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A. Stein







*Dr. K. Tivadar*

IN MEMORIAM  
THEODORE DUKA  
(1825-1908)

BY  
M. AUREL STEIN, K.C.I.E.

(A LECTURE READ BEFORE THE HUNGARIAN ACADEMY  
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## THEODORE DUKA

IT was at the very close of 1910 that the Natural Science Class of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences honoured me with an invitation to deliver the In Memoriam lecture on its late Honorary Member, Surgeon-Colonel Dr. Theodore Duka.

If I hesitated at first to accept this distinction, it was not because the request came from a class different from the one to which I owe my own membership. There is a common bond uniting historical with natural sciences, and my labours of recent years have drawn me into at least one branch of research, geography, which comes within the range of interests of that class. Nor would the fact of my being merely an External Member of the Academy have justified hesitation; for whatever my designation might be, I could never feel myself a stranger in the noble abode of learning, in the immediate vicinity of which I was born, and with which many of the happiest recollections of my early youth are indissolubly associated. The only cause of my hesitation was the doubt whether, burdened with the many heavy tasks which the scientific results of years of successful exploration in Central Asia had thrown upon my shoulders, I should be able to find time for doing full justice on such a solemn occasion to the memory of one in whom I had revered not merely the scholar, soldier, and man of truly noble character, but also the kindest paternal friend.

My apprehension was well founded; for after more than two years have passed, I find myself obliged to write this commemorative account in the extremely scant leisure left between tasks still far from completion and preparations for a new expedition. For the shortcomings which my record must present under such conditions, my conscience finds excuse only in the motives of *pia memoria*. I am anxious to fulfil the wish of your honoured Chief Librarian, Dr. Coloman

de Szily, who, for personal reasons which I had to acknowledge as valid, first urged me to accept this duty. He himself has ever set the loftiest example how to honour the memory of those to whom we owe gratitude and who have passed away before us. Then I feel also that, however inadequate my tribute may be, it ought to come while those who knew Duka longest are still among us to hear it. And finally there is encouragement in the thought that when Duka himself wrote his most notable literary production, the *Life of Csoma de Körös*, his pious devotion to a great memory did not seek to heighten the effect of a noble life's story by rhetoric adornment, nor did it allow itself to be damped by the scantiness of available data.

*Pietas* in its true sense was indeed a strongly-marked feature in Duka's character: pious attachment to those from whose stock he sprang; to the old country in which he was born and had spent his youth; and to all those who had laboured before him in his allotted field of work. In the short biographical notes which he prepared in the evening of his life for his sons, and which the kindness of his family allowed me to see in 1909, he relates with loving care, but also with touching simplicity, the story of the noble family of the Dukas which had had its seat for long centuries at Dukafalu, in the county of Sáros. He spared no trouble to obtain authentic data regarding it from the county archives, and a family tree which thus verified reaches back to the sixteenth century, was specially prepared by him as an heirloom for his descendants in England.

He was born on June 22, 1825, as the son of Francis de Duka of Dukafalu and Kucsin, a country squire as he would have been called in England, and his wife Johanna, daughter of Francis de Szeghy. From his eighth year onwards he received his education in succession at the old Protestant public schools of Sárospatak and Eperjes, where the prevailing system of instruction rested on sound educational traditions, the natural growth of centuries of local development. It was, no doubt, grateful remembrance of the advantages there enjoyed which induced him in his old age to endow scholarships at his old schools. It made him also

particularly appreciative of the boons offered by the college system of the two ancient Universities in England for the education of youths, as distinct from mere instruction in the results and methods of science.

The legal studies with which he concluded his career at the College of Eperjes seem to have been adopted less from any special bent towards legal work than from compliance with the custom of his class and time. But they were pursued both there and at Pesth University with that conscientious thoroughness which distinguished all his work, and they secured him already at the age of twenty-one the full advocate's diploma. At college and university he also formed many personal friendships, some of which outlasted long separations and helped to make him feel at home whenever he returned to Hungary. In 1847 there came to him a valuable opportunity of enlarging his horizon by travel when a friend of his parents, Captain Trangous, a wealthy invalid, who had lost his arm in the Napoleonic wars, invited him to accompany him as private secretary on a journey. It took them through Austrian Poland to Silesia, where the captain underwent a cure at Gräfenberg, and subsequently enabled young Duka to see other parts of Germany and Austria, including Vienna.

The friendship thus established with Captain Trangous was destined soon to influence the young lawyer's career. When the events of February 1848 had brought about the establishment of the new constitutional régime in Hungary, Kossuth, as Minister of Finance, entrusted the control of the Mining Department to Captain Trangous, and the latter lost no time about calling his young friend to a chair in his office. While thus employed at Buda Castle, Duka had himself enrolled in the local battalion of National Guards.

The military operations into which the political complications with Austria developed towards the autumn of that year, carried young Duka to the western border. In the battle of Schwechat he had the chance of showing of what metal he was made. More than one of his ancestors had served king or—pretender. There had been a famous Field-Marshal Duka, and a 'Duka Regiment' was actually

in existence at that time in the Austrian Army. By his distinguished conduct on the battle-field he gained a lieutenant's commission in the Honvéds, and at the same time his appointment as aide-de-camp to General de Görgey.

Henceforth his fate during those memorable struggles of 1848-9 was bound up with the greatest of the Hungarian military leaders. Görgey chose his men with the same masterly judgement as he showed in leading his forces. No record of Duka's work as a soldier could throw more lustre on his memory than the pregnant words of the testimonial with which his venerable chief, the great hero of Hungary's War of Independence, describes his services. I cannot honour Duka's memory better than by quoting verbatim the text of this document which the general wrote down in 1902, in his own 84th year, for his aged companion of battles:

'Theodore Duka, of the II Buda Battalion of 1848 National Guards, was given by me, in my capacity as commander of the "Army of the Upper Danube", a Honvéd Lieutenant's commission already in November 1848, and was at the same time appointed as aide-de-camp to my personal staff. In this special employment he continued to serve until the capitulation, gaining promotion step by step, and being in May 1849 appointed to a Honvéd captaincy.

'In our first battle of Komárom, April 26, 1849, I directed a particularly important position to be occupied by two battalions with orders to defend it to the last. But shaken by the demoralizing effects of heavy artillery fire the battalions before long began to give up their position and to retreat. It was necessary to stop this rearward movement at any price, and that at once.

'At this critical moment my aide-de-camp Theodore Duka was the only officer of my suite at hand. But he immediately recognized what his duty was there. Without waiting for an order, at a moment's decision, he broke through the retiring ranks and rode up to the height from which the battalions had just retired. Where the enemy's round shot was ploughing the ground most closely, there he took up his stand. The example he thus set shamed the



retiring troops, but fortunately also encouraged them ; and I, in order to bring the shaken men to reason, had only to point to the motionless equestrian figure occupying the height.

‘ Theodore Duka earned by this feat the Order of Merit of the Third Class, which he received in due course on my recommendation.’

(Signed) ARTHUR GÖRGEY,

*Budapest: March 1902.*

General.

Duka's position on the staff gave him plenty of opportunities to display his calm courage and decision, and at the storming of Buda he is reported to have greatly distinguished himself with one of the scaling parties. I well remember the large lithographic print illustrating a chief episode of that feat of arms ; but it is characteristic of Duka's modesty and reserve that I never succeeded in eliciting from him any more detailed account of the part he had played himself at the walls of Buda : historical remains which I loved to visit as a boy, now, alas, improved away by modern ‘ progress ’.

But it was not he alone out of the Duka family who during that heroic year of struggle served his country in person. His younger brother Francis, whom a kindly Fate has allowed to survive him and who is still among us, also served with distinction as an officer in the Honvéd army. Theodore Duka, being in General Görgey's immediate entourage, experienced to the full the magnetic personal influence of that great leader of men. With all others who, during that year of noble efforts, with its inspiring successes and inevitable doom, had shared Görgey's fortunes, he retained for the rest of his life unbounded devotion to his leader, deeply admiring the heroism which after the final catastrophe could face calumny lasting for half a century, and all the undeserved suffering which misguided national passion can inflict.

When the sad end had come with the capitulation of Világos, the Russian commander before whom the remnant of the Hungarian field army laid down its arms, allowed General Görgey's personal staff and with it Duka to depart

unmolested. But the Austrian administration engaged in hunting down rebels was not likely to respect any special pledges, if such were ever given, nor were the Russian authorities in a position to extend protection over subordinate officers of Görgey, though they saved the general's life.

Duka recognized clearly that a speedy retreat into exile was the only means of preserving his personal freedom. Weakened by prolonged hardships and exposure, his health gave cause for grave anxiety, and a few months' imprisonment under the tender régime to which the Austrian administration was addicted before and after 1848-9, would have sufficed speedily to relieve young Duka of all earthly troubles. Ill and exhausted he managed to make his way out of Hungary during the first weeks after the capitulation, before the police arrangements of the vindictive conqueror were sufficiently organized to serve the courts-martial with full efficiency. How interesting it would be if Duka had left us a diary of his experiences!

One characteristic episode I remember to have heard him relate, how at Pozsony, at the very border of the kingdom, the civil police recognized in him the fugitive Honvéd officer and took him before the Military Station Staff Officer. Fortunately the latter had served in the Austrian regiment of which Lieutenant Field-Marshal Duka, a close relation of Theodore Duka, had been Honorary Colonel and 'Owner'. He had reason gratefully to remember consideration which F.-M. Duka had shown him—and kind-heartedly he closed an eye and let the young rebel escape from ground which was rapidly becoming too hot for him. How often in those troubled times did good-natured slackness rectify the mistakes of a ruthless system of repression which knew not the wisdom of conciliation coupled with strength in the right place!

Duka succeeded in making his way to Gräfenberg, where sound medical treatment enabled his youthful constitution to overcome in a couple of months a threatening affection of the lungs. But by that time the Austrian police had sufficiently perfected its net to make escape from its meshes difficult for any quondam 'revolutionaries' lurking in Central

Europe ; the German States having all come, more or less, to the Austrian heel. Duka, however, managed to find a temporary hiding-place near Dresden, where a noble-hearted Hungarian lady, Baroness Ackermann, sister to Baron Arpád Lo Presti, and wife of a Saxon army officer, was helping to shelter refugees from her old home and to prepare their escape from Austrian clutches.

Among the few papers of this early period which Duka thought worth preserving, and which in 1909 his widow kindly asked me to sift, there was a curious relic. It is a letter which his father addressed to Duka, hiding under a false name and evidently in very humble surroundings at Pirna, near the Saxon capital. The letter, written in German and manifestly for eventual perusal in any Austrian 'black cabinet', cautiously refers to money sent for certain 'commercial transactions' and urges the recipient to start soon for Leipzig and westwards in their interest if a satisfactory result was to be achieved. I wonder whether the strongly emphasized loyalty of the writer and his pretended satisfaction at the rigorous treatment meted out to all rebels could really have succeeded in deceiving Austrian police suspicions as to the meaning hidden between the lines.

Early in 1850 young Duka succeeded in effecting the 'transaction' so strongly urged by his father, i.e. in transporting his person safely under a false passport to the soil of France. For some months he stayed at Paris, then the chief centre of Hungarian emigrants and other refugees from those parts of Europe which during the two preceding years had been shaken by political upheavals. There he met and formed lasting friendships with other young Hungarian emigrants who were destined soon to rise to distinction—Count Julius Andrásy, Ladislaus de Szalay, Stephen Türr. These names alone suffice to prove that in spite of his youth and his soldierly ardour he expected little good for his downtrodden country from the efforts of those who, taking up the part of professed conspirators, endeavoured to prepare Hungary's liberation with the help of foreign intervention.

The fact is that Duka was a patriotic soldier, but all along retained traditional loyalty to the dynasty. While fighting

as a soldier, he did not stop to ask himself questions as to the policy ruling those whose orders he obeyed. But when their effort had succumbed after all the gallant fighting, his traditional feelings and his strong common sense were bound to attach him to those who by peaceful means hoped to restore their country's constitutional freedom and progress.

But what he, no doubt, felt most at the time was the urgent need of creating for himself a practical field of activity. His strongly developed sense for the realities of life and his equally strong desire of personal independence would not allow him to live on what his parents might be able to spare for him, still less on the charity of revolutionary funds, whatever their origin. Whether it was the hope of more quickly starting anew among an eminently practical nation, or an instinctive sympathy with English ways of life and thought, or the advice of more experienced friends, Duka left Paris in 1850 and betook himself to London in company of the friend who was to become known to fame as General Türr and as one of Garibaldi's most trusted lieutenants.

Duka does not seem to have taken long about the choice of his new career ; for in the same year already we find him enrolled as a medical student at St. George's Hospital, one of the great medical institutions of London, which combines clinical work on a large scale with the functions of a medical college. The assistance which his parents could send him was not great. But Duka, ever a systematic and untiring worker, managed to supplement it by giving instruction in languages to fellow students and others.

England has ever been ready to extend a hospitable welcome to exiles who have suffered for freedom's sake. Owing to the high sympathy which Hungary had then won in England by its brave struggle for constitutional liberty, and which the ill-judged severity of Austrian repression had done more than anything else to strengthen, this effort at self-help on the part of a young man who had won his laurels so early, was probably lightened. In any case there is documentary evidence in a contemporary letter that Duka refused to accept any financial aid from the Hungarian



Emigrants' Fund which kind-hearted friends endeavoured to press upon him.

But besides his capacity for hard, methodical work and his sturdy sense of self-reliance, Duka had been endowed by a kindly fate with another precious gift, the amiable faculty of making friends among those worthy of friendship. While steadily pursuing his medical courses, he, the foreigner, without any influential connexions, soon gained not only the esteem of such severe judges as fellow students usually are, but also a ready welcome to their families. It was thus that Duka was able so rapidly to acquire that intimate familiarity and sympathy with English notions of home life which was to promote so much his own personal happiness.

One among his colleagues and close friends was the son of Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, that distinguished old Anglo-Indian general who after the disastrous events at Kabul in 1841, the tragic climax of the chequered story of the first Afghan war, triumphantly restored the prestige of British power beyond the confines of India, on ground to which classic memories cling ever since Alexander the Great's campaign. The Honourable East India Company, which had built up an Empire for Britain greater than Rome ever ruled, was then in the last years of its existence as a governing body. It had always rightly allowed a good deal of influence in its councils and in its patronage to its retired great servants, both civil and military.

Hence when F.-M. Sir G. Pollock had come to know his son's Hungarian friend, his chivalrous past and his high personal qualities, it was not difficult for him to secure from the Board of Directors a nomination for young Duka, who in 1853 had just obtained his medical diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, as Surgeon on the Establishment of the Bengal Presidency. It was no small gift for Duka, who scarcely more than three years earlier had landed on English soil as a refugee without resources or prospects. It meant an assured future in a medical service of a great past and deservedly high reputation, and opened out chances of important appointments with the certainty of a wide field of useful activity and liberal emoluments.

But among Duka's youthful friendships there was one

which was destined to influence his future life and his personal happiness even more closely than this coveted appointment to what is now merged in the great Indian Medical Service. It was in the sister of his friend and colleague Taylor that he met his future wife, the lady who through fifty-two years of married happiness, far away in India and later at home, was to be for him the most devoted helpmate and the bravest comrade. Her father, the Rev. Charles Taylor, D.D. of Oxford, held the Chancellorship of the Diocese of Hereford, an ecclesiastical appointment of considerable dignity and influence.

The lady, whose affection Duka had won some time before his departure for India, was by inherited high qualities of spirit and character, by personal charm no less than by intellectual gifts, predestined to be the companion of one who all through his life proved the embodiment of brave devotion to duty and noble single-mindedness. Yet I do not think to betray the confidence with which Mrs. Duka has honoured me, by recording that true love's course did not at first run quite smoothly for the young couple. Though they had exchanged their troth before Duka set out for Calcutta, no formal engagement was permitted by Miss Taylor's cautious family. Much as they had come to like the young officer, he was after all a foreigner—and thus his worthiness for the cherished daughter's hand was a matter to be tested with special care. So when young Duka had started, in December 1853, and, stopping at Paris on his way by the overland route, had sent his photograph taken in his handsome uniform to Miss Taylor, she was allowed to retain possession of this attractive gift only on condition that the portrait was to remain on her mantel-piece with its face turned steadily to the wall!

However, perseverance of affection triumphed over all obstacles, and before two years had passed Miss Taylor was allowed to travel out in her turn to Calcutta, where they were happily married in December 1855. Duka, too, had first set his foot on Indian soil at Calcutta, January 14, 1854; and since then had succeeded in establishing his reputation as a rising medical officer and as a capable administrator. His varied culture and attractive person-

ality had secured for him rapidly a wide circle of friends at the Indian capital, where according to the administrative routine of those days he was at first posted to study the language of Hindustan.

It was a practice which had its defects as well as its advantages. Calcutta was then as now the least Indian of India's cities, and, while giving little chance to young officers to get into touch with the best elements of indigenous society, offered them temptations in plenty for extravagant living and the consequent accumulation of debts. But on the other hand the enforced initial stay there was likely to bring any young officer of special gifts far more quickly to the notice of those high in authority than the present system, which sends all new arrivals straight to their allotted work in regiments or civil districts.

For the latter course much may be said from the point of view of systematic training and efficiency. But the earlier system certainly proved a great boon for young Duka; for without the opportunity thus afforded of making friends at head-quarters and impressing them with his high personal qualities he could scarcely have hoped to receive, within little over two years from his arrival, first officiating and then permanent charge as Civil Surgeon of the medical administration of a large Bengal district. Consideration for the expected bride and the influence of her family may also have helped somewhat to secure Duka's early appointment to such a responsible and lucrative office.

He had thus the good fortune to find himself very soon after his marriage in medical charge of the large and important district of Monghir on the Ganges. It meant abundance of hard work and far more opportunities for acquiring extensive experience of the people, their ways of life and intellectual interests, than if Duka had been posted to the medical care of some Indian regiment. But on the other hand it explains why Duka, with all his military instincts and past, saw little or nothing of the stirring events which so soon followed in the train of that great upheaval, the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

In India, where vast and populous territories are administered by a mere handful of European officers, the chance of

geographical distribution has always played a great part in determining men's careers. Who can say what Duka's experiences and prospects might have been if that momentous outbreak, the most formidable that ever threatened Western domination in the East, had found him in the track of the great tornado, say in the Punjab, or in the North-Western Provinces as they were then called, or in Oudh?

Of one thing, however, we can feel sure : whether those days of desperate fighting had found him amongst the heroic garrison which kept the flag flying over the Lucknow Residency in the face of an innumerable host, to the undying fame of the British name ; or among the thousand or more white soldiers with their loyal Indian auxiliaries, who, themselves besieged on the historic Ridge, held on and conquered Imperial Delhi against fearful odds ; or among one of those ill-fated small bands of European officers and their families which, treacherously attacked at outlying stations, lost their lives but never without gaining honour for their nation—Duka's deeds would have been worthy alike of the nation which bred him and of that which had so generously received him.

As it was, duty kept him at a post which, if offering no special chances of distinction, must have thrown a heavy load of exceptional anxiety and responsibility on his shoulders. Monghir is a large district situated to the south of the Ganges just where Bengal meets what is now the separate province of Bihar. A low but picturesque range of hills projects towards the great river from the wild uplands of the Santhal Parganas. It marks the meeting-point of three territories of distinct geographical and historical individuality : the great Ganges delta, comprising Bengal with its wide expanse of fertile tracts thickly populated but suffering from the moist, enervating climate of tropical lowlands ; the equally fertile Bihar basin, with a population and climate far more attractive to the European, one of the chief seats of ancient Indian culture and religion since the days of Gautama Buddha ; and between the two a wedge of barren hill-land, inhabited by a sparse population of primitive ways and non-Aryan language, a remnant of those



aboriginal tribes which were settled over the whole of India before the great Aryan invasion from the north-west gradually absorbed and Hinduized this physically inferior stock.

Ever since the early days of British rule in India this corner of the old province of Bengal has had its charms for European administrators. If still far removed from those northern parts where more virile races moulded the history of India and left behind their great monuments and the romance of their struggles and achievements, it was eminently suited to arouse genuine and sympathetic interest for the people among those whom official fortune had brought there. There can be no doubt that his long residence at Monghir must have greatly stimulated Duka's interest in Oriental studies.

But it must not be assumed that it could have been easy for him to indulge in them. Medical charge of a large Indian district, with a population of over a million and a half, must have meant already in Duka's early days a heavy administrative burden. The supervision of hospitals and dispensaries established under native assistants in all the subdivisions; the active direction of the sanitary measures needed to stop or mitigate the ravages of the periodically recurring epidemics peculiar to a sub-tropical region; the administration of the district gaols, with the care of their prisoners, and a host of other tasks, leave the Civil Surgeon of an Indian district scanty leisure indeed for study or even strictly professional research.

In Duka's early years at Monghir the load of responsibilities was greatly aggravated by the strain which the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny threw on all Europeans, even far away from the actually disturbed territories. It was no small task for the four or five European officials looking after the welfare of a teeming native population to keep all wheels of the administrative routine going without either relaxing due vigilance as to possible outbreaks or betraying in the least want of confidence as to the loyalty of the people and their own power to maintain the established order. There was not a single European garrison between Calcutta and the cantonment of Dinapur, near Patna, the ancient

capital of Bihar ; and on the weak British battalion stationed there devolved the task of keeping clear at all costs the line of communication by which alone reinforcements could be brought up—and how slowly in those pre-railway days!—against the formidable revolt in the North-West.

On this line, which for much of its course followed the great waterway of the Ganges, Monghir lay ; and though the tide of revolt did not spread east of Arrah, in Bihar, that terrible mutiny year, passed through with all its anxieties in a small isolated station, must have been a memorable experience in Duka's early Indian career. The separation from his young wife, who with all other European ladies had to proceed for safety to England, no doubt added to his trials of that year.

It was during his long stay at Monghir, which extended to 1862, that Duka first devoted himself to the serious acquisition of Oriental linguistic knowledge. Recognizing that for any scholarly work in the field of the modern Indian vernaculars a study of either Sanskrit or Persian was needed, and debarred by his official preoccupations from profitably approaching the former difficult tongue, he threw himself with energy upon Persian, and before long, as is shown by the books and MS. notes presented by him in later years to the Hungarian Academy, he acquired a very respectable command of the old court language of Moham-medan India. But he was well aware that, without previous systematic training and with only limited leisure, the pursuit of original investigations was not the best way to employ his energy, however much his tastes and interests attracted him towards Oriental researches. So he wisely divided what leisure he could spare between two other fields of literary activity, both made naturally attractive to him by his feelings of patriotic attachment to Hungary.

From the commencement of his Indian service he endeavoured to interest the cultured Hungarian public in the past and present of that Indian world which asserted such strong fascination over him, and about which there was then practically no original information available in the Hungarian language. Popular articles with accounts of Indian life and customs, of the physical conditions of Bengal

and such scenery as he had personally visited, flowed in abundance from his pen to Hungarian newspapers and periodicals of the fifties and sixties. He was equally keen to enrich the public collections of Hungary with such specimens of Indian art, industry, and natural products as his opportunities allowed him to acquire. He was probably also one of the first who introduced subjects of tropical medicine by special communications in print to his Hungarian colleagues. But of this professional side of his literary activity I should not be competent to speak, even if I had the means and the leisure to gain access to his early publications.

Only those who have personal experience of the exacting nature of the duties entailed by official work under the incessant claims of Indian administration and in a tropical climate, are likely to appreciate fully the strength of character and the unselfish devotion which alone could supply the energy needed for such constant literary activity. Apart from its patriotic motives this fruitful, if unpretending, activity deserves all the more to be appreciated with respect because nature had not bestowed upon Duka the boon of a facile pen, whether in his mother tongue or in English.

The other task he had set himself from the time of his first arrival on Indian soil, and to which he remained attached with truly touching devotion all his life, was the collection of whatever relics and data could throw light on the life and labours of his great scholar compatriot, Alexander Csoma de Körös. Rarely has a biographical duty been undertaken with such fervour or carried through with such unswerving singleness of purpose. Almost immediately after his arrival at Calcutta, in February 1854, so Duka's own account shows, he started to trace whatever scanty personal relics and recollections survived in the place where his hero had spent most of the last ten years of his life.

Though only twelve years had then passed since Csoma's death on April 11, 1842, Duka did not find his task an easy one. In the bustling 'City of Palaces', just as through the rest of his known residence in the East, the great Tibetan scholar had persistently led the life of a recluse. Even if his contact with the world outside the Asiatic Society's

Library had not been so exceedingly limited, the constant change of personal environment which is so characteristic a feature of all European 'stations' in India, would effectively have hampered his enthusiastic biographer's efforts to arrive at authentic data.

It was fortunate, indeed, that Duka's zeal led him at the beginning of his first Calcutta stay to the sequestered record rooms of the Administrator-General's Office. There he was shown a small iron box containing the few miscellaneous papers left behind by the great scholar and wanderer when death overtook him on his journey to Lhasa. The list which Duka then drew up with characteristic care and thoroughness, was destined to remain the sole trace of them ; for when he visited Calcutta three years later, he found the contents destroyed with other unclaimed documents. *Habent sua fata libelli*. This incident suffices to illustrate how little encouragement Duka could have derived for his pious task from local interest or remembrance.

After that first search Duka never relinquished the ambition of rescuing for his compatriots and for all those interested in the history of Oriental studies the memory of the noble life which Csoma had devoted, and in the end sacrificed, to the service of research. With admirable perseverance he clung to the task in spite of the obscurity which Csoma's own strange reticence had created, and of the dispiriting scantiness of the data which at first were available for the illustration of the 'human' side of the hero.

With a pilgrim's pious enthusiasm he visited the solitary scholar's grave in the Darjeeling cemetery in 1856 and assured its safe keeping through the friendly offices of his colleague Dr. Collins, the local Civil Surgeon. Later on, in the early seventies, when he himself filled that coveted appointment at the beautiful hill sanatorium, it was, as he tells us, 'a special delight to him to have the privilege of being able to look after his illustrious compatriot's tombstone.' But it was not until thirty years after that first search at the Administrator-General's office that Duka felt justified in giving to the world his *Life and Works of Csoma de Körös*, to which I shall soon refer in more detail.

It was during those happy and busy years of his early



married life at Monghir that Duka's eldest son, Frank, was born. When after ten years of strenuous service Duka was able to proceed in 1864 on his first furlough to Europe, he enjoyed the happiness of being able to revisit with his wife and child his paternal home, where his father was still living. Over his old country which he had left fifteen years before, suffering from all the misfortunes of civil war and cruel repression, the dawn of a happier future had appeared. An earlier amnesty of all those who had been compromised in the struggle of 1848-9 but were willing to acknowledge allegiance to the dynasty, would have allowed Duka to return in safety with so many other exiles, even if his character as a British officer had not sufficed to protect him from the petty attentions of the Austrian police. Even now after the lapse of half a century it is easy for those who knew Duka's personality and his *pia memoria* for all that was dear to him, to picture the joys which he must have experienced at this home-coming.

He used it among other tasks for reading his inaugural lecture at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences which in 1863 had honoured his merits—and honoured itself—by electing him among its Corresponding Members. Ever since then and down to the time of his death, forty-four years later, a bond of closest sympathy and interest united Duka with this learned company. Many of its members, not only in the Class of Natural Sciences but in others also, became his close personal friends. He never missed an occasion for assisting the Academy's labours, where these came within the sphere of his interests or influence, and his own happy faculty of gaining friends everywhere made this sphere wide indeed. Nor did he tire of fostering links between the Hungarian Academy and such scholarly labours in England and India as might prove of benefit to scientific work in Hungary and might widen its scope.

It goes without saying that Duka in that happy year of reunion hastened to visit his great leader, still in exile at Klagenfurt. There General Görgey was confined under police supervision and bearing popular misrepresentation and calumny in Hungary with a grandeur of stoic resignation perhaps never equalled. Duka's lifelong friendship

with the general's brother, Stephen Görgey, must have been drawn still closer at that period. Among the scanty remnants of his Hungarian correspondence which Duka had allowed to survive and which during my recent visit to Europe I was allowed by his widow to sift, there were two interesting epistles from this staunch friend, whose lifelong devotion to the cause of his great brother would alone have sufficed to endear him beyond all other Hungarian friends to the heart of Duka. These letters, written in the spring and summer of 1867, have an interest of their own. They reflect the keen interest with which Duka from India was following every phase of that great process of reconciliation between king and nation which then happily took place under Deák's auspices.

They also throw interesting light on episodes in the story of General Görgey's return to Hungary, which, at that time of rejoicings over the appointment of the first constitutional ministry and the king's coronation, passed practically unnoticed. Among the names of the handful of faithful who welcomed him on his arrival at Buda on July 20, 1867, we meet with the name of Dr. Markusovszky, one of Duka's most intimate friends and General Görgey's surgeon in the campaign of 1848-9. Alas, they have all passed away, those valiant devoted champions, all but the hero himself, whom fate has spared to survive in his philosopher's greatness the cavil of disappointed ambition and the calumny of the ignorant masses. It is some small satisfaction to know that thanks to Dr. de Szily's pious care these letters, with other relics of Duka, have found a safe place of deposit in the collection he himself had dedicated to Csoma's memory in the Academy's library.

When Duka returned in 1866 to Indian duty, he was obliged to leave his family at home in England—the common experience of Anglo-Indian parents who wish to bring up their children in conditions physically and morally invigorating, after the school age is reached. To the wife and mother this involves a distressing division of duties; but before long Mrs. Duka was able to join her husband in far more healthy surroundings. It must have been Duka's proved efficiency as a doctor and administrator which

secured him in 1866 the Civil Surgeonship of Simla, the summer capital of the Viceroy and the Government of India. This is a post naturally much prized by the whole Indian Medical Service, bringing its holder into close touch with all the heads of Indian Government Departments and offering in addition all the advantages of a large and lucrative private practice. In the brilliant society life of Simla, where the European rank and fashion of India are wont to concentrate for close on seven months of each year, Dr. and Mrs. Duka's amiable personal qualities were sure to be appreciated. Ever kind and hospitable to others, they must have greatly widened the already large circle of their friends. They also enjoyed to the full the beauties of nature provided by Simla's situation on a high, pine-covered mountain ridge, with a grand panorama of the snowy Himalayan ranges. How well I remember the delight with which they used to show me photographs of the deodar-clad spurs around Simla, when at the close of the eighties as a student in London I used to frequent their hospitable home.

He was next moved to the adjacent 'hill-station' of Kasauli, where from 1868 to 1870 he held medical charge of the Lawrence Asylum. This great educational institution, founded mainly by private liberality, but maintained and controlled by Government, serves to bring up and train to useful service hundreds of children of European soldiers in the Indian Army. It was a pleasant if responsible post, in which Duka's altruistic spirit and power of watchful organization had ample scope to assert itself.

Of his full success here, too, there could be no better proof than his subsequent promotion to the post of Civil Surgeon of Darjeeling, that glorious sanatorium on the outer range of the Sikkim Himalaya, which commands an excellent climate and some of the grandest scenery our earth can offer.

Considering that Bengal then, as now, had only this single 'hill-station', the Civil Surgeon's post there was a real prize for the Medical Service of the Province. That Duka should have gained it relatively so early in his official career is a proof of the way in which his professional merits were appreciated by Government, and also of the fairness

with which the Indian Administration distributes its rewards amongst its servants, by merit and without petty distinction as to their origin and the like. When in the future the history of British rule in India comes to be reviewed and analysed as a whole, from that distance in time which assures a clear judgement, the critical student will recognize that one of the chief causes of the marvellous results achieved is to be found in that wise and severe impartiality which has always endeavoured to put the right man in the right place, unbiased by personal considerations.

There, at Darjeeling, Duka had special opportunities for familiarizing himself with the external aspects of that Tibetan Buddhism to the study of which Csoma had devoted the most fruitful portion of his life. For in the small Alpine region of Sikkim to which Darjeeling belongs, Buddhism is a living force and draws its quaint customs and priests from the Tibetan Rome, Lhassa. Though the medical duties connected with the care of a large European 'hill-station' left Duka no time for systematic study of things Tibetan, his stay there served in more than one way as a useful preparation for his chief literary ambition, the life of Csoma de Körös. It was not mere chance which made Darjeeling the residence for long years of such pioneers in Buddhist studies as Mr. Brian Hodgson, one of the most deserving of Indian Civil Servants, who corresponded with and befriended Csoma, and Colonel L. A. Waddell, M.D., C.B., C.I.E., the chief living authority on Tibetan Buddhism.

Duka was not destined to enjoy long the special attractions which Darjeeling must have presented to him, for the longing for their children and a keen sense of their duties towards them were drawing the parents homeward to England. In 1874 his Darjeeling appointment came to a close, and about the same time he also reached the period when he could claim his full pension. There is no doubt that after so successful a career he had assured prospects of promotion to other attractive appointments in the higher administrative grades. But he decided that the claims of his family were stronger. Already possessed of a fortune sufficient to secure his personal independence, he took long furlough to England in 1874, and subsequently retired from



the service with full pension and the rank of Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel. Many years later the Indian Medical Service, like the Medical Service of the British Army, obtained military titles and precedence equal to those of combatant officers; but it is characteristic of Duka's modesty that he who had begun his career as a fighting officer, and with such distinction, would never avail himself in his retirement of his claim to the rank and title of a British Colonel.

The thirty-one years of *otium cum dignitate* which a kindly fate allowed Duka to enjoy after his retirement from Indian service were for him not a period of quiescent repose, but a time of happy activity in many directions. He settled down in a comfortable home in South Kensington, in that part of West London which, from the many retired Indian and Colonial officers of distinction there established, is sometimes humorously styled 'Asia Minor'. Among them he found many old friends who knew how to value his personal worth and that of his professional experience.

He was soon called to the Council of such important public bodies as the Royal Asiatic Society, the British Bible Society, the governing body of St. George's Hospital, and others, all representing causes in which he took a deep interest. In these positions of trust and honour he enjoyed openings for doing fruitful organizing work, to which his many-sided abilities and his wide practical experience made it easy for him to do justice.

But of all practical tasks the one nearest to his heart, and the one which had mainly prompted his early retirement, was the education of his two sons. His efforts in this direction were rewarded by all the success which his fond paternal heart could desire. He saw his sons grow up strong in body and mind, endowed with all his straightness of character and his own attractive personal qualities. His elder son, Frank, after a distinguished academic career at Cambridge, settled down to successful work as a barrister in London, and by his own happy family life contributed greatly to brighten Duka's later years. To the second son, Albert, whom he destined for his own profession, and whom love of a less conventional life drew early as a doctor to

one of the Australian colonies, it was granted to renew the father's military renown by deeds of prowess in the field, which irradiated Duka's last years with just pride.

None, however, of Duka's manifold activities in London could divert his attention from that chief object of his pious devotion, the memory of Csoma de Körös. Freed now from exacting official labours, he systematically pursued the collection of all materials, whether printed or in scattered manuscript records, which could help to place the life and achievements of the great Hungarian scholar in the true light. The centenary of Csoma's birth, which the Hungarian Academy celebrated with due honour in 1884, supplied Duka with the best incentive to focus and publish the results of his labours commenced fully thirty years earlier. The desire to complete his materials by further search in the Calcutta archives, and to revisit at leisure the places hallowed by Csoma's memory, was a main reason for the journey which Duka in the winter of 1883 undertook to Bengal.

Two years later there appeared from his pen a memorial volume published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, containing a collected edition of Csoma's minor essays and articles translated into Hungarian, and accompanied by what Duka, with characteristic modesty, called a 'biographical sketch'. This appeared in the same year in English garb as a volume of Trübner's Oriental Series under the more appropriate title, *Life and Works of Alexander Csoma de Körös: A biography compiled chiefly from hitherto unpublished data*.

This biographical volume constitutes Duka's chief contribution to Orientalist literature, and, both on that ground and for the fascinating interest of the noble life it records, deserves to be specially noticed here. It brings out with clearness two leading motives in Duka's literary activity—his desire to secure credit for Hungary's share in the advancement of science, and his eager wish to stimulate interest for Oriental research in the country of his birth.

Before Duka published the results of his labours on Csoma, the figure of that great scholar presented itself under two strikingly different aspects. In Hungarian patriotic

feeling cherished his memory as that of the adventurous student who, with the scantiest of means and nothing but his own enthusiasm to support him, had set out on his own feet towards distant Eastern lands in order to search in the wilds of Central Asia for the old home of the Hungarian nation. The first news of his scholarly labours in India had stirred patriotic pride when it tardily reached Hungary at the beginning of the thirties of the last century. But the true field of these labours, rigorously restricted as it was to Tibetan Buddhist literature, naturally failed to arouse any special interest at a time when serious study of Orientalia had scarcely begun in Hungary.

Adding to this Csoma's strangely diffident reserved nature, which made him shrink from correspondence almost as much as from all social intercourse, it was no wonder that his person and work soon became enveloped in a kind of legendary haze. His popular fame in Hungary scarcely suffered from this mistiness of his traditional figure. But it was natural that those serious philologists who, during the last third or so of the nineteenth century, did so much to clear up the true affinities of the Hungarian language by systematic research on the lines of modern comparative grammar, were inclined to think of Csoma's aims and achievements with something like pitying indulgence. Paying due respect to his self-sacrificing perseverance, they yet classed him among those generous enthusiasts, never wanting on Hungarian soil, who, unfettered by critical methods and guided solely by the *Fata morgana* of fancy etymology have *ad maiorem gloriam patriae* endeavoured to connect the origin of the Hungarian nation in turn with every seat of ancient Asiatic civilization, Assyria, China, India, and all the rest.

Very different was the notion which professed Orientalists had of Csoma. In the narrow circle of Western scholars devoted to the study of Buddhism his memory was greatly respected as that of the first European who had acquired a systematic scholarly knowledge of the Tibetan language and opened access to the extensive literature composed in it. His published grammar and dictionary of Tibetan were acknowledged as standard authorities on the language. But

subsequent labours showed that most of this Tibetan church literature was but translated from Sanskrit, and, as further research succeeded in recovering more and more of these sacred texts of Buddhism in their far more ancient Indian form, Tibetan studies in Europe naturally slackened for a time, and with them also the interest taken in the personality of the remarkable man who had been their founder. Thus it came about that even among those Western students who directly benefited by Csoma's results, but scant knowledge prevailed of the heroic efforts and sacrifices by which that great pioneer had attained them.

It is the special merit of Duka's work to have shown how the enthusiastic scholar whom Hungarian popular tradition not unjustly represents as setting out for the sole goal of discovering his nation's first cradle, became the recluse of Zanskar and Calcutta, wholly absorbed for twenty years in elucidating the recondite Buddhist lore of Tibet. With the help of the original documents which Duka's unremitting search unearthed from mouldy Bengal archives, and from the recollections of the few contemporaries then still alive, we can realize that the seemingly disparate rôles which Hungarian patriotic belief and sober Orientalist knowledge attributed to Csoma, were both equally justified by different stages of his career.

When Csoma in 1819, his thirty-sixth year, after a long and laborious career as a poor Székely student of humanities, left the Nagy-Enyed College in his native land, Transylvania, and started on his long wanderings eastwards, his avowed object was 'to search for the original seats of the Hungarians, to collect historical data about their deeds, and to observe the analogies which various Oriental languages present with our vernacular'. Thus Csoma himself clearly states the main aim of his Asiatic travels in a letter written in 1832 to the Austrian Ambassador in London.<sup>1</sup> How

<sup>1</sup> This important letter has come to light only since Duka's death, but it fully accords with the conclusions he indicated in his biography. A duplicate of the original document in Csoma's own hand was found by Mr. A. H. Wilson, honorary solicitor of the Royal Asiatic Society in London, in 1909, on sorting old papers once belonging to his grandfather,



he made his way among hardships and privations difficult now to imagine through Turkey, Egypt, and Persia to Bukhara, and thence via Kabul to Lahore and Kashmir, constitutes a true romance of travel. But, alas, all we shall ever know of it is the laconic synopsis of localities and dates which Csoma felt obliged to furnish in his official report to the Indian Government, submitted when he first reached the Company's territory at Subathu in 1824, and now reproduced in Duka's work.

How often, looking down from my favourite Alpine camp in Kashmir into the verdant Sind Valley, some 5,000 feet below me, have I thought of the poor Hungarian wanderer as he passed here in 1822, and again a year later, on his way to Leh, the chief place of Western Tibet! His original aim was to penetrate over the Karakoram Passes into Chinese Turkestan, that innermost basin of Central Asia, where he hoped to find traces of the passage of his nation and of those Huns with whom, in reliance on popular Székely belief, he was fond of connecting its origin. The certain intelligence that 'the road to Yarkand was very difficult, expensive and dangerous for a Christian' forced Csoma to turn back from Leh. Thus fate frustrated a design which seemed destined to anticipate, as it were, our

the famous Orientalist, Horace Hayman Wilson. Csoma had handed it to Wilson when the latter left Calcutta for Oxford. It evidently was intended for delivery in case the first copy sent by post were lost.

This first copy duly reached the Ambassador and through him the county of Pest-Pilis-Solt, which Csoma was anxious to thank for a gift of three hundred gold ducats. It can no longer be traced in the county archives, but the duplicate which Mr. Wilson presented through me to the Hungarian Academy, is now deposited in the Csoma memorial collection there.

It is characteristic of Csoma that he accepted the gift only with the express reservation of being allowed to use it for a charitable purpose. He proposed to purchase with it Sanskrit MSS. for distribution in Hungary, and thus to encourage there the study of Indian languages and antiquities which he imagined to have a close bearing on those of Hungary. Ultimately he felt moved to devote the sum, which was lost through a bank failure, but generously replaced by the Indian Government, to the endowment of a scholarship at his old College of Nagy-Enyed.

archaeological activities of a century later. No doubt what drew the poor Hungarian student to *Scythia ultra Imaum* was nothing but a vague hope for which it would have been difficult to adduce even conjectural support in his days. But how often in the history of discoveries has not truth owed its rise to a dream !

The time was not yet ripe to test Csoma's dream and to reveal what relics the deserts of the Taklamakan and the sites of ruined towns around it were hiding of those early times which witnessed the successive migrations through Central Asia westwards of Indo-Scythians and Huns, Hephthalites, Turks, and Mongols. But, as fortunately so often in the progress of human effort, when guided by enthusiastic devotion, disappointment carried its own compensation. It was on his way back towards Kashmir that Csoma, as if by predestination, fell in with Moorcroft, the great British traveller, then penetrating the ranges of the Western Himalaya and the Marches of Western Tibet, which he was the first European to explore.

This is not the place to relate in detail how Moorcroft befriended poor Csoma, provided him with the means to start his study of Tibetan with the help of the first European book on the language, Giorgi's *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, and, recognizing his linguistic gifts and single-minded devotion to learning, engaged him to take up this study which was to prove the true task of his life. Those ten months passed by Csoma in Ladakh and Kashmir under Moorcroft's protection and the influence of his clear-sighted resolute will, turned the dreamy searcher for the early Hungarian seats into the sober Tibetan scholar ; who by perseverance and rare power of philological penetration mastered within less than two years the intricacies of a difficult language and the mysteries of an abstruse and as yet wholly unexplored literature.

Moorcroft was an explorer of true genius, the value of whose many-sided achievements was not realized to the full by his contemporaries—nor since. His greatness has been partly obscured by the cruel fate which made him succumb with his two European companions to poison or fever—the mystery will never be solved—on the classical soil of

Bactria two years after the meeting with Csoma. Moorcroft has not enjoyed the good fortune of finding as yet a biographer so devoted as Duka; and tempting as the subject of his career is, it cannot be pursued here further. It must suffice for us to know that it was Moorcroft's intuitive perception of Csoma's special gifts and peculiar mentality to which we mainly owe that the wandering scholar, who previously had been content to pass through some of the most fascinating and then practically unexplored parts of Central Asia without adding anything to our knowledge of their people, geography, or archaeology, at length settled down to the work which will for ever keep his name renowned in the history of Oriental researches.

By a solemn agreement Csoma bound himself to Moorcroft to remain in Western Tibet and to pursue his Tibetan studies already commenced in Kashmir 'until he shall have become master of the language of that country and be completely acquainted with the subjects its literature contains'. On his side Moorcroft provided the requisite funds and indispensable help with the local authorities of Ladakh, and morally pledged his own Government to support Csoma's labours thereafter. That Moorcroft had never received or asked his Government's authority for making this engagement is a minor yet significant fact. It only proves once more that the true pioneer, after he has succeeded in getting his own proposals accepted and turned into 'instructions' from his Government, must exceed them wherever he sees the chance of serving the real interests of his mission.

It is Duka's merit to have shown us in full clearness how loyally the covenant thus entered through Moorcroft between Csoma and the Indian Government was kept on both sides. It is needless to repeat here the story how Csoma, after leaving his patron Moorcroft, whom he was never to see again, proceeded to Ladakh; then, having secured a qualified teacher, settled down in a monastery of Zanskar; and there, sharing the hard life of poor monks, by the uninterrupted exertions of sixteen months laid the foundations of his mastery of Tibetan language and literature. When, after this trying time of initiation,

he turned up at the hill-station of Subathu, near Kasauli, at the close of 1824, Moorcroft's letter and the convincing evidence of his own single-hearted devotion to the task he had undertaken soon secured for him from Government what little he needed to provide for his singularly modest sustenance while pursuing his labours.

The years during which, thus supported, he continued his researches in the peaceful retirement of a Besarh village until 1830, were probably the happiest of his life. There an eye-witness, Dr. Gerard, himself a great Himalayan explorer, describes him as 'living in the most frugal manner and taking no interest in any object around him except his literary avocations'. Then followed his move to Calcutta, where he laboured for years to redeem what he considered his pledge to Government by preparing and printing his Tibetan dictionary and grammar. Duka's painstaking researches enable us to call up vividly the picture of the strange, sequestered life he had under the historic roof of the Bengal Asiatic Society's buildings, respected by all, but accessible only to the few Orientalist scholars, like Wilson and Prinsep, of whom the Indian capital could then boast.

On a salary which he persistently refused to have raised above the mere pittance of fifty rupees per mensem, he managed to effect savings, and used them for endowing modest scholarships in his distant home-land. Much has been said of the hardships which Csoma faced during that first winter in his monastic cell of Zanskar. But I have reasons for doubting whether that experience in the healthy if bitterly cold climate of Tibet could possibly have tried Csoma's constitution and powers of endurance so much as the long years passed in voluntary imprisonment in the steamy heat of what may justly be described as the tropical suburb of London.

We must feel grateful, too, to Duka for having unearthed for us those scanty fragments of conversations and notes which prove that by the side of his solid Tibetan researches Csoma never abandoned his old dream of penetrating to those Central-Asian regions where he had hoped to search for his Hungarian and supposed Hun ancestors' traces.



There is no question that his complete knowledge of Tibetan and his ability to lead the hard life of a wandering monk would have helped him greatly to gain access to Tibet proper, and through it to other regions of Eastern Asia, such as Mongolia, where Tibetan Buddhism has effected a foothold.

Duka's biographical zeal has preserved for us also evidence of those queer etymological fancies in which Csoma was fond of indulging side by side with his serious Tibetan labours, and by which he thought he could prove a special affinity between the Hungarian language and Sanskrit. We need not judge too severely of such profitless speculations. Comparative philology as an exact science was not yet born when Csoma set out on his journey, and, absorbed in his Tibetan studies, he could scarcely be expected to acquire a knowledge of the methods which were slowly being developed in Europe for the guidance of sound linguistic research. But in view of the specimens which Duka has preserved of Csoma's etymological fancies we must feel all the more grateful to the kindly fate which by Moorcroft's timely interposition diverted his scholarly energy to a virgin field of philological inquiry and enabled him to reap a rich harvest of lasting results.

In Duka's ardent pages we can follow the lonely scholar as in his fifty-eighth year he set out for his last journey to Lhasa. When, enfeebled by long-borne privations and the effects of a tropical climate, he succumbed at Darjeeling to fever in April 1842, his life's great task was already achieved. As the eloquent tablet set up over his grave by the Bengal Asiatic Society puts it, he had 'in his Dictionary and Grammar of the Tibetan language' raised 'his best and real monument'. But this reassuring conviction cannot keep us from sympathizing with Duka's fond speculation as to the discoveries which might yet have awaited that true pioneer if Fate had allowed him to reach Lhasa and the mysterious Central-Asian uplands beyond.

Duka closes his touching account of the last days of his hero with the pious hope that hereafter 'a substantial monument will rise to the imperishable memory of Alexander Csoma de Körös'. This wish he never ceased to

urge until his own end. He was not destined himself to see it realized. But he made ample provision for Csoma's memory to be kept alive in Hungary's foremost home of learning. It was through his exertions that the Hungarian Academy of Sciences gradually became the depository of most of the still extant letters, books, and other relics connected with Csoma. The large wall-case in which this collection is treasured (a gift, too, of Duka) adorns the bright reading-room in the Academy's palace, a fit encouragement to the students who frequent it to follow Csoma in unswerving devotion to the cause of research.

Another measure adopted by Duka to perpetuate Csoma's memory was the endowment he made in the Hungarian Academy of Sciences for a triennial 'Csoma de Körös' lecture, to be delivered in April, the month of Csoma's birth and death, by a Member of the Academy in honour of the great scholar on some subject connected with Orientalist studies. The series of these lectures delivered since 1900 has done honour both to Csoma's memory and to Hungarian scholarship.

The plan of a worthy monument intended to present Csoma's bodily appearance to this and future generations remained foremost among Duka's wishes, and his devoted friend Dr. de Szily, the late General Secretary and now the venerable Librarian of the Academy, did all he could to further the plan. In 1910 the liberality of a Hungarian benefactor, Mr. Joseph Rust, enabled the Academy to set up in its great Meeting Hall a worthy marble bust of Csoma and to present a bronze copy of the same to the Bengal Asiatic Society. There in the noble building in Park Street, where Csoma lived and toiled in rigorous seclusion, his effigy has thus joined the large collection of busts of Calcutta worthies who by their writings or their personal eminence have added to the lustre of that time-honoured society.

Duka had the good fortune of attaining high age in full vigour of mind and body and in enjoyment of manifold happiness. I have already referred to the fruitful and many-sided activity which his experience and abilities allowed him to carry on during the three decennia of his

retirement in London. The frequent visits which he paid from there to his native land, added greatly to the brightness of his later life. His friends were many in Hungary, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to welcome them in his hospitable London home. Thus in 1892 he enjoyed the special satisfaction and honour of being the host of his great chief, General Görgey, on a prolonged visit to London.

Duka never missed an opportunity of visiting Hungary when he could thereby render a public service or pay a debt of pious recollection. In 1885 he presided at the International Medical Congress held at Budapest over the section dealing with Tropical Diseases, a section for which it would have been impossible to nominate a more competent Hungarian chairman. In 1890 he represented the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which great body he was a zealous supporter, at the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Károli, the great Hungarian translator of the Bible. Memorial lectures upon three External Members of the Academy who had been among his personal friends in India (Raja Rajendralala Mitra, Mr. Arthur Grote, and Sir Thomas Spencer Wells), brought him to Budapest in 1892 and 1899.

It is a satisfaction to record that Duka's lifelong devotion to Hungarian interests met with due recognition. In 1883 the chivalrous King-Emperor, against whom in his youth Duka had borne arms so bravely, made him a Knight of the Order of the Iron Crown. In 1899 the University of Budapest honoured itself by granting him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and in 1900 he had the distinction of being elected by his *confrères* an Honorary Member of the Hungarian Academy.

It was the time of the Boer War. In its initial anxieties, as well as in its final success, and in the noble work of reconciliation which followed, Duka as a faithful son of his adopted country and as a loyal servant of his Queen was keenly concerned. That the violent anti-British agitation which then swept across the Continent, captured also the greater portion of the Hungarian press and such classes of the population as put their trust in it, caused him much

bitterness. Bravely he attempted to stem the tide of unreasoning slander by numerous letters to the Hungarian newspapers, and felt sad disappointment at meeting but rarely with readiness to give him an unprejudiced hearing.

But for the chagrin he thus suffered he found more than ample compensation in the high distinction which his younger son Albert earned for himself and his name by his bravery in one of the most glorious episodes of that war. As medical officer with the rank of captain, young Duka had joined the Third Contingent of Mounted Infantry which the Australian colony of Queensland sent to South Africa. He found himself shut up as the only medical officer with the small force, mainly composed of Colonials, during the siege and successful defence of Elands River Camp from August 4th to 16th. The pluck and tenacity with which these brave men, scarcely more than three hundred in number and encumbered by the charge of a huge convoy, held their ground, at first devoid of defences, against a Boer force ten times larger under the renowned De La Rey, was never surpassed on either side in that war.

The enemy on the first day of the siege poured some fifteen hundred shells into their camp and caused heavy losses. Exposed to this fire was Captain Duka's hospital consisting of three ambulance waggons and with no other shelter than a four-foot parapet of store boxes and the like, hastily built up on two sides. Behind these miserable 'walls', with wonderful nerve and skill, he attended to all the serious operations, which casualties amounting in the end to nearly one-fourth of the little force necessitated.

Under the fire from guns and rifles which during twelve long days rarely slackened and never completely ceased, Captain Duka carried on his work with such heroism as to gain universal admiration. He was himself wounded in the hospital, and though the wound fortunately was light, it caused him to be invalided in the end. But he had gained deserved renown far and wide through British lands, and the fit reward came soon in his appointment to the Distinguished Service Order, one of the highest distinctions a British officer can gain in the field. Captain Duka had proved a worthy son of his father, and Hungarian senti-



ment might have felt proud of the way in which Captain Duka's partly Magyar descent was noted in Australian and other published narratives of the Elands River defence.

Apart from the high satisfaction which Duka derived from this memorable conduct, the closing years of his life were brightened by the return of his son. Prompted by affectionate regard and having earlier lost his wife, Captain Duka abandoned his Australian practice and with his own little son joined his aged parents' home. Duka was able to celebrate his eightieth year and his golden wedding in fair health and full mental vigour. But asthmatic troubles made it advisable for him before long to seek a purer air than that of London. So in 1906 the hospitable house in Nevern Square where Duka's friends were ever sure of a cheering welcome, was given up, and the Duka home transferred to the sunny pine-clad shore of Bournemouth.

There under a genial sky, in view of a glorious sea, and surrounded by the soft colours of luxuriant evergreen vegetation Duka spent the last two years of his life in brightness and peace. His letters which followed me far into Central-Asian deserts during those last two years showed no sign that his life's warming sun was rapidly setting. But my last letter written in March 1908 was destined not to reach him. On the night of May 5, 1908, he passed away without pain, almost without preceding illness. As I write these lines my eyes rest on the letter he wrote a day earlier to his brother Francis in Hungary, full of that loving care for others' health and happiness which filled his whole life and bridged all distance of time and space.

His life was one of noble devotion to duty and of warm affections withal. He was fortunate in being permitted by Fate to give of his best to two countries and to meet with due recognition in both. His pious services to a great memory will keep his own from all risk of oblivion. But only those who knew him in life can realize how great an example he set in his personal worth and modesty, and how richly his life deserves to be remembered in gratitude.

AUREL STEIN.

CAMP MOHAND MARG,  
KASHMIR: July 18, 1913.





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