

a kindred spirit, and to whom he was tenderly attached, dangerously exhausted him, and since that time his strength gradually diminished. He died on the 24th November 1870 at the age of thirty-nine years.

Mr Matthews had a singularly clear, well-balanced, and vigorous intellect, keen observation, and remarkable powers of application. There is, indeed, no doubt that he would have achieved an eminent position in science if his health had been favourable. As it was, he became one of the best authorities on the clupeoids, and no one took more interest in the group. Even when confined to bed, and unable to do more than write briefly in pencil, he perseveringly tried to secure anchovies, then appearing here and there on our coasts, so that fresh observations on this form might be carried out.

Taken as a whole, the career of Mr Matthews is an instance of exemplary devotion to duty—under great physical difficulties—in a field he had deliberately chosen. Many men in his position would have felt the weight of physical illness sufficient to bear, and would have passed their valetudinarian hours in search of ease and repose. Not so with Mr Matthews. Like Edouard Claperède of Geneva, he even adhered to his labours after repeated hæmoptyses—preferring “rather to wear the sword out than let it rust out.” The hand of the gentle young naturalist has vanished, but his accurate work will remain as a proof of his resolute perseverance under difficulties, and of his loyalty to zoological science.

**Memoir of Colonel Sir Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., K.C.S.I.,
LL.D., &c. By Coutts Trotter.**

(Read January 5, 1891.)

When the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1883, conferred the distinction of an Honorary Fellowship on Colonel Henry Yule, they were moved thereto, probably, as much by the wide range of subjects felicitously touched by his genius, as by the rare quality of the work done by him in his special domain of Comparative Geography.

The difficulty of adequately handling these numerous and

varied topics, and still more of doing justice to the personal qualities of the man, within the space usually allotted to such a notice, increases the hesitation I have felt in complying with the wish of the Society that I should undertake the task ; and, in so far as I owe this honour to my intimate friendship with Henry Yule, I am not reassured when I recall the many eminent and representative men with whom I shared that privilege.

The youngest son of Major William Yule of the Indian Army (himself a devoted student of Oriental literature), Henry Yule was born at Inveresk on the 1st May 1820. The family had for many generations previously held a leading place among the well-to-do farmers of East Lothian, being settled in the parish of Dirleton, where they also owned some land ; and many of them lie buried in the old church of Gullane. The subject of this memoir had two brothers, who both distinguished themselves in India—Sir George, a very able and popular civilian, and Robert, who fell fighting at the head of his regiment, the 9th Lancers, before Delhi, during the Mutiny. The family is said to be of Danish origin, the name, spelled Jul, or Juul, being still not uncommon at Copenhagen.

Henry Yule was at first intended for Cambridge, and probably for the Law, for after leaving Edinburgh he was placed successively under two mathematical tutors—Hamilton, author of *Conic Sections* and subsequently Dean of Salisbury, and Challis, afterwards Plumerian Professor at Cambridge. His fellow-pupils here were the late Rev. Dr John Mason Neale, and Dr Harvey Goodwin, the present Bishop of Carlisle. The latter, to whose kindness I am indebted for these reminiscences, says that Yule “showed much more liking for Greek plays and for German than for mathematics, though he had considerable geometrical ingenuity.” That he had this seems, indeed, pretty clear from the fact that on one occasion he solved a problem which had puzzled the future accomplished mathematician who tells the story. Yule’s comment on the matter, addressed to Goodwin, being—“The difference between you and me is this, you like it and can’t do it ; I don’t like it and can do it.” He added “Neale neither likes it, nor can do it.”

His having to leave Mr Challis, who could no longer accommodate him as a pupil on removing to Cambridge, may have led

Yule to reconsider his future course and abandon Cambridge for an Indian career.

In 1837 he went to the Indian Military College of Addiscombe, and passing out thence at the head of his term was appointed, in 1840, after a year's residence in Chatham, to the Bengal Engineers. Whilst at Chatham, as his contemporary General Collinson writes : * "Although he took small part in the games and other recreations of our time, his knowledge, his native humour, and his good comradeship, and especially his strong sense of right and wrong, made him both admired and respected."

His earliest Indian appointment, among the Khasias, a primitive Mongoloid people on the north-east outskirts of Bengal, is interesting as having led to the first of his many quaint and curious notices of remote Eastern peoples. †

Another literary memorial of his early days, evidence already of the literary instinct, was a volume on "Fortification," ‡ written while at home on furlough (1849-51), and lecturing on the subject at a long-vanished Edinburgh institution—the Military Academy. "It may still," his brother engineer writes, "be read with benefit ;" while for the general reader its interesting biographical notices and portraits of famous engineers make it very unlike the ordinary professional treatise. A French translation appeared in Paris in 1858.

Henry Yule had previously, in 1843, been at home on leave, when he was married to Anna Maria, daughter of General Martin White of the Bengal Army ; and on his return to India in 1852, after his second furlough, his wife, owing to bad health—the result of an accident soon after their marriage—was unable again to accompany him. Between 1843 and 1849 he was serving with that group of distinguished engineer officers—among whom we recall the names of Baird Smith, Cautley, W. E. Baker, Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), and Richard Strachey (the last named the only survivor)—then engaged on that great and successful enterprise, the restoration and development of the irrigation system of the Mogul dynasty in the North-West Provinces.

* *Royal Engineers' Journal*, 1st February 1890.

† *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, vols. xi. and xiii.

‡ Published by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1851.

These labours were interrupted in 1846 and 1848 by the first and second Punjab wars, in both of which he saw active service.

The confidence already placed in him by Lord Dalhousie was shown by his appointment to an important post in connection with the great scheme of Indian railways which that statesman had just introduced, and was pressing on with characteristic energy, a post entailing, from its novelty, much hard and anxious study; and this led on to his appointment as Under-Secretary in the newly-established department of Public Works, to the head of which he succeeded on the retirement, after the Mutiny, of his friend and chief Sir W. Baker. In the meanwhile, during the Burmese war, he was despatched to survey the frontiers of Arakan, when he acquired the friendship of Sir Arthur Phayre, a capable and justly popular administrator, whose name will always be honourably associated with Burmese affairs. This acquaintance, no doubt, led to the appointment of Captain Yule as secretary to the return mission of reconciliation despatched to Burmah in 1855, after the war, under Sir Arthur Phayre. It was stipulated, however, by Lord Dalhousie that Yule should be the chronicler of the expedition, a promise amply fulfilled in a Report to Government, which was afterwards re-cast and published by Smith & Elder in 1858, and is interesting to us as his first independent work of importance.

It has been said that his attention was first directed by his Burmese journey and studies to the affairs of those regions beyond India, on which he afterwards became so great an authority; but the truth is, we find much of the knowledge, and of the literary intuition, here already, and even thus early in his career we wonder at the variety of information displayed, and the luminous generalisations put forth, both alike destined—and this is no common praise—to stand the test of later and fuller investigations, now so much more easy to make. The illustrations are mostly from his own pencil, in the use of which he was no mean proficient.

The work, compiled amid the absorbing labours of his Calcutta office, was finished, to judge by the concluding sentence of its preface, amid still more engrossing scenes. It is dated "Fortress of Allahabad, October 3, 1857."

"If life be granted, I doubt not all my companions in the Ava Mission will look back to our social progress up the Irawadi, with

its many quaint and pleasant memories, as to a bright and joyous holiday; which, indeed, it was. But for one standing here on the margin of these rivers, which a few weeks ago were red with the blood of our murdered brothers and sisters, and straining the ear to catch the echo of our avenging artillery, it is difficult to turn the mind to what seem dreams of past days of peace and security; and memory itself grows dim in the attempt to repass the gulf which the last few months has interposed between the present and the time to which this Narrative refers."

He visited soon after these tragedies the historical Well of Cawnpore, and afterwards designed the erection which encloses it.

On his way home from Burmah he was sent to report on the defences of Singapore, and the works he recommended were sanctioned by Government.

Although residence in India during the latter years of his stay became in some degree distasteful from various causes—among others the prolonged absence from wife and child, and considerations of health—he enjoyed the compensation of feeling that his character and services were appreciated in the highest quarters, for the confidence and regard, so fully and heartily bestowed by Lord Dalhousie, were continued in no stinted measure by Lord Canning; the intimacy becoming naturally greater, for such a crisis as the Mutiny brings out the deeper qualities of good men, and reveals them to each other. His admiration for Lady Canning, and regret for her loss—a victim to the anxieties of that terrible time—are recorded in some touching lines to the memory of that charming and gifted woman. He retired from the service in 1862, with the less hesitation that Lord Canning, who was then returning to England, had given him the confident assurance that he should receive some suitable employment. And no doubt this would have been the case had Lord Canning lived. But, as may be remembered, he died almost immediately after his return, and even had he left any political heir, Colonel Yule would have been the last man to urge his own claims. Full, however, of sympathy and interest, personal as well as public, in his late chief's career, he was desirous to write his life. But the family declined his offer, which is to be regretted, not merely because the various short memoirs he has since compiled are models of what such essays ought to be, but also

because the deliberate utterances of such a man, treating, as he must have done, some of the more important Indian topics of the day, would have had much interest and value.*

The harsh stroke of fortune, by which he was denied professional employment, was a gain to literature, for the period of thirteen years which elapsed before he found himself again in official harness produced, with other important work, the book on which his literary reputation chiefly depends, viz., the translation and editing of *Marco Polo*. It seems safe to prophecy a lasting reputation for this work, since it is hardly conceivable that editing could be better done, and its appearance in 1870 placed its author by common consent, here and abroad, in the very front rank of the geographers of his time. Yet its appearance was not, strictly speaking, a surprise. The nature and extent of the writer's learning was already known by various essays on allied subjects, and notably by a work written for the Hakluyt Society four years previously, entitled *Cathay and the Way Thither*. This important work, long out of print and practically inaccessible, contains a fund of curious information on mediæval Asia, and on the relations from earliest times between China and the West, more especially during the period of Chinese exclusiveness which intervened between the fall of the Mongols and the arrival on the scene, two centuries later, of the Portuguese and Spaniards. But the Hakluyt Society addresses a limited class of readers only, while *Marco Polo*, alike from the romance which still clings to the old traveller's name, and from the quaint illustrations and other excel-

* His principal biographical notices are of Major James Rennell, R. E., the geographer; General A. C. Robertson; General Sir W. E. Baker (written jointly with General R. Maclagan); General W. A. Crommelin; General W. W. Greathed; and Colonel George Thomson. The last-named officer is known to fame as having performed the feat which led to the fall of Ghuznee. Accompanied by two subalterns, under a heavy fire, he carried a bag of gunpowder to the gate of the fortress and blew it in, enabling our troops to enter. A leading newspaper, writing his obituary, stated that Thomson "was present at the capture of Ghuznee," on which Yule characteristically comments—"The fact will hardly be controverted; we believe it is also true that Todleben was present at the defence of Sebastopol." These are all in the *Royal Engineers' Journal*. A notice of Sir Arthur Phayre is in the *R. G. S. Proceedings* for 1886. There is also a very curious notice of George Strachan, an early Persian traveller, in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, v. 10.

lences of the volume, appealed to a far wider circle. Not the least among the merits and attractions of this famous book is the style of the translation itself. It is archaic, and yet living, and instinct with the very spirit of the old Venetian. The translator has lived so long with him and his contemporaries that, while always his editor, and wielding the accumulated knowledge and diacritic faculty of these later days, he is in intimate sympathy with these brethren five hundred years his juniors. How thorough-going the intimacy, is sufficiently shown by the preface, written in fourteenth-century French, to the second edition, and which some matter-of-fact readers, though greatly puzzled, are said not to have discovered to be a *jeu d'esprit*.

A fashionable London lady, otherwise imperfectly posted, once addressed Sir Henry Taylor as "Mr Van Arteveldt;" and Colonel Yule's popular identification with his hero was hardly less complete, and he enjoyed it, and often signed occasional letters to the papers with the initials "M. P. V." (or "Marcus Paulus Venetus").

But beyond even this spirit of discriminating sympathy, as giving value to these works, were his remarkable thoroughness and accuracy, the outcome of a scrupulous and uncompromising honesty, and an "infinite capacity for taking pains." And with sympathy, accuracy, and memory—and Colonel Yule had a marvellous memory—the diligent scholar is already far on his way.

It is characteristic of him that he takes a personal satisfaction in rehabilitating the reputation for accuracy, and anyhow the truthfulness of intention, not only of the great "Marco Milione," but of such lesser lights as Friar Odoric, Marignolli, and others, among the mediævals; while with equal shrewdness and generosity he defends the Abbé Huc against the strictures of Prejevalski,* reasoning acutely enough that his amusing and phenomenal lack of science was no proof of bad faith or dishonesty. For all these travellers, as workers in his own *Fach*, have his special sympathy, and he, with a wider grasp than others of their special difficulties, is the more ready to make allowance for them. He had a strong feeling, not only that all such work should be done as well as possible, but

* *Mongolia, &c.*, by Lieutenant-Colonel N. Prejevalski. Translated from the Russian by E. D. Morgan, with introduction and notes by Colonel Yule.

that it was in itself important, as adding to the wealth of the world. It is difficult to think of him as ever asking "*Cui bono?*"

He has been accused of being deficient in a sense of literary proportion. The chief ground for the charge, and perhaps its excuse, may be found in his extraordinary fulness of knowledge, always at hand and ready to come forth. He used often to laugh at (what cynics might call) its "uselessness," and could quite enjoy the charge from its humorous side. But his whole heart was in his subject as he wrote, and his conviction of the importance of his subject infects the reader, whose judgment at the same time is gained by the assurance which comes to him of the truthfulness and appositeness of the references, the comparative values of which, besides, have meanwhile been all worked out for him.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to institute a comparison between our present knowledge of the physical geography, and of the condition in mediæval times, of Central Asia, and what was available, under either head, in Colonel Yule's younger days. It sounds like exaggeration to compare Central Asia before Yule, with Central Africa before Livingstone; but the comparison is less far fetched than might be supposed. And even now, notwithstanding the extensive labours of recent explorers—often carrying Yule's *Marco Polo* in their hands, and always revolving in their minds some problem he has suggested or illustrated—there remain vast tracts virtually unknown, and some great hydrographic questions only partially solved. And, as in respect of the geography, so too in the mediæval history and archæology; the awakening of interest, and the direction of research, are largely due to the influence of these works. The sources of knowledge existed, indeed, before, but they were remote and unfamiliar, and above all undigested; it needed his intuitive power of sifting and collating, separating the wheat from the chaff, while throwing a glamour of interest over all, to make such a subject at once intelligible and popular. I may be allowed to confirm this estimate by some words of Baron F. von Richthofen, who holds the very first rank in his own country as at once an enterprising and scientific traveller, and a man gifted with wide philosophic observation. Not only in England, he says,

“aber auch in den Literaturen von Frankreich, Italien, Deutschland und anderen Ländern ist der mächtig treibende Einfluss der Yule’schen Methode, welche wissenschaftliche Gründlichkeit mit anmutender Form verbindet, bemerkbar.” And after some touching words on the personal character of the man, he emphatically accords him “den unbestrittenen Platz als des ersten Vertreters und Bahnbrechers unserer Zeit auf dem Gebiet der historischen Geographie.” *

I may cite, further, a letter from Mr Delmar Morgan, who, not only as a scholarly writer and an expert in Asiatic geography, but also from his position on the Hakluyt and Asiatic Societies, is specially conversant with Colonel Yule’s work. He dwells on “his rare skill in making intelligible to his readers the most perplexing and confused accounts of geographical explorations, the thorough way in which he mastered his authorities, and knew from a conscientious study of their works how much reliance was to be placed on them. Take his *Marco Polo* and open it at any page, and you will find as much learning in a single note as some writers are content to put into a chapter, or even a volume. . . . Lastly, in all he wrote and all he did he was always A1. Nothing second-rate or mean emanated from him.” The veteran geographer, Mr H. W. Bates, F.R.S., also writes to me expressing himself emphatically in the same sense, both from the literary and from the moral point of view; and those who know him will not question the competency of his judgment in either particular.

The labour of compiling such a work as *Marco Polo* was enhanced by a compulsory residence at Palermo, where he had taken up his abode in 1864 on account of his wife’s health. The comparative nearness to the great Italian libraries was, however, an assistance; and in truth his references were drawn from every corner of the world, and he had occasionally to wait for months for the verification of a single statement by a correspondent, in the heart, maybe, of China or Tartary. But such labour was repaid by a correspondence often of great interest, and by the acquaintance, not seldom ripening into fast friendship, of many distinguished men of various countries, and not the least of Italy, where such an

* *Verhandlungen der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin*, Bd. xvii. No. 2.

edition of her famous traveller was received, as was natural, with warm appreciation.*

Of the remarkable intuition with which he was wont to resolve a geographical puzzle, a single instance—as it deals with a curious piece of geographical scandal—may be quoted. In the years following 1860 the countries lying between the then Russian frontier and our own were the object of very keen interest to geographers, the political rivalry underlying this interest being not less keen. Accordingly, much surprise was felt in this country at the discovery that there existed at the Russian War Office a narrative of exploration in those countries by a certain German baron, said to have been in the employ of the Indian Government. The authenticity of the narrative was warmly maintained by Russian geographers, but it was proved that no such person as the traveller in question had been in the service of the Indian Government, and on other counts the narrative was pronounced here, by Sir H. Rawlinson and Lord Strangford, to be a forgery.

It was, however, a circumstantial story, and its geography agreed with the map published from Jesuit sources by Klaproth. Along with this document there was another, purporting to be a translation (by Klaproth) of a Chinese traveller; while a collection of papers of similar tenure, which had been sold by him for a large sum to our Foreign Office, came to light about the same time. Colonel Yule, on close examination of the positions of places in Klaproth's map, observed a uniformity of error founded evidently on some principle, and finally discovered that certain of the separate squares on which, according to the Chinese practice, the map had been originally drawn, had first been omitted, putting thereby the longitude of places to the west of the *lacuna*, so caused, too far to the east; then, the error having been discovered, the missing portion had been inserted, and again a certain uniformity of error appeared in the positions; and this last time he discovered that this portion of the map, when being inserted, had been accidentally turned round in an angle of 90° (making east north, and north

* The *Bollettino della Società Geografica Italiana* for March 1890 contains an eloquent tribute of affectionate regard, along with a very high estimate of Henry Yule's geographical achievements, from the very competent pen of Professor Giglioli.

west, and so on), an accident possibly due to the fact that on Chinese maps the names are written perpendicularly instead of horizontally. And, in conclusion, as the positions thus falsified in the map agreed with those given to the places in the narratives in question, the latter were evidently fictitious, and but too clearly from the pen of the able geographer who was probably the only person capable of having concocted them!

The errors, honest enough as far as the map was concerned, affected our own atlases during many years.*

The introduction by Colonel Yule to Captain Gill's *River of Golden Sand* † brings a mass of lucid research to bear on the vast river system which, originating on the plateaux of Eastern Tibet, sends its streams either eastward through China, or south, in long parallel courses, to the Indian Ocean. The whole question, of great difficulty owing to the inaccessible and little known character of the region, had occupied his mind for many years; the distinguished French explorer of the Mekong, Francis Garnier, being one of his many sympathetic correspondents.

After his wife's death, in 1875, Colonel Yule returned to England, where he was very warmly welcomed, and was at once placed on the Indian Council. Although not many years after this he was attacked by the wasting disease to which he eventually succumbed, we find but little diminution, up to the last, in his recorded work, while the amount of unrecorded work, friendly help given, often under the heavy pressure of physical prostration, to the literary labours of others, was very great; his keen appreciation, in fact, of such labour attracted his sympathy irresistibly to the workers themselves. And his interest in all else that life had to offer—in art, in politics, in discovery, in social and philanthropic movements, in the welfare of his friends—continued to the last unabated.

His second marriage, in 1877—to Mary Wilhelmina, daughter of Mr Fulwar Skipwith, late of the Bengal C.S.—brought into his life an episode of hardly four years' domestic happiness, unclouded, save by the anxiety caused by his wife's delicate health; and he lost

* See *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* for 1872, vol. xliv., and Introduction to Wood's *Journey to the Source of the River Oxus*, new edition, 1872. Murray.

† Murray.

her just when his own health was declining, and his need of such companionship the greater.

Among other subjects of interest to him in these latter years, the Hakluyt Society had naturally a prominent place, its objects corresponding closely to the line which he had made more especially his own; and not a few of the merits of various works by others in that series have been due, as their authors would willingly admit, to the help he so ungrudgingly gave. His own last work in the series, *The Diary of Sir William Hedges*, to which he devoted much of his latest energies—poured out like the profuse flowering of a dying tree—overflowed into a third volume, which contains, *inter alia*, a mass of curious documentary material towards a biography of Thomas Pitt, grandfather of the first Lord Chatham, and of “Pitt Diamond” celebrity—the story of that famous stone being given at length. It was but very shortly before his death that he resigned the Presidency of this Society, and sent for his accomplished fellow-labourer, Mr Clements Markham, to express the hope that he would succeed him there. He was, naturally, an honoured member and Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, and an Honorary Fellow of our own Scottish Geographical Society. He received the LL.D. degree from the University of Edinburgh at its tercentenary commemoration. He was also President, till his health failed, of the Asiatic Society, and was wont to urge its claims for support from all interested in our Eastern Empire.

He was always on the look out for fresh materials for a second edition or supplement to his *Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases, and of Kindred Terms*,† which appeared in 1886, the compilation of which, apart from the sense of exhaustion which work produced, had been to him, as he says in the touching dedication to his brother, “*trium fermè lustrorum oblectamentum et solatium.*” Each of the terms is used as a peg whereon to hang the quaint medley of illustrations and references collected in his miscellaneous reading, and stored till wanted in the chambers of an unflinching memory. The book was begun in connection with Dr Arthur Burnell, and owes much to his great philological knowledge; but he died soon after it was commenced, and some seven-eighths of the volume is Colonel Yule’s. The book is far less known, and its merits less appreciated, than they deserve to be.

In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* his articles on "Sir John Mandeville" and on "Prester John" are exhaustive, and good examples of his style of work, and the paper on "Lhasa" is also valuable.*

He was singularly happy in the composition of monumental and other inscriptions; and, in a very different line, in his poetical effusions, sometimes grave, but others highly humorous, and occasionally in good Scotch. He had begun shortly before his death to collect his fugitive pieces, with sketches and photographs illustrating them, and it is to be hoped some instalment of these may see the light before long.

The humorous verses, and the inscriptions referred to, recall two marked features in his character; a deep seriousness, with occasional despondency, and for antidote a keen and delightful humour, never far from the surface in his conversation or his writings. And he appreciated humour in others, so long as it was free from cynicism or unkindliness; this revolted him, for he had great delicacy of feeling, and a warm and tender heart, with a ready sympathy for real sorrow, though small patience for the unreal or conventional. If he was vehement in assertion, and scathing in denunciation of all that to him seemed mean, or false, or unjust, this came mainly from the old Scottish sense of the seriousness of life, and of the importance, in all things, of being on the side of truth and right. For personally his simplicity and humility were alike marked and touching, though his presence had all the personal dignity of one who knew he had long and steadily followed a lofty ideal. He had a large capacity for friendship, and in his rooms the walls, and even the doors, were covered with the portraits of his principal friends, as also with a very interesting and complete collection he had made of portraits of the Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief of India.

It was only a few months before his death that he resigned his place on the Indian Council, which the kindness and consideration of his colleagues had enabled him to retain far longer than he could otherwise have done. Here his services had long been valued, not only for the extent of his knowledge, and his clearness of perception, but from the spirit and tone in which he was wont to

* For a fuller list of his contributions to literature, see the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for February 1890.

handle public questions. And, indeed, by many who knew but little of him from the scientific side, he will be long remembered as an example of chivalrous integrity, and for his consistent and often fiery protests against all that was unworthy and base.

As a striking instance of the clearness of a strong mind amid the final prostration of the body, I may quote the dying reply—instinct with more than the old Roman's dignity, while resting on a higher faith—which he dictated in Latin to the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, which had just made him a Corresponding Member.

“Reddo gratias, illustrissimi domini, ob honores tanto nimios quanto immeritos. Mihi robora deficiunt, vita collabitur, accipiatis voluntatem pro facto. Cum corde pleno et gratissimo moriturus vos, illustrissimi domini, saluto.—YULE.”

The following sympathetic commentary on these words appeared in the *Academy* of March 29, 1890, over the signature “D. M.”:—

“*Moriturus vos saluto.*”

Breathes his last the dying scholar—
Tireless student, brilliant writer ;
He “salutes his age,” and journeys
To the undiscovered country.

There await him with warm welcome
All the heroes of old story—
The Venetians, the Ca Polo,
Marco, Nicolo, Mappeo,
Odoric of Pordenone,
Ibn Batuta, Marignolli,
Benedict de Goës—“Seeking
Lost Cathay and finding heaven.”
Many more whose lives he cherished,
With the piety of learning ;
Fading records, buried pages,
Failing lights and fires forgotten,
By his energy recovered,
By his eloquence rekindled.

“*Moriturus vos saluto.*”

Breathes his last the dying scholar,
And the far-off ages answer :
“*Immortales te salutant.*”

He died at his residence in London on the 30th December 1890.