

"Reminiscences," published some years ago under the title of "Auld Lang Syne,"¹ I should often have said to myself, "What a pity! I ought to have mentioned this or that; I might have guarded against any possible misapprehension by simply putting in a word or two to qualify a too general statement, but I thought that everybody would understand what I really meant."

What the French in their telling way call the *esprit au bas de l'escalier*, comes to every author, I believe, even if he has waited the Horatian nine years before publishing his manuscript. Who does not remember those thoughts, those clever or pretty sayings, which crowd in upon us at the foot of the staircase, that is, when an interview is over, or when a book is printed, while the best things which we ought to have said have remained unsaid? We cannot run back and say what we wish we had said, nor can we print an appendix to a volume and give in a supplement all that would have made our meaning so much more clear or more impressive.

In the second volume of my "Reminiscences" I spoke chiefly of my Italian friends; but now, when looking over that volume, I see how many of my Indian and Eastern friends were left out, because they did not present themselves to my memory at the time, or, it may be, because I was afraid they would not interest my readers as much as they once interested me.

I have had constantly at Oxford people not only from India, but from China, Persia, Japan, from Central Africa, even Red Indians from North America, such as the last of the Blackfoot tribe, who came to me, fortunately with an interpreter, to discuss any problem, religious or political, which interested them, and on which I was, often very wrongly, supposed to be able to throw some new light.

I often pitied those Eastern visitors when they came from the railroad station in their native attire, or in something

¹ "Auld Lang Syne." Vols. i. and ii. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1898.