

***HOWARD CARTER,
ARTHUR
CRUTTENDEN
MACE***



***THE DISCOVERY
OF TUTANKHAMUN'S
TOMB***

Howard Carter, Arthur Cruttenden Mace

The Discovery of Tutankhamun's Tomb

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THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON.

From a Photograph by F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S.

Dedication

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*With the full sympathy of my collaborator, Mr. Mace, I
dedicate this account of the discovery of the tomb of Tut
• ankh • Amen to the memory of my beloved friend and
colleague*

LORD CARNARVON

who died in the hour of his triumph.

But for his untiring generosity and constant encouragement our labours could never have been crowned with success. His judgment in ancient art has rarely been equalled. His efforts, which have done so much to extend our knowledge of Egyptology, will ever be honoured in history, and by me his memory will always be cherished.

INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE LORD CARNARVON

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By Lady Burghclere

If it is true that the whole world loves a lover, it is also true that either openly or secretly the world loves Romance. Hence, doubtless, the passionate and farflung interest aroused by the discovery of Tut•ankh•Amen's tomb, an interest extended to the discoverer, and certainly not lessened by the swift tragedy that waited on his brief hour of triumph. A story that opens like Aladdin's Cave, and ends like a Greek myth of Nemesis cannot fail to capture the imagination of all men and women who, in this workaday existence, can still be moved by tales of high endeavour and unrelenting doom. Let it be gratefully acknowledged by those to whom Carnarvon's going must remain an ever-enduring sorrow, that the sympathy displayed equalled the excitement evoked by the revelations in The Valley of the Kings. It is in thankful response to that warm-hearted sympathy that this slight sketch of a many-sided personality, around whom such emotions have centred, finds place here as introduction to the history of that discovery to which the discoverer so eagerly devoted his energies and ultimately sacrificed his life.

To those who knew Lord Carnarvon, there is a singular fitness in the fact that he should have been the hero of one of the most dramatic episodes of the present day, since under the quiet exterior of this reticent Englishman, beat, in truth, a romantic heart. The circumstances of his life had undoubtedly fostered the natural bent of his character. Born on June 26th, 1866, George Edward Stanhope Molyneux Herbert, Lord Porchester, enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being reared in an atmosphere coloured by romance and permeated by a fine simplicity. Nor was he less happy in his outward surroundings. Even when matched against the many "stately homes of England," Highclere must rank as a domain of rare beauty. Much of its charm is due to its contrasted scenery. From the close-cropped lawns, shaded by giant cedars of Lebanon, where in a past century Pope sat and discoursed with his friend, Robert Caroline Herbert, the godson and namesake of George II's queen, the transition is brief to thickets of hawthorn, woods of beech and oak, and lakes, the happy haunts of wildfowl; while all around stand the high downs either densely timbered or as bare and wild as when the Britons built their camp of refuge on Beacon Hill, the great chalk bastion that dominates the country-side. To children nurtured on Arthurian legends it needed little mental effort to translate the woodlands, where they galloped their ponies, into the Forest of Broceliande, or the old monkish fishponds, where they angled for pike and gathered water-lilies, into that magic mere which swallowed up the good blade Excalibur; whilst a mound rising from a distant gravel-pit merely required the

drawbridge, erected by the obliging house carpenter across its surrounding trickle of water, to become Tintagel.

If, as any Catholic priest would assure us, the indelible impressions on the human mind are those stamped in the earliest years, Porchester graduated in a school of Romance and Adventure. Moreover, hereditary influences combined with environment to give an individual outlook on life. The son of two high-minded parents who were ever striving to give practical effect to their ideals for the benefit of others, there was nothing to unlearn in the early education. Indeed, it can confidently be asserted that, throughout his childhood, the curly-headed little boy neither heard nor witnessed anything that “common was or mean” The village, the household, were members of the family. It was the feudal, the patriarchal system at its best, the dreams of “Young England” realized. For the law that governed the community at Highclere was the law of kindness, though kindness that permitted no compromise with moral laxity. An amusing commentary on the standards recognized as governing—or at any rate expected to govern—home life, was furnished on one occasion by the children’s nurse. One of her nurslings, thoroughly scared by the blood-curdling descriptions of Hell, and Hell-fire, contained in a horrible little religious primer, “The Peep o’ Day” (now mercifully discarded by later generations) administered to her by an injudicious governess, naturally turned to the beloved “Nana” for consolation. She did not seek in vain. “Don’t worry, dearie, over such tales,” said the good old woman, “no one from Highclere Castle will ever go to Hell!”

By common consent, Porchester's father, the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, was regarded as a statesman who had never allowed ambition to deflect him by a hair's breadth from the path mapped out by a meticulous conscience. But although he had resigned from the Derby-Disraeli Government rather than support the Franchise Bill of 1867, he was the reverse of a reactionary. Both in imperial and social schemes he was far in advance of most of his contemporaries on both sides in politics. Indeed, it is interesting to speculate how much of blood and treasure would have been spared to this country if the measures and judgment of this truly Conservative statesman had commanded the support of the Cabinets and party with which he was connected. Little boys are not interested in politics—except in lighting bonfires to celebrate successful elections— but whatever are the eventual developments, environment and heredity are the bedrock whence character is hewn. The fifth Earl of Carnarvon—the archaeologist—in his physical and mental “makeup,” to use the modern phrase, did not recall his father. But it was from the latter that he inherited the quality of independent thought, coupled with an extreme pleasure in putting his mind alongside that of other men. Moreover, the power of scholarly concentration which he brought to bear on the many and varied subjects in which he was interested, was certainly part of the paternal heritage, for the fourth Earl was one of the finest classical scholars of his generation. Indeed, there are those still living who can bear witness to his faultless Latin oration as Viceroy at Trinity College, Dublin, and remember his

admission, when pressed, that he could as easily have made the speech in Greek.

In 1875 a shadow fell across the boy's life. His mother died after giving birth to a third daughter. The shadow was destined to be enduring, since Evelyn Stanhope, Lady Carnarvon, was one of those rare women who are in the world and yet not of it, and the want of her clever sympathy was a lifelong loss to Porchester. His whimsical wit and her keen sense of humour were made for mutual understanding. She would have helped him to overcome the ingrained reserve, which it needed the action of years to wear away, at the outset interpreting an unusual character to the world, and the world to her son.

Even when the surviving parent is as devoted a father as was Lord Carnarvon, it is perhaps unavoidable that the mother's death should bring an element of austerity into children's lives, though it also tends, as it certainly did in this instance, to tighten the links between brother and sisters. After their mother's death, Porchester, or "Porchy" as he was then habitually called, and the little girls were, however, unspeakably blessed in the devoted affection lavished upon them by their father's sisters Lady Gwendolen Herbert and Eveline, Lady Portsmouth. The former was a delicate invalid around whose sofa young and old clustered, secure of sympathy in sorrow or in joy. The fact that an unhappy chance had cheated her of her share of youth's fun and gaiety made her the more intent on securing these for the motherless children, in whose lives she realized her own life. She was the natural interpreter when vengeance threatened to follow on chemical experiments resulting in

semi-asphyxiating and wholly malodorous vapours, or when excursions amongst water-taps sent cataracts of water down the Vandycks. The schoolroom discipline of the 'seventies was not conceived on Montessori lines. The extreme mildness of Lady Gwendolen's rule did not always commend itself to tutors and governesses. They recalled that a spear, which at his earnest entreaty she had bestowed on Porchy, was fleshed in a valuable engraving; while another of her gifts, a large saw, was regarded as so dangerous that it became "tabu" and hung suspended by a broad blue ribbon, a curious ornament on the schoolroom wall. Nor can it be denied that to present a small boy with half-a-crown to console him for breaking a window is a homœopathic method of education, which would excite protests from pastors and teachers of any age. But despite her unflinching indulgence, her influence was never enervating. It is what we are, not our sayings, and still less our scoldings, that count with those keen-eyed critics, the younger generation. Naughtiness in Gwendolen's neighbourhood was unthinkable. In her own person she so endeared the quality of gentleness—not a virtue always popular with the young of the male sex—that Porchy's sisters and small half brothers never suffered from roughness at his hands. A tease he was, a terrific tease then and to the end of life, in sober middle-age getting the same rapture from a "rise" out of his friends or family as a fifth-form school boy. But the strand of gentleness that ran through his nature was not its least attaching quality, fostered in those early days by the one effectual method of education, the example of those we love.

Long years afterwards when her nephew laid Lady Gwendolen to rest at Highclere, he reverted with grateful tenderness to the memories, the lessons of that selfless love. "What a blank," he wrote, would the absence of "that little figure in grey" mean to him at the family gatherings, the christenings, the weddings, where her presence carried him back to all the lovely memories of childhood.

Never robust, it is doubtful whether Lord Carnarvon would have accomplished even his brief span of life but for the part played in his boyhood by Lady Portsmouth and her home, Eggesford, which became his second home. The England of the seventies was still an age of hermetically closed windows, overheated rooms, comforters and—worst horror of all—respirators. Fortunately for the boy, Lady Portsmouth, a pioneer in many phases of work and thought, was a strenuous advocate of open air. The delicate, white-faced child, after a couple of months spent in hunting and out-of-door games with the tribe of cousins in North Devon, was transformed into a hardy young sportsman. At Eggesford horses and hounds were as much the foreground of life as politics and books at Highclere. "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" replaced "Marmion," though it was "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe" that Lady Portsmouth read aloud to the family in the cherished evening hour, the climax of the busy, happy day at Eggesford. Different as the two houses might appear, they were, however, alike in essentials. They owned the same ethics, they acknowledged the same standards. Highclere could not be called conventional. But Eggesford, in a country which before the advent of the motor preserved much of the flavour of the past, was

distinctly unconventional. The meets brought into the field a motley assembly of men, boys, horses and ponies, such as probably outside Ireland could have been collected in no other corner of the United Kingdom. Of these not the least individual figure was Lord Portsmouth, probably the most popular M.F.H. in England. Seldom, indeed, can goodwill to men of goodwill have been more clearly writ large on a human countenance than on this great gentleman's, whose very raciness of expression only the more endeared him to the Hunt.

In later life Lord Carnarvon's friends often noted with amusement his fondness for those they describe as "quaint personalities." It may be that this taste owed its origin to those holiday hours spent waiting for the fox in spinneys, and by larch woods dappled with the early greenery of the incomparable West Country spring-tide. Perhaps it was there also that he received lessons in a less facile art than the observation of the quaint and curious. The perfect ease of friendship, a friendship that excludes alike patronage and familiarity, was the keynote of the old M.F.H.'s intercourse with man, woman, and child on those mornings. It was much the same keynote that governed Lord Carnarvon's relations with persons whose circumstances and mentality might seem to set a wide distance between them. Those who travelled with him on his annual journey—or progress rather—from Paddington to Highclere at Christmas can never forget the warmth of greetings his presence called forth in the railway employees of all grades, from inspectors to engine-drivers. The festival gave them and gave him an opportunity of expressing their feeling, their genuine feeling

for one another. It is no exaggeration to say that it was a moving scene, singularly appropriate to the celebration of the great family feast of the year.

A private school and Eton are the successive steps which automatically prepare a boy in Porchester's position for a future career. His private school was not happily chosen. It subsisted on its former reputation, and neither diet nor instruction was up to the mark, but he was at least fortunate in emerging alive from an epidemic of measles, which the boys created by pouring jugs of cold water on each other when uncomfortably feverish.

To the end Eton retained in his eyes that glamour which marks the true Etonian, and his tutor, Mr. Marindin, shared in that affection. Yet it was something of a misfortune that school did nothing for the formation of methodical habits in a boy endowed with an exceptionally fine memory and unusual quickness. It would, for instance, have been a blessing if an expensive- education had taught him to answer his letters. Thus, on one occasion, literary circles rang with the wrathful denunciations of a distinguished critic, who had vainly applied to Lord Carnarvon, as heir to the eighteenth-century Lord Chesterfield, for information regarding that statesman's relations with Montesquieu. It was known that the author of "L'Esprit des Lois" had visited either Chesterfield House or Bretby, where it was presumed that some trace of the visit might be found. On inquiry it transpired that Lord Carnarvon had spent hours, if not days, searching the library at Bretby, a library collected entirely by Lord Chesterfield, for any vestiges of Montesquieu. But the search having proved vain, it had not occurred to

Carnarvon to send a postcard to that effect—if only to point out how much trouble he had taken on an unknown stranger's behalf.

Before he left home for school, tutors and governesses had pronounced Porchy to be idle; and probably, as in the case of most active young creatures, it was no easy task to hold his sustained attention. Yet, judged by the less exacting standards of the present day, a child of ten would now scarcely be considered backward who was bilingual—French being the language used with mother and teachers—was possessed of a fair knowledge of German, the Latin Grammar, and the elements of Greek, and sang charmingly to the old tin kettle of a schoolroom piano. Labels are fatal things. Once labelled idle it is the pupil and not the instructor who earns the blame. Perhaps also the perfection of the father's scholarship was a stumbling-block to the son. It is one of life's little ironies, on which schoolmasters should ponder, that a man destined to reveal a whole chapter of the Ancient World to the twentieth century, frankly detested the classics as taught at Eton.

The fourth Earl was too sensible to insist on his son pursuing indefinitely studies doomed to failure. Porchester left Eton early to study with a tutor at home and abroad what would now be called the "modern side." The amount of strenuous scientific work achieved in the little laboratory by the side of the lake at Highclere or during walking tours through the Black Forest was probably small; but at any rate these two *wanderjahren* left him in possession of a store of miscellaneous information seldom accumulated by the average schoolboy—the very material to stimulate his

natural versatility. Some months were spent at Embleton under the tuition of the future Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, to whose memory he remained much attached. Work with crammers in England and at Hanover with a view to entering the army formed the next phase. The project of a military career, however, proved evanescent; and in 1885 Lord Dorchester was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was characteristic that being struck with the beauty of the panelling in his college rooms, he offered the authorities to have the many coats of paint disfiguring the woodwork scraped off and the rooms restored at his own expense—an offer unfortunately refused. Collecting was not then the universal mania it has now become, but the undergraduate was father to the man who was eventually regarded as a court of appeal by the big dealers in London. But long before Cambridge curiosity shops had been his happy hunting grounds. As a little lad, besides the stereotyped properties of the average schoolboy, the inevitable stamp album, and a snake—the latter housed for a whole term at Eton in his desk—when he had a few shillings to spare, blue and white cups, or specimens of cottage china, would be added to his store of treasures. He was still at Cambridge when he began collecting French prints and drawings, notably the Bops drawings, now highly valued by connoisseurs, then bought for a few francs.

Nevertheless, at this period, sport rather than antiquities was the main interest of the young man's life, and it is to be feared that he was more often seen at Newmarket than at lectures. His father had recently built a villa on the Italian Riviera, at Porto Fino, a lonely promontory, then absolutely

remote from tourists, as a deep chasm in the high road leading to the little seaport formed an effectual barrier to communications, save by sea, with the outer world, As a means of locomotion Porchester acquired a sailing boat, and therewith acquired a passion for the water. The Mediterranean is not the halcyon lake it is sometimes painted by northern imagination. Indeed, Lerici, with its tragic memories of Shelley, is a warning, almost within view of Porto Fino, of the risks that attend on the mariner who neglects to shorten sail when a sudden gust sweeps down from the over-hanging mountains. These squalls more than once nearly brought about the end of the young "milord," the Italian boatmen having a tiresome habit, at such crises, of falling on their knees to invoke the Madonna, while Porchester and his stolid English servant were left unassisted to bring the boat to harbour.

To the born adventurer the zest of adventure lies in its flavour of danger, and it was the hazards run on these excursions that inoculated him with the love of seafaring. When he left Cambridge in 1887 he at once embarked in a sailing yacht for a cruise round the world, and hence forward it may be said that the lure of adventure never ceased to haunt him. From Vigo he sailed to the Cape Verde Islands, the West Indies, paused at Pernambuco, and then let drive for 42 days on end through the great solitude of the tropical seas till he brought up at Rio. It was on this voyage that he acquired the passion for reading, which was to be the mainstay of his existence, a gain which was cheaply purchased at the cost of those long months spent under the Southern Cross. He was wont to say that, fond as

he was of sport and motoring, he would gladly never stir out of his chair if only when he finished one absorbing book, another equally absorbing could drop into his hands. Thus, the curtain being rung down on his academic studies, the once idle undergraduate flung himself with avidity into the pursuit of knowledge, and especially of History, certain periods of which he studied with the meticulous research of a professor preparing a course of lectures.

Life on board the *Aphrodite* was not, however, solely dedicated to placid readings of successive series of improving tomes. There are bound to be pleasant and unpleasant episodes on a long voyage and the young man had his fill of both. In a high gale, while the captain lay unconscious and delirious. Porchester took command, and luck and a good first mate being with him, brought the yacht safe to land. Again, when one of the crew injured himself, and the ship's doctor was forced to operate, it was Porchester who, his finger on the man's pulse, administered the chloroform with the neatness and calm of a professional anaesthetist. At Buenos Aires, then in the floodtide of prosperity, with two Italian Opera companies performing nightly to Argentine millionaires, the young Englishman met with a cordial welcome from all classes of the community, native and foreign alike. In the style of the traditional "milord" he feasted the President on the *Aphrodite* —the first yacht to cast anchor in Argentine waters —while he also made friends with men of business, the Admiral commanding the British Squadron and the Italian Opera singers. He rather plumed himself on the latter company having once called on him to replace their missing

accompanist at a rehearsal; he admitted—for he loved telling a story against himself—that the request was never repeated, as he insisted on taking the artists according to his, rather than according to their, notion of time.

Of all these acquaintances and friendships Admiral Kennedy's undoubtedly was the most valuable, since it was thanks to his vigorous remonstrances that Porchester finally abandoned his projected journey through the Straits of Magellan, which, at the wrong time of year and in a sailing boat, the admiral declared to be suicidal. The complete tour of the world planned by Porchester therefore failed, but the journey was rich in experiences of all kinds to a young man fresh from college.

From Buenos Aires, Porchester returned in somewhat leisurely manner homewards. Many of the places he visited were *terra incognita* to the Englishman of that date, and even now are unfamiliar to the average tourist. In the Great War he was one of the few people able to give a first-hand description of the scene of the battle at the Falkland Islands, where he had predicted that the decisive fight for the control of the South Atlantic must take place.

From these early travels he brought back, however, something more than acquaintance with the waste places of the earth, beautiful scenery or strange types of humanity. In these wanderings he also saw something of the elemental conditions of life, where a man's hand must needs keep his head, an experience too often denied to the rich man of our latter-day civilization. A bibliophile, a collector of china and drawings and, indeed, of all things rare and beautiful, with a fine taste intensified by observation and study, his happiest

hours were probably those when the unsought adventure called for rapid decision and prompt action. But it should be understood that the adventure must be unsought, for no one was ever less cast in the mould of a Don Quixote. His courage was of that peculiar calm variety which means a pleasurable quickening of the pulse in the hour of danger.

On one occasion in his youth he hired a boat to take him somewhere off the coast to his ship lying far out to sea. He was alone, steering the little bark rowed by a couple of stalwart fishermen. Suddenly, when far removed from land, and equally distant from his goal, the two ruffians gave him the choice between payment of a large sum or being pitched into the water. He listened quietly, and motioned to them to pass his dressing-bag. They obeyed, already in imagination fingering the English "Lord's" ransom. The situation was, however, reversed when he extracted, not a well-stuffed pocket-book, but a revolver, and pointing it at the pair sternly bade them row on, or he would shoot. The chuckle with which he recalled what was to him an eminently delectable episode, still remains with his hearer.

Truth compels his biographer to admit that he did not always emerge so triumphantly from his adventures. His next long journey was to South Africa. From Durban he wrote to the present writer, announcing his intention to go elephant hunting; and hunting he went, but the parts of hunter and hunted were reversed. Accompanied by a single black, he lay in wait in the jungle for an elephant, and in due course the beast made his appearance. Porchester, generally an admirable shot, fired and missed him, and after a time, seeing no more of his quarry, slid down the tree

where he was perched, intending to amble quietly homewards. To do this, he had to cross a piece of bare veldt which cut the forest in two. He was well in the middle of this shelterless tract, when he perceived that he was being stalked by the elephant, saw' he had no time to re-load, and took to his heels with a speed he had never imagined he could compass. His rifle, his cartridge pouch, his glasses, his coat were all flung away as he ran for dear life, with the vindictive beast pounding on behind him. To him, as to the Spaniard, haste, on foot at least, had always been of the devil. Yet now, with life as the goal, it was he who won the race. He reached the friendly jungle, again climbed a tree and was saved. To be chased by an elephant and escape, he was afterwards told, was a more unusual feat than to bring one down to his gun. Eventually, he became one of the half-dozen best shots in England, but never again did he go elephant hunting.

The journey to South Africa was followed by another to Australia and Japan, whence Porchester returned in the early summer of 1890, happily just in time to be with his father, during Lord Carnarvon's last illness mid death.

The new lord was only 23 when he entered on his heritage, and save that his passion for sport kept him at Highclere and Bretby during the shooting season, and his love of the Opera for a few weeks in London during the summer, he remained constant to his love of travel. He would suddenly dash off to Paris or Constantinople, Sweden, Italy or Berlin, for long or short periods, returning home equally unexpectedly, having collected pictures and books and any number of acquaintances and friends, some of

whose names, unfamiliar then, have since loomed as large in the world's history as they did in the young traveller's tales. Not that at this phase he was unduly communicative. He rather affected the allusive style, as "when I saw the chief of the Mafia in Naples"—a style eminently adapted to whet curiosities which he would then smilingly put by, to the despair of a hearer who naturally wished to know how he came across that mysterious potentate. His sense of fun made him more explicit with regard to his efforts to achieve acquaintance with another lurid character. This was no other than the late Sultan "Abdul the Damned," with whom during one of his visits to Constantinople, Carnarvon was seized with a desire to obtain an interview. Carnarvon's wardrobe was never his strong point. He had no uniform, but he furbished up a yacht jacket with extra brass buttons and hoped his attire would pass muster with the Chamberlain's department. His name having been submitted through the Embassy to the proper quarters, he was informed that an equerry and a carriage would convey him to the Yildiz Kiosk. On the appointed day the official made his appearance wearing, however, an embarrassed air, for he had to explain that H.M., though profoundly desolated, found himself unable to receive his lordship. "Perhaps another day?"—"No, the Sultan feared no other day was available, but as a slight token of his esteem, he begged Lord Carnarvon's acceptance of the accompanying high order." Carnarvon declined the order, which he would certainly never have worn, and was left equally vexed and puzzled. It took some time to arrive at any explanation, but at last this was achieved.

His father, the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, had travelled extensively in Turkey, with the result that he retained a profound horror of the misgovernment of that unhappy country and an equally profound sympathy for the persecuted Christian races. He became the Chairman of the Society for the Protection of the Armenians and was regarded as one of their chief sympathizers. This was known to Abdul, though neither he nor his ministers had realized that this Lord Carnarvon was dead, and that a young man, bearing his name indeed, but otherwise not having inherited his political views or influence, was the English lord who had requested an audience of the Sultan. Abdul lived in perpetual dread of assassination, and in especial of assassination by one of the race he had so cruelly persecuted. He therefore jumped to the conclusion that Lord Carnarvon had asked for an interview with the purpose of killing him, and firmly declined to allow the supposed desperado to enter his presence. Lovers of history, like Carnarvon, are anxious to come face to face with those who, for good or ill, are the makers of history. Consequently he was genuinely disappointed at the failure to see one of the ablest though most sinister of these latter-day figures. But the notion of his father, of all men, being regarded as a potential murderer was too ludicrous not to outweigh the vexation, and he frequently had a quiet laugh over this side of the story.

In later life, when he was largely thrown into their company, "The Lord," or "Lordy" as he was called by the Egyptians, contrived to establish more points of contact with Orientals of all classes from pasha to fellah than is usually

possible to the Western man. But indeed he had an undeniable charm, which, when he chose to exert it, attracted the confidence of men and women all the world over. An instance in point which also illustrates the mingled shrewdness and whimsicality of his character concerned a visit to California. On his way thither he paused in New York, where he had promised a friend he would try to obtain information respecting a certain commercial undertaking. The fashion in which he sought for information was, to say the least, highly original. For it was of his hair-cutter that he inquired as to the person in control of the venture. The hair-cutter having proved, strange to say, able to enlighten him on the subject. Lord Carnarvon wrote a note to the financier in question requesting an interview. In due course he was received by a typical captain of industry, with eyes like gimlets and a mouth like a steel trap, who must have admired the candour of the stray Englishman asking him straight out for advice. The magnate listened courteously to his request for information and then unequivocally urged him on no account to touch the stocks. Carnarvon looked hard at him, thanked him, and went straight off to the telegraph office, where he cabled instructions to buy. He then departed to California, where he fished rapturously—he delighted in all varieties of sport—for tarpon. Six weeks later he returned to New York to find that the shares had soared upwards, and that his city friend was in ecstasies at the profit made owing to Carnarvon's decision. He then asked for another interview with the financier, and was again chilly received. This time, Carnarvon explained that he felt he could not leave America without returning thanks for advice

which had proved so profitable that it had defrayed the expenses of a very costly trip. His magnate stared and exclaimed, "But Lord Carnarvon, I advised you *against* buying." "Oh, yes, I know you said that, but of course I saw that you wished me to understand the reverse." There was a moment's pause and then the great man burst into a roar of laughter, held out his hand and said, "Pray consider this house your home whenever you return to America." "And was your captain of industry the most interesting person you met on that journey?" his hearer inquired. "Oh dear no!" was the characteristic reply, "the most interesting man by far was the brakesman on the railway cars to California. I spent hours talking with him."

In 1894 Lord Carnarvon chartered the steam yacht *Catarina*, and in company with his friend Prince Victor Duleep Singh again visited South America. On his return in the summer of 1895 on his 29th birthday he married Miss Almina Wombwell. The marriage was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster; the wedding breakfast took place at Lansdowne House. All was sumptuous. The very pretty bride might well have sat as a model to Greuze, and the bridegroom's singular air of distinction was no less marked than her good looks. Moreover, he had been persuaded to order and to wear a frock coat for the great occasion. But when they set off for Highclere with its triumphal arches and its cheering tenants, the bride herself wearing rose-coloured gauze bespangled with emeralds and diamonds, Lord Carnarvon thankfully reverted to his straw hat and his favourite blue serge jacket, which the devoted old housekeeper, his mother's maid, had (much to her own

scandal) darned that selfsame morning! The funny little detail was eminently characteristic, for though his fastidious taste welcomed all that made for the refinements of existence, with regard to himself he preserved intact his own curious simplicity.

During the next eight or ten years the couple lived the usual life, as it was lived in those cheerful pre-war days, of young folk whose lot has been cast in pleasant places. In 1898, much to their rejoicing, a son, Henry. Lord Porchester, was born to them, followed in 1901 by a daughter, Evelyn, destined to become her father's dearest friend and close companion in the last eventful and fatal journey to Egypt.

About 1890 Lord Carnarvon took up racing in which he soon became deeply interested, for he was incapable of giving half-hearted attention to any business or pursuit. Ultimately his main interest lay in his stud farm where he was considered fortunate. He won some of the big races; many of the Ascot stakes, the Steward's Cup at Goodwood, the Doncaster Cup and the City and Suburban He was a member of the Jockey Club.

Undoubtedly, especially as he grew older, the human element accounted for a large proportion of the entertainment he derived from the Turf. Apart from his friendships with those of his own world, he was genuinely interested in the many "quaint personalities" known: to him, one and all, by nicknames he never forgot, and into whose domestic lives, joys and anxieties he was initiated. When the spare figure, unmistakably that of a gentleman, appeared in the paddock or on the racecourse, wearing a unique sort of low-crowned felt hat, of a shape never seen

on any head but his, his throat in all weathers muffled in a yellow scarf, and shod, whatever the smartness of the meeting, with brown shoes—"that fellow's d—d brown shoes" as a great personage, noted for his observance of the ritual of dress, once described them—lie could count on a special welcome as peculiar to himself as his dress and his presence.

This is perhaps the place to say something of his friendships, which were indeed an integral part of himself. No man ever laid more to heart Polonius's axioms on that momentous side of life; and undoubtedly it was with "links of steel" that he grappled to himself his "friends and their affections tried" As one of the most distinguished of these writes, "He was a very firm friend. It perhaps took a long time before one was admitted to his friendship, but once admittance was granted it was for always and for ever. Nothing would change or weaken his friendship. Those thus privileged knew well that even if separated for years, the bonds of his friendship existed as strong as ever, and when they met. again, they would be met as if they had never been parted from him." It is, indeed, true that nothing could weaken his friendship. One of the few occasions on which the present writer saw him break down was when he was forced to confess that a very dear friend, recently dead, had abused his confidence. But even then he would not reveal what the offence had been. He jealously guarded the man's reputation, nor, cut to the heart as he was, would he allow the man's dependants to suffer for his fault. It was only years afterward that by a mere chance his hearer was put into possession of the facts, and was enabled to estimate

the magnitude of the injury and the generosity of the injured.

A man who is generous in thought is bound also to be generous in deed. The number of lame dogs he helped over stiles will never be known, for he religiously obeyed the Evangelical precept not to allow his right hand to know what his left hand did. Only occasionally when he felt he could trust his hearer would his sense of humour get the better of his discretion.

Thus, one of his old tenants, whose farm was rented at £727 11s. 4d. a year, for three years in succession brought exactly £27 11s. 4d. to the annual audit, and quite honestly considered that he was entitled to receive a discharge in full. When this happened for the third time, and as evidently the land was going to rack and ruin. Lord Carnarvon felt he must give the man notice. It was not an overrented holding, he anxiously explained, since no sooner was his decision known, than he received an offer of £1,100. "But," he added, "I was so sorry for the poor old fellow, who had spent his life on the place, that I arranged to give him a sort of pension of £250. I thought it would be a comfort." But for the farmer's singular views on the balancing of accounts, which appealed to Carnarvon's sense of humour, the little tale would have remained untold.

The same loyal fidelity which bound his affections in perpetuity to his family, his sisters and brothers and friends, made him an admirable master and a true friend to his servants. He falsified, rather amusingly, the proverb that a man cannot be a hero to his valet. Short of a serious fault, once a man entered his employment, he remained in it for

life, but on the condition that he gave good service. That Lord Carnarvon expected, and that he got. In the same way. being courteous and considerate himself, he expected civility in return. He was seldom disappointed, for, as he said in his last letter to the present writer, "it is wonderful what a little politeness can do." But meeting with rudeness, he could give a rebuke which, for being rather obliquely delivered, was none the less effective. In the war, having occasion to go to one of the Control Departments, he was received by a damsel with "bobbed" hair and bobbed manners who, in a voice of utter scorn, demanded to know on what business he could have come. Since no human being could enter the Department save for the one purpose of obtaining the commodity in which the Control dealt, the question, apart from the fashion in which it was delivered, was an impertinence. In the sweetest of voices, Lord Carnarvon replied, "Of course, I have come to talk to you about the hippopotamus in the Zoo" —after which speech his business was put through in double-quick time.

A fine shot, an owner of race-horses, a singularly well inspired art collector—his privately printed catalogue of rare books is a model of its kind—Lord Carnarvon was also a pioneer of motoring. He owned cars in France before they were allowed in England. In fact, his was the third motor registered in this country, after the repeal of the act making it obligatory for all machine-propelled carriages to be preceded on the high road by a man carrying a red flag. Motoring was bound to appeal to one of his dispositions, and he threw himself with passion into the new sport. He was a splendid driver, well served by his gift—a gift which also

served him in shooting and golf—of judging distances accurately, whilst possessing that unruffled calm in difficulties which often, if not invariably, is the best insurance against disaster.

Though Carnarvon enjoyed a reputation for recklessness he was in reality far too collected and had too much common sense to woo danger. When the present writer reproached him for taking unnecessary risks, he replied : “Do you take me for a fool? In motoring the danger lies round corners, and I never take a corner fast.” This was probably true, but the “best-laid schemes o’ mice and men gang aft a-gley,” and it was on a perfectly straight road that he met with the accident that materially affected his whole life.

It was on a journey through Germany that disaster overtook Carnarvon. Her and his devoted chauffeur, Edward Trotman. who accompanied him on all his expeditions for eight - and - twenty years, had been Hying for many miles along an empty road, ruled with Roman precision through an interminable Teutonic forest, towards Sehwalbach, where Lady Carnarvon was awaiting their arrival. Before them, as behind, the highway still stretched out, when, suddenly, as they crested a rise, they were confronted by an unexpected dip in the ground, so steep as to be invisible up to within 20 yards, and at the bottom, right across the road, were drawn up two bullock carts. Carnarvon did the only thing possible. Trusting to win past, he put the car at the grass margin, but a heap of stones caught the wheel, two tyres burst, the car turned a complete somersault and fell on the driver, while Trotman was flung clear some feet away. Happily for them