Exchequer to have them melted down. I assured him that the country's finances were not in such a parlous condition as to need such a sacrifice on his part, but it was no use, he quietly and firmly went his own way. . . .

The medals in question were from four Geographical Societies : The Royal ; the Royal Netherlands ; the Royal Scottish ; and the American ; besides another presented to him by the Chief of Bhutan. Their total weight avoirdupois amounted to 25 oz., and their value was estimated at £250. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in acknowledging the gift, expressed his thanks " for this generous contribution to the cost of the war and his warm appreciation of the spirit which prompted it."

To Miss Martindale's account of the air-raids Miss Younghusband adds :

The flat in Ashley Gardens was a very bad spot in the 1940-1 blitz as many near misses on Victoria Station, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and the Westminster Bridges, fell near them. They were time-bombed out once, and the flat was also set on fire by incendiaries one night just before they went on their usual nightly trek down to the basement : my Mother said she wasn't going to be hurried by Hitler or anyone else and went on with her nightly preparations at the usual speed. There was a sky-light above the landing on the top floor, the lift frequently got stuck, and the entire situation became almost impossible. At this stage Mrs. Roberts, mother of the friend with whom I lived, most generously lent them her flat in Norfolk House, Park Row. Here they were very happy and comfortable for a few months until " the Saturday " when a land-mine fell about 100 yards away and stove in window frames and inner concrete walls. I then moved them at a day or two's notice, lock, stock and barrel, from both Ashley Gardens (where the furniture had remained) and Norfolk House to the ground floor of the flat here (in Lansdowne Road)—a much quieter locality where they could on the whole sleep in their beds in peace (the worst raids were in any event over by then). They remained there until my Mother came to need so much nursing and attention that she went into a semi-nursing home in Holland Park, and my Father came to the top floor flat here. It was from there that he went to the Birmingham Congress and never returned.

Sir Francis' own account of the worst of the London air-raids is happily preserved in letters written to friends in America :

*September 18th, 1940 :*

We had another very exciting night last night. A bomb did not explode, but landed right in the road only one hundred yards away, and another dud, and a delayed action bomb, in a square a few hundred yards away. It seems a marvel that so few buildings are hit, but the fact is, that only 10% of the London area is occupied by buildings, and 90% is roads and open spaces. I make an occasional round each night between the raids, to see if any damage was done.

Last night was extraordinarily beautiful, a clear moonlit night, and I was out as usual at dawn, and then again it was wonderfully beautiful, so calm and quiet and peaceful. The Park looking lovely and London looking so entirely undisturbed by Hitler's fury. Nor is this any illusion. London will still look calm and peaceful long after Hitler is dead and buried. The calm and beauty is eternal ; Hitler is the ephemeral.

The fourth air raid today is on while I am writing, also a good gale which will put Hitler in a dilemma. Either he will have to do what we are anxious for him to do—invade England, or else acknowledge failure and prepare for his downfall.

*September 19th, 7 a.m.*

We have raids every night now, and I suppose we shall have for weeks to come. Our little party descends nightly to the basement where we settle down for the night on mattresses. Two or three times in the night, after a big explosion, I go out to see if it is in my area. Most awesome, these nights are, with the moonlight showing occasionally through scudding clouds ; the guns roaring and a number of tiny flashes right high up—the shells of our guns bursting round the droning aeroplanes of the enemy. London streets are absolutely quiet. No one about except an occasional policeman, but high above is this death and destruction, ready to descend upon us.

As soon as I have had a quick look round and am satisfied there is nothing needing attention, I scuttle back to shelter again and go to sleep, for we have learned to sleep through everything except an explosion immediately near. . . .

I am just in from my daily daybreak stroll. Not a sign of war. No roar of guns, no drone of enemy planes. Hardly a sound except of heavy lorries coming in from the country with country

produce. From the stone-pillared parapet I look down on the lake in St. James Park, so peaceful it all is—the flower beds, the water fowl and those oriental looking towers and cupolas over the Horse Guard parade.

Soon will come the siren warnings again, but I love these day-break walks. Then I have a good couple of hours sleep in the day and am just as well as when you left—which I can't possibly believe is not yet a year ago.

*September 19th :*

Well, the decision has been reached. Hitler has lost the battle of London, and the Battle of Britain. His air attack has been defeated, and his invasion prevented by our bombing attacks on his ports. We shall be bombed a lot more. In fact, bombing is going on at this moment, and a lot of damage is being done, and men and women and children are being killed. But all chance of winning the battle of London, or invading England, is gone, and already the oppressed people are taking new heart. Then will come our time for delivering our own hammerblows, and finally ridding Europe of these blackguards.

Eileen has a job under the Government in providing homes for the homeless. The distress has been dreadul, she says, and the organization for dealing with it not over good, but thanks to the generosity of friends all over the world, plenty of money is available. She is being driven about in a Government car, wearing a tin hat. It is a grand experience for her.

*September 20th :*

Last night we could hear the whiz of four bombs swishing past, and in the morning we found that one was a delayed action bomb which had passed through the gap between the Cathedral and the Cardinal's house, and landed in the field outside. The whole of both buildings had to be evacuated, but at 7 a.m. it had exploded without doing any harm.

I expect you have lurid accounts of the happenings here, but take them in their due proportion. Think how small the loss is in comparison with the nation as a whole—or with losses in a battle.

*September 21st :*

The attacks, day and night, continue but are getting feebler and feebler. I was out only once last night, but the bomb I heard had exploded some distance away. The "All Clear"

sounds about 5.30. I make some tea for H. and myself on a spirit stove in the basement, then I take her upstairs, now that the lift is working again, and then walk up to the Victoria Memorial to see the sunrise. Most beautiful and peaceful, London is at dawn. I walk along the parapet of the Memorial geranium beds—forbidden grounds in ordinary times—and from there, look down on the Lake in St. James Park, all so calm, and the ducks paddling about so peacefully. Not a sign of war except every now and then, the tramp, tramp of detachments of the guards marching back to the barracks after doing guard duty at some vulnerable points, guns, or searchlights on observation posts.

The sunrises are not so clear and delicate as the Himalayan sunrises, but still they are very beautiful, and it is lovely to see London in this state of tranquillity right in the midst of this great battle for civilization.

According to Hitler's calculations, it ought now to be in a state of smoking ruins, but he never understood the British spirit, and he has yet a lot more to learn about it. When I return from my dawn rambles, I buy a paper, sit in a comfortable chair and read it, then have a bath, and dress, then have breakfast. After which, I go to the Congress office—see Jackman and Richter, write any letters and after lunch have a good two hours sleep in bed.

Now it is getting very autumnal and quantities of withered leaves are lying about. Those same dahlias are here this year, and will last for another month yet. One very old willow has been felled by a blast of a bomb in the grass nearby. Often, now as I walk through the park, I think of the way in which we are forced down to the very fundamentals. We know that this is the greatest moment in our history. The first thrill is over. Now we are at the testing time. We have to steady ourselves on our centre—and centre ourselves on the Central Spirit of the Universe—having faith in God—having faith in the ultimate triumph of good, and to realize it can triumph only through us. Realize that we are the agents through whom God has to make it prevail and we have to fit ourselves to be worthy agents. God does not deflect bombs to save individuals. But He does give strength to those who will draw upon Him and fit themselves as His agents. He will help those who will help themselves.

This is what is being driven into us by the present testing time. Then, when we have stood the test, we shall have to assume the

offensive and finally put an end to this bedevilment. The test is severe, and we have to keep our nerves steady. But these are grand times and we shall all emerge from them a greater people than we have ever been before.

*December 29th :*

I had got as far as this when there were two crashes just outside this room. I rushed out and there were two incendiary bombs fizzling and crackling. I got a bucket of sand and smothered them, then went out to get some firemen to remove them. It was an extraordinary sight outside. Quite light with several fires burning round here and a great glow away to the east. In the morning it turned out that the whole of the City had been set on fire, the Guild Hall gutted as well as several City Churches. . . .

With all good wishes for a Happy New Year and I am convinced it *will* be a happy year.

He hailed the Atlantic Charter as the enunciation of principles which should guide international policy in the right ways, but, in a speech to the Congress of the W.C.F. in the Caxton Hall on 11th March 1942, emphasized that only by a genuine spirit of international fellowship could these principles be translated into action and given effect.

The enunciation of principles serves only as a guide. The impetus to make men proceed along the indicated way must come from the drive of public opinion. Moreover, the principles laid down in the Charter are only political and economic : they need to be strengthened and upheld by moral and spiritual principles. And the drive to make these principles effective must come from religion. For religion is the one force which reaches down to the fundamental impulses in men which stir them to fervent vehement action. Further, religion rightly used is the main unifying and harmonizing force in the world . . .

It is to create that spirit that we have been working for the last seven years. And it is the one thing most needed to bring the Atlantic Charter into effect. Of all the forces which are to be marshalled behind the Charter, the force which may be engendered by all the religions working together in unison will be incontestably the most potent.

During these last months he overdid himself, says his daughter, in every possible way. His pocket diary for the first seven months



of 1942 is evidence of this, for it is filled with appointments and engagements. Besides organizing and preparing for the Birmingham Congress, and punctiliously attending the various other still existing Committees of which he was Chairman, he visited his wife—up three flights of stairs—in her convent nursing-home twice every day. The difficulties of convening the annual Congress were immense: lack of transport, of funds, of speakers, and of enthusiasm. It was represented to him that under the circumstances a meeting was impossible. Authoritatively, he declared that it would be held; quality, he said, was more important than quantity; and his team responded loyally. On May 31st he wrote again to friends in America:

My 79th birthday and I know you will be thinking of me and sending me every good wish. And certainly the good wishes on my past birthdays have had their good effect, for I am very well and happy and things are going well with me in every direction. I am thankful too that my poor dear H. is decidedly better. Also with my Congress things are going well. The Committee were in a panic about finance; but I said that if we would get along with voluntary workers and get on with the work, the money would come in all right. And so it has. We have been able to get all the best people in Birmingham to join, as you will see from the enclosed programme, and we can command all the best speakers in the country. It is only if they are really unable to come that they refuse our invitation. . . .

Well, I wonder what kind of world my 80th birthday will see!

Arrived at Birmingham on Saturday, July 18th, where he was the guest of Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, he spent the week-end quietly and delivered the opening address with all his accustomed vigour on Monday. The same afternoon he was taken suddenly ill. His daughter writes:

He should have been kept absolutely quiet and remained in Birmingham but his mind and spirit always disregarded the claims of his body and he had already taken an immense amount out of himself in overcoming all the difficulties that he had to face in organizing the Congress at such a time. Be that as it may, he motored up to London, went to see my Mother at the nursing home—three flights of stairs—and motored down to Dorset

all in the same day. When he arrived at Lytchett he did not rest completely and in a few days had a severe stroke (probably a return of the thrombosis). Nona Smythe and I rushed down as soon as we had Lady Lees' telephone call ; everything possible was done, but his throat as well as his heart was affected so that he could not eat nor say more than a few words.

Lady Lees' account is as follows :

How little did we his friends think as we listened to his inspiring speech at the inaugural meeting at the World Congress of Faiths, as we watched his vigorous form moving from one old friend to another, that in fourteen days he would be gone from our earthly scene, leaving a blank that nothing could ever fill.

All through the spring and summer he had had a great deal of worry and anxiety which had told heavily on him in spite of his usual light-hearted manner of dealing with adverse circumstances. He felt keenly the necessity of moving his devoted wife to a nursing home, and although he was much comforted by the kindness of the Blue Nuns who cared for her so tenderly, it was a sad and difficult time for him. In the midst of all this upheaval he overworked himself terribly in getting up the Conference in Birmingham at a time when the war was making such an undertaking nearly impossible. Difficulties and opposition however once again braced him to ever greater effort, and the Congress took place with great success. He and I were staying with Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, and came daily into Birmingham for the Conference which, although poorly attended owing to the war was enthusiastic and very inspired. It was a four-day Conference and at the end of Monday's sessions he seemed very tired. I took him to a tea-shop and while there he fainted. Fortunately I was able to find a taxi, a very rare luxury in those days, in which we returned to Dame Elizabeth's house. With difficulty we half carried him upstairs to his room, and there he recovered sufficiently to tell me that he was dying, and that he was so happy. He kept repeating "So happy, so happy." The night nurse remained with him until morning, when he seemed much better. I attended the Conference to report all details to him in the evening, and I found him apparently quite himself again. He was fretting to get back to his wife who he knew was anxious for news of him and his Conference. With the doctor's permission I took him back to Paddington the following day, had a bath chair to meet him, and a car to take him to the Convent

nursing-home. In the meantime I obtained a comfortable private car with plenty of pillows to drive him to our home for a complete rest. While he lay down in his wife's room I collected his luggage from his lodging and then, with the doctor's permission, we started on our long trek. He was to stay for a month's convalescence. He stood the hundred-mile journey very well, sleeping comfortably on his pillows most of the way. As we came over the hill in the last lap he looked up at Beacon Hill where he had recently ridden on the white pony, and said: "I should like to be buried there." This passed off lightly, and in five minutes we were home. For three days he was utterly blissful resting in bed, sitting by the window, seeing the children whom he adored, and feeding on peaches, raspberries and cream, and little else. His reading was light, mostly old Punches, and we talked but little. Before the Conference he had distributed amongst his friends the last remaining of his earthly possessions. Now he mysteriously begged me to open the boxes he had brought down with him. Here we unpacked the marvellous treasures that he had brought back from India, China, and Tibet; every one of them with a history peculiar to itself. These he gave me to use for the encouragement of religious drama, for exhibitions, and for everything that might be a means to peace on earth. Here I found priceless mandarins' coats, and a Chinese warrior's helmet, a holy Buddhist monk's yellow brocade robe and twelve yards of priceless scarlet brocade, pictures of the Buddha, a silver Buddhist incense burner, and a little image of the Buddha presented to him by the Grand Lama of Tibet on his memorable expedition to Lhasa which owing to his tact and sympathy has resulted in subsequent peace and understanding between the British Government and Tibet. The Grand Lama's words by his Prime Minister were these: "It is not the custom of our country to give the image of the Buddhas to strangers, but you have shown such courtesy and peace-making that we ask your acceptance of this gift." He treasured that little image more than all his earthly possessions, and as he lay in his coffin his daughter placed it on the lid. He always had that little token by his bedside, proud of what it represented. On the third evening of his visit, feeling intensely happy, he telephoned his daughter in London to tell her how well and happy he was. When we called him next morning with his cup of tea he was unconscious and cold. His daughter arrived that day with his devoted friend Nona Smythe. Although he was nursed most tenderly he slowly sank and within a week was gone. I believe

he was conscious almost to the last, for I read the prayers for the dying to him and he pressed my hand over and over again to signify that he understood. His passing was most beautiful and peaceful. Almost to the last he was able to indicate that he wished letters sent to his wife so that she might not be anxious or distressed. His funeral was private and just as he would have wished. The pony farm cart with the white pony that he had often ridden were brought to the drawing-room window. The cart was beautifully decorated with wild flowers gathered by his daughter. We walked over the fields to the little churchyard and here he was laid to rest beside the grave of another great English gentleman. The service and the burial were entirely in keeping with his lovely childlike character. A beautiful stone marks his resting-place, with a relief of Lhasa and beneath his epitaph these words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

On 10th August 1942, a Memorial Service was held in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. Eric Loveday, at which hymns of praise were sung and short lessons read from the sacred scriptures of the world by four eminent representatives of each. Lord Samuel, who succeeded Sir Francis as Chairman of the Congress, delivered an address in which he said:

It is clear that the present crisis through which the world is passing is fundamentally a moral crisis. The political and economic confusion from which we are suffering is due to the lack of a moral control. It is, in the widest sense of the word, a religious crisis. Francis Younghusband realized this, vividly; he had a firm grasp of that essential fact.

He was a man of the spirit. We know from his books that he was one of those persons—not a few, men and women, in many lands, throughout the centuries—who have felt an assurance that they themselves have enjoyed direct, illuminating, spiritual experience. That was the inner stimulus of his life; that was the inspiration of all he did.

He was a man of action—a soldier; an explorer of great achievement and wide renown. He was a man of ideas—able to wield the pen as well as the sword. He was a man of character—quite fearless; utterly sincere and devoted; thereby able to exercise a powerful influence on others.

Perceiving that the world was in a state of moral crisis, he

saw that the one thing most needed was to touch the hearts and consciences of the hundreds of millions of mankind in all parts of the earth; and that this could best be done through their ancient religious attachments. He did not set out to be a religious reformer. He did not seek to modify old theological dogmas or theories of the universe; that was to be done, if at all, gradually and from within. His aim was to bring out clearly the underlying unity in the ethical aims of all the great faiths; to overcome the old spirit of religious controversy and antagonism, to help to develop the new spirit of co-operation and fellowship. . . .

The order of this service to-day is itself a manifestation and an example. It is not only a memorial to him. It is a message from him.

Here was a fine soul, touched with the divine spark. In an age when much is evil, here was a man dyed to the depth in goodness. May the seed he planted find nourishment—and live—and grow.

★   ★   ★   ★   ★

“All my life I have striven to live worthily.”—The words attributed to Alfred, England’s first and greatest king, are appropriate as an epitaph for Francis Younghusband. An entry in his private diary of self-communings for the New Year of 1889 forms the text of a life-long resolve:

With the New Year I intend to lead a new life, thoroughly devoted to God’s service and to doing good to others; to do everything thoroughly and well and with my whole heart; to feel pleasure in doing every little duty well; and never to do a mean or dishonourable act. God help me to do all this.

My great trial (disappointment in love) has thrown me upon God, and I know that the only way to get the peace of mind I want so much is by doing everything well, whatever it may be, as for Him, and then one is doing one’s best. But more than this—I want to do good to others, to get above always thinking of myself. I must get into the way of thinking more of others, of looking out for opportunities of doing little kindnesses.

God help me through this year and through all my life to carry out these ideals and to go on from strength to strength. And while I work hard at my duties may they never come in between me and God as they did before.

At Kashgar in 1891 the shock of "two great troubles"—the death of his mother and the final loss of his love—"had the effect of making me exceedingly sensitive and of disposing me to think less of myself and more of others". But it was at his lonely and responsible post in Chitral in 1894 that "I began to make religion the first interest of my life and to form plans for the future. Some of them were impracticable; but the main direction I then gave to my life has proved true".—As thus:

Through all my life I have had from time to time the feeling that I was born for some great thing. . . . My aim should be: to spend my life in trying to realize the presence of God; to seek out all the beauties of Nature and Human Nature; to discover the inner meaning and spirit of all things, and what is the highest and best to which all things are tending. Then my life will of itself adapt itself to all that is best, and will lead others along in the same direction . . . to be "to awakened earth as the trumpet of a prophecy".

For this I shall live, and watch the work growing within me as I would watch a picture I was painting developing before my eyes. . . .

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."—Give the Divine Spirit its way in your life—*let it go*—and all things will come to you; all our worldly affairs would take their course and come out satisfactorily. This all seems now very sound and practical to me. . . . Trust to the good which you feel welling up within you. Give vent to it—*let it go*. God, the great Power of the Universe, put it there. In a way it is part of Him. If through life you give it full play there is nothing you cannot do. . . .

The feeling of being tied to Government Service makes me long to leave it and be free and unfettered . . . There is a spirit in me which cannot be confined . . . ideals and ideas which I must have freedom to realize. It wants an exploring spirit to go on in front and show men the way across the unknown. . . . But how one deteriorates in civilization from the ideals one sets up in solitude!

I feel strangely inspired just now to devote my life to forming a new religion—or rather to reforming the old—to carry men on to a truer religion than they now profess. Reading over the Life of Christ and thinking over the deeds of other great religious leaders seems to spur me on to do it. I don't want to set myself

above other men, and if it were possible would rather do it without its being known. But I seem to be gradually seeing things that I *don't think* others see. I cannot yet see it all clearly but it gets clearer and clearer the more I read and the more I think.

I feel as if I were just a tool which some Great Mind was using to carry out some purpose of His own. I have been sharpened and tempered for the special work and when the time comes for the tool to be used I shall be taken up and the work carried out . . .

God seems to be pouring into me ; and the more I pour out the more seems to come pouring in. . . .

I see now so distinctly and unmistakably and with a conviction that cannot be shaken what is the true religion, and that is Christianity. Not the Christianity that I was brought up in, but the Spirit of Christ—the Sermon on the Mount. But the thing is to *live* that : to realize in my own life the real true essence of Christ's teaching.

The question in his mind all through these meditations is : What is likely to be the future of religion and the religion of the future? How can mankind attain perfection and what is the nature of the perfection at which he should aim?—He felt that to relinquish this quest would be the betrayal of a sacred trust, a spiritual treason. But it was not merely an academic problem. “ As I gradually get answers to these questions I must *practically act* on the results. Only by practice can I test their truth, and only by practical example get men to follow.”

As has been told, events supervened which caused him to postpone indefinitely the fulfilment of these purposes. It was probably against his better judgment : the world would have been readier for his message at the close of the nineteenth century than in the years between two World Wars, and he perhaps a fitter instrument in mid-manhood than in old age. His diary reveals the alternating pull of contrary impulses : the call of India and the lure of exploration, nature at its wildest and grandest, primitive tribes and a life of hard simplicity ; and then again the call of England, civilization and culture, contact with keen minds, the intellectual formulation of his faith, and a peaceful country life somewhere near London. There was also the wish to enlarge his experience by travel in other lands : Japan, America, and the countries of Europe.

The meditations in his private diary would fill a volume, but enough has been quoted to indicate their general trend. Though he continued them to the end of his life they are mainly repetitive in other words of what has gone before. One theme that recurs repeatedly is his desire to apprehend more and more clearly the character of Christ, for him from first to last the Exemplar of Mankind. Another is to obtain a definition of the ultimate secret of the Universe. Shall he call it Love or shall he call it Joy? In a sense the terms are ultimately equivalent. Is there a concept higher than both which unites them? Yes, there is, and we call it Holiness. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." And when he comes to compare the essential qualities of the great ones of the race, and writes of "the compassion of Buddha, the sanity of Confucius, the profundity of Plato", it is to the Founder of Christianity that he ascribes the supremest quality—"the utter holiness of Jesus".

★      ★      ★      ★      ★

The network of tissues and fibres, tough and tender, that go to nourish the total constituent of a human personality are no doubt of dual origin: inherited and environmental. These in combination determine temperamental dispositions and character-tendencies as well as the shape and colour of religious traditions, predilections, and prejudices. Some strike deeper than others into the soil of life; they counteract, supplement, and often contradict each other. But there is one of independent growth which strikes much deeper than the rest and is innocent of their surface complexity: this is the tap-root. It may penetrate below the surface strata to a level which is immune from drought; it may even strike a perennial well-spring fed from the sources of an eternal world.

Francis Younghusband owed much to ancestry; he inherited gentle and chivalrous traditions, and by his own achievements added a new lustre to them. To the austere environment of his boyhood and youth he owed little; to that of his manhood which was of his own choosing he owed much. But the significance of his life and character lies in his discovery within himself of that far more potent root of independent growth; and then in that persistent self-discipline, that inner culture of heart and mind and will, which gave to his character its integration, and to his spiritual perception its far-sightedness and clarity. It is only this discovery, followed by this self-



discipline, that gives authenticity to the mystical experience which, however, is never an induced state of consciousness but comes involuntarily and unsought. "The wind bloweth where it listeth. . . ." And it is only the mystic who can penetrate the secrets of mysticism, though he can never explain or describe or communicate them to another: only he who can discern and cling to the Faith which is beyond the forms of faith.

*The Names of God are a thousand and one. All are dear. Let the soul cherish that by which He hath drawn near and revealed Himself to him. . . .*

*Mine is the Voice of a thousand languages. To some it is given to hear my Voice in one. Let him bless Me, and commune daily with Me, and I will show Myself to him.*

*To some it is given to hear my Voice in five and seven tongues. Let him rejoice that the Kingdom hath opened to him its doors.*

*To some it is given to hear my Voice in all tongues. He is my dear son: to him will I unveil my Face in secret places.*

## INDEX

### A

- Abruzzi, H.R.H. the Duke of the 86,  
     266  
 Adventurers' Club, Chicago 290  
 Afghanistan, Amir of 36  
 Aghil range 77; Pass 79, 110  
 Albert Victor, Prince 134  
 Alichur Pamir 138  
 Allen of Hurtwood, Lord 341  
 Allenby, Field-Marshal Viscount  
     16  
 Alpine Club 262, 304, 359  
 Altai Mountains 62, 65  
 Aman-ul-Mulk 159  
 Amptill, 2nd Lord 230, 232 n., 246,  
     252-3  
 Aristotelian Society 278, 328  
 Aristotle 333  
 Artysh 71-2  
 Askoli 81, 87-8  
 Asquith, Hon. A. A. 9  
 Atlantic Charter 371  
 Augustine, St. 324  
 Aurobindo, *The Life Divine* 300-1

### B

- Babu Pass 31  
 Bach 350  
 Baijnath 31  
 Baker, Captain Richard St. Barbe 340,  
     350-1  
 Baldock, Major 7  
 Balfour, Arthur, 1st Earl of 255,  
     262  
 Balkans, The 290  
 Baltoro Glacier 86; River 88  
 Barmula 92  
 Baroda, Gackwar of 339-40  
 Bash Gumbaz 138  
 Bashist 32

- Beira 192  
 Bell, Sir Charles 212  
 Bell, Dr. G. K., Bishop of Chichester  
     352  
 Bell, Colonel Mark, V.C. 38-9, 54-5,  
     67-8, 74, 93  
 Bell, C. F. Moberly 165, 169  
 Benson, Arthur C., *Thy Rod and Thy  
     Staff* 285-6  
 Berdyaev 341  
 Beresford, Lord William 37  
 Bergson 277-9  
 Bethell, Lieut. Colonel L. A. (Pousse  
     Cailloux), "A Footnote", *Black-  
     wood's Magazine*, Feb. 1929 213  
     and n., 214-18, 221-2, 229, 233-5,  
     239-40, 247-8  
 Bethune, Captain 229  
 Bhutan 225  
 Birdwood, Field-Marshal Lord 11  
 Blackburn, Leslie 11  
 Blackburn, Lord and Lady 11  
 Bottomley, Gordon, *The Acts of St.  
     Peter* 352  
 Bozai Gumbaz 142, 144, 146  
 Brackenbury, General Sir Henry 149,  
     167  
 Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* 277  
 Brahmaputra River 237-8  
 Brander, Colonel 204, 229-30  
 Bretherton, Major 203, 210, 212, 238-  
     239, 256  
 Broadbent, Sir John 281, 283-4  
 Brockless, Dr. 340  
 Brodrick, Rt. Hon. St. J. (*see* Middle-  
     ton, Lord)  
 Brown, T. E. 9  
 Browne, E. Martin 352, 354  
 Bruce, Captain 307, 310, 312  
 Bruce, Brig.-General Hon. C. G.  
     155-6, 161, 306, 308-9  
 Buddha 379

- Buddhism, 127, 276; Lamas of Tibet  
and 223, 243, 247
- Bullock, Guy 306
- Bundi famine 195-7
- Bury, Colonel C. K. Howard 304-5
- Burzil Pass 132
- C
- Cadbury, Dame Elizabeth 340, 372-3
- Calcutta 42, 296-8
- Candler, Edmund, *The Unveiling of  
Lhasa* 212, 226, 228, 237
- Cape Town 172
- Chaksam 237
- Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Sir Austen 259
- Chamberlain, Rt. Hon. Joseph 180
- Chang-pai-shan, "Ever White Moun-  
tain" 43-5
- Chang-san 58, 60
- Chapman, Colonel Spencer, *Lhasa :  
The Holy City* 212
- Chapman, General 91
- China, Hunza raids 104-9; occupies  
Tibet 258-9
- China Inland Mission 59
- Chitral, murder of Mehtar 154-5;  
Mission to 155-64; campaign  
and relief expedition 165-7;  
lesson of 167-8
- Chong Jangal 120, 124
- Chumalhari 217
- Chumbi 215, 226, 229-32, 242, 245,  
251-2, 254, 258
- Chusul village 239
- Clifton College 9-11, 15
- Cockerill, Lieut. 124
- Confucius 379
- Connaught, Prince Arthur of 313
- Connaught, Duke of 36, 134, 199
- Connaught, Duchess of 134
- Conway, Sir Martin (Lord Conway of  
Allington) 86
- Crawford, Colin Grant 307
- Crevasse Glacier 119
- Cronje, Commandant 175
- Cropper, Margaret, *Christ Crucified*  
352
- Cross, Viscount 150
- Cunningham, Sir William 167
- Currant Hill, Westerham 356
- Curzon of Kedleston, Marquess 150,  
163-4, 166-7, 198, 201-3, 209-10,  
212, 215, 223, 229-30, 246, 252,  
255, 258 n., 260-3 and n., 266,  
271, 284, 346, 362
- Cust, Harry 194
- Cust Foundation Lecture, 1925 295
- D
- Dadu, Wazir 129
- Dakyns, H. G. 9
- Dalgleish, Mr. 70
- Darjiling 203, 206, 211, 217, 220
- Darwaza 120-4
- Darwin, Charles 97, 168, 275, 322
- Davison, Lieut. 142-3, 146-8
- Depsang Plains 106
- Dharmasala 30
- Dillard, Harrison 41 n.
- Dufferin, 1st Marquess of 36-7, 40, 55
- Dunn, T. W. 9
- Durand, Colonel Algernon 108, 121,  
148, 152, 154-6
- Durand, Sir Mortimer 101-4, 149
- Durbin Jangal 113, 115
- E
- Edward VII 256-8, 260
- Elgin, Earl of 167
- Elias, Ney 55, 101
- Evans, A. H. 11-12
- Evans, The Misses 7
- Everest, Mount 303; Committee  
304; 1st expedition 304-6; 2nd  
expedition 306-8; 3rd expedi-  
tion 308-16; use of oxygen on  
expeditions 308-9, 314-15; 1933  
and 1936 expeditions 315

Ewart, Colonel and Mrs. 22, 35, 141  
 Ewart, May 22-3, 34-5, 140

## F

Farrar, George 177  
 Fight for Right Society 292  
 Finch, Captain 307-8  
 FitzPatrick, Sir P., *The Transvaal from Within* 176 n.  
 Fowler, Sir Henry (Viscount Wolverhampton) 162  
 Fulford, H. 42, 53-4

## G

Galpin Gobi 61, 64  
 Gandhi 182, 295  
 Gangtok 204  
 Gartok 242, 253  
 Gasherbrum 116  
 General Election 1910 273-4  
 George V 259  
 Ghizur 157  
 Giers, Monsieur de, Russian Foreign Minister 145  
 Gilgit 132, 145, 148, 155-7  
 Gircha 129  
 Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E. 36  
 Gnatong 206, 212  
 Gobi Desert, journey across 55-73  
 Gordon, Lieut. John 155-6  
 Green, Clayton 283  
 Grenard, Mr. 140  
 Grombtchevsky, Captain 124-7, 129, 136-7 and n.  
 Gulmarg 190  
 Gulmit 124, 129-30  
 Gurdon, Lieut. B. E. M. 155, 164, 167-8, 239  
 Gurdon, Colonel 266  
 Guru 219, 224-5, 228; "The Guru Disaster" 228

Gyantse 209 and n., 210, 212, 216, 221, 224-5, 229-31, 234-8, 242, 252, 256

## H

Haig, Field-Marshal Earl 11-12, 211  
 Haldane, Dr. J. S. 308, 342  
 Hami 55, 60, 65, 67  
 Hammond, John Hays 177  
 Harris, Wyn 315  
 Hastings, Warren 212, 264-5, 299  
 Hayden, Mr. 215  
 Hayward 30 n.  
 Hazard 310  
 Hedin, Sven 75, 140  
 Hegel 277-8, 329  
 Hennah, Captain 19-22  
 Hillier, Sir Walter 54, 55  
*Hindu*, *The*, article, October 1941 296  
 Ho, Mr. 205, 208  
 Holkar, Maharaja of Indore 198-9  
 Holmes, Beatrix 344  
 Hong Kong 42  
 Hsiao Pachiatsu, Headquarters Roman Catholic Mission, N. Manchuria 52  
 Hulau 47-8  
 Hunchun 50  
 Hun-kua-ling 64  
 Hunza 125, 136; Kanjuti raids 104-9, 120-2, 129-32; punitive expedition against 152-3  
 Hurka Hills 62, 64; River 49

## I

India and self-government viii; constitutional reform 293-5; "Trust India" lecture 295; "India's Renaissance" broadcast 295-6; Aurobindo's telegram on offer of self-government 300-1  
 Indore, *see* Holkar  
 Inge, Dean, *God and the Astronomers* 327

Institute of Sociology 293  
 International Congress of the History  
 of Religions 332  
 Irvine 310, 312-15

## J

Jacob, Rev. Edgar (later Bishop of St.  
 Albans) 14  
 James, Sir Evan 38-9, 50, 52-3, 149 ;  
*The Long White Mountain* 42 and  
 n., 45 n.  
 Jameson, Dr. (afterwards Sir L. S.),  
 and Jameson Raid 172-8, 184-5  
 Jan Mohamed 107, 109, 124  
 Jelap-la Pass 213-14  
 Johannesburg 172-6  
 Joubert, General 174, 177-8  
 Juma Bai, Kirghiz servant 128

## K

K.2 79-80, 116  
 Kaiping 53-4  
 Kalgan 58-9  
 Kamba-la Pass 237  
 Kangra-la Pass 204  
 Kara-kara Pass 69  
 Karakoram Pass 81, 105-7, 137  
 Karo-la Pass 229, 237  
 Karumbar River 148  
 Kasauli 22, 34-5  
 Kashgar 68, 72-3, 138-42  
 Kashmir, Maharajah of, *see* Singh  
 Kellas, Dr. 305-6 and n.  
 Khamba Jong 203-7, 212, 226, 238  
 Khardung Pass 105  
 Khunjerab Pass 127  
 Kidd's *Social Evolution* 97  
 Kilik Pass 146  
 Kipling, Rudyard 36-8  
 Kirin 46  
 Kitchener of Khartoum, Field-Marshal  
 Earl 95-6, 210-11, 246, 258 n.,  
 262, 266  
 Korlin 69

Kotze, Chief Justice 178  
 Kruger, President 171, 174, 178  
 Kurbu Pass 127  
 Kuropatkin, General 38, 94 n.  
 Kwei-hwa-chang 58-9

## L

Lahoul 33  
 Landau, Rom 345-6; *Personalia* 296-7  
 Landon, Percival, *Lhasa* 212, 240-1  
 Lansdowne, Marquess of 134, 136,  
 148-9, 252-3, 255, 262  
 Lawrence, Lady 5  
 Lawrence, Sir Henry, Bart. 5  
 Lawrence, Sir Herbert 16  
 Lawrence, Sir Walter and Lady 104  
 Lee, Sir Sidney, *King Edward VII*  
 257-8  
 Lees, Lady 373 ; *Nativity Play* 355  
 Leh 81, 105  
 Leibnitz 327-8  
 Leonard, Charles, Chairman Transvaal  
 National Union 172-4  
 Lhasa 221, 225, 239-51, 253-4, 256-8  
 Lindbergh, Colonel 297, 365  
 Lindbergh, Mrs. 297-8  
 Liu-san 58, 60, 63-5, 67, 73, 75, 78,  
 81-2, 94  
 Longstaff, Dr. T. G. 267, 304, 306-7,  
 312 ; *This my Voyage* 116  
 Lotze 328-9  
 Lucas, Sir Charles, *The Empire at War*  
 292

## M

Macartney, Sir George 137, 142  
 Macgregor, Sir Charles 38-40 ; *The  
 Defence of India* 39  
 McTaggart, Prof. 362 ; *Some Dogmas  
 of Religion and Studies in Hegelian  
 Cosmology* 276-8  
 Magniac, Vernon 232  
 Mallory, G. L. 303 n., 306-8, 310-15  
 Manchuria 38-9, 42-54, 93-4 n.,  
 150, 258

Manning, Thomas 236, 246  
 Mao-erh-shan 44  
 Markham, Sir Clements 254, 303  
 Marter, Colonel 19-22, 26-8  
 Martindale, Miss Hilda, C.B.E., *Some Victorian Portraits* 366  
 Massignon, Prof. 341  
 Mastuj 156, 158, 161-2  
 Matabele campaign 181  
 Ma-te-la 60, 62-3, 65  
 Matthews, Dr. W. R. 339, 352  
 Meerut 19  
 Midleton, Earl of 251-5, 257-8 ;  
*Records and Reactions* 258 n.  
 Mintaka Aksai 127  
 Mintaka Pass 128  
 Minto, 4th Earl of 266  
 Misgah 129  
 Mohamed Esa 75, 77, 81, 83, 89 n., 101  
 Mohammed Nazim Khan 129, 132,  
 153  
 Molyneux, Major Edward 265  
 Mongolia 47, 59  
 Moreshead, Major 307  
 Morgai 66  
 Morier, Sir Robert 145  
 Morier-Williams, Sir M., *Buddhism*  
 127  
 Mukden 43 ; Scottish Mission at 53  
 Murkush 129  
 Murray, Mrs. John Grey 358-9  
 Murray, John Richmond Grey 359  
 Murray, Major 230-1  
 Murree 2, 92, 101  
 Musa, the Kirghiz 104  
 Mustagh Pass 74, 76, 79-89, 214  
 "Mystical Players", The 352

## N

Nagartse 233, 237  
 Nakhani 144  
 Nanak Chand 199-200  
 Napier, Sir W., *History of the Penin-  
 sular War* 11

Napier, General 16  
 Narkanda 34  
 Newbolt, Sir Henry 11 ; "Epistle",  
*Monthly Review* 12-13 ; *He Fell  
 among Thieves* 30 n.  
 Newchwang 43, 53  
 Nicholson, John 1, 26 n., 222  
 Ninguta 49  
 Nisbet, Colonel R. Parry 168  
 Nizam-ul-Mulk, Mehtar of Chitral  
 155-61, 164, 187  
 Noel, Captain 307  
 Norton, Lieut.-General 307-15  
 Novo-kiesk 50, 52  
 Nubra River 105

## O

O'Connor, Sir Frederick 203-5, 217-  
 218, 220, 223, 227, 230 n., 235-6,  
 258 ; "With Youngusband to  
 Tibet" broadcast 218-19  
 O'Connor, Sir Nicholas 42  
 Odell 310, 312-13 n., 315  
 Oprang River 79, 110-12, 120, 124  
 Owen, Major "Roddy" 166

## P

Palla 230  
 Palmstierna, Baron, 343-4  
 Pamir Mountains 72, 138-9  
 Pamir-i-Wakhan 147  
 Parry, Sir Hubert 292  
 Pa-yen-su-su mission station 48  
 Pearson, Hesketh, *The Hero of Delhi*  
 26 n.  
 Pei-lin-tsu mission station 48  
 Peking 42, 54-5, 58  
 Percival, Dr. John (later Bishop of  
 Hereford), Headmaster, Clifton  
 College 9-11  
 Petrovsky, M. 72-3, 139-40  
 Phari 215, 220  
 Phillips, Sir Lionel 177  
 Plato 379

Plender, Lord 261  
 Probyn, Sir Dighton 19

## R

Radhakrishnan, Sir S. 341  
 Ramakrishna 200, 294, 296  
 Rampur 33  
 Ramsey, Captain 91, 104-5  
 Ramzan 105, 109-10, 121  
 Rang-kul Lake 138  
 Raskam River 124  
 Rathmat-ula-Khan 69-70  
 Ravensdale, Baroness 346-7  
 Rawal Pindi 26, 92, 101, 103, 266  
 Reid, L. A., *Creative Morality*  
 278  
 Religion and Ethics Branch, League of  
 Nations Union 293  
 Religious Drama Society 351-5  
 Renan's *Life of Jesus* 97  
 Rhins, M. Dutreuil de 140  
 Rhodes, Rt. Hon. Cecil 172-3, 178,  
 181-2  
 Rhodes, Colonel Frank 172, 177-8,  
 180  
 Richards, Sir H. Earle 254  
 Roberts, Field-Marshal Earl 17, 29,  
 91, 93, 95, 136, 149-50, 246  
 Roberts, Lady 149  
 Robertson, Surgeon-Major Sir George  
 155-8, 166  
 Ronaldshay, Earl of, afterwards Mar-  
 quess of Zetland, Biography of  
 Lord Curzon 261, 263 n., 271 n.,  
 292-3, 332, 339, 346 n.  
 Roosevelt, Theodore 273, 290  
 Rosebery, 5th Earl of 176 n.  
 Ross, Sir Denison 332  
 Rotang Pass 32  
 Royal Central Asian Society 292  
 Royal College of Science 275  
 Royal Geographical Society 304, 313 ;  
 lectures 95-6, 302 ; Presidential  
 Address 302-3

Royal India and Pakistan Society  
 (formerly India Society) 292  
 Royal Society of Literature 293  
 Russell, Bertrand (Earl Russell) 279,  
 328  
 Russia, occupation of Penjdeh 36, 39 ;  
 encroachments in Central Asia and  
 counter-measures 37, 104, 106,  
 136-7, 142-50, 260 ; and Man-  
 churia 94 n., 150, 258 ; and India  
 125-7 ; and Tibet 201, 251-2,  
 255-6, 258  
 Rutledge, Hugh 315 ; *Everest 1933*  
 304  
 Ryder, Captain, R.E. 215

## S

Safder Ali 121, 124, 129-32, 152  
 Salisbury, 3rd Marquess of 136, 145-6  
 Saltoro Pass 110-12, 116  
 Samuel, Viscount 342 ; address at  
 Memorial Service 375-6  
 Sanford, Rev. and Mrs. 5  
 Sansing 48  
 Saser Pass 106  
 Sawyer, Lieut. 218-19, 223  
 Schleiermacher 330  
 Scott, Captain R. F., Expeditions to  
 Antarctic 303-4  
 Scott, Rev. W. Sidney, *Worship and  
 Drama* 353  
 Seeley's *Ecce Homo* 97  
 Selincourt, Basil de, *Observer* article,  
 March 1936 317-18  
 Shahidula 81, 104-6, 107-10  
 Shahzad Mir 104, 108, 110, 118-19,  
 121  
 Shandur Pass 155  
 Shanghai 42  
 Shan-hai-kuan 53  
 Sharples, Miss 339  
 Shaw, Robert 1, 7 ; *High Tartary and  
 Yarkand* 30 and n.  
 Shayok River 105

Shigar 90  
 Shigatse 209 and n., 242  
 Shimshal Pass 108-10, 118-19, 124 ;  
     River 120  
 Shipton, Eric 313 n., 315  
 Shoghi Effendi 341  
 Sho-shok 69  
 Shukar Ali 75, 77, 81, 83-4, 86-7, 90,  
     101, 105, 110-11, 266  
 Sikkim Forest 203 n.  
 Simla 37-9, 92, 101, 136-7, 203, 209,  
     253, 264  
 Singh, Major-General Sir Pratap,  
     Maharaja of Kashmir 266-7  
 Smythe, Frank 2, 303, 313 n., 359 ;  
     article in *Alpine Journal* 315 and n.  
 Smythe, Nona 373-4  
 Society for Promoting the Study of  
     Religions 293, 332  
 Society of the Men of the Trees 350-1  
 Sokh-bulah Pass 110  
 Sokolowski, Colonel 50-2  
 Somervell 307, 310-12, 314-15  
 South Africa, Boers and Uitlanders  
     170-2, 183-4 ; Jameson Raid  
     172-8, 184-5 ; Indian immigra-  
     tion into Natal 182-3  
 Spencer, Herbert 275-6  
 Srinagar 91, 148, 265  
 Stevenson, Joan 352  
 Stevenson, Mrs. Olive 351-3  
 Stewart, Sir Donald 36  
 Strutt, Colonel 307  
 Sugat Jangal 118-19  
 Suget Pass 107  
 Sultanpur 32-3  
 Sungari River 44-7, 52  
 Surabi Tapa 105  
 Suzuki 341  
 Sykes, Brig.-General Sir Percy 292

## T

Tagh-dum-bash Pamir 127, 142  
 Tang-la Pass 216

Tangu 204  
 Tashkurgan 127, 142  
 Teesta Valley 203 and n., 212  
 Tejbir, Lance-Corporal 307  
 Tian-shan Mountains 66-8, 72  
 Tibet, despatch of Mission to 201-2 ;  
     Khamba Jong negotiations 203-9 ;  
     advance to Gyantse sanctioned  
     210 ; books on Mission 212-13  
     n. ; interview with chiefs at Guru  
     219-23 ; alliance with Bhutanese  
     225 ; Guru disaster 225-8 ; tele-  
     gram to Government of India  
     recommending negotiations at  
     Lhasa, and sequel 229-34 ; storm-  
     ing of Gyantse 235-6 ; Tibetans'  
     last stand 237 ; entry into Lhasa  
     235-6 ; proposed treaty terms and  
     counter proposals 241-5 ; sig-  
     nature of treaty in Potala 246 ;  
     sequel 251-7 ; Blue-book on 255,  
     261 ; King Edward VII's interest  
     in 256-8  
 Tientsin 54  
*Times Literary Supplement*, review of  
     *India and Tibet* 259 ; of A. C.  
     Benson's and F. Younghusband's  
     books on problem of pain 285-6  
 Toksun 69  
 Tolstoi, *The Kingdom of God is Within*  
     *you* 97  
 Tragbal Pass 132, 148  
 Tsi-tsi-har 47  
 Tuggal Hall, near Bamburgh 1  
 Tuna 216-17, 219-20, 224-5, 228  
 Turdi Kol, Kirghiz Chief 105, 107-10,  
     120, 122-4  
 Turfan 68-9  
 Turgan 75, 77, 83-5, 90

## U

Umra Khan 161, 166  
 Urdok Glacier 110  
 Ush Turfan 69



## V

- Victoria, Queen 199  
Vivekenanda, Swami 200, 332

## W

- Wager 315  
Wakhjru Pass 144, 147  
Wali, the Balti guide 75, 77-8, 80-4,  
87-90, 110  
Walsham, Sir John 54-5, 58 and n., 61  
Walsham, Lady 54, 58, 85  
Wang, General 138  
Wells, H. G., *God the Invisible King*  
287-9  
Wheeler, Brigadier Sir Oliver 306  
White, Claude 203-4, 207-8, 210  
White, Field Marshal Sir George 149,  
167  
Whitehead, A. N. 279, 327  
Whitley, Mr. 12  
Willan, Major 22, 26  
Wilton, Sir Ernest 206, 215, 218, 223,  
258  
Wodehouse, P. G. 358  
Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount  
180; *Soldiers' Pocket Book* 16  
World Alliance for International  
Friendship through the Churches  
353  
World Congress of Faiths viii, 331-2,  
353, 359, 371-2; preliminary  
steps 333; Church of England  
and 334-7, 339; outline of prin-  
ciples and ideals 337-8; opening  
meeting 340; *Times Literary*  
*Supplement* report of proceedings  
340-2; Congress 1937 342;  
Birmingham Congress 372-3  
World Council of Churches 353  
World Fellowship of Faiths, 1st Inter-  
national Congress 333  
World's Parliament of Religions, The,

Chicago 1893 332; Calcutta  
1937 296-8

## Y

- Yalu River 43-4  
Yandok Tso Lake 237  
Yang Ho River 59  
Yarkand 73-4, 137; River 77, 110,  
124  
Yatung 214, 217, 219, 224-5, 242  
Yonoff, Colonel 143-6  
Youngusband Family 1, 364  
Youngusband, Eileen Louise  
(daughter) vii, 35, 198, 264, 297,  
356, 366-7, 369, 372-5  
Youngusband, Emily (sister) 17, 19,  
21, 96, 192, 194  
Youngusband, Colonel Sir Francis  
Edward, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., char-  
acter vii-viii, 35, 356-8; descent  
1-2; birth 2; early upbringing  
2-8; Christianity, attitude to  
orthodox 4-5, 17-18, 97-100,  
114-15, and divinity of Christ 18,  
98-9, 325-6, 329; Clifton Col-  
lege 9-15; running 10, 12, 15-  
16, 40-1 and n.; reading 11, 16-  
18, 30-1, 97, 113-14, 127, 276-7,  
357-8; confirmation 14; enters  
Sandhurst 15; his "delight in  
achievement" 16; gazetted to  
King's Dragoon Guards 17;  
Meerut 19-22; attitude to shoot-  
ing 20, 23; first love 22-3, 34-5,  
140-1, 190-1, 361; effect of first  
visit to jungle 23-6; Rawal  
Pindi 26, 92, 101, 103; Adjutant  
26-9; first wandering in Hima-  
layas 30-4; reconnaissance across  
Indus to Kohat frontier 35-6;  
revises Military Gazetteer of  
Kashmir 37-8; Manchuria 38-9,  
42-54, 93-4 n.; on Chinamen  
46-7; French and other mission-  
aries in China 48, 186-7; dinner

at Cossack post, Novo-kiesk 50-51; across the Gobi Desert 55-73; on the Russians 59; his servants on his journeys 62-5, 70-1, 81-90, 94-5; across Himalayas by Mustagh Pass 74-92; the stars 76-7, and mountains 78-80, 119, 204-5, 216-17, 316-18; report on Pekin-Yarkand and Manchurian journeys 93 and n.; Lord Roberts 95; Royal Geographical Society lecture 1888 95-6; on belief in Providence 98, 112-13, 276, 283, 285-8; Mr. Elias suggests Tibet 101-2; on examinations 102-3, 163; Hunza and the Pamirs 104-33; Kanjuti raids and meeting with Safder Ali 104-9, 129-32, and outpost at Darwaza 120-3; on the Kirghiz 109, 125, 128; attempt on Sal-toro Pass 110-12; "soul of a country" 123; meetings with the Russian traveller Grombtchevsky 124-7; Buddhism 127, 276; "this Russian question" 136-7; sent to investigate most suitable limits of demarcation 137-8; Chinese views on relative strength of Russia and Britain 138-9; Russian Consul, Kashgar, on Britain and British 139-40; views on Government policy towards buffer states 139, 152-4, 157-8, 161-3; his mother's death 141, 190; C.I.E. 141-2; Chitral, *see* under; concept of benevolent tutelage 152-4, 294; Political Officer, Hunza 153, and Assistant Resident, Kashmir 153, 190; first lesson in mountaineering 156; impressions of Lord Curzon 164; "a really living religion" 165, 377-8; Special Correspondent, *Times*, Chitral 165-7;

lesson of campaign 167-8; *Times* Correspondent, South Africa 169-85; Jameson Raid and aftermath 172-8, 184-5; tribute to Colonel Frank Rhodes 177-8; interview with President Kruger 178-80; on Cecil Rhodes 181-2; views on Indian immigration into Natal 182-3; "Transvaal situation", May 1899 183-4; reflections induced by travel 187-9, 191-2; religious feelings and message to the world 191; marriage 192-4, 360; third assistant to Political Agent, Mount Abu 194; Political Agent, Deoli 194-196; death of infant son 194-5; famine in Bundi 196-7; Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal 197; birth of daughter 198; Resident, Indore 198; foundation of knowledge of Hinduism 199-200; Tibet Mission, *see* under Tibet; Colonel Bethell's tribute to his leadership 213-16, 221-2, 229, 233-5, 240, 248; Lamas and Buddhism 223, 243, 247; mystical experience 248-50, 264, 329-30, 363-4; interview with King Edward VII on Tibet 256-7 and n.; K.C.I.E. 258, and K.C.S.I. 259; Safety in Risk and Readiness to Seize Opportunities 260; honours 262; *Nineteenth Century* article on Lord Curzon's resignation as Viceroy 262-3; Welsh Revival 263-4; Resident, Kashmir 264-72; circular letter to Political Officers serving in 267-71; "period of our infancy over" 272; General Election 1910 273-4; *National Review* article on "Emerging Soul of England" 274-5; pioneering the route 275-6; overestimated power of reason 279; fractures

Younghusband, Colonel Sir Francis  
(continued)

leg in Belgium 279-82; experience "of the greatest value" 282-6; America and the Americans 290; report on visit to capitals of Near East 1908 290; reflections on First World War 291; Fight for Right Society 292; views on Indian constitutional reform 1918 293-5; Cust Foundation Lecture "Trust India" 295; "India's Renaissance" broadcast 295; on Indian adhesion to Britain in Second World War 295-6; Parliament of Religions, Calcutta 296-8; attitude to occult exercises 297 and n.; "Lion of Enterprise" 298; "India Today" from *Asia* 299-300; broadcast and letter to *Times* on Aurobindo's telegram on offer of self-government 300-1; Presidential Address, R.G.S. 302-3; Chairman, Mount Everest Committee 304-9; views on use of oxygen 307-8, 315; extracts from letters to Colonel Norton 313-15; attempt to climb Everest 316-17; Law of Entropy 319-20, 327; outline of philosophy of life 319-23, and summary of religious faith in relation to 323-7; Law of Rhythm 327; Life in Atom 327-8; Influence of Cosmic Rays 328; Persistence of Identity 328-9; estimate of position as religious philosopher in *Observer* obituary notice 330-1; World Congress of Faiths, *see* under; opening address, Society for Promoting Study of Religions 332-3; tributes to his work for World Congress of Faiths 343-7; letters to members during war 347-50;

Religious Drama Society 351-5; Diana Grey Murray's memory of 358-9; "Defects and Deficiencies" 359-63; visits home of forefathers 364; coronary thrombosis 365-6, 373; medals to the Exchequer 367; air-raids described in letters to American friends 368-71; speech at World Congress of Faiths on Atlantic Charter 371; last illness and death 372-5; Memorial Service, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields 375; diary entry New Year 1889 376.

Writings: *The Coming Country* 330; *Dawn in India* 294-5; *Epic of Everest* 303; *Everest: The Challenge* 303, 315 n.; *The Gleam* 99-100; *The Heart of a Continent* 42, 141, 152, 159, 186; *The Heart of Nature* 203 n., 205 n., 305; *India and Tibet* 212, 259; *Kashmir* 265, 267, 272; *Life in the Stars* 61, 319; *The Light of Experience* 93 n., 169, 260, 264 n., 267-8; *The Living Universe* 319, 327, 330; *Modern Mystics* 263; *The Reign of God* 18, 329; *The Relief of Chitral* 167; *South Africa of Today* 169; *The Sum of Things* 250, 265-6; *A Venture of Faith* 363; *Vital Religion* 250 n., *Within* 239, 264 n., 279; 285-7; *Wonders of the Himalaya* 31

Younghusband, Lady (wife) 192-5, 197, 258, 261-2, 265-6, 279-81, 284, 297, 356-7, 360-1, 364, 366-7, 372-4

Younghusband, Major-General Sir George (brother) 1, 7, 9, 17, 141, 166-7; *A Soldier's Memories* 273-4 and n.

Younghusband, Major-General John William (father) 1-3, 5-7, 13-15;

- 17, 21, 35, 96-7, 140-2, 150, 165,  
190, 192, 359-60
- Youngusband, Mrs. John William  
(mother) 1-3, 5, 13-14, 21, 35,  
96-7, 140-1, 190, 359-60, 377
- Youngusband, Major-General Leslie  
Napier, C.B., C.M.G. (brother)  
2, 7, 14
- Youngusband, the Misses (aunts)  
3-5
- Z
- Zoji-la Pass 91, 104
- Zungaria Desert 65